



Certain images contained within this e-book have been digitally marked by Digimarc Corp. If you purchased this e-book from a source other than Ellora's Cave or one of its known affiliates, contact legal@ellorascave.com immediately. Please note that reading this e-book without first purchasing it through legitimate means is illegal and can result in heavy fines. As always, our authors thank-you for your support and patronage.



MISS BEATRICE'S BOTTOM

SAHARA KELLY

MS Reader (LIT) ISBN # 1-84360-283-0

Mobipocket (PRC) ISBN # 1-84360-284-9

Other available formats (no ISBNs are assigned):

Adobe (PDF), Rocketbook (RB), & HTML

(c) Copyright Sahara Kelly, 2002.

All Rights Reserved, Ellora's Cave.

Ellora's Cave, Inc. USA

Ellora's Cave Ltd, UK

This e-book may not be reproduced in whole or in part by email forwarding, copying, fax, or any other mode of communication without author permission.

Edited by Jennifer Martin

Cover Art by Sahara Kelly

Warning:

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. MISS BEATRICE'S BOTTOM has been rated NC17, erotic, by three individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

Chapter 1

The bruise on Beatrice Shelton's cheek ached as she dressed herself in the darkness of her tiny room. Other parts of her body were no better. The welts across her shoulders stung, although she knew she'd been lucky that no skin had been broken.

Her most private areas throbbed from the manhandling they'd received, but once again she thanked heaven that her father had interrupted the curate before he'd torn off all his vestments and raped her.

Of course her father was now convinced that she was a fallen woman, unfit for the company of other humans, and treated her as such. All because a weak man couldn't keep his hands to himself.

The numbing cold made tying laces almost impossible, and Beatrice barely managed to slip her feet into her old boots. The holes that had worn through the soles would make walking difficult, but walk she must!

Easing her way out of her room, she clutched her little bundle of belongings tightly inside her cloak and slipped down the back stairs. The third one squeaked—she stepped gingerly over it.

The back door would be the biggest obstacle. It was bolted with a mighty iron rod that Beatrice's small fingers would have a hard time unlatching, but she was determined to try. No longer would she stay in this cold and forbidding house, subject to her father's beatings and his total domination.

After agonizing minutes of fighting the bolt, cold fresh air flowed into the kitchen and Beatrice stepped outside with a sigh of relief.

Cautiously closing the door behind her, she set off into the darkness. It would be hours before sunrise, and she had a strong feeling that snow might well obscure the coming of day anyway.

But it didn't matter. She had escaped. Miss Beatrice Shelton, daughter of the Vicar of Lyndenham, was free.

* * * * *

Sir Harold Boyd, Earl of Dunsmere, was whistling happily to himself as he rode down the quiet country lane. It was early morning, and the snow had held off until he was but a few miles from his destination where he knew a warm welcome would be awaiting him.

Montvale House and Louisa Cellini were getting nearer with each hoof beat, and Harry grinned over his horse's ears at the thought. Although Nick and Miranda Barbour weren't visiting at the moment, Louisa would be there. She was always there—it was her house now. Several years older than Harry's thirty-seven summers, Louisa had absolutely no interest in him sexually. He still hadn't decided whether to be offended or not, even though he'd known Louisa for a long time.

But she was one hell of a companion, and her company was worth so much more than a quick fuck any day. God knew he'd had enough of those. Her conversation was intelligent, occasionally quite risqué, she was extraordinarily well read, and she could play the meanest hand of cribbage this side of anywhere on earth. He'd had enough of being pursued by marriage-minded women, and a surfeit of fucking non-marriage minded women. This little holiday was just what he needed. The food at Montvale was excellent, the staff friendly and efficient, and right now Harry couldn't think of anyplace else he'd rather be.

Consequently, he wasn't in the least prepared for what looked like a snow-covered angel to appear in the lane before him, holding out one blue-white hand in mute appeal.

Harry's horse stopped dead, and Harry's tuneful whistle was strangled by a gasp of surprise.

"S...s...sir..."

The apparition tumbled into a heap on the ground.

Harry didn't move. Surely angels flew. They shouldn't flop into a pile of old clothing, or—he noticed—be wearing boots with holes in them.

Conclusion? This was not an angel, but someone in dire need of help.

Dismounting, he cautiously approached the lump on the path.

"Hello?" He nudged it with his toe. It had looked like a woman, but one could never be too sure these days. Harry spared a glance around, his mind already alert to the very real possibility that others might be lurking in the shadows, waiting to take advantage of an unwary Samaritan.

Under his prodding boot the body rolled, and Harry gasped.

Masses of straight blonde hair fell free from a rather disreputable hat and framed a face that could well have come to life from any stained glass window in any church in the land. That was, of course, an assumption, seeing as it was doubtful that Harry could remember what the inside of a church looked like, let alone a stained glass window.

Odd thoughts cascaded through his mind as he bent to examine his surprising find.

She was nearly dead with cold, that much was certain, and although he could feel a pulse fluttering in her neck, her flesh was much too clammy and white and her lips were colorless.

Harry dashed back to his horse and unstrapped his extra greatcoat, blessing his valet for insisting he take it.

Readying himself for the effort, Harry bent to the woman, only to find she weighed next to nothing. Her apparent bulk came from her shapeless cloak and a bundle she clasped tightly, even in her unconscious state. Within moments he'd wrapped her up, bundle and all, in his coat and had used a handy log to get them both back onto his mount.

"Well, Miss Angel, let's see if Louisa can warm you up a bit. Please just hold on—we'll get you out of this very soon."

His voice must have percolated through her daze, because for a moment her eyelids flickered and she stared at him.

Harry's breath stopped as he gazed into a pair of magnificent sea-blue eyes.

"I'm going to die, aren't I?" she muttered through frozen lips.

"Not if I have anything to say about it," answered Harry, holding her as close as he could and snuggling his cloak around both of them.

"I don't mind. It'll be better than before. And if everyone looks like you, I'll be happy in heaven. You're beautiful..."

Her voice trailed off and her eyes closed again.

Harry put the spurs to his horse and flew recklessly through the snowflakes that had begun to fall. There was a lump in his throat that threatened to choke him, and a frantic desire to save this woman's life.

The pounding of his horse's hooves was no louder than the pounding of his heart as he hugged his fragile burden. Thinking back over the women he'd taken to his bed, he couldn't recall a moment when he'd felt *this* particular way. He'd taken pride in the title "rake," and earned it between more thighs than he could remember. So why did a couple of simple words from this frozen angel tie his heart in knots when all the fucking he'd done with all those beautiful women had left him untouched?

It was absurd, it was wonderful, and it settled deep in his loins and burrowed into his soul.

She'd called him beautiful.

Chapter 2

Louisa Cellini shook her head at Harry's unvoiced question. They were both standing next to the bed in one of Montvale's guest rooms where a fire was roaring and the air so warm it practically shimmered.

"I do not know, dear Harry. She was chilled quite to the bone. Her heartbeat is strong, but her body..." Louisa shook her head again.

"What's wrong with her body?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"Look and see," said Louisa, raising the blankets away from the woman lying unconscious on the bed.

She was face down, and it was easy to see why.

Harry's breath hissed through his teeth, and his gut clenched as he saw the welts that criss-crossed her white shoulders. There was some light bruising further down, and as Louisa continued to reveal her skin, Harry saw the distinct marks of fingers on the white of her bottom.

And what a bottom it was.

Twin creamy white mounds jutted away from her body, shaped to fit a man's hand. Firm, succulent flesh, separated by a sculptured cleft hinting at a woman's secrets and undiscovered sources of pleasure.

