

FELLOWES 15

FELLOWES RINGS THE BELLE

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Fellowes 15: Fellowes Rings The Belle

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Lady Emily Halibut was deeply engrossed, her face anxious and intent. A faint dew of perspiration was her only reward, so far, for an enterprise in which she was realizing a decreasing optimism. Every muscle and sinew of her nude nobility was hard at work as she sea-sawed the fine rope binding her wrists behind her back up and down against the rough stone.

“Oh shit!” Her exclamation held infinite disgust. Desisting her frictioning, she twisted irritably to view the fruit of her labour. None was visible. Her wrists were as securely tied as when she had wriggled from the grasp of authority the day previous. A chilly night, nestled in a bed of leaves, and a steadily gnawing hunger were inclining her to a belief that in eluding the butler’s grip and fleeing into the seeming sanctuary of the Great Park she had acted hastily. The effort to free her hands was one of many, all futile. Within her a battle raged: Food, glorious food! But with it the humiliation of surrender and an inevitable punishment. Or a continued roving of the sylvan solitude in hope of finding some sharp object Tugging in vexation at her bound hands, Lady Emily considered the possibility of a miracle.

As though she had prayed, response was instant. He was a red-faced youth walking purposefully along one of the smaller paths from the main gate. He whistled cheerfully as though to proclaim his presence. The naked daughter of the nobility sighed thankfully; everything about him was just right. Joyously, she took her first step to freedom.

"Help! Oh help me please"

Albert Twitters stopped dead. Sight of a naked maiden leaping gleefully toward him from the bushes was rewarding but startling to village morality. "Hey, you got no clothes on," he protested.

"It's the bandits!" Emily panted breathlessly. "They stripped me. Untie my hands. Quick, hurry!"

Albert Twitter's bucolic logic smelt a rat. "Ain't no bandits in Bondsleigh Great Park, Miss. And why ain't yer run up to the castle?"

"Don't dither, get me loose."

Lady Emily pointed two accusing breasts at her reluctant rescuer. Then turned and wriggled her bound hands and her bottom.

"Summat' wrong here, Miss." Albert was no Galahad.

"Of course there is, silly! I'm naked and I'm tied. Come on, be a gentleman and rescue me."

Albert Twitter was no believer in beneficent providence. "Yer tryin' ter get me in trouble, Miss. That's what yer up to."

"How can you say such a thing!" Emily's voice held all the hurt of rejected womanhood. Hunger and urgency spurred her offer: "Let me loose and I'll give you a lovely piece of tail."

Albert blushed. Emily recognized the hurdle of morality. "Don't you think I've got lovely tits and a nice pussy?" she wheedled. "And with my hands untied I can put my arms around you."

Albert Twitters was human. But a good upbringing must be appeased. "Can't rightly do nothin' like that there out 'ere," he temporized.

"I know a lovely tool shed."

"I ain't goin' ter untie yer . . . not 'til after."

"Oh, very well! If you don't trust me. Come on, it's this way."

Cautiously and with a wary eye, Albert Twitters followed his naked Lorelei.

Lord Halibut, wakened from a snooze in the big armchair, viewed his indignant granddaughter with jaundiced eye. "Out all night in the park, Emil, my gel. Damned bad form! And no clothes"

"It's Fellowes' fault He should have held on to me tighter."

Fellowes coughed gently. "I must admit to an unwarranted confidence in Lady Emily's judgement, M'Lord." His voice hardened. "Such a lapse will not recur."

Lord Halibut was annoyed at being robbed of his nap. He shook an admonishing finger at the naked maiden standing before him for judgment. "And with your hands tied . . . ! Damn silly."

“Well, I didn’t tie `em, Fellowes did,” Emily proclaimed petulantly.
“Oh, Grandpa, I’m so hungry. Make him untie me.”



“How’d you get the little filly back, Fellowes? Run her down?”

"No, M'Lord. I had Crumpet the gardener phone a young man with a view to employment. The result was inevitable. I arrived at the tool shed not a moment too soon"

"Oh, Fellowes, you rotten twister!" Lady Emily's voice vibrated with feminine indignation. She turned to her grandparent. "I've been trapped, Grandpa. It's not fair! Besides, what could I do with my hands tied behind my back!"

"She had already inveigled young Albert into removing his trousers, M'Lord. Lady Emily herself was already in, ahem, position."

"How could I be with my hands tied?" Emily demanded bitterly.

Lord Halibut was interested. "Yes, how d'you manage it?"

"She was using the excuse of her bound wrists to lasciviously elevate her pubic area, M'Lord. Albert Twitters was viewing it with prurient interest."

