

TO THE
MANOR BOUND
Don Julian Winslow

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

To The Manor Bound
by
Don Julian Winslow
ISBN: 978-1-954079-07-6
A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication
Copyright © 2021, All rights reserved
For information contact:
Pink Flamingo Media
www.pinkflamingo.com
P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083
USA

Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

Also by Don Julian Winslow

The Art of Erotic Spanking

Agents in Harm's Way

The Blue Butterfly

Captive Women

French Postcards

The Little Red Dress

The Pleasure Machine

Slaves of Rome

Obsession

Compulsion

The Fall of the Ice Queen

Author's Note

From our superior vantage point in the 21st century we can look back with a tolerant smile on the antics of that bygone era — the 1920s. It was a simpler time, when the relationships between men and women were not as progressive as they are today. Hopefully, modern readers

won't be too terribly offended by the less-than-sensitive treatment young Philippa Gresham-Cantwell is made to endure at the hands of her in-laws. Readers who respond with righteous indignation to find men behaving badly toward women should be reminded that this is a work of historical *fiction*; such outrageous acts could never take place in our decidedly more enlightened times.

— Don Julian Winslow, *Copenhagen*

If women only knew how lovely they are. Part of their charm is

that they are unaware of their capacity for enchantment.

~ Oliver Lange, *Pas de Deux*

Chapter One

What the House Guest Didn't Know

'Lady Philippa Jane Gresham-Cantwell,' the young woman enjoyed tasting the words on her lips, savoring each word, precisely if silently — her name, her brand new name! Over and over again, she repeated it; like a mantra, trying out her married name. She dearly wished that they might run into the right sort of person, so that she could be properly introduced. The tall, slender young woman, her lithe figure stylishly fitted in the trim mauve suit, rode with one shoulder leaning against the train's window, looking through the reflection of her pleased face, framed by the smart cloche hat, as they rolled along the English countryside, the car rocking with its easy, swaying rhythm.

Nigel, attentive as ever, hovering over his new bride, had begged her indulgence that he might go and enjoy a cigar with the other gentlemen in the lounge car. She had smiled, graciously granting him her leave, assuring him with a pat on the hand, that she would be fine if left alone for a brief time. She sighed to herself. Nigel really was such a gem, so protective; so solicitous of her feelings. A real treasure. She decided that she was willing to overlook the brutish behavior he had shown last night. Perhaps it was the wine. She'd have to keep a sharp wifely eye on his drinking in the future.

With the morning, Nigel had once more become the perfect gentleman, acting as though last night's distressing incident had never taken place. For her part, she felt she could magnanimously overlook this male indiscretion. And although she was tempted to dwell on her role as the injured party, she had, after some good-natured cajoling over breakfast, relented and allowed him back into her good graces. Naturally, the newlyweds had been too discreet to actually *speak* of his shocking behavior, the sudden frantic ardor, which had come over him, turning him into a crazed animal, and catching her so unprepared. Philippa's fear, and

her instinctive refusal, was really quite understandable under the circumstances, she assured herself. Still, it was unfortunate that their first night together as man and wife in their rooms at the Adler, should end so disastrously, with her in miserable tears.

Now it is important to understand that Philippa considered herself a thoroughly modern woman in this year of 1925. She wore the latest styles, those daring flapper dresses that were all the rage among American girls — straight lines, with fringed hems, worn well above the knee. She had been one of the first of her set to bob her hair, much to the chagrin of her normally indulgent parents. And she was certainly no prude, she decided with firm conviction. As for boys, well she rather liked being kissed; used to let Nigel hold her, kiss her quite a bit, when they could sneak off for a few minutes alone. And she laughed with the other girls when their married friends made sly hints about sex. She had heard all about men, and their animal needs. She also knew that she, like every young woman, would have to face it someday; it was a price one was simply expected to pay. One's husband would expect that sort of thing, hopefully not too often. So Philippa thought she was prepared. But when she saw how the rutting lust had turned her Nigel into a wide-eyed, raging animal, who tore her shirt from her twisting body, she became frightened. Resisted without thinking, almost instinctively.

It was not that she didn't know her marital duties. Months ago, she had brought her concerns to Cassandra, her very best friend. Cassie, who had been married for almost two years, had assured her that it was best to simply allow the silly man to have his way with her, allow the act of penetration to take place.

She needn't worry; the man would know what to do. He would want to climb on top of her of course, stick his thing into her, move it about a bit, and it would all be over. A

snap! Really, a matter of a few minutes to be endured, Cassie assured her. Harry, Cassie's husband, would climb off and soon be sound asleep. Next day, he would feel guilty about imposing his brutish demands on her, and they could make up — on *her* terms. After a night of debauchery, her Harry was willing to do almost anything to make it up to her.