Harry couldn't help himself. He stretched out his hand and gently smoothed one of her buttocks. Her skin was softer than the finest velvet, and Harry found himself instantly hard. He fought against the urge to follow her crease down to the shadows between her legs. She was unconscious and injured, for heaven's sake! What manner of man was he to even think of such a thing? He was a man seduced by a beautiful bottom, that's what he was.

Irritated at himself, he turned to Louisa.

"So you don't know if she'll survive?"

"There is more, Harry. Look here." Once again, Louisa bent to her patient and rolled her gently onto her side.

The woman groaned slightly and settled herself more comfortably.

Harry wished he could do the same, but his cock was threatening to jump right through his breeches as his eyes devoured the naked body sprawled before him.

He dragged his attention away from her small but firm breasts, down the milky line of her body to where Louisa was pointing.

Her upper thighs were badly bruised, along with some smaller markings just inside her lower hip.

"She has been mauled, my friend. And very roughly."

"Was she raped, do you think?" asked Harry, rage flooding his veins.

"I do not know, but I think perhaps not..." Louisa bit her lip with a worried expression on her normally calm face.

"There was no evidence of such an attack, and these bruises are new, perhaps as recent as yesterday. I do not know her, nor does my staff. If...when she awakens we'll have more information. Until then, it will be in God's hands. I have done all I can..."

Louisa swayed slightly.

"Louisa?" Harry was instantly at her side.

"Forgive me, Harry, I believe I may have a touch of the ague. Perhaps you'd be so kind as to watch our patient for a while? I find I must rest, then I can stay with her tonight..."

* * * * *

The room was dark but for two small candles and the glowing fire.

Harry Boyd smiled as he imagined his friends' surprise could they see him at this moment, playing nurse to an unconscious woman.

Louisa had slept the day away and Harry had refused to let anyone wake her, insisting on staying with their unknown patient himself. He'd changed into his dressing gown, helped himself to a decanter of Louisa's very fine brandy and was now toasting himself and his toes simultaneously.

A groan from the bed snapped his attention back to the woman, and he stood quietly, listening.

"No, please..."

The mutter was soft but clear.

She was either dreaming or feverish, thought Harry. He moved to stand next to her bed.

"No, I don't want..."

Her head tossed back and forth on the pillows, making it hard for Harry to touch it and judge her body's temperature. Instead, he placed his hand on her neck in that delicate spot where her muscles joined and the skin was so soft. Her pulse pounded beneath his fingers, but she did not feel unduly heated.

"Don't do that, I don't like it..." she gasped.

Harry jumped, then realized she was speaking to someone else, not him.

"So cold..."

She began to shiver. Great shudders wracked her delicate frame, and Harry glanced around for more blankets, something, anything to warm her up.

The fire blazed in the hearth and the room was already heated through. This chill came from inside her, not from outside. That was very clear.

Harry obeyed the promptings of his inner demons and told himself that his actions were sensible under the circumstances.

Promising to engage in a stern inner dialogue very shortly, Harry dropped his robe and clambered under the covers next to her, pulling her into the warmth of his naked body.

Instinctively, she turned and wriggled close, seeking the heat of his skin next to hers.

Harry sucked in a breath.

This might not have been the best idea he'd ever had.

She fit into his arms like she'd been made for them. Her golden head rested on his shoulder and her small breasts pressed firmly into his chest. He gritted his teeth as her hand scrabbled around his sensitive nipple only to nuzzle its way into his armpit.

She lifted one leg and smoothed her thigh over his, just brushing his growing erection and bringing a groan to his throat.

He could feel her silky mound pushing against his hip, and his cock was now signaling a variety of needs, prime amongst which was to get inside this lovely little piece of womanhood he was cuddling.

She sighed as she rubbed her head against him.

Harry sighed as he refrained from rubbing his cock against her.

Long minutes passed, during which Harry sternly lectured himself and his baser urges.

Holding on to one of her beautiful breasts in order to prevent her from falling off the bed would not be a good idea. And there was no medical evidence to show that suckling on a sweet, budded nipple might help to check for a fever.

The memory of the bruises he'd seen on her body kept his touch delicate, but she was the damndest temptation he'd run across in a long time.

He tried to divert his thoughts from the soft whiteness of her skin.

Whiteness. Yes, soft and smooth, like his latest horse. That was it, think horses. The recent auction at Tattersall's had yielded the most delicate little filly for his stable, which would probably throw some fleet-footed racers after she was bred. With his stallion. His big stallion.

Who would have to mount her from behind.

Like he would like to do to his bedmate.

He'd like to raise her hips, tuck one or maybe two of those fluffy pillows underneath her and open her white thighs. Perhaps he'd tease her a little with his cock, running it up and down her cleft. Maybe a little love bite on that wonderful bottom of hers. Lots of licking.

He salivated.

What would her little tight ring of muscles do if he rubbed it gently with his cock while his fingers found her clit and urged it out to play?

His body ached, and he closed his eyes against the pain.

Horses, think of horses. No, that didn't work.

His holdings. He was an earl, dammit; he had responsibilities. Time to concentrate on some of them.

That property in Hampshire needed some attention.

Harry tried to recall his agent's letter suggesting they consider plowing up one of the meadows near the river for barley next year.

But then he remembered fishing in that particular spot, and how the wind rustled through the willows on the bank. How he'd love to take *her* there. Perhaps ease her out of her clothes and lay her on the shaded grass amidst the clover and the buttercups. One or two flowers in her shining woman's hair, to be removed by his willing mouth, drenched with her juices.

Oh, God. He was harder than iron.

She stirred, and when he looked down at her, he realized her eyes were open.

"You," she sighed.

"Yes, me."

"I'm dead, aren't I?"

"No, you're not dead. You're warm and safe and in my arms, and I'll never let anyone hurt you ever again." As soon as the words were out of his mouth he stopped, shocked. It was very unlike Harry Boyd to make such a blanket statement to a woman, let alone one he'd only met twelve hours before.

"You're still beautiful..." she whispered, pulling a hand free of the bedding and stroking his beard-roughened cheek.

There it was again. That wrenching lurch that caught him from his balls to his throat. He blinked, realizing that her touch was fanning his already primed desire for her.

Perhaps she would be shocked at these thoughts that he shouldn't be having. Perhaps her sea-blue eyes would turn stormy, and that delectable mouth might pout if she knew he wanted to bury his face in her clit and suck at it until she pounded her heels into his back with ecstasy.

How would she feel if he asked her to spread her legs and rest them on his shoulders while he thrust his tongue into paradise? Would she blush or smile at the notion that his taste buds were screaming for a taste of her nipples, which might well outrank the most delectable French cuisine?

Perhaps he should get out of this bed before she realized that there were three of them sharing the blankets. Him, her and his cock.

He drew a breath and attempted to calm his lust.

"What's your name?"

"Beatrice." Her hand followed his jaw down to his neck. Harry found it amazing that the touch of her hand on his face could cause a reaction somewhere quite different.

"*My dear Lady Disdain...*" The quote slipped from Harry's mouth before he'd thought about it.

The smile that crossed her face stopped his heart.

"*Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain if you come in her presence.*"

The answering quote threw Harry for a loop.

Her hand continued its journey across his chest, idly playing amidst the dark hairs that whorled around his nipples, then continuing on to the intriguing dip of his navel.

She was heading lower when he gently grasped her wrist.

"You are heading for dangerous territory, Beatrice," he breathed, as her blue eyes pinned him with a look of wonder.