"I just bet he was!" said Lord Halibut approvingly. "It's not every young chap gets a chance"

"Oh Grandpa!" Emily's voice oozed reproach. "he was looking for a button off his trousers."

"You mean it fell in! I say, that's"

"Don't be horrid, Grandpa. My feet weren't that wide apart. I'd just fallen over backwards."

"Really, Miss, must we go through these flights of fancy! You know perfectly well you lured the young man into the shed with carnal intent."

"Well, he wouldn't untie my hands until I'd"

"Damn sensible young fellah, if you ask me," Lord Halibut mused thoughtfully. "I say, Emily me gel, you can't go around offering bits o' tail to all and sundry, y'know. Damn bad show!"

"Well how else am I going to get Oops, I mean how else am I going to get my hands untied?"

"You could have come and asked Fellowes."

"He'd have caned my bottom for running away." Emily contrived a fine note of grievance.

"Humph! Well, there's no use having a lot of chit-chat," said Lord Halibut expansively. "What's the verdict?"

"Indubitably guilty, M'Lord."

The nude and tied delinquent wriggled unhappily under two pairs of accusing male eyes. "You're not a bit nice to me, ever," Emily complained. "You always find me guilty."

"Well, you always are, aren't you?" Lord Halibut asked reasonably.

"You don't have to make such a big thing of it." Emily stubbed a distressed toe into the deep pile of the rug. "I suppose now I'll get some awful inhuman punishment."

"You do lay it on thick, Emily gel," her grandfather chided. "A nice cane across your rear"

Emily brightened. "Is that all I get? Just my bottom caned?"

Lord Halibut eyed his butler for guidance. "What d'you say, Fellowes old chap? A sound caning or a little something extra?"

"I favour an additional penalty, M'Lord."

"You would!" Lady Emily interjected distressfully. "Please, Grandpa, make him go easy on me. I had a rotten night, and then that swindle in the tool shed. I've been very poorly treated."

"Anything special in mind for the little minx, Fellowes?" Lord Halibut blandly ignored his granddaughter's plea.

"Oh, Grandpa, make him untie my hands. I don't want to be tortured," Emily wailed.

"Nonsense, girl. You know you have to be punished."

"I have to go to the bathroom."

"That's not much of a punishment," said Lord Halibut absently. "Have to do better than that, y'know."

"M'Lord, I have for some time taken cognizance of a novel penalty from which her Ladyship and ourselves may derive lasting benefit."

"Ah! Thinking of branding her bum?"

"No, M'Lord. But no doubt you recall the visit of Colonel Bagshot, and the most interesting Asiatic custom he described?"

For a moment Lord Halibut was lost. Then light dawned. "By Jove, Fellowes, what a marvellous idea! Thought so at the time but wasn't sure you'd approve. Give our little baggage a new lease on life, eh!"

"I don't want a new lease on life. I want to go to the bathroom." Lady Emily sounded urgent.

"Hold on to your water, girl! Trust Fellowes. The man's a genius. 'Pon my soul"

"I bet it's some awful torture old Bagshot saw over in India?"

"Shall we tell her, Fellowes? I want to see her face." Lord Halibut beamed on all present.

"A healthy period of suspense will be disciplinary, M'Lord. It will give Lady Emily something to think of while in the dungeon."

"Oh no!" Emily's cry quivered with anguish. "You're not going to bung me in that rotten dungeon, are you . . . and chains and everything?"

"Not until after you have received an adequate corporal correction, Miss."

"Good gosh! Whipped and dungeoned and chained just because some chap took off his trousers! Oh Grandpa!"

"Don't feel cheated, m'gel, that's just the start." Lord Halibut guffawed heartily. "Wait 'til Fellowes tells you about the main course."

"I don't want to hear," Emily declared acidly. "Can I please go to the bathroom?"

"No. I told you 'no' before."

"Well, then can I have my hands untied?"

"No you can't! I say, Fellowes, take the wench away and get her started." Lord Halibut chuckled happily at some mental vision of his own. "Splendid idea! I can't wait."

"Thank you, M'Lord. Miss Emily, if you will be so kind."

"And Fellowes"

"Yes, M'Lord?"

"Take her to the bathroom."

"Quite so, M'Lord."

"I think you're both horrid," said Lady Emily.

"I say, Fellowes, this is something new."

Lady Emily Halibut peered down the bare columns of her legs to where her ankles were neatly clamped to a seven-inch-high pedestal by metal bands. "I suppose you know I can't move an inch?"

"Quite so, Miss. You stand."

"To get my bottom caned?" Emily was puzzled.

"Not your posterior, M'Lady."



