

# FELLOWES 14

## WHIPPED WIFE

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## Fellowes 11: Petunia's Punishment

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Illustrations: Ashely

"Lord Halibut said you wished to see me, Sir?"

"Good of you to come, Fellowes." The steely grey eyes held a touch of the sardonic. "Actually it's my wife." H.E. Henshaw nodded briefly to where the erect and scarlet-faced beauty stood defiantly against the fireplace of the huge room. "You can put Fellowes in the picture, m'dear."

"Madam?" The Halibut butler cocked an enquiring and respectful eye. "I am honoured to be of service."

Pamela Henshaw visibly fought an inward battle. Her words when they came were measured by a vast distaste: "My husband believes that... "

"Pamela!" Henshaw's voice was a gentle knife. "The request must be yours."

The lovely features flushed anew. Their owner swallowed and, taking a deep breath, looked the deferential butler in the eye. Her own was clear though embattled. "I... " She paused for emphasis. "I wish you to thrash me."

"Quite so, Madam." The urbane voice was bland.

The troubled eyes narrowed. "You find nothing remarkable in my request?"

"No, Madam. It is a service I have performed many times for members of the nobility and the upper classes."

"My husband has refused a title." Her voice was caustic.

"Your antecedents are impeccable, Madam."

Another hasty swallow. "I am not only to be thrashed. I wish to be imprisoned for a period of days and to be punished daily. I also request that I be chained in a dungeon every night of my sentence."

"It will be a pleasure and an honour, Madam."

"I have misbehaved. Aren't you curious?"

"No, Madam. Your word is sufficient. I know my place."

The gossamer-clad shoulders fluttered as though their owner sought escape. "My husband... we understand from Lord Halibut that you have some sort of drill... a course... a treatment...?" Her eyes became piteous. "He has given his sanction for our... for my, use of the facilities of this castle and for your services...?"

"Quite so, Madam. I have a standard correctional procedure which I am sure you will find adequate."

Again the ineffectual motions of escape. "Will... will I come out of this... Oh damn! Will I emerge maimed or marked?"

"Come off it, Pam. Drop the drama." Henshaw's voice was curt. "I have to be... sorry, I want to be humiliated and shamed?"

"There is no problem, Madam. You have only to yield your person into my charge. We can adjourn to a punishment room at any time." The butler bowed slightly to the watching man. "With your permission, Sir?"

"You have it."

"Henry...?" Pamela Henshaw's voice trembled. "Please don't come and watch."

The austere features of the husband remained unyielding. For some moments he considered the heartbroken plea. He nodded. "Very well. Perhaps I owe you that."

Pamela took a step toward him, arms raising. But she killed the impulse. Instead, she looked, bewildered, from one male face to the other.

"How... ? When...?"

"It is morning, Madam. We have all day?"

H.E. Henshaw nodded but did not speak. The exquisite female creature who was his wife gazed at him only once more before turning her attention to the waiting butler. "Very well. I suppose I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Lead me to it."

Fellowes produced a pair of shining handcuffs. "If you will be so kind, Madam?"

Pamela Henshaw flinched. Instinctively her hands went behind her back. She looked at the gleaming steel in fascinated horror. "Oh no!" Her voice held disbelief.

“It is for the best, Madam. A painless beginning.”

The trapped eyes scanned the room, the tensed shoulders drooped.

“You want me to stick my hands out?”

“If you please, Madam.”



As though anxious to place herself beyond indecision, the captive-to-be stepped forward and offered her hands in mute and passive surrender. She watched, still fascinated, as the chrome bands circled her wrists and clicked snugly round them. When she allowed herself to be led from the room, a chained penitent, neither husband nor wife said a word of farewell.

——— “I suppose there’s no substitute for nakedness?” Pamela Henshaw had coped with mental turmoil. Her voice was level.

“None, Madam. Even the smallest article of clothing is inimical to our endeavor. It was you yourself who mentioned shame and humiliation.”

His captive shrugged. “Very well. I half expected it.” Her tone became as sardonic as her husband’s. “I’m sure a girl is always stripped to the waist when she’s flogged.” She paused uncertainly. “And I don’t suppose my back’s going to be all either...?”

“No, Madam. The correction is total.”

“Does it include rape?”

“The term is inapplicable, Madam.”

“I suppose it is.” The hurt eyes looked down at the handcuffed wrists. “I can’t do a strip for you with these on.”

“You can do the best you can, Madam. I will aid with scissors. It is a principle of this correction that you must never be without restraint. It prohibits a change of heart. It is also another reason for nudity. Ah, thank you, Madam. You are most kind.”

“It’s a funny feeling, Fellowes, these things on my wrists. But I expect I can get most of it off. I don’t really mind being seen naked. It’s just the circumstances. I’m going to try and be sensible about

this. I suppose if you do this often you get used to females making a bit of a fuss? I expect I shall... "

"Quite so, Madam. If you will pardon me... Excellent, we can now remove...