"I am dead, sir. Thus I can be as dangerous as I desire. No harm can come to me now. "

Releasing her wrist, Harry let her have her way, and coincidentally began silently praying for control. Coming all over her hand would not add to her illusion of heaven.

Her arm stretched across him as she slipped her palm down over his abdomen and found the treasure she sought.

The combination of innocence and curiosity was almost too much for Harry, who nearly cracked a molar holding on to his control.

She grasped his cock gently and leaned her head on his chest as she considered the amazing organ within her hand.

"How smooth it is, yet how firm," she murmured.

"Um, yes," gasped Harry, frantically working his way through the multiplication tables.

Her fingers slid around the ridge and up to the small opening where a drop of moisture had gathered.

Harry's mind moved on to some particularly challenging Latin declensions.

She gently smeared the droplet of his cum over the head with gentle swipes, concluding her creation with a flourish.

Greek verbs marched in formation through Harry's fragmented consciousness until her next words brought him back to reality with a thud.

Chapter 3

"He wanted to put this in me, you know," she said, tapping Harry's cock.

Harry turned to prayer.

"Who did, sweetheart?" he asked, stroking her hair off her forehead in a last-ditch effort to distract himself from the gentle torture her nimble fingers were inflicting.

"Papa's curate."

"Papa's...oh my God. You're a *Vicar's* daughter?" *That* pronouncement had worked. Harry distinctly felt his cock shrink.

"I was—until I died. Now I am going to heaven, but I'm allowed to find out what I missed before I get there. You see, there's no—um—lovemaking in heaven," she said seriously, twirling some of Harry's pubic hairs playfully around her finger. "I always knew that I'd find out before I went to heaven. It seems as though so much time is spent on the subject, that it would be silly to die and not experience it, don't you think?"

Her sea-blue eyes turned to Harry's, and he took a deep breath as her gaze restored all his vitality. His cock was raring to go again, but he knew he had to be patient. For once he was glad of his age and experience. Ten years ago he knew he'd have come twice already, just from being this close to a naked woman like Beatrice, let alone considering what she was doing to him.

She'd discovered his balls and was now eagerly exploring this new territory.

Harry suppressed a moan.

"Beatrice, can you tell me what happened?" he whispered, hoping perhaps to divert her away from that most sensitive portion of his anatomy.

"Mr. Phillipston said Papa told him I would wed him. So he saw no reason not to anticipate our wedding vows. He pulled up my skirt and poked at me with his hands and then he unlaced his britches, and..." She paused, hand stilled over his scrotum.

Harry scarcely breathed, waiting for her next words.

"And he took this part of himself from his breeches. It wasn't lovely, like yours, though..." She returned to her stroking and petting. "He had to pull at it to make it stand out. It was rather ugly. Yours is beautiful. But I suppose that's to be expected because angels are always beautiful. What saint sent you?"

Her gentle question caught Harry completely by surprise.

"I'm not...not what you think, Beatrice..." he stuttered, barely able to get the words out because she'd found that extra-sensitive spot beneath the end of his cock. She was delicately flicking it and sending his eyes rolling back into his head with pleasure.

"I know. *Saint Desiderare*. You are an emissary from the patron saint of Desire, are you not?"

Harry was reaching the end of his tether. He was trying to come clean with her, and all she was doing was making him want to come.

He took her hand and eased it away from his aching balls.

She swiftly looked up at him and tears filled her eyes. "Am I not worthy of experiencing pleasure, my Emissary?" she asked sadly.

Harry could no more have refused her than cut off his own cock with a butter knife.

"You are more than worthy, Beatrice. But I must be gentle with you—and remember you have suffered gravely at the hands of other men."

Harry continued to pray for patience. He wondered if it was because he was in bed with a vicar's daughter that he was suddenly experiencing this overwhelming need to seek guidance from a Higher Authority. He'd never needed to before.

A frown crossed Beatrice's face at his words. "Their hands, yes. Cruel hands. You know, my father beat me when he caught Mr. Phillipston under my skirt. He said I was a whore of the devil for tempting him."

Harry ground his teeth. "You are no whore, my lovely. Your father was wrong. So wrong. And so was Mr. Phillipston."

Another prayer—this time for the opportunity to meet both these men sometime soon. With a butter knife in hand and no one else in the vicinity. And the prayer wasn't

to any patron saint, either. It went directly to whichever divine office handled painful retribution.

"Can I not know a woman's pleasure then, Sir Emissary? "

"Of course you can," chuckled Harry. It was a rather rusty sound, given that Beatrice had gone back to her previous occupation and was now swirling her little finger through another bead of moisture she'd found at the tip of his cock.

"But I shall not enter you, Beatrice. It would be...it is forbidden to me," said Harry, thinking that if sainthood was possible, he might just qualify right this minute.

"I understand, sir," replied Beatrice, lying back on the pillows expectantly.

The room was darkening as the fire died down, and Harry lost his breath for a moment at the sight of Beatrice's beautifully slender white body illuminated by the single candle that still burned.

"Should I do something? Am I not in the right place?" She fidgeted slightly under his intense gaze.

"You are perfect. Just perfect. Do not move a muscle." An idea popped into Harry's mind. "I must do penance for the injustice that you have received at the hands of those you should have been able to trust, Beatrice. I will show you a woman's pleasure, but in the way it should be between a man and a woman. I will make you forget that a man's hands can be used for anything other than caresses."

Beatrice thought about that for a moment. "That makes perfect sense. The saints are wise, are they not?" She smiled happily at him and wiggled her bottom a little, obviously ready for his attentions.

Harry wouldn't have been surprised to find his entire lower body engulfed in flames. He was hotter than hot, and wanted desperately to sink deep into Beatrice and never come out. He closed his eyes, offering one last prayer to Saint Gritted Teeth of the Delayed Cum, asking for a blessing that would keep him from spurting his seed all over the white and gold body of this lovely woman. At least not yet!

"Let us try this," he murmured.

* * * * *

Beatrice struggled with two emotions.

The first was fear.

She was not unfamiliar with this feeling, but knowing she was on her way to heaven inspired a different kind of fear than she'd experienced while waiting for her father's blows. This was a tremulous kind of expectant fear. The kind of fear that was three parts anticipation and only one part terror.

The other emotion was purely sensual. For the second time this lovely angel with the meltingly dark eyes had looked at her and turned her heart upside down. She was so glad that he had been picked to initiate her into the mysteries of lovemaking.

She'd always known that there had to be somewhere between heaven and earth. As a child growing up listening to her father's sermons on sin and piety, Beatrice had become convinced that there had to be a place that was the opposite of purgatory. She'd begun to imagine it as sort of a coaching inn where souls on their way to the afterlife would stop and take care of their unfinished business. Although as an adult she'd not thought much about it, facing death by freezing had brought it back to her mind, and now here she was.

The touch of his tongue on her flesh drove out all other emotions as every inch of her skin reacted.

"Oh, my," she breathed, watching in fascination as his tongue traced her nipple and made it stand erect.

"Do you like that?" His voice was deep and husky, and she felt an ache begin way down deep inside her body.

"Oh yesssss..." she answered as tendrils of sensation ran from her nipples to her loins, and other places began thrumming with tension.

"Good," he muttered, turning his attention to her other breast with the same results.

She writhed as he continued to work slow magic with his tongue on various portions of her body. She'd never have guessed that her belly button was a screaming

center of sensation, or that a quick lick with a wet tongue to the inside of the elbow could make her want to sigh and gasp out her surprise. She wriggled again, obeying an inexplicable urge to thrust her hips forward, searching, seeking for something. She had no idea what it was, just that the man touching her could give it to her.