Light dawned. "Oh, Fellowes, no! Oh no!" Emily turned an anguished gaze upon her imperturbable butler. "Not my hands?"

"Quite so, Miss."

Emily was distraught. "It isn't quite so at all, Fellowes. It's bloody awful. I can't possibly bear having my hands caned, old chap. Think of something else."

"Your distaste ensures the success of the penalty, M'Lady."

"I won't hold my hands out. So there! And you can't make me."

"Are you quite sure of the veracity of that statement, Miss?"

"Oh shit! I suppose you'll do something horrid if I don't?"

"Quite so, Miss."

"How would you like to stand bare naked like this with your ankles locked in some beastly scrap iron! You're terribly unkind."

"The road to penitence is thorny, Miss."

"Good! Unlock my feet and we'll take another path."

"Kindly hold out your hand, M'Lady. Palm flat and up."

"What are you going to do with that positively fiendish cane?"

"I will strike your outstretched hand, Miss. Kindly extend it."

"Like hell I will! Not bloody likely! It will hurt something awful."

"Quite so, Miss."

"I flatly refuse."

"It is the palm of your hand that should be flat, Miss."

Lady Emily clasped her small hands into fists and put them defiantly behind her back. "It's too awful on my hands! Oh, Fellowes, please . . . ?"

Fellowes put down the slender cane and selected a many-thonged silken whip; the sight of which sent the helpless and naked girl into a paroxysm of writhing revolt. Instantly her hands rose and cupped her breasts. She bent down shieldingly. "No! Not my breasts! I hate that damn whip. If you think I'm just going to stand here"

"Are you thinking of leaving, Miss?"

"Blast you, you know I can't!"

"Then stand straight and hold out your arm. Really, M'Lady, you are making much ado about nothing. This is a punishment used in schools."

"Not with a bloody awful cane like that . . . and the way you hit. Oh, Fellowes, please fuck me instead."

"I have warned you before about that indelicate reference to sexual congress, Miss. It will cost you one extra on each hand."

"But Fellowes, what am I to call it! How about nooky?"

"Infantile, M'Lady. But if it pleases you"

"Fellowes, you're a dear! Please let my feet out of these horrid clamp things and give me a bit of nooky."

"You are undeserving, M'Lady. You are in penance."

"It would bolster my morale, Fellowes. I'd hold out my hand ever so much better."

"You may be surprised, at how easily you can hold it out now, M'Lady. Or do you prefer attention to your mammaries as a persuasive prelude?" Fellowes fondled the fearful thongs fondly.

"You mean whip my tits. No I don't. Oh alright! I'll stick out my poor little hand. But I won't like it."

"Pleasure is not the intent, M'Lady. Your palm well stretched, if you please. Ah, thank you!"

"I'd think you'd feel ashamed of taking advantage of a helpless girl, Fellowes. This is . . . Oh! Wow! Oh oops!"

"Kindly do not prolong the hand hugging beneath your armpit, Miss. I am impervious to such blandishments."

"Blandishments my arse! And I don't have a hand anymore. It's fallen off somewhere. Oh Fellowes . . . !"

"Thank you, M'Lady. And now the other arm."

"I can't possibly. I'm in agony . . . Ahhhh! Arrrrrrh! Wug! Oh dammit Fellowes you're supposed to be caning my hands not my seat!"

"Then kindly hold one out, Miss."

Lady Emily sniffed and gave the family butler her most reproachful look. Petulantly she extended a hesitant arm. "I suppose you realise that when I faint I shall fall and break both ankles?" she inquired haughtily.

"I will bear the warning in mind, M'Lady. And now: quite still please."

"Wooops! Brrrah! Oh gosh, I'm dying!"

"Thank you, Miss. A brief pause only for hand hugging. And we will extend the first one again please."

The cane sang busily.

"I don't see why I can't have my bottom caned standing up." Emily sniffed disdainfully. "Those straps in the hollows make my knees hurt like billy'o. And now to bend over . . . ! This bench is quite fiendish. And handcuffs! Oh don't! Please don't drag my arms up"

"I'm striving for a taut derriere, M'Lady. It enhances impact."

"You're telling me! No, don't strap my back and thighs. It makes me all bottom . . . and my head's over the end of the bench and my hair's all falling"

"A most attractive picture, Miss, if I may say so. I will endeavour to tighten everything one more notch."

"Don't bother. Oh golly, my poor little bottom! I say, Fellowes, don't hit me too hard. Oh, and Fellowes . . . ?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Is my cunt sticking out back there?"

"It enjoys some prominence, Miss."