"There I am, Fellowes! Quite naked. Have a good look."

"If I may be so bold, Madam. You are exquisite."

"You're a bit of a charmer, y'know. I'm not going to shed any tears about the rape scene. Does it come before or after my flogging?"

"You will be whipped, not flogged, Madam. We do not employ a cat-o'-nine-tails."

"No bits of metal in the thongs! That's a relief."

"I should warn you, Madam. The pain is grievous."

"Tell Henry. He'll be glad to know."

"If I may position you thus, Madam... Thank you."

"This is the real beginning, isn't it, Fellowes?" Pamela's voice held hints of trembling. Her eyes followed the strong male fingers. Her own were clasped upon her cheeks, her cuffed wrists beneath her chin. "Are you strapping my ankles a mile apart for the shame factor, Fellowes? Or is it a prelude to something? I don't think even darling Henry has had as good a view of my pussy as you are getting right now." She paused, then asked awkwardly: "What do you want me to call this hairy thing between my legs? I'm an adult woman. Pussy sounds adolescent, but I don't much like those other words."

"The euphemism you have just employed is adequate, Madam. Neither the colloquial nor the clinical has produced a euphonic term for a facility so often referred to."

"Well, that's a blessing. I say, Fellowes, it's not that easy to stand with my legs spread this way. Am I in trouble if I fall?"

"The hazard is about to be obviated, Madam. Your left wrist if you please."

"Oh, oh, I think I get it: these wristlets! My hands are going up in the air, aren't they?"

"Quite so, Madam. It is the classic pose."

"And about three times naked! I suppose these wristlets are actually humane... ? I mean, they won't cut me the way a rope would?"

"You are most perceptive, Madam. I am making them snug. It avoids undue chafing."

"And now the ropes! I'm scared to death, Fellowes, but there is a sort of clinical fascination... as though I'm seeing another naked woman tied, not me. I say, Fellowes, isn't there a granddaughter around somewhere? I remember hearing...?"

"Quite so, Madam... if you will just allow your hands to rise with the tension... ah, thank you! Lady Emily Halibut is also in my care. She is delinquency prone and requires constant correction."

"You don't mean...?"

"Precisely, Madam. At this moment Miss Emily is chained in one of the dungeons awaiting her day's travail."

"Oh, Fellooowwwweesss, I'm getting stretched! Is... is that the way I should be?"

"Quite so, Madam. I now terminate the tension. You are exquisitely postured."



"Oh dammit Fellowes!" Pamela Henshaw tested her bonds without visible result, then tossed her head to arrange her hair. "I can't even twitch. Is this how I get whipped?"

"Quite so, Madam. Save for the soles of the feet you are completely vulnerable. May I express my gratification at your rational and kindly approach to what must be a most embarrassing ordeal."

"Thank you, Fellowes. You're really very sweet. I'm trying not to think about the whip. I say, y'know, this... this way I'm fixed, it's, it's doing things to me. I'm so shockingly aware of all the bits and pieces that are me. I knew, of course, I'd long to cover my breasts and my pussy. But now that's not all. It's just occurred to me I have armpits and that they are on view. There's my tummy and a navel... and look how my ribcage sort of flaunts itself the way I'm stretched... "

"A most intelligent consciousness, if I may say so, Madam. May I take the liberty of asking your reaction to the shame factor?"

"That's not the way I thought either. If you brought a stranger in to see me like this I'd be one big blush. But with you it's like a doctor. You're a professional man. You're my personal torturer. This makes it natural and proper for me to be as I am before you, naked."

"Thank you, Madam. It is much to hope for, but I would be most happy if you could maintain this detached perspective throughout."

"I'll try. But I won't manage it, y'know. I'll turn into a frightened female and scream. I'm still trying to sort myself out. I've just come by the quaint notion that I no longer have one bottom, rump, seat, derriere or whatever... I've got two! The way you've tied my feet apart makes me feel I have a right one and a left one and that you'll have to cane them separately. Am I being silly... and do you use a cane down there or a whip?"

"Your thought has some validity, Madam. If I may be so bold, I may say that your buttocks do indeed have a partial separation in the manner you describe. However, you will be pleased to know that I will have no difficulty in spanning both cheeks with a single impact. In your initial correction, which we will commence immediately, I will apply a cane to the area under discussion, reserving the whip for other anatomical suitabilities."

"These suitabilities... ? Like what?"

"Your back, Madam, and elsewhere."

"That elsewhere wouldn't include my breasts and my pussy...?"

"I had hoped not to discuss such intimacies so early in our relationship, Madam, but your conjecture is correct."