She widened her eyes as he reached for the sheepskin blanket that was folded at the bottom of the bed.

"Turn over, Beatrice," he urged, helping her roll onto her stomach.

She rested her face on her crossed arms and waited, jittery and aware of his warmth. Her breasts felt swollen and tender as they pressed into the bedding, and her whole body trembled with expectancy.

Then something soft passed across her buttocks.

She jumped.

"Shhh..." came his voice soothingly. "Just close your eyes and feel..."

Doing as she was told, she jumped again as the softness of the sheepskin caressed her flesh. It was the most amazingly sensual feeling she'd ever experienced. Like letting the sunshine touch her bare skin, only better. Like a cool breeze blowing across her nakedness on a hot day, only better. Her thighs spread themselves without any conscious thought on her part, and again she felt the urge to thrust. But this time, she wanted more of that feather-light softness against her buttocks. She raised her hips slightly, encouraging his touch.

"Such a beautiful bottom," he said, following the skin with his tongue.

Oh, Lord. He was *licking* her. And it felt incredible. She wanted to shout the glory of it to the four corners of the world and coincidentally, she wanted to move to some rhythm that her body was starting to understand. She clutched at the sheets as she felt Harry's fingers gently ease her cheeks apart and stroke her tightly puckered anus. Her eyes opened wide and she gasped.

"Sir...should you...I mean..." she stuttered.

"Beatrice. Am I not your Emissary? Can you not trust me?"

"Oh yes. I'm sorry. Please—continue..." Beatrice lay back down, wondering if this incredible surge of feeling inside her body was normal. Her nipples were tight buds now, each movement rubbing them almost painfully. Her woman's mound was throbbing and she was one huge mass of yearning, scared of what might come next, but more scared that he'd stop before she found out.

His lips again caressed her, moving from her buttocks down her thighs and back up again. He punctuated his movements with little nips from his teeth, which set her skin on fire. The bedding beneath her mound became damp.

"Sir, I must mention. I grow wet in an unusual place. Is this customary?" Her voice was so quiet she wondered at first if he'd heard her embarrassed question.

"'Tis part of desire, my Beatrice, and I welcome it, as should you. Your body is telling me of its arousal and response to my deeds. I thank you for it," he answered formally, setting her mind to rest.

"Oh, well that's all right then," she said, and lay back once again on her hands.

He continued to lavish his attentions on her bottom, sometimes with his tongue, sometimes with the sheepskin, and sometimes with something else. Something that was warm yet velvety, hard and strong but surprisingly smooth. She bit her lip when she realized that he was rubbing *'that'* part of himself against her, and she was loving it. She reached back without a thought and eased her buttocks apart so that he could rub her more effectively.

She heard him moan softly and she shivered as he dipped himself into her juices and then ran his cock back up between her buttocks.

"Are you well, sir?"

"Are you mad, woman?"

Beatrice sucked in a breath, but he interrupted her before she could respond. "I am very well. Almost too well, Beatrice. Your bottom is a marvel of art, a magnificent example of nature's bounty."

Beatrice giggled and then a moan escaped her as he pressed himself tight against her sensitive muscles and clasped her thighs with his. The feel of his firm, hairy flesh

pressing against her made her want to thrash and scream and cry out. Instead, she pressed her buttocks back into his groin.

"Sir," she panted, "I must tell you that what you are doing..."

"Yes, Beatrice?"

"What you are doing to me is most pleasurable..." She gasped and nearly choked as Harry reached beneath her to fondle her breasts.

"Please do not stop."

"Let me assure you," groaned Harry with feeling. "I have absolutely no intention of stopping. I couldn't stop if my life depended on it. In fact, I may never stop. You will be forced to remain beneath me for eternity."

This time, Beatrice's giggle was husky and sensual, and she was astounded that such a sound had come from her own throat.

"Then eternity it shall be," she sighed, easing her legs even wider apart. She wanted this, all of it, to take her wherever it would, to teach her what passion was. To take her to heaven at last.

Chapter 4

"Turn over once more, Beatrice-sweet," said Harry, knowing he could not go any further without embarrassing himself, and possibly destroying her illusion. The sound of her giggle had sent a bolt of lust through his body, but instead of rousing his cock to unheard of proportions, it had settled in the vicinity of his heart. It was a little disturbing, and Harry needed to get back to a place where he felt in control.

Bringing her to climax would be just the thing.

Probably.

Because if he didn't, he'd never forgive himself. After all, she thought he was a saintly emissary — he did have a reputation to maintain.

He eased the sheepskin underneath her as she turned so that the softness would cradle her body and add to the sensations she was already experiencing.

The scent of her arousal swirled around his head like fumes from an opium pipe, with equally addictive results. Harry knew he'd never be able to rid himself of this particular fragrance. For a fleeting moment, he wasn't sure if he wanted to.

"I am going to make you fly, Beatrice," he whispered, letting the warmth of his breath dust her sweet pussy.

She sucked in her breath and grasped the bed linen with her hands.

"Very well, sir. I am ready." She closed her eyes and braced herself against what was to come.

Harry grinned to himself, then bent his head to her soaking flesh.

One taste of her juices and Harry was lost. He licked and slurped and teased and flickered, running from her streaming cunt to her swollen clit and back, listening with glee to her moans and gasps as he worked her tissues into a frenzy.

Staying true to his word, he used his hands ever so gently, even when the urge to grip her beautiful buttocks hard and raise her to his mouth was pressing indeed!

He did allow himself the luxury of gently resting his forearms over her thighs, which helped to hold her in place and open her even more to his attentions. He made

sure to avoid the bruises on her soft flesh, but just seeing them from the corner of his eyes made him redouble his efforts to bring her pleasure.

Her soft golden mound glittered with a blend of her own juices and his saliva—he couldn't believe the effect this one little woman was having on him.

He'd done this many times to many women, but never had he enjoyed it more, nor had he ever seemed unable to get enough of the taste he craved.

Beatrice's groans of delight added to Harry's pleasure, and when he heard her breath start coming in shorter and shorter gasps he knew she was close. He gently continued his endeavors, adding a quick lick down to her cleft for good measure.

But always her scent and her little bud of desire drew him back. Her flesh was swollen and hot and her clit had thrust out from under its protective hood. Harry knew it would be too sensitive for him to suckle, much as he wanted to.

He contented himself with firm strokes all around, and judging from her sounds, that was just fine with Beatrice.

Her hands tightened on the bed sheets, and Harry felt the muscles of her thighs harden under his arms.

"Ohgodohgodohgod..." she breathed.

"Yes, Beatrice, yes..." urged Harry, burying his face in her cunt and shoving his tongue as far into her as he could go.

He moved his face slightly and felt her break.

Her soft scream of pleasure coincided with the most violent contractions he'd ever felt, and he could not resist raising his head and quickly shoving two fingers as far inside her as he could.

Watching Beatrice as she writhed in the paroxysms of pleasure around his hand was an amazing experience that knocked Harry's world off its foundations.

Her body flushed; her nipples stood firm and sharp at the tips of her swollen breasts. Her slender stomach moved in time with her muscle spasms and even her toes were curling. She was so totally involved with her orgasm that Harry just sat and watched, spellbound by what he was seeing.

He gently pulled his hand away from her as she began to unwind from her sexual frenzy.

Beads of her moisture fell from his fingers onto his arousal, and he was lost.

With fingers still covered with Beatrice's juices and Beatrice's scent surrounding him, he grabbed his cock and in no more than three or four firm strokes, brought himself to climax.

For the first time in more years than he could remember, thirty-seven year old Harry Boyd, Earl of Dunsmere, spent himself all over his hand.