"Could you cover it up a bit? I don't want it cut . . . certainly not in the wrong direction."

"I will cherish it with care, M'Lady. I have a vested interest."

"A vest is just what it needs. I say Fellowes, I've made up my mind not to scream this time. You know, the stiff upper lip."

“A worthy resolution, M’Lady. I trust it betokens penitence?”

“Well actually, I’d like to cheat you out of the enjoyment. You’re so terribly unkind to me.”

“In that case, Miss”

The supple whip whirred. Sound of impact on maiden flesh filled the chamber with a sickening thunk. The fastened nudity surged against its bonds but made no sound beyond a shocked gasp.

“May I compliment you, Miss. An admirable fortitude.”

“Oh Fellowes, not so hard. Please!”

Again the cane sliced both air and skin.

“Wahhhh! Wow! Oh damn! Oh shit! Of Fellowes . . . !”

“Quite so, Miss. I strive to please.”

“Are you quite sure I can’t have a little bit of nooky before I’m chained, Fellowes?”

“Quite sure, M’Lady.”

“It’s so difficult after I’m chained . . . you might change our mind?”



"An improbable vacillation, M'Lady."

"Oh, Fellowes, my poor little bottom and hands hurt dreadfully."

"I am pleased that our endeavours were not in vain, M'Lady."

"And now you're going to chain me up in this rotten dungeon! I say, Fellowes, can I just have a collar on my neck, and not all that other hardware?"

"No, Miss."

"I say, Fellowes, what's this awful something you and Grandpa have hatched up for me?"

"I am not at liberty to say, Miss."

"Yes, you are! And you're grinning like a Cheshire cat. I bet it's something simply awful. And I think you're horrid not to tell me."

"It will give you food for quiet speculation while in chains, Miss."

"It's something from India, something Colonel Bagshot told you I say, Fellowes, you're not going to pour curry in my cunt?"

"Partial as I may be to curry, Miss, I would not sink to such an indelicacy." Fellowes' voice was pained.

"I bet you would, y'know, if you thought it would make me squeal. I'm surprised you've never thought of it."

"There are other agents far more suitable, Miss. But I would not consider their introduction into the vagina of any young woman senior to the daughter of a Baronet."

Emily brightened. "Lets me out, eh! I say, Fellowes, you're not going to pop me into a cage with a cobra or a mongoose or something?"

"Really, M'Lady, you have a fervid imagination. May I suggest you will be happier in ignorance."

"You mean it's worse than a cobra! Oh, Fellowes, I simply must know!"

"Cognizance will be vouchsafed tomorrow afternoon, Miss."

"That means you need time to get something ready, Oh Fellowes, I can hardly wait! Look, you don't need to bother chaining me, do you?"

"Yes Miss."

"You mean iu don't need to, or you do need to?"

"Chains are mandatory, Miss."

"Oh shit!"



"Quite so, Miss. You will wear the full ensemble."

"Balls! D'you realise, with all that on, I can barely manage a sip of water?"

"Quite so, Miss. Water, one slice of bread and an apple."

"Well, if I can't reach it I'm not missing much. Be a good chap and give a miss to that beastly belt round my tummy."

"I find the metal girdle gives a certain flair, Miss. If there are any further importunities I will make the chain to your collar so short you must perforce stand against the wall through the dark hours."

"Oh alright! But I don't see how a little light conversation does any harm."

"Your idea of light conversation, M'Lady, is a constant plea for sexual congress or coaxings for freedom. You are incorrigible."

Emily sniffed with hauteur. "Thanks a lot. Bring on your irons."

"Thank you, Miss. The metal 'Tommy Tucker' first. It has certain dependencies"

"You mean about a hundred pounds of assorted links and wristlets." Emily sniffed with even greater eloquence. "My poor little hands chained to my tummy, and to my ankles, and up to my neck! Anyone would think"

"May I make so bold as to say at least you will know where they are, Miss."

"Not funny, Fellowes! Oh dammit! Has this beastly belt shrunk since last time? You'll have to chain me in two separate pieces."

"Metal does not shrink, Miss. Your complaint is about the same as on previous occasions."

"I'm not finished yet. I want to point out the internal injuries I must be suffering. If it gets any tighter some of my things will start popping out down below from 'you know where'."

"I would view that improbable phenomenon with interest, M'Lady."

"I don't think you love me. If I wasn't in such need I'd cut you off the nooky. Ouch.! Oh damn! D'you have to use that bloody great padlock?"

"Quite so, Miss."

"Whoever invented this little lot must have hated girls."

"It was the second Earl, Miss. He kept his mother-in-law thus confined for fourteen years."