The bound and naked penitent viewed her immediate future pensively. "If we could stop about now, Fellowes, and I could dress and go home, I'd be actually grateful for this... this... well, for this knowledge and this talk..." She tossed her head again, then met the butler's gaze with wry amusement. "We talk so casually of whipping me... of whipping my breasts and my back... and caning my bottom..." She grinned. "Or bottoms...! I'd feel way ahead of all other women. I don't suppose there's one in a million who's ever been as I am now?"

"I am not statistically informed, Madam. But among the upper classes there is a growing acceptance of physical correction for marital differences and adolescent delinquencies. I have been most privileged to play a part in this return to normalcy."

"You really believe it normal for females... for a woman like me to be whipped?"

"I know of no other surety, Madam, by which to cope with feminine illogic. With your permission I will now whip you."

“Gee thanks! You even have my permission. But, Fellowes, I’ve been thinking. What about my nipples! They’re not going to get cut off or left hanging by a thread or something...?”

“Have no fear, Madam. I am highly skilled.”

“And my pussy? I can’t imagine it being whipped without damage?”

“The female pudendum has amazing recuperative powers, Madam. I have found it virtually indestructible.”

“I’m a lucky girl, aren’t I?”

“Thank you, Madam. And now... ” The cane whined and sang its vicious song. Upon impact, the nude loveliness remained a frozen sacrifice. Pamela Henshaw’s eyes widened, she gasped in shock. She surged against her bonds but did not move. After a withering silence she managed to control her voice: “I can’t stand it, of course... It’s so much worse than I imagined. I can’t quite believe you’d do it to me again...!”

Once more the snickering whirrr. Once more a gasping silence.



"I'm going to scream. I didn't want to... Fellowes... I have to ask... But is there some way out? I mean, can I say or offer something...?" The lovely head made its motions of agony. "Isn't there some built-in safety factor? Can't I make some sincere declaration of obedience that would get me released?"

"No, Madam. Punishment is immutable."

"Please go and ask Henry... Mr. Henshaw... to forgive me?"

"No, Madam. It would be a breach of trust."

"So, I'm tied and helpless and have to suffer the whole thing regardless of my willingness to say I'm sorry and promise anything?"

"Quite so, Madam."

"Can you see how frightening that is to a girl? I'm trembling."

"I can indeed, Madam. Please accept my condolences. I am about to deliver your third stroke. Would you like to be gagged?"

"Oh would you! You're sweet. But I don't think so. I would if they didn't make a girl so hideous. I expect I'm vain."

For the third time the cane bit deeply into Mrs. Pamela Henshaw's buttocks. She moaned and flung herself against her unyielding strictures. "Fellowes... I know this is hackneyed and shameful but... but, can I offer myself? I mean... Oh damn, you know what I mean!"

"I am deeply honoured, Madam. But there would be a conflict of interest. The act you so generously offer is a part of my terms of reference. It could thus never be a bribe."

"I'm really for it then. Oh... ohhhhhh..."

The cane rose and fell in swift measured strokes.

Pamela Henshaw screamed.

———— “No intermissions between my bottom and my back, Fellowes?”

“A brief pause, Madam. You will not be released.”

“I’d behave, y’know. I mean, I’d let you tie me again.”

“I have every confidence in your cooperation, Madam, but your present discomfort is implicit to your correction... ”

“Okay, I won’t nag. Do I get the whip next?”

“Yes, Madam. But your breasts will be inviolate on this occasion.”

“I suppose that’s something. But I take it my pussy won’t be?”

“Quite so, Madam. I will admit to being partly motivated by aesthetic considerations. Your breasts are very lovely. I will regret bruising them.”



“Fellows, you’re a dear! Will you really leave them unmarked?”

"Until late in your correction, Madam. They must eventually be whipped."

"Thanks anyway. I say, Fellowes, is my bottom badly cut up? It hurts like fury. I tremble at the thought of the whip."

"Your buttocks are not cut at all, Madam. It simply feels that way. So much is mental. But they are indeed delightfully scored. Your skin responds with beautifully vivid weals."

"I'm almost sorry Henry isn't here to see. You make me feel like something quite special."

"I will go in search of Mr. Henshaw if you desire, Madam?"

"No, never mind. But if he asks, tell him what I said."

"With pleasure, Madam. I am sure he will be gratified."

"I say, Fellowes, don't whips sort of... sort of curl around?"

"You are thinking of your breasts and nipples, Madam. They will be safe from harm. It is true that by the nature of whips they can even make a total encirclement of a feminine waist. However, my responsibility to both yourself and to Mr. Henshaw will ensure that such action of the lash be strictly limited. Your back is the target."

"I sure am a lucky girl!" If bitterness or sarcasm was present in the words they were cautiously masked.

"I do, however, bear in mind your mention of your most charming armpits, Madam. I will certainly give them the attention they deserve."