Chapter 5

Three months later

"She wants to *what*?" Sir Harry Boyd's voice was only a few degrees shy of a shriek.

"Quiet, my friend. I do not wish her to know you are here," chided Louisa.

The two stood near a window, watching a slight blonde figure walk sedately over the well-tended paths to a gate at the end. Her golden curls peeped out from under her bonnet and were stirred by the light breeze. She was a picture of rural innocence and even from this distance, Harry's mouth watered and his cock stirred restlessly.

Louisa quietly noted his reactions but held her tongue, merely answering his question. "She wishes to enter a convent."

"That's what I thought you said." Harry shook his head in disbelief. "Why?"

Louisa sighed. "Come, sit down, Harry. Let me tell you about Beatrice, and perhaps together we can decide how to handle this situation."

Harry willingly sat, his attention riveted on the woman opposite him.

"She recovered well from her ordeal in the cold, although she seemed convinced she had died for a period of time. She kept mentioning an Angel of Desire, or some such fancy..."

Harry coughed, politely turning his head away from Louisa for a moment.

He missed the little grin that passed over her elegant features.

"Anyway, she soon realized she was not dead, but still alive. It took but a little time for her to unburden herself, and it was as I told you in my letters. She'd been kept in dire straits by that insane father of hers; whether for religious or simply mad reasons I have no idea. But her attack by that curate fellow was the last straw and drove her out of Lyndenham into the storm. And, coincidentally, into your arms."

Harry fought a surprising blush.

"Since then, we have worked on healing her body and her mind. The scars have disappeared from her flesh, but I believe there is still a mark on her spirit. She believes

herself unworthy of a man's love and yet is angry enough to declare she will never give herself to any man. It is a conflict within her, I think."

Louisa paused, collecting her thoughts.

"I introduced her to the special room here at Montvale."

Harry sat up straighter in his chair. "My God, Louisa, why? She is a gently born virgin, not a woman who should know about such things..."

Louisa bristled. "Every woman should know about such things, Harry. What on earth makes you think that we should only learn about our bodies from men? What makes you all experts in what gives us pleasure? Should we not know ourselves in order to please ourselves—and our partners? Are you so shallow that a woman with a little sensual knowledge frightens you?"

Harry held up his hand in the classic fencing gesture acknowledging a hit.

"Easy, Louisa. I'm sorry. My choice of words was poor."

Harry grinned as he watched Louisa settle her ruffled feathers, rather like a disturbed broody hen.

He thought briefly of the secret room in Montvale House, which held one of the best collections of sexual toys he'd seen. He also knew that Louisa had a great respect for these toys, and she'd unashamedly told him that she used them regularly. Her firm belief was that an orgasm a day kept her young and vibrant, both spiritually and physically.

If she was anything to go by, then she was absolutely right!

"I merely meant to say that after what she'd been through, the attack and the abuse and so forth, she might not have been in the right frame of mind for such things..." explained Harry patiently.

Louisa humphed.

"Little you know." She smirked at him. "Beatrice took to those toys like she was born and bred to do nothing but enjoy her own body."

Harry's mouth went dry at the thought.

"But there is still an anger there that I can't reach. I didn't realize it until I found her trying to deflower herself with one of the *dilettoes*."

Harry gripped the arms of the chair. "You're jesting..."

Louisa shook her head. "No. Sadly not. I stopped her, of course, but the damage had been done, I think. She kept telling me that she would not give that honor to any man. She'd rather an angel took her maidenhead or she'd do it herself, and because she wasn't dead..."

Harry swallowed with difficulty.

"Anyway, I made sure that from that night on, we shared our pleasures together. She now uses her choice of toys regularly and with enthusiasm, but avoids deep penetration, preferring to be stimulated to her peak. I have taught her how to ready her own body. She knows there should be no pain involved."

Harry's breeches were getting tighter by the second as his mind galloped off into a sensual display of images featuring Beatrice naked with a sex toy in her hand, pleasuring herself.

He groaned.

"Agreed, Harry. This situation cannot continue. She must release her anger and find her way back to being the sensual woman she is capable of being."

He stood and walked to the window, lost in thought at the problem before him. He was here at Montvale, not at Louisa's urging, but at the promptings of some inner voice. The same voice that had sneered at all the pussy he'd fucked over the past three months. The same voice that had complained about the taste of each and every woman he'd brought to her peak. The same voice...

Harry sighed. Sometimes inner voices were the bloody end!

"So she needs to release her anger, eh?" he mused, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

"Harry...you do not have to get involved with this if you do not choose to," cautioned Louisa. "Beatrice is a very special woman, and I would rather see her take the veil than be hurt once more."

Harry spun on his heel. "I would never hurt her, Louisa. Never. She's...she's...definitely special."

"To you?"

"That's a very good question." Harry let his words hang in the air, leaving all sorts of unspoken sentiments swirling around them.

"Where is she now?"

"She's gone to spend an hour or so with Mistress Crossley, the old lady who lives in one of the Montvale cottages. She'll be back before dark."

Harry nodded and straightened his spine.

"Very well, Louisa. I have an idea. I'm going to need your help, some of your toys, and then your absence. Will you trust me?"

Louisa looked at Harry, noting the energy that was beginning to churn around him and the sparkle in his eyes. A half-smile played around his sensual lips.

"Of course I trust you, Harry," she answered with complete assurance.

"Good. Here's my plan..."

* * * * *

Beatrice took her time returning to Montvale House from Minerva Crossley's little cottage. The walk was not much more than a mile, but she took advantage of her newly acquired freedom and dawdled along the lane.

The early spring day was lovely, the birds were singing in approval, and all was well with the world. She had heard nothing from her father or indeed any news of Lyndenham, and she was quite content to leave it that way.

This was as close to happiness as she'd ever been. With one exception...

Sighing, Beatrice resolutely dismissed the shiver that crossed her skin at the thought of a pair of dark brown eyes and a mouth that had sent her flying to paradise.

It hadn't been real. Just a figment of her disordered mind. After all, Louisa had told her that she'd given her a small amount of laudanum, and that was known to cause odd visions.

She sighed again. She knew her rescuer had been a friend of Louisa's, but when she'd finally recovered from her ordeal, he'd gone. Louisa had steadfastly refused to divulge his name or where he might live, simply saying that he'd done a good deed and Beatrice should leave it at that.

Beatrice did. But still she was troubled in the nighttime darkness of her room by yearnings for the touch of an angel of desire. Now that she was learning the extent of her own body's response, the feelings of need were becoming more and more unsettling.

She spent sleepless hours recalling how her flesh had hummed at his touch and how the warmth of his tongue had slathered her buttocks. Her nipples would become hard and taut at the simple touch of her nightrobe as it mimicked the rasp of his suckling mouth.

She was becoming accustomed to the juices that ran freely down her thighs as she recalled the heat of his breath on her most secret places. Most nights she had to end this torment herself, sliding her fingers down to her cunt and teasing herself to a teeth-jarring climax. Her angel had awoken the sensual and sexual woman within Beatrice and she was learning to manage it, but it was a constant challenge.

Louisa's toys had certainly helped. A flicker of arousal started low in Beatrice's body as she wondered what Louisa might have in store for them this evening. Their customary routine was dinner, a quiet time with perhaps tea or sherry and their choice of reading material, followed by a bath—sometimes together. Then off to their private domain on an exploration of their sensual selves.

She had developed a preference for the heavy glass pieces. The cool smooth surface slid into her body so easily, stretching, filling, yet so hard that she never mistook them for anything other than what they were.