Lady Emily's curiosity was piqued. "What happened then?"

"The Earl died, Miss. His wife then kept the unfortunate Lady chained for fourteen more."

"Golly! Fancy wearing this steel negligee fourteen years!" Lady Emily's day had visibly brightened by comparison.

"If I may say so, Miss, you are a very fortunate young woman. Ah . . . if I may make so bold, I will arrange your hair above the collar."

"Arrange all the hair you like, Fellowes. If you have a comb you can part the hair between my legs. If you don't have a comb you can use"

"Quite so, Miss. Your pubic hair is in perfect order."

"It would be!" Emily's voice was heavy with dolor. "Could you brush it a bit? It helps the sheen."

"I do not have a brush, M'Lady. In any case, it is a service you can perform for yourself."

"I don't have a brush either, you idiot! And by the time the night's over I', going to be awfully tired of my own finger . . . if it can reach anything in these damn chains."

"I am sure you will manage, Miss. There! The costume is complete. May I remark on what a charming picture you present."

"Do I really, Fellowes!" Emily's voice gained warmth. "Naked and chained! What a lovely caption. Or how about 'Innocence in Irons'?"

"I find the latter appealing, M'Lady, though in your case mendacious."

"Don't be so picky, Fellowes. I say, I do wish I had a mirror."

The naked captive evoked a metallic orchestration from her linkage as she turned and twisted to admire her shackles. "It's just me that's charming, Fellowes old boy. These effing fetters certainly are not! These lousy chains from my collar to my wrists can't be for any other purpose than to keep my fingers away from my clit."

"I am sure it will rise to the occasion, Miss."

"Ha, ha. Funny, funny!" Emily grimaced. "And then the chains down from my wrists to the ring and from there to my ankles . . . ! Really Fellowes . . . !"

"I am glad you approve, Miss!"

"You're being sarkey. I don't approve at all. And look, you don't need a chain tethering my tummy to the wall and another from my neck. They weigh a ton."

"The effect is most esthetic, M'Lady. If only you could behold yourself you would indeed feel proud."

"Fellowes darling, how about a cup of tea?"

"No Miss."

"A nice sandwich?"

"No Miss."

"A bit of nooky, then?"

"No Miss. You are being punished."

"I thought it must be something like that." The voice of the nude captive was heavy with sarcasm. "I say, Fellowes, what are you going to do to me tomorrow afternoon?"

"The topic is proscribed, Miss."

"I bet it's a red-hot iron?"

"No Miss."

"I'm going to be impaled?"

"The thought is vulgar, Miss."

"Is it that one where I get a rat fastened to my tummy to eat his way out of the cage . . . through me, that is?"

"You are indulging in erotic masochism, M'Lady. I detect wishful thinking."

"Well, it's going to be bloody dull in these chains for the rest of today and all night. You will visit me sometimes, Fellowes dear?"

"No Miss, you have your rations. You will be alone until I release you sometime tomorrow."

"Oh Fellowes!" Emily's voice rose to a wall of anguish. "Not that long! Oh please . . . ! Look, Fellowes darling, come and whip me sometimes . . . cane my bottom. Just so we don't forget each other."

"You are already enshrined forever in my memory, M'Lady."

"That sounds nice, but it still leaves me alone with nothing but my clit for company." Both Emily's voice and the rattle of her chains bespoke desuetude. "I think I'm going to cry."

"I will leave you to your tears, M'Lady."

"Don't go! Oh Fellowes"

"Until tomorrow, Miss."

The Lady Emily stood, her chained hands clenched at the level of her painfully narrowed waist, and looked at the closing dungeon door. When the outside bolts had shot home with their ominous thud she drooped pathetically in her shackles and looked about the dismal chamber in which she would spend the next twenty-four hours alone. From the familiar walls her eyes sank to the heavy links by which her movements were curtailed. Dismally, she tested her tiny freedoms. They were pathetically small. In a familiar knowledge of her plight she clinked her way to the ringbolts to which she was chained, then sank hopelessly to the stone floor. Listlessly she disposed the metal bonds by which she was held. Even that task was difficult, so implacably was she secured. Leaning back against the wall she surrendered herself to rare self-pity. There were times when Fellowes was a sore trial to her affection and normal *joie de vivre*. This was one of them. The salty feminine tears gathered in her eyes and spilled down across her cheeks. Vexatiously her hands rose to cope but were snubbed by chains. Unhappily the naked captive bent

her collared neck and with much straining contrived to wet her fingertips with grief.

After the tears she felt better. The dungeon and the chains were old enemies – almost old friends. In wry resignation she turned her thoughts to the mystery of the morrow.