"Oh, Fellowes! Whip my armpits! They're so tender...?"

"Fettered as you are, Madam, I will be able to whip them quite effectively. I should warn you that in the course of the whipping

about to begin the tip will sometimes stray and may reach the lower curve of your breast. In extending this correction to your armpits I will endeavor to make it the tip alone that will mark you there."

"That word 'mark', it's evocative, isn't it! Makes me all goosey. Just think! My naked body is about to be 'marked'. Fellowes, do some girls like this? I mean... it is cruelly erotic?"

"Quite so, Madam. When in service to Lord Mulberry I whipped Lady Mulberry every Tuesday morning. Lady Mulberry was much addicted to the exercise, which she regarded as one of the major sports. It was her custom to inform me of portions of her person which she felt were neglected, and to make suggestions as to how they should be dealt with. It was a rare Tuesday in which she did not climax seven times. Being an old County family she favoured a long thin riding crop."



“Why Tuesdays? I mean, what had she done to deserve it?”

"Nothing, Madam. Lord Mulberry regarded his wife's weekly whipping as a precautionary measure against sins of the flesh. Lady Mulberry chose Tuesday morning because she indulged in sexual congress every Tuesday afternoon with the second gardener in the conservatory. She believed the sensations of her bruised flesh upon the conservatory floor enhanced her enjoyment of coitus."

"Don't mention this to Henry, eh?"

"Quite so, Madam. Would you like me to commence whipping your back now?"

"Not really. But if we've got to, we've got to. Go ahead. Help yourself. I'm sure I'm nicely available."

"Thank you, Madam. You are most kind. I will be interested in your comments."

The naked beauty moaned as the thong cut around her waist. Her lovely head made the motions the rest of her could not. Her voice was husky: "Oh Fellowes... Fellowes, it's no damn good. I just can't! I don't see how any woman could. It's too awful. Please gag me."

"Thank you, Madam. I am glad to know my work gives satisfaction. Have you any preference in the matter of gags?"

"I don't usually wear them." Pamela managed to infuse a shade of humour into her words. "Just a little something to stop me screaming and begging for mercy. You're not allowed to show me any, are you?"

"No, Madam. With your permission I would favour a wet wad in your mouth and a broad adhesive over your lips. It is less un-aesthetic than the others."

"Thanks a million! Honest, I am grateful, y'know. Do I open my mouth now?"

"Thank you, Madam. The wad... and now the tape. If you will be so kind as to clench your lips inward we will achieve a much superior seal... Ah, thank you Madam, the effect is charming."

"Glug."

"Precisely, Madam. I am sure your decision is wise. I will now whip you at a somewhat faster tempo than originally contemplated. If you will pardon me... "

"Glug Glug...!"

——— "Welcome to the home of the Halibuts," said Lady Emily morosely, rattling a chain as she raised a hand in greeting. "You're Pamela Henshaw, aren't you? Fellowes told me. Sorry I can't shake hands or kiss. We're chained to opposite walls so's we can't nibble each other... it's terribly unsporting."

"I don't believe it! It's a real dungeon...!" Pamela let her gaze travel the circumference of the grim stone. "And real chains! I'm actually chained to a stone wall in a dungeon! I'm naked and I've-been whipped and the chains weigh at least a ton... Her voice was almost a wail of despair.

"You'd better believe it, Mrs. Henshaw. It's real," Emily said with a cheerfulness her visitor found surprising. "Have a look at me." She struggled to her feet and made a couple of clanking steps forward before she was snubbed back by the chain to the collar round her neck. "I'm just as naked as you, and I've got more marks, and I've got this beastly collar... He hasn't put a collar on you yet."

"But I can't get any closer to you either." Pamela was using her chained hands to finger the metal band around her waist and the heavy chain that tethered it to the wall. "Don't call me Mrs. Henshaw, make it Pam. Why do we have to be chained?"

“Just part of our punishment. See if you can reach my cunt with your big toe... No? Well, never mind. I can’t reach yours either. Shit! Really I get so angry with Fellowes sometimes... Did he whip you very hard?”

“I honestly thought I was going to die.” Pamela made her confession as her eyes roved. “You’ve got chains on your ankles, your wrists, your elbows, your waist and your neck. It’s inhuman!”

“Not really. I’m used to it. Besides, it’s only here at night. During the day I get my punishments. I say, Pam, it is nice to have you. It gets awful lonesome... ”

“You poor darling! Are you chained like this every night?”

“Oh, only when I’m being punished,” Emily sniggered. “But that’s most of the time. It’s very hard for a girl... just offer a bit of crumpet to some deserving type and she ends up with a whipped bottom and in chains. Is your trouble crumpet too?”

“I suppose it is. Hadn’t thought of it in just that way. But, good heavens, how long do you get punished for... for... well, this crumpet thing?”