Nothing could imitate what *he* might feel like, she knew, but such toys were a help.

Louisa had shown her how to prolong the moments before orgasm by simply stopping her movements at just the right point and then resuming her stimulation.

Now she was able to tremble on the edge of the precipice for many minutes before making the decision to leap off.

Louisa herself seemed capable of endless hours of arousal, and Beatrice was continually fascinated by the woman's lack of inhibition. Someday soon she thought she might even want to stroke Louisa's soft skin as she was bringing herself pleasure. The image of Louisa as she grew pink and wet and her fingers slid through, over, under and around her own clit had haunted Beatrice for days after the first time they'd shared their pleasure.

Beatrice shook her head at herself, realizing how many scruples she'd shed in the last few months.

But it had been pure fun. Something she'd never experienced before. And the feeling that it was against all she'd been taught was fuel for her rebellious spirit, encouraging her to be as daring as Louisa and try whatever felt good. A laugh caught in her throat and she obeyed an impulse, swirling around in the sunshine. Her little dance brought a flush to her cheeks, and her blonde tresses loosened under her bonnet.

Her steps quickened as she neared the kitchen door. The whinny of a horse caught her attention and she realized that a strange mount had been turned loose to graze in their paddock. They had company?

Beatrice bit her lip. She hoped it might be her savior but was afraid it might be her father. These last weeks had turned her into a woman who could face such an encounter, but she was still not looking forward to it. Well, there was only one way to find out. Squaring her shoulders she pushed open the gate to the kitchen garden and walked the few steps to the house.

Chapter 6

"Louisa, I'm home..." called Beatrice, as she walked from the kitchen through the passageway to the large foyer of Montvale House.

"In here, Beatrice," answered her friend.

"I saw a horse in the paddock. Do we have company?"

"Sit down, my dear. Have some tea." Louisa poured a steaming cup from the elegant teapot next to her as the two women settled themselves in the small parlor.

"Who's here?" Beatrice was determined to know.

"A gift for you, actually."

"For me?"

"Yes. Something you need that I think you'll also enjoy."

"But why? It is not the Holy Season, and I do not remember my birthday ever being celebrated..."

"Never, my dear?" Louisa's eyes grew round at the thought.

"Never. Having lost my mother at the tender age of four, I have no recollection of whether she may have celebrated the day or not, but for the following twenty years I was required to spend my birthday cleaning the vestry as a way of thanking God for his generosity in allowing me to live."

"Good grief!"

"Yes. I have to admit that I felt rather less than grateful to the Lord upon occasion," said Beatrice wryly.

"This gift is certainly nothing along those lines."

"Very well. Must I guess?" Beatrice folded her hands and lights danced in her blue eyes as she smiled across the tea table.

"No, you must not guess. In fact, you certainly will not guess. But you may hazard a conjecture if you wish," grinned Louisa.

"To judge by your smile, you have procured a new toy for the special room, haven't you?" Beatrice had leaned forward and lowered her voice.

Louisa tilted her head to one side and smiled enigmatically. "I suppose that might well be an appropriate description. Quite accurate, actually."

Beatrice clapped her hands. "There, you see? I outguessed you immediately."

"Well yes and no. Yes, I have procured a new toy, but it's not for the special room—it's for you."

"For me?" squeaked Beatrice.

"You're repeating yourself," smiled Louisa.

"But I...that is, I mean to say, what is there already...um...Louisa...?"

"All will become clear later tonight, my dear. For now, we shall dine and enjoy our usual evening—after your bath, however, you will find a change of clothes that I would ask you to wear."

"This is different, isn't it?" said Beatrice intuitively.

"I hope it will be enjoyable, too."

Beatrice nodded in agreement, feeling a tingle of excitement throbbing low in her belly and a telltale brush of wetness between her thighs. Waiting for tonight would be a challenge to her weakening powers of self-restraint.

* * * * *

The black silk chemise was daring, to say the least!

It barely covered her nipples, which could clearly be seen through the delicate hand-made lace edging the daringly low neckline. It ended at her waist, and it was with a sense of sinful delight that Beatrice had pulled on the matching silk pantaloons.

Scandalous in the extreme, it was rumored that only prostitutes and French women wore such things under their gowns. Beatrice spared a thought for her continental counterparts, shaking her head at the hypocrisy of her countrymen who lumped an entire nation of women together with whores and then made a point of copying their fashions.

She shrugged and turned to the mirror.

She had washed her hair and dried it carefully, combing the tangles away from her face and smoothing it out until it lay like a shawl across her white shoulders. The black silk contrasted sharply with her skin and she could almost catch a glimpse of her short gold curls through the slit in the pantaloons, which offered a teasing glimpse of her pussy when she walked.

It was an erotic ensemble and Beatrice loved it.

A tap on the door was followed by Louisa's entrance.

"Oh good—they do fit," she said, coming over to twitch at Beatrice's straps and make a minor adjustment to the tie of her pantaloons.

Beatrice giggled. "Quite shocking, my dear. Pantaloons!"

"Yes, aren't they lovely? I have some red ones that I find especially pleasant." She ran her hand gently over Beatrice's mound and tickled her clit through the gap in the fabric.

She moaned and moved sensuously against Louisa's fingers. "Louisa—I'm on tenterhooks already. When can I see my surprise?"

"You are not the most patient of women this evening, are you?" grinned Louisa, keeping her touch light and stimulating.

"I have never had a surprise just for me. You know there is no way I can ever thank you or repay you for what you have done for me, Louisa."

Beatrice leaned close and put her arms round Louisa, holding her tightly. Louisa hugged back.

"There is no need, my dear. Your friendship has been a greater gift than any I could bestow." She stroked Beatrice's buttocks gently, knowing the girl was becoming aroused and would be ready now for the night ahead.

Beatrice wriggled under her hands.

"Unless you want to stay here and have us reach our peaks together tonight in this room, you'd better stop that." Beatrice pressed her bottom into Louisa's hands, feeling safe, warm, and loved.

Louisa sighed.

"Come along then," she answered.

Beatrice was practically skipping on tiptoes through the silent and deserted master suite to the bookshelves that skillfully concealed the door to so many sexual mysteries.

The door had been left ajar, and she could tell that a good-sized fire was burning and that the candles had been lit.

She stepped inside and froze.

There was a naked man hanging from the ceiling!

* * * * *

Harry tensed as he heard the indrawn breath from near the door. He could only imagine what kind of picture he presented.

He'd stripped and bathed, and used the oil of sandalwood that Louisa had given him. He knew his body gleamed in the firelight and was fairly certain that he had nothing to be ashamed of. He'd never shirked any kind of physical activity, and although he was not far off his thirty-eighth year, he still possessed a well-muscled chest and little if any extra flesh around his waist. His bed partners had invariably complimented his backside and years of riding good horseflesh had given him rock-solid thighs.

His hands were fastened with manacles and hooked over a bar, which Louisa had lowered from the high ceiling. One good twist and he'd be free, but there was no reason for Beatrice to know that interesting fact.

Nor did she need to know that the hood covering his head was not as opaque as it looked. The black silk over his eyes was so sheer that he could see Beatrice clearly as she neared him with mouth agape.

"Louisa..." The voice was hers, low and soft, and it did things to Harry's cock. Nice things. "What is this?"

"This, my dear Beatrice, is a man."

"I can see that," she murmured, eyeing his cock with interest as she circled him, but staying cautiously away from his body. "What am I supposed to do with him?"

"Anything you wish."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

"Ah." Harry noted Beatrice licking her lips. His gut tightened.