“Did old Bagshot have to go all the way to India to learn about tying a naked girl to a post?” Emily inquired testily.

Fellowes coughed discreetly. “’Tis but the prelude, M’Lady. I have judged the vertical as affording you the best view.”

“Oh Fellowes, how can a girl have a ‘best view’ of herself being tortured? And I still don’t know how.”

“I can assure you it is indeed possible, Miss. I trust you will derive some enjoyment from a unique experience.”

“I might if I knew what it was. I suppose you know all these ropes are bloody tight? I can’t even twitch.”

“Quite so, Miss.”

“Look Fellowes old boy, we don’t need anything more! There’s no need to strap those rings over my breasts. Ouch! Oh dammit! Look man, my tits are sticking out a mile.”

“Indubitably, Miss. I am most gratified.”

Lady Emily froze in sudden suspicion. “You’re not going to cut ‘em off! Oh Fellowes . . . ?”

"An unworthy suspicion, Miss. I am as fond of them as you.."

"Then why compress my boobs with that big ring so's my tits act the way they're acting? Good gosh, I've never seen the poor dears so big."

"Your curiosity is about to be appeased, M'Lady. You are in a position to follow the sequence of events by which your correction will be consummated."

"You're going to strike a match and hold it under `em."

"M'lady, have faith. Nothing so uncouth."

"What have you got over there on the bench? That black velvet and that odd contraption with the lead plugged into the socket?"

"Perhaps the time has come, M'Lady." Fellowes went to the bench and returned with two gold rings of an exquisite simplicity. They were, perhaps, an inch or more in diameter, solid and without fragility. He held them up for inspection.

"Oh goody, earrings!" The bound girl could not contain her delight. "They're lovely! Oh, and that's my punishment: you're going to pierce my ears?"

"Among other things, M'Lady."

"What other things!" Emily sensed more than she beheld. Then, watching the butler raise the gold circlets to her breasts, she understood the truth. "But Fellowes, you can't! Those rings are solid."

"They separate once, and join once thereafter, Miss. Forever."

"Oh Fellowes, you're being dramatic. Besides, they're far too big to go round my nips."

“Not round, M’Lady. Through.”

Lady Emily froze. Frightful vistas opened before her startled eyes.

“But you can’t! Not possibly There’s no holes.”

“I intend to make some, Miss.”

“You can’t You wouldn’t!”

For answer, the family butler once again brought something from the bench. It trailed an electric cord. “You will be happy to know, M’Lady, I have done some practising. The cook was kind enough to provide a roast.”

“You mean you’re going to drill a hole through my tits!” Emily was aghast in frightened premonition. This was worse than cobras.

“Not drill, M’lady. This silver wire becomes white hot. I am told it pierces painlessly. Certainly it pierces! I am sure you now appreciate the wisdom of immobility and the protusion of your nipples.”



“Look here, Fellowes, I don’t want a hole through my tits!”

"The golden rings will be most attractive, M'Lady."

Emily's panic eased. She ceased to bulge against the ropes. "Do you really think so, Fellowes? I say, can I have another look?"

"With pleasure, Miss. I am gratified you have seen some virtue"

The naked Emily examined the golden rings with fresh interest. Helpfully, Fellowes held them in position against the swollen nipples.

"It's sort of barbaric, Fellowes. I understand the India bit now. But they're lovely . . . really sweet." A sudden thought promoted a giggle. "And all the girls at school . . . they'll be so jealous. I'll be the only one."

"I should remind you, Miss, that as yet no school has accepted Lord Halibut's application on your behalf."

"Oh, one of 'em's bound to." Emily was suddenly in an expansive mood.

"He is presently negotiating with a convent, Miss. They are noted for their disciplinary severity. Their pupils are referred to as 'inmates' and are housed in cells."

"Well, I expect they'll say not the same as all the rest," said Lady Emily optimistically. "I say, Fellowes, they are real gold, aren't they?"

"Fourteen carat, Miss."

"You're terribly sweet to me, Fellowes. Are you sure this is really punishment?"

"Are you certain, you have glimpsed its implications, Miss?"

Emily's euphoria paused. She examined the implications with sudden clarity. Her voice became anxious. "You are going to use an anaesthetic?"

The silence became more than pregnant. Emily looked from the gold rings to the butler and then back to her suffused and scarlet nipples. "You're joking, of course?" she asked without conviction.

"No, Miss."

Emily wept. Emily cried her indignation. Emily fought her bonds. But Emily's nipples continued to protrude invitingly. In a mixture of emotions she could not name she watched in fascinated wonder as the silver wire glowed red. In a small wan voice she made an unusual request: "Oh Fellowes I think you'd better gag me."