Emily shrugged and giggled. "It's usually about a week. Then they let me out for another try."

“But don’t you... don’t you find this a deterrent?”

“Why would I!” Emily sounded genuinely puzzled. “I’m only doing what I have to do to get a bit of nooky, and they’re doing what they think they ought to do because I got it... or came close... Sort of a game, really.”

“But you sound so cheerful! Don’t you feel resentment?”

“What, with Fellowes! He’s a dear! And I do try and be a good sport about it. If I’m caught I get whipped and bunged in here.” She mused a moment and giggled. “Of course there’s a lot of times I don’t get caught. Be a bit dull here during the holidays without it.”

“Will we both get whipped again tomorrow?”

“I expect so.” Concern was absent from the young and eager voice. “You get whipped all the time for one thing or another. Even when I’m not supposed to be whipped I get it anyway because they think I’ve been cheeky or impudent or something. But often it’s only half a dozen swats.”

“Six for impudence! I’m glad you warned me.”

“Oh, I don’t suppose they’ll whip you for that. It’s just that I’m young and still supposed to be learning how to behave. I expect it’s your cunt that will bother you “

“My... my... Why?”

“So many of the punishments are designed for it,” Emily tittered. “I think they see a girl’s cunt as a separate person that has to be punished separately as well as getting whipped. I suppose it’s because it’s the place we stick the chap into. But anyway, you’ll find they sit the poor little darling on sharp edges, whip her with special canes and whips, thread beastly rough ropes through it, and... oh, the things Fellowes can think of... ! Of course we’re forever tied or

chained. Once we enter punishment we're never free of something locked or knotted on us somewhere."

"This punishment business... ? Do you get formally sentenced to something awful or does it all sort of just happen?"

"Mostly it just happens. Except the one-day deals. You know: a hundred lashes, or hang by your wrists, and let loose in time for supper."

"And always naked?"

Emily giggled. "Of course! You can't get properly whipped with clothes on... or tied either! Has Fellowes fucked you yet?"

Pamela flushed. "I think it's on the agenda somewhere."

"He fucks gorgeously. I'd endure the dungeon any night just to get it. But he's stingy. He only does it to me as a reward or if he's hurt me terribly, terribly. Maybe you can charm him into an extra screw or two. You must try, Pam."

Pamela rattled a wrist chain in distaste. "Is it possible to sleep on this stone? And with all this heavy chain locked on us?"

"Oh sure! C'mon, try. Sorry I can't nibble you. I'd love a muff gobble. Good night, darling Pam."

———— Pamela Henshaw was convinced that no woman had ever suffered as she did at that moment. She looked down to where her naked pussy was crushed by her own weight upon the narrow edge of the plank on which she sat astride. From that focal point of her distress her gaze followed the lovely columns of her legs spread widely out to either side and tied so that she was certain something somewhere had to split. So tautly were they extended that she could not move them. The rope circles round her ankles were a constant burn.

She reflected wryly that even if she fainted her fettered feet would hold her in place on her tortured perch. Her wrists were crossed and tied behind her back and were thus lost to her. She was totally helpless and in constant agony. She had sat thus for what seemed a very long time after the butler had discreetly left her to her shame. But she distrusted time. Hours of anguish might have been compressed into a few minutes of her consciousness. Pain made her vividly aware, every sense alert. The faint sound of voices in the passage made her tense. Both were male. Her eyes as she faced the door were angry and hurt.

"Henry, you said you wouldn't!" she accused.

Henshaw's smile was enigmatic. "You expressed a wish yesterday that I might see. Fellowes conveyed your message. That's what it was, wasn't it!"

Pamela's cheeks flamed. "Go away, I don't want you to see me like this. It's beastly."

Her husband made a leisurely circle of his bound and naked wife. Pamela sat in silent shame while the inspection ran its course. "I'd say you were doing a very good job, Fellowes. I'm grateful." Henshaw's voice was dryly sardonic.

"Thank you, Sir. I am proud to serve. As you can see, Mrs. Henshaw accepts her correction in an admirable spirit."

"Feeling a touch of humility, Pam?"

"All I feel is agony. Go away."

"You've been beautifully whipped and caned."

"I'm so glad you're happy. Is there any use my asking for mercy?"

"None."

The tortured woman accepted the terse word. It was no less than she had expected. But pain drove her to a second try. "I'm prepared to obey you implicitly and to be very humble in asking forgiveness?"

"I'm sure you are." Henshaw's gaze methodically examined his tortured wife's striped nudity. "The point you probably miss is that A this is punishment for something you have done. There could be others if you do that thing again. What you suffer has nothing to do with persuading you to make statements."

"Please, Henry, forgive me. Get me off this awful thing." Henshaw turned to the waiting butler. "How long is Mrs. Henshaw's sentence on this amusing device?"