Louisa rattled her keys and a door to a low cabinet opened, drawing Beatrice's eyes away from the sight of his erection, which apparently had fascinated her.

"If I may suggest," Louisa reached into the cabinet, and both Harry and Beatrice watched as she withdrew several items.

"Beatrice, it is time for you to lay your anger to rest. You have been hurt and mistreated through no fault of your own, but you will be the one punished unless you free yourself of these mental chains." She offered a flat piece of wood to Beatrice by the handle.

"Here is your chance to exorcise your demons. Punish the man who hurt you, punish the man who never loved you the way a father should. Beat the blazes out of every man who ever raised his hand to a woman."

Louisa moved behind Harry and he braced himself.

A sharp slap of her naked hand across his buttocks rang through the room. It did not hurt, merely tingled. Harry's cock, however, paid close attention.

Beatrice was looking doubtful.

"I don't know, Louisa..."

"I do. This man will not hurt you, he has offered to do this for your pleasure."

Beatrice raised her eyes and looked at his hooded face for the first time, as if remembering that he was, in fact, real.

"Is this true, sir?"

Harry nodded, keeping silent lest she recognize his voice.

Louisa slipped from the room and closed the door behind her, the click of the lock sounding like a cannon in the stillness.

The two people surveyed each other, Harry noting the vivid flush that was spreading across Beatrice's white skin and her nipples that were beading and pushing hard against the lace of her chemise. Her breasts rose and fell rapidly, and she again licked her lips.

She moved behind Harry.

"Well, sir, it seems you are to pay for the sins of your sex," she murmured, weighing the paddle in her hand. "But I dislike this tool, let me see..."

Harry could hear rummaging going on but could not see what she was doing. To move and look would give away the fact that he had some vision from behind his hood.

"Now this might do the trick." He jumped as a leather thong landed squarely across his backside.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did that hurt? Here, let me try this..." Beatrice's voice was apologetic and Harry shuddered as he felt a softness caress his tingling flesh. It was furry and Beatrice was rubbing it lovingly over and around his buttocks.

Beneath the mask he closed his eyes.

"It is a fox tail, I believe," she murmured, more to herself than him. "But it will not achieve the goal Louisa believes I must accomplish, will it?"

She removed the tail from his flesh and another stinging lash landed. He flinched.

"I'm sorry...this must be so painful," said Beatrice, her voice shaking.

"Continue," growled Harry, making his voice harsh and low. "Please continue."

"Are you sure?"

No. "Yes." He nodded to signify his desire so that she would understand clearly. He also silently screamed at his body to get control of itself.

"Very well..."

Several strokes followed, none hard, but each sounding solid. Harry's buttocks were burning now, and his cock and his balls were approaching the same state. He'd not been a visitor to the many Punishment Parlors that were rife in London's sexual underworld, but perhaps he'd been missing something.

Or perhaps it was just this fairy in black silk that aroused him to such a pitch.

A brush with the fox's tail brought a drop of moisture to his cock.

Beatrice warmed to her task.

"This is for my father," she said, lashing him hard. "And for the curate..." Another solid shot cracked across him. "And for women who never had this chance..."

A final slashing blow brought a hiss to Harry's lips and he couldn't hide the shudder of pain or the sweat that was rolling freely down his chest.

"Oh, God, I cannot..." Beatrice ran around in front of him and threw the flogger across the room. "I have hurt you, how could I do that? I am no better than they..."

She reached for his shackles, unaware that her body was pressed tight to his from breast to thigh. How she ignored the cock that was threatening to impale her he had no idea.

She could barely manage, and as she rubbed herself against him trying to unclasp his manacles, he lost all semblance of control.

One twist and he was free.

One more twist and his hood fell to the floor.

"You!"

"Yes, my angel, it's me."

Chapter 7

Beatrice stood as still as a statue while Harry freed himself from the manacles and dropped them to his feet.

"I thought you were a dream," she whispered, raising one hand as if to touch him, then pausing.

Harry grabbed her hand and brought it solidly to his chest.

"No dream, Beatrice, I'm real. I'm here. Feel me, run your hands over me. God, I've wanted this ever since you first looked at me and called me beautiful."

Beatrice inched closer and leaned her breasts against him, running her hands over his face and shoulders as she gazed at him.

"You held me, and saved me, and you touched me..." She blushed as she remembered and her eyes darkened.

Harry felt his control slipping even further as he slid his hands around her body, cupping her buttocks.

She gasped as he lifted her and tucked his cock into the notch of her thighs. His movements parted the silk of her pantaloons and she felt his hardness rubbing against her swollen flesh. Her juices flowed freely, wetting the silk and his cock.

"Beatrice, let me show you all there is..." Harry's lips grazed hers. "Let me finish the lessons we began last winter." His fingers clenched her buttocks, spreading them apart slightly. "Let me love you until you can't even remember your own name..."

"Oh, God, please..." she begged, wriggling in his arms and trying to get even closer.

Harry stepped over to the odd Oriental couch, which had clearly been designed with passion in mind. He lowered his burden gently to its soft surface, noting how nicely her head nestled on the one arm, and how well he'd fit between her thighs. One leg sprawled off the side of the couch and the lack of an arm on the other end would facilitate what was to come. Clever folks, these Orientals.

He settled himself right where he wanted to be, keeping most of his weight on his arms.

He smiled at her.

She smiled back.

He gripped her chemise with his teeth and pulled, grinning around a mouthful of silk at the ripping sound.

Beatrice gasped as he spat out the silk and lowered his head to her breasts.

He tugged and pulled and swirled with his tongue, always aware of Beatrice's response. He smiled around her nipple as her little sighs and moans told him of her pleasure in his actions.

He gently slid a hand to her waist and slipped the tie of her pantaloons free, spreading the silk away from her pussy. Her fragrance filled his nostrils and his soul, making him as dizzy as he was aroused.

Beatrice was now thrusting her hips against him. Hot, wet and ready, she let him know in no uncertain terms that she needed him. Now.

"Beatrice, love, are you sure?" He stroked her curls and flicked her clit with his fingers, eliciting a groan of frustration from the angel beneath him. He slid the pantaloons away from her body, freeing her completely to his gaze.

A very unholy growl emerged. "*Now, for God's sake, before I explode!*"

Stifling his triumphant grin, Harry lifted his body slightly and grasped his cock, settling it amidst the hot and swollen flesh between her thighs.

"Beatrice, look at me..."

She opened her eyes, and tried to focus through her haze of passion.

"I want to watch your face as I make you come..."

He gently moved his hips forward, sliding blissfully into her cunt with nary a check to bar his way.

Her eyes grew large as she realized she held him within her.

"Are you really inside me?"

"Indeed I am," gritted out Harry. "See for yourself..."

He pulled back out and gestured with his head for her to look.

Beatrice raised herself up on one elbow and stared at the sight of Harry's swollen cock covered with her juices as it slid in and out of her body.

He pushed all the way in until his balls touched her skin and their pubic hair tangled. They looked at each other and gently Harry leaned forward and placed a tender kiss on her parted lips.

It was a moment of magic that seemed to release the need within Beatrice. Her hips thrust against his and her hands were suddenly everywhere.

Harry met her need with thrusts of his own, deeper and stronger, the sounds of their bodies meeting in this heated fucking simply adding to their frenzy.

Beatrice moaned as he slid his fingers between their bodies and over her clit. She was hotter than fire around his cock, and he knew he was within seconds of surrendering. Her fingers traced the cleft of his buttocks and delved between as she hung on to his pounding hips.

Her cries were getting louder, and his movements faster and tighter.