"No, Miss. All your faculties should share this momentous occasion."

Breathlessly, the bound girl watched the red turn to a strange bright white. When the lethal wire rose to her breast it was as though she was mesmerized. Looking down at her own helpless beauty she beheld the incandescent silver of metal touch the side of her tumescent bud and slide relentlessly through to emerge on the other side. Fellowes' arm and fingers were firm as a rock, his face impassive. It was not until the brilliant wickedness had slid back through the orifice it had made that the Lady Emily Halibut screamed.

"Is there truly pain, Miss?" The butler's voice was solicitous.

"I . . . I . . . oh I don't know. Oh Fellowes . . . !" Emily was bathed in shock and disbelief.

"And now the second one, Miss, if I may take the liberty."

Pert retorts died unborn as the pinioned daughter of nobility gazed, hypnotized, as her second nipple received its own fierce piercing. She refused to believe the odor that rose to her flaring nostrils, refused to concede the tiny trail of smoke. It was while she was screaming for the second time that she felt the dedicated fingers on their final task, and looked down at her breasts in a palpitating curiosity she could not control.

"Oh. . . . Oh Fellowes, they're glorious!" The welling screams died, slain by a great surge of feminine adoration.

"I find them provocatively pleasing, M'Lady."

"They're . . . they're . . . Oh, Fellowes, how can I thank you!"

Two wounded breasts, throbbing with a steady burn, could not dampen Emily's excited wonder at the golden circlets pendant from her pierced nipples.

"Gratitude is premature, M'Lady." Fellowes' voice was suave.

Emily tensed. Her gaze flew to the bench and the square of black velvet. Her count and cry were instant. "Four! And two . . . they're so big. Oh, Fellowes, I've only got two ears!"

"Quite so, Miss."

The trembling captive accepted the scalding white wire through her earlobes with a strange pride. Emily was female . . . and the rings that now hung from her ears were rich and lovely. She yearned for a mirror, but her eyes focused on the velvet. "Oh Fellowes . . . darling Fellowes, you wouldn't!"

"Indeed I will, Miss."

This time she could not see. But there was no need. The clamp of thumb and finger told her all. The labia beneath her pubic hair were pinched together and pulled out. This time the pungency of burning hair competed with that of burning flesh. "A moment or two longer, M'Lady . . . a wider orifice. . . ."

It was not until she felt the weight of the single heavy ring sealing her cunt that the Lady Emily Halibut remembered she had forgotten to scream. But, even in this extremity of seething sensations, her eyes still dwelled upon the velvet. "Fellowes, you can't! Not that too?"

"You would never forgive me, M'Lady, should I be remiss."

A strap buckled over her eyes behind the post held the lovely head motionless. Fingers lifted nostrils. Once again the strange indefinable agony . . . and then the weight! The relentless intimacy of a weight she would always carry. Pain, pain, pain . . .! And a transcendent ecstasy. Emily was panting in a joyous burn. Blinking at the light she accepted the weight of the metal collar without protest. She was adrift in a sea of wild emotions. As her bonds fell away she remained passive and awed by what had been done to her. When the wrists

were handcuffed behind her back she uttered no word. She stepped away from the prisoning post, dazed in wonder.

"I think the relative freedom of the chain to your collar, Miss. Motion is desirable. You must become accustomed . . ."

The lambent eyes of the punished girl and the bland regard of the impassive butler met in a sharing they would always remember. It was as though the six rings pendant in maiden flesh were a pledge . . .

"Oh, Fellowes, I wish I could touch them. Why can't I?"

"You are being punished, M'Lady."

"O that! I'd forgotten," Emily shook her head as though to clear her mind. The insouciant nymphet returned to life. "Oh, Fellowes, that's too awful a punishment for any girl! Let me touch them! Please?"

"No Miss."

"I'll let you handcuff me again after. I promise."

"You will have a lifetime to both feel and to admire, M'Lady!"

"Oh shit! I. . . ."

"Well I'll be damned! You've done it, Fellowes me boy." Lord Halibut's entry cut short his grandchild's protest. "Here, I've got to look at this. Cost me a pretty penny."

"Ouch! Oh wow! Oh Grandpa, be careful." Emily backed away clinkingly from Lord Halibut's curious fingers. "Don't pull them. They hurt."

"Burn a bit, I daresay," the elderly Peer conceded. "But stunning! Absolutely stunning." Lord Halibut guffawed. "I say, Fellowes old chap, has it occurred to you. . . ? Hook a finger in one of those rings

and you've got the little baggage . . . sort of by the short hairs, what!"