"For the day, sir."

The announcement was greeted by a protesting groan from the nude sufferer and a chuckle from her husband. "There you are, Pam old girl. Just for the day. I wouldn't dream of interfering."

"It's cutting me in two! Henry, I plead with you... Please?" Henshaw nodded. "I say, Fellowes, have you got any little extras you can amuse her with? I think she's bored." f "Henry!" A wealth of feeling was in the single word.

"I have some excellent small ornaments, if you will permit me, Sir."

"No!" The bound and naked woman eyed the silver objects in the butler's hand with intuitive feminine foreknowledge. "No, don't put those on me. Oh, please! Henry, stop it!"

"If you will be so kind, Madam... If you remain very still I can adjust them to the best advantage."

"Don't put those .things on my nipples. Don't! They'll hurt wickedly. I know they will. Oh please?"

“Stop wailing, Pam. Put them on her, Fellowes.”

“Oh... OH! Yes, yes, I’ll keep still! I want to behave. But, oh please...  
! Henry! Don’t make Fellowes put these horrid things on my breasts.  
I’ll be so ashamed... and with you watching... and they’ll hurt. Don’t  
you understand I’m already in agony.”



"Thank you, Madam. You are always most kind."

“Ohhhhh... OOOHHHHH! Oh damn! Oh gosh they hurt! Must you?”

“You look exquisite, my dear.”

“Oh, Henry, just look at them. They stick out as though my breasts have little thumbs, and each one feels like a live hot coal.”

“Excellent! Think of your sins.”

“All I can think of is pain. I’ll do anything if you’ll forgive me and let me down and take me home.”

“Exactly what would you do?”

Pamela Henshaw looked desperately around her punishment room as though seeking inspiration. Each tiny movement of her head caused the silver clips on her nipples to vibrate. Desolately she pronounced her own sentence: “I’ll get on my knees and ask forgiveness. I’ll even enumerate my crimes. Then I’ll kiss your feet...”  
“ Aware of inadequacy she could think of nothing more to say.

“No.”

“Alright, don’t take me home. But get me off this awful thing.”

“Take her off, Fellowes. She has a deal.”

The silence was electric. It held through moments of startled amazement until Fellowes speeded to his task. “Leave her hands tied. Leave the clips on.” Henshaw’s voice was terse.

“Gently, Madam. I will support you.”

“Oh, Fellowes, thanks, thanks... OOOHHHHH, oh damn that hurt!”

“Release is a bad moment, Madam. Can you stand?”

"It's more important that she kneel." Henshaw's voice was more sardonic than ever. Come on, Pam, cut the histrionics."

"Allow me to aid you, Madam, just a few steps and you can kneel."

"Thanks, Fellowes. I'll be all right now. That was pretty rough. I'm still cut in two. I can't reach down there, but I suppose it will be all right?"

"Yes, Madam. But perhaps you should give Mr. Henshaw your attention."

"Before you start, Pam, I should tell you how exquisite you are kneeling there in submission. It becomes you. The clips and the cords are a part of it."

The nude but delinquent wife looked up at her husband beseechingly. "Do you want me to start now?" Her voice was piteous. "At once. Don't gabble it. Do it properly."

Pamela swallowed twice, then bowed her head in penitence, tugging ineffectually at her bound wrists, the nipple clips vibrant on her breasts. Her voice was determined and clear: "I beg your forgiveness, Henry. I have betrayed you three times with... "

"What d'you mean, betrayed!" His voice was a knife. "Use the proper word. You know it."

Again the swallow and the pitiful motions of defeat. But the lovely voice was firm: "Please forgive me, Henry, for allowing Studs Morgan to fuck me, and allowing Mort Frobisher to fuck me, and allowing Patrick Hershimer to fuck me. I tempted them. The fault was mine. I did it once with Patrick and twice with each of the others. Again I ask you to forgive me...?" She paused as if seeking strength for some final effort to placate. "And, Henry... " Once more the punished woman was obliged to swallow. "Henry... thank you for having me

whipped. Thank you for asking Fellowes to correct me... He's been very kind. I hurt terribly. I know it's done me good."

The silence lengthened between the two men and the naked captive. Pamela knelt before her husband in total submission, head bowed, hands passive in their bonds. The silver clips shone brightly on her breasts. She remained mute and still while Henshaw looked down at the woman who had abnegated herself so utterly. His words, when they came, shattered the silence like a bomb: "Put her back up there." He turned and left.

Pamela Henshaw rose awkwardly to her feet. She turned distractedly, hands once more busy seeking a release denied. "Oh Fellowes...!" The heartbroken exclamation said all there was to say.

"We must assume Mr. Henshaw did not commit himself or make a promise, Madam. Please accept my condolences."