Neither could last.

With one last mighty grunt, Harry exploded inside her, the feel of his cum spurting warmly around her womb pushing Beatrice into meeting his orgasm with her own.

Harry held himself rigid, feeling his cock being drained by the incredible spasms inside her body. Her thighs clamped his with iron strength, her fingernails were leaving marks on his back and her face was taut with her release.

His mind blanked out, his heart soared, and he knew he'd never be the same.

* * * * *

Many hours later, a firm knock on the doorjamb heralded the arrival of Louisa into the room.

Groggily, Harry and Beatrice untangled themselves, and Harry pulled a soft shawl over Beatrice's body.

"Well, I see that all is as it should be," smiled Louisa.

Two remarkably similar grins answered her.

"And no more talk of a convent, Miss Beatrice?"

"Definitely not," she smiled, unable to resist touching Harry's shoulder.

They'd spent the entire night exploring each other, loving each other, and finding new and exciting places to lick and kiss and fondle. They'd shared orgasms, brought each other to their peaks with their hands and their tongues, played with the odd toy, and were completely sated in the aftermath of such pleasure.

Harry just lay there and smiled like an idiot, loving the touch of his Beatrice's fingers. Anywhere. But probably not *there*, especially not with Louisa in the room. He caught up the small hand in his before it strayed too far, and squeezed it lovingly.

Louisa ignored the sexual play and threw back the curtains from the small windows. "It is morning, my friends, and time for some decisions. A message arrived at first light. Your father has learned of your presence here, Beatrice. He is on his way."

Beatrice's body tensed, but Harry was right there holding and soothing her.

"We shall take care of him once and for all, my love." He dropped a kiss on her nose. "Do not forget you agreed to wed me, somewhere around dawn, and as your affianced husband, I am well within my rights to take care of this matter on your behalf."

Beatrice relaxed and blushed as she remembered *exactly* what she'd been doing when Harry had asked her to marry him. She'd had to nod her reply because she'd had her mouth full at the time. She cleared her throat.

"Very well, my heart. I do have one question, though..."

"What's that, sweet?"

"What's your name?"

* * * * *

"The Earl of Dunsmere," intoned the butler loudly.

A very elegant gentleman entered the room where the Vicar of Lyndenham was furiously pacing a rut into the carpet.

"What...what is this? I demand to see my daughter..."

Raising his quizzing glass to his eye, the Earl silently surveyed Reverend Shelton from boots to receding hairline.

Harsh lines marred his cheeks, his clothes were rank and dusty, and his eyes cold. Inside, Harry shuddered.

"Your daughter, sir?" he inquired languidly.

"Beatrice, that hell-spawned bitch. Probably ran away with some whoreson and spread her legs for whatever she could get," he spat.

It was with great satisfaction that Harry, Earl of Dunsmere, punched the Vicar of Lyndenham right in the nose and knocked him flat on the floor.

"Is he dead?" asked Beatrice from the doorway.

"'Fraid not," answered Harry, rubbing his knuckles. "He's got a harder head than that."

The Reverend sputtered as he saw Beatrice watching him with a distasteful look on her face. The fact that she wore an elegant gown was obviously not lost on her father.

"Just as I thought. You've been whoring your way into decent people's homes, you...you daughter of Satan." He wiped the blood away from his lip with a skinny hand.

Harry kicked him in the ribs before he could get up. Rather unsporting, but enormously satisfying.

Beatrice applauded.

Louisa, standing behind Beatrice, heaved a sigh of relief and watched as Harry leaned over the recumbent reverend.

"You, sir, are being disrespectful to the future Countess of Dunsmere. *I* don't like it. Neither does she."

The Reverend's mouth fell open.

"Should you even mention her name again, I shall hear about it. And so will Lord Lynden, a good friend of mine. He holds your living, I believe..."

The man's face had turned pasty white and he scrambled cautiously to his feet.

"I didn't mean, that is...I didn't know..." he stuttered.

"Get out of my sight. If my wife or I ever see your face or hear from you again, the only congregation you'll be tending will be a flock of sheep on the remotest Scottish island I can find. Do I make myself clear?"

The Reverend attempted a bow and failed miserably. He scurried from the room a broken man, not even glancing at his daughter as he left.

Beatrice and Louisa moved aside, Beatrice pulling her skirts back as if to avoid contamination.

She went straight into Harry's arms as soon as the door closed behind her father.

"Thank you, Harry," she smiled, hugging every bit of him she could get her arms around.

Louisa left the room silently, eyes meeting Harry's over Beatrice's head. The look they exchanged spoke of warmth and love, and thanks from Harry for the miracle he was now holding.

"It was my pleasure, sweetheart. Actually, now that I come to think of it, your pleasure is my pleasure too. And I can't remember how long ago it was that I gave you your pleasure..."

"Oh ages and ages. At least an hour," whispered his love, as his hands slid her silky dress up her thighs.

"I think I shall be happy spending the rest of my life doing this, my heart. Touching you, learning you, loving you..."

His fingers found that for which he sought.

"And of course, there's this too..."

"And what might that be, my soon-to-be-husband?" grinned Beatrice, wriggling herself further into his arms.

Harry closed his eyes and hummed his pleasure as his hands caressed and squeezed the softness he'd discovered.

"Why the ultimate prize, of course...my Beatrice's bottom!"

Epilogue

The Earl of Dunsmere squirmed in his bathtub as the Countess of Dunsmere tucked her toes in around his balls and wiggled them.

"Oh, God, Beatrice," he sighed.

Beatrice giggled.

The servants at the London residence of the Earl and Countess had quickly become used to the rather sybaritic behavior on the part of their master and his new bride. Bets were actually being placed upon the number of times each day the couple would find an excuse to lock the door, take a bath, retire to their rooms, or otherwise manage to be quite alone.

So far the biggest winner had been the second scullery maid who had bet on seven for the previous Wednesday. It was the highest she could count. She'd been smiling ever since, but no more so than the Earl and his loving wife.

Who was now rendering delightful physical torture on her husband's balls.

"We can't stay for too long, Harry. Lord and Lady Barbour will be arriving soon," reminded Beatrice.

Harry ran gentle fingers up his wife's thigh.

"Nick, of all people, will forgive us if we're late."

"I hear Lady Miranda is with child..."

"So Nick says. Hard to believe that hellion is going to be a father." His fingers moved on, bringing a shiver to his wife's skin.

"Do you want children, Harry?"

He paused and considered the matter. "Yes."

"Good."

Harry glanced at his wife's flushed countenance and then noticed her breasts, swollen and ready for his mouth. They seemed a little larger than normal.

"Beatrice...are you saying..." he nearly choked trying to get the words out.

Beatrice smiled tentatively at him and nodded.

His leap for his wife sloshed most of the water out of the tub, which would aggravate his housekeeper to no end.

He didn't care. Harry Boyd just wanted to get his arms around his wife...and their child.

Meanwhile, in Yorkshire all was quiet, and Louisa felt strangely unsettled. The rooms seemed empty and her toys held no appeal. She didn't know that within a few moments there would be an explosion in a small London laboratory that would send shockwaves all the way to Montvale House – and perhaps into her very soul...

THE END

(Louisa Cellini will need all her sexual skill, not to mention her experience with men because she's about to face the challenge of her life. Watch for *"Lying with Louisa,"* coming soon.)



If you have not yet purchased this title and would like to support this author's work, please visit <http://ellorascave.com/honorbox.htm> to contribute to our Honor Box. We thank-you for your support.

Also at Ellora's Cave



Coming Soon:



Ellora's Cave
www.ellorascave.com