The rolling green hills passed before her unseeing dark eyes, as the young woman turned her thoughts to happier matters — the ancient family into whose bosom she was being taken. Cantwell was a name that dominated the Kentish countryside. An old, prestigious name; one that magically opened the right sort of doors. It was all so incredible: Philly Gresham, a lanky, awkward, but pretty girl, had blossomed into a beautiful, dark-haired woman, with a pert nose and clear, Nordic-blue eyes. And now she on her way to becoming her Ladyship — the grand dame of a fine old Manor. Miss Philippa Gresham had come a long way from Nottingham.

It sent a quiet thrill through the young newlywed, to realize that the stately Rolls parked beside the village station, had been sent just for them. Regal as an ocean liner with sleek lines and elegant curves, the silver classic was a suitable carriage to convey the scion of the family fortune and his new bride to his Uncle's estate at Follingsea. Nigel had spoken fondly of his Uncle Max, who was more like a second father to him. He had spent several summers of his youth at Follingsea after the untimely death of his own father. Since Follingsea was on their way to Cantwell, it seemed natural to spend a few days there so that his relatives could meet, and properly get acquainted with, his brand new wife.

The smartly uniformed chauffeur, whom Nigel addressed as "Frederick," was a stalwart looking fellow with a neatly clipped mustache, and competent, military bearing. Nigel introduced her, for the very first time, as "Her Ladyship,"

and Philippa tried her practiced her best imperial smile, as she gave a gracious nod to the servant. Expecting due deference, she was taken aback when his eyes pointedly studied her figure in the smartly-fitted suit, as if appraising her womanly endowments, his gaze moving slowly up and down her body with leisurely ease, before he finally raised a hand to touch the bill of his cap.

The examination seemed positively lecherous; Philippa threw back her head and stiffened in indignation, looking pointedly at her husband. But Nigel seemed not to have noticed the impertinence. She realized, with a new resolve, that it would be up to her. *She*, as Mistress of Cantwell, would have to deal with this sort of thing. One had to learn how to handle servants; she made a mental note to work on this. The proper Lady would be able to put them in their place with the slightest gesture, even a mere look. She realized with an inner sigh – so much to learn. But the girl was determined! She would show them all just what a well-bred lady could do.

Such thoughts were going through the girl's mind as the majestic car threaded its way through narrow village streets and turned to begin the steady climb up the gravel country road that meandered into the surroundings hills.

Follingsea Manor, like so many of the oldest country estates, was originally situated with an eye towards defense. From its secure heights it commanded a sweeping view of all possible approaches, including the serpentine path that led through the ornamental front gates and to the grand curve of the main entrance. Philippa was awed by her first view: the ancient splendor of that imposing house that stood gleaming in the afternoon sun. Her eyes took in the smooth stone walls, ivied and streaked with a patina of age, the elaborate cornice of Gothic lacework, the mansard roof with its ornamental balustrades and slender towers, as well as the larger towers, well-spaced crenelated and turreted,

these were strategically placed to give the defending archers a clear field of fire.

Waiting to receive them at the foot of the massive stairs were a pair of servants: a butler, and a lady's maid. The butler was middle-aged, slightly portly, and mostly bald with a fringe of graying hair. His drooping jowls lent a certain dignity, which was ruined by his smugly superior expression. The slight blonde at his side was really quite fetching: a young pretty girl, nearly as tall as Philippa, and perhaps a few years younger. She was properly dressed in a neat black uniform. But what struck Philippa was that the skirt she wore was far too short for propriety, leaving much to be admired of a lovely pair of slim, tapering legs encased in full-length lisle black stockings. Now Philippa considered herself broad-minded, almost Bohemian in her beliefs, yet the girl's brief dress shocked her middle-class sensibilities. She turned to say something to Nigel, but thought better of it. She had already observed that Nigel tended to be much too familiar with servants; he seemed blithely unconcerned at the obvious impropriety.

Philippa graciously allowed herself to be introduced. The butler was Parkhurst; the maid, Sarah. Philippa gave the servants her practiced nod, curt and proud, and to her immense relief, both responded in a properly respectful manner. Parkhurst, expressionless, was a bit stiff, although quite proper in his welcome; but the little maid gave her a sunny smile. Her big blue eyes sparkled with merriment before they were demurely lowered, as she gave her Ladyship the briefest of curtseys.

The rush of pride Philippa felt, battled with the increasing anxiety of meeting the family for the very first time. In answer to the many questions regarding his family with which she had pelted him, Nigel had not been terribly informative; almost cryptic, although he did mention that Uncle Max was particularly fond of women, who sometimes

found his affectionate nature to be a bit “overwhelming.” It was said casually, but Philippa felt it might have been some kind of warning as to what to expect. She decided that would be no problem. She was used to affectionate Uncles who positively doted over her. For her to charm yet another, would be an easy matter for a pretty girl. She put on her best self-confident smile, and took Nigel’s arm, as together they climbed the stairs following the maid, with Parkhurst holding open the door.