"Will you really put me back up there? I hurt so much...?"

"What other course is open to us, Madam?"

Pamela nodded. "Okay. Put the box thing under for me to stand on."

"You are most kind, Madam. Allow me... "

"I'm not sure I'd be quite as amenable if my hands weren't tied behind my back, Fellowes. And these things on my breasts... they scare me. I've never felt so miserable... "

"If you will be so kind as to make a tentative placement of your person on the edge, Madam, I will tension the ankle tethers swiftly and equally to ensure stability."

"Oh I'll be stable, Fellowes. We can be sure of that. But thanks anyway. I guess it does help a bit to wiggle my pussy into its least painful spot. Poor thing, it's not going to like this."

"It is a pleasure to correct you, Madam. If you will now kindly bend the knees and allow your weight to slowly rest... "

"Ahhhh... ouch! Oh blast it. Oh, Fellowes, it's twice as bad as before."

"That effect is temporary, Madam. It was inevitable, but will not be unduly prolonged."

"You mean I'll soon relapse into just plain normal agony?"

"Quite so, Madam."

Pamela Henshaw's features were drawn in pain. But they sought the impassive butler with a ghost of a smile. "Thanks, Fellowes dear man, I really am a lucky girl, aren't I!" A tear trickled slowly down one cheek.

——— "I trust you enjoyed a restful night, Madam?"

"Oh Fellowes, what a question! Chained naked in a dungeon. Sleeping on bare stone. If it wasn't for Emily I'd be raving. You're terribly unkind to that girl. All those chains... "

"Quite so, Madam. But your own day looms ahead."

"That's a good word for it. Please don't punish pussy anymore. She's about had it. I have a number of other places."

"Thank you, Madam. Allow me to position you against the wall. Ah there... ! I will just apply these handcuffs to your ankles while I untie your wrists."

"That clinking is awful, Fellowes. For a girl it means no hope. In a way I'm glad you never give me the freedom to make a fuss... Gee, that feels good to get my hands back! If my ankles weren't fixed I'd run for the door."

"Quite so, Madam. And now these wristlets."

"They're beautifully tight on me, aren't they? And now the box thing for me to stand on. And I bet there's little chains with hooks up above... and the little hooks snap into my wristlets! See, Fellowes, you're getting me beautifully trained. I'm becoming quite knowledgeable about torture."

"Let us use the word 'correction', Madam. I will now remove the box."

"Oh... wah... oh golly! I knew it was going to happen. But just the same... "

"The initial shock is always trying, Madam. May I say how attractive a picture you make."

"Ohhhh, thanks, Fellowes. My toes can't reach the floor. I'm hanging from my wrists. Is that the deal?"

"It is the basic situation, Madam."

"But I'm facing out. My back and bottom are to the wall. You're not going to whip my front, are you?"

"There are other corrections besides the whip, Madam. Versatility is of the essence."

"I feel about ninety percent pussy hanging here like this. Is the poor dear very wounded? You had me and Emily chained so awkwardly last night, and the light in that dungeon is so dim, we couldn't either of us get a decent look!"

"Your pubic area is entirely normal, Madam. I have previously commented on the amazing resiliency of the vulva."

"That's a relief. But it would have served Henry right if... I say, Fellowes, this is going to get pretty awful as the day wears on."

"I have a small device here, Madam, designed to counter the boredom of your position. It fastens to the wall at the small of your back."

"No... Oh no! I can figure out what that does to me."

"There! It slips easily into place and cannot be dislodged. You will find it desirable to avoid contact with the small spikes."

"Oh damn! Oh Fellowes... I have to arch my back and push with one foot. It's awful!"

"Your day will be less tedious, Madam. Some severe discomfort is always implicit during correction."

"My poor wrists! I'm tugging at them. Oh Fellowes... ! I'll get tired. What happens then?"

"I have known ladies who finally accepted the spikes. They are not long enough to inflict serious wounds, Madam."

"Oh Fellowes, that's going to happen to me, I know it is. Be a nice torturer and forgive me this one?"

"Amnesty is not a part of this enterprise, Madam. As a matter of fact this particular correction calls for something further. You will notice a total absence of discomfort in your frontal areas."

"Oh Fellowes, not hot irons or pins and needles and things?"

"A primarily ornamental appendage, Madam."

"Oh no! No. Oh please! I wore those beastly clips on my nipples all day yesterday. They're still sore."

"Quite so, Madam. Today they recuperate."

"Well then?" Pamela eyed the bland features appealingly. "Oh no! I've just guessed. No, no, no! Oh Fellowes!"

"They append to the lower labia most becomingly, Madam."

"Oh damn! Oh please! Fellowes, don't clip me there?"

"Quite so, Madam. I am sure you will not struggle unduly?"