"This more practical usage had indeed crossed my mind, M'Lord."

"Oh that's not cricket!" Emily wailed. She was suddenly aghast at horrendous vistas of humility. "I mean, it's not sporting."

"When they heal, you could clip a leash on any one of them and lead her around." Lord Halibut was enamoured of a vision of a most tractable granddaughter. "See what I mean: the little filly's not going to argue."

"Grandpa, that's mean. You're both horrid. How long have I got to be chained to this wall and be handcuffed?"

"Lady Emily is desirous of a mirror, M'Lord. I have explained that she is still in penance."

"And so she should be," Lord Halibut agreed heartily. "What's she done this time?"

"Oh, Grandpa, you've forgotten!" Emily felt righteous indignation. It was Albert Twitter. Just because he took his trousers off. . . ."

"Splendid fellow!" Lord Halibut exclaimed cordially. "As good an excuse as any."

"And I've been terribly caned. Grandpa, haven't you any sympathy?"

"Scarlet stripes and golden rings!" Lord Halibut enthused. "Dammit, me gel, it's positively poetic. Never seen anything more beautiful."

"If I may be so bold, M'Lord, I would point out a certain advantage implicit in the placement of the lager ring." Fellowes' voice was bland.



"The senior Peer screwed on his monocle and scrutinized the shining band emerging from the hairy bush of his granddaughter's pussy. "Advantage, Fellowes? It won't help the gel pee?"

"No, M'Lord, but it inhibits. . . ."

"By Jove, you're right!" Lord Halibut slapped his leg delightedly. "There's no delivery boy going to get his cock into you now, Emily m'gel. Damn sight better than those belts!"

The chained and naked girl recoiled from a sudden realisation of a bleakly chaste future. In agitation she pulled at her cuffed wrists and kicked at her tether chain. "Oh Grandpa . . . Noooooo!"

"Bit rough on you, Fellowes." Lord Halibut gave his butler a lewd and knowing wink.

"One must make sacrifices toward the building of character in the young, M'Lord."

"Ah! I expect you're right. Don't suppose that ring in her nose will get in the way. . . . Let me know when the little filly's properly healed." The aged grandparent emitted a lecherous chuckle. "I intend to do a bit of ring tweaking."

"Grandpa!" Emily's brief euphoria was fading fast. The weight of gold within her flesh now began to hold an infinity of hazard. She watched her grandfather's ambling exit, then turned an ever-optimistic eye upon her one remaining hope. "I say, Fellowes, you don't have to keep me chained like a puppy dog."

"Must I remind you again, Miss. You are being punished."

"The handcuffs then?" Emily's voice was honey.

No Miss. It is best you do not play with your rings. You will remain handcuffed as you are until the medications I shall apply have

promoted complete healing.”

“But, Fellowes, I’m in agony! All these holes. . . !”

“You remember them only intermittently, Miss.”

“I’m burning in six places. And this ring hanging on my lip makes me talk funny. Oh, Fellowes, fancy putting a ring in my nose!”

“I find the effect on your enunciation intriguing, Miss.”

Lady Emily, gingerly, took the few paces her chain would permit.

“Oh, Fellowes, it feels awful funny between my legs. It hurts.”

“You will become accustomed, Miss.”

“Don’t be so unfeeling, Fellowes. The young mistress is in dire straits and you say she’ll get used to it. Really!”

“You will be more than happy with the final result, M’Lady.”

“What are they going to say at school when I walk in with a ring through my nose!” Emily giggled.

“Your interdiction at seats of learning renders the contingency improbable, Miss.”

“Goody! I never did get any tail at school, just a lot of tongues.” Emily bent down to examine her ringed nether lips. Spreading her legs, she made a frightening assessment. “Dammit, Fellowes, I’m never going to get a bit of nooky anywhere again, am I! That ring’s got my cunt clipped tight.”

“It inhibits coitus, M’Lady.”

“I’ll say it does! I love the others . . . even my nose. But that one in my pussy’s a bit thick! You’re loosing too, y’know?”

"I must content myself with the employment of your lips, Miss."

"You don't deserve such kindness, Fellowes."

"I have only to twist a nipple ring, M'Lady."

"Oh shit! You're right! With one finger you can make me do anything. Oh balls! And they're so lovely. . . ."

"Quite so, M'Lady."

"It's too cruel. I'm going to cry."

"This small silver of metal, Miss. It unlocks the rings. I saved this happy news 'til last."

"Oh, Fellowes, I love you! Can we have nooky now?"

"You are still being punished, Miss."

"Oh shit!"

But Lady Emily smiled.