After the heat of the June afternoon, the dark paneled hallway of the big house was deliciously cool. Waiting to greet them were their host and hostess, Lord Max and Lady Maude. The Lady was a woman of considerable dignity: tall, thin, dark haired with a trace of silver, and quite regal in bearing. It wasn’t just the woman’s undeniable beauty that held Philippa’s attention, it was her poise, the way she seemed walk with a purpose, her head held proudly. Philippa stood there awed by the older woman! Here, in the flesh, was the very model to which young Philippa aspired: the Grande Dame of the Manor, confident, gracious, with justifiable but understated pride. But though she was a striking woman, her natural reserve allowed her to be easily overshadowed by presence of the short, muscular figure at her side. Lord Max was a barrel of a man, a full head shorter than her Ladyship, with coarse features which were in marked contrast to the crisply sculpted face of his handsome consort. He had a thick neck and shoulders; with the saggy, reddened eyes that reminded Philippa of a Basset Hound’s. Above a thick, flaring mustache, those eyes lit up with a positively lecherous gleam when they first took in the trim, youthful figure of his new niece.

Philippa, determined to show what a modern woman she was, boldly stepped forward to straightforwardly extended her hand to his Lordship. But instead of the handshake she offered, he took that proffered hand in his and raised it to his lips as he made a gallant bow, all the while keeping his

pleased eyes on her face. Nor did he easily give up her hand, but held it once the lingering kiss was completed, studying her features, while covertly rubbing his thumb over her fleshy palm. Philippa, suddenly embarrassed, was finally able to pull away, retrieve her hand as though it had been burned. A bit flustered, she did not offer her hand to Lady Maude, but bowed slightly at the introduction. Lady Maude was gracious; a wryly amused smile playing across her thin lips.

Now, as Nigel and Lady Maude dallied behind, the Master of the House threw an affectionate arm around the slim shoulders of his new niece and drew her to him, as they started down the hall side by side. Philippa was overwhelmed by the bold familiarity shown by their genial host: holding her in a loose, comradely embrace, tightening his arm in an occasional squeeze, as he pointed out some feature of the magnificent house, all the while smiling broadly; welcoming her as though she were a long lost daughter. As she was propelled forward, she managed to cast a look back over her shoulder at Nigel, but he and Lady Maude were exchanging pleasantries; he seemed oblivious of her capture in the bear-like embrace of this jovial Uncle fate had bestowed upon her.

The visitors were taken into what was called the Green Room: a bright and airy place with high cream-colored walls, tall, leaded-glass windows, and fine furniture upholstered in tasteful, complementary shades of the color that gave the room its name. Beyond the windows one could see the verdant gardens, alive with bright blue iris, and blazes of colorful lilies of every type and hue.

As the others took seats, Max stood in a widened stance, his back to a cold marble fireplace, his beaming eyes still on Philippa, as though fascinated by what he saw. He kept up his constant patter, complimenting his nephew on his taste in women. All the while Philippa sat erect, with hands clasped in her lap, looking bright and nervous, a brittle

smile on her lips that showed that she was really quite embarrassed to hear Max go on so effusively about her manifest charms. Max assured all present that he always knew that Nigel, who had his father's eye for the ladies, would one day catch some prize filly. A handsome, healthy girl, well made, with all the right curves, strong haunches and a pair of good looking legs. He laughed, pointedly eyeing Philippa's legs in her fine silk stockings. The object of all this attention, feeling her cheeks warming, shot a glance at her smiling husband, who only nodded at her. She nervously crossed her long legs, and tugged on the hem of her skirt.

Nigel, ever the ladies' man, Max continued, had not failed to meet his Uncle's expectations. "As pretty a girl as ever he'd laid eyes on," he announced, while Philippa's blush deepened, as she studied the pattern in the richly woven carpet. Much to Philippa's relief, Lady Maude finally interrupted this outpouring of praise to announce that tea would be ready shortly; undoubtedly their guests would wish to freshen up first. She observed that Philippa might appreciate getting out of those warm traveling clothes, to change into something more comfortable.

"The very thing," his Lordship agreed, rubbing his hands together, and looking at the young bride in a way that sent a quiet shudder through her. "By all means, slip into something more comfortable. Come on you two. We'll show you the way. We don't stand on ceremony around here."

Their garrulous host led the little party to the wide staircase, a sweeping double curve with a carved wooden rail that dominated the grand hallway. As the other three ascended the stairs, Uncle Max fell a few steps behind Philippa until his face was even with the young woman's skirted rump, which was ascending with a seductive sway before his rapacious eyes. His pleased eyes took in the slender high heels, the trim ankles, the smooth sweep of the taut stockinged calves, the taper of the narrow skirt