"So am I! I can't. And anyway it hurts. Oh blast this whole business! Fancy a girl having to wear those things on her pussy! Ouch!"

"And the other one, Madam. I have positioned them so that they bite well into each lip. The effect is aesthetic."

"The effect is pure agony, Fellowes, and you know it."

"Thank you, Madam."

"Oh damn, please take `em off me? D'you realise how beastly they're going to be all the time with me using my legs and feet to try and keep from being impaled? Every time I move down there... "

"The configuration has been carefully designed, Madam. One thing leads to another."

"Everything leads to my pussy. Please take them off?"

"There are also some lead weights that attach to the big toes."

"Fellowes, you wouldn't! You couldn't...?"

"I am merely pointing out that conditions can always deteriorate, Madam. Such knowledge can be consoling. There are also metal bands to clamp upon your thigh so that as you move the tendons flex against small sharp indentations."

"Would it be possible for me to have one single large blunt indentation, Fellowes? Please? I need it so badly."

"Your position is inimical to sexual congress, Madam."

"You could take me down?"

"No, Madam."

"You could put be back up here afterwards. I won't fight or make a fuss. I'll be terribly well behaved... I'll be so grateful?"



"Your plea touches the heart, Madam. I will just realign the clip on your left lip for perfect symmetry."

"Ouch! Oh jeeppers that hurt!"

"Thank you, Madam. Your approval is most kind... " ——— "I say, Fellowes me boy, what have we here?" Lord Halibut's cracked voice enquired brightly.

"You may recall Mrs. Pamela Henshaw, M'Lord."

"Go away! You mustn't come in here. I'm naked." Pamela's blush was a magnificent scarlet.

"So you should be, m'dear," the elderly Peer agreed absently. "I say, Fellowes, lovely tits, eh!"

"Mrs. Henshaw has an exquisite figure, M'Lord."

"Clipped her cunt too, eh!" Lord Halibut peered down at the silver embellishments. "Fine bush. Nice ripe lips! Splendid girl all round." He looked up benignly at the blushing captive. "Having any trouble keeping off the spikes, dear girl?"

"Aren't you ashamed to see me like this?" Pamela's breasts were heaving in embarrassment.

"Ashamed!" Lord Halibut looked around in surprise. "What's there to be ashamed about? I say, Fellowes, have you used that, 'snatch-spreader' thing on her yet?"

"No, M'Lord. There are many diversions Mrs. Henshaw has yet to enjoy."

Lord Halibut examined the punished nudity intently. "Not whipped her too much yet I notice." He raised his eyes. "D'you enjoy a sound thrashing, m'dear?"

“Good heavens, no!” Pamela looked down askance.

Lord Halibut nodded. “A pity. Lots of little fillies love it. Had a second housemaid once came to my room regularly every second morning for a drubbing. Tied her wrists to the bedpost and used the thin riding crop.” He mused nostalgically. “That was for her back and rump, of course. Had a couple of rings in the wall in the corner: stretched her feet wide open for whipping her cunt. The little dear used to look up at me worshipfully as I slashed away. If she thought I wasn’t doing my best she’d urge me on and point out bits I might have missed. Splendid girl!”

“It’s terribly cruel.”

Lord Halibut looked hurt. “Nonsense! She’s a duchess now. I let old Strawbridge have a whack at her one day and he married her the next. He told me her cunt had developed amazingly under the crop. Fine plump lips and glossy hair... Henry won’t know you when Fellowes sends you home.”

“I don’t want a plump pussy, and my hair was glossy anyway. Please, Lord Halibut, how long am I going to be punished?”

“Whip you into shape in a year or two I expect... ” Lord Halibut was closely examining his guest’s navel. “I say, Fellowes, remarkable what a bit of stretching does to a filly. Take this belly button for instance... ”

“A year!” All the incredulity of the world was in the exclamation. “I’ll be dead! You can’t mean...?”

“Give her another good thrashing, Fellowes m’boy. Nothing half as good.” Beaming amiably, Lord Halibut ambled from the punishment room.

“His Lordship is inclined to absent-mindedness, Madam. Your travail will not be for so long a duration. Apart from a number of mandatory

inflictions of whip and cane there are an array of instruments... I would estimate no more than a month."

"Please let me down. I'm getting worn out. And the agony... "

"There is an amusing, though vulgar device imported from America, Madam. It comprises a pair of heavy rubber panties equipped with a rubber phallus fore and aft. There are serrations... "

"Oh Fellowes!"

"There is a funnel arrangement whereby you imbibe quantities of fluid sufficient to distress."

"Oh, Fellowes. Oh please...!"

"Another United States importation is a special enema, Madam. Used in conjunction with what they indelicately refer to as a 'butt plug' its effect is beneficial."

"Oh Fellowes, Fellowes, aren't I the lucky girl!"