

Seduction By A Stranger

By

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Chapter One

1880 London

Shivering in her cloak Flora glanced out the window of the landau, as they approached the manor. Trees blocked their view until they were almost in the courtyard. Four stories of aged stone stood proudly behind a marble fountain in the courtyard. A large lake was set off to the right backed by a wall of trees. The tall hedge maze that Henry had told her about could be seen toward the back of the property.

"It is perfect," she breathed.

The coach stopped before the steps and the footman climbed down the side to assist them from the interior. Opening the door, he let down the steps and held out a hand to assist. By the time her slippers touched the rock strewn courtyard the hall porter was standing at the entrance. The double doors were standing wide for their admittance.

Lifting her skirts she climbed the stairs and stepped through the entrance beside Henry. After removing her cloak and passing it to the porter, she waited while Henry passed his hat and great-coat to the servant.

"If you will wait in the parlor Master Silversom, I will inform my lord of your arrival."

Escorted into the parlor on Henry's arm he offered her a drink. "It should help you relax."

"I could use a little assistance." Accepting the glass she sat on the edge of the brown, velvet settee and admired the tiled ceiling. Then her eyes settled on the nude statue collection.

That the Earl was bold enough to display the statues in his parlor spoke volumes. He was a man that did not care if others approved of his home, as long as he was pleased. Sipping her drink, they waited, and waited.

Using her gloved fingers to brush the velvet drapery aside, Flora gazed out the window overlooking the street searching for an arriving landau. Nell would be arriving soon; the time her mother had allow them before following was to afford them a private meeting with their host. However, the time had been wasted, while they waited in the parlor drinking Sherry. The Earl had yet to arrive and greet his guests. "I have to admit I

am nervous about meeting your uncle. If he doesn't approve of me you won't continue to see me."

"How could any man that fancies ladies as Jared does, not approve of you?" Moving to stand behind her, Henry grasped her shoulders. He didn't deny that he would end the courtship if his uncle didn't approve.

Reaching up she clasped his slim hand. Ever the perfect gentleman, Henry seldom touched her, even innocently, as he was now. They were here for Henry's benefit. It appeared the Earl enjoyed dominating. As Henry was bossed only occasionally he didn't mind. He even liked his uncle.

Not that she objected to coming along, she wanted to meet the Earl.

Still, Henry was the one that must please the family patriarch. As his friend, it was her responsibility to help, if she could. Since she had been included in the summons, she had to assume, the Earl wished to determine her worthiness to be escorted by his nephew. In this case, had the news that Henry was seeing the daughter of a Squire disturbed him, or perhaps that her widow mother had a string of affairs in recent history? They wouldn't know until the Earl deemed fit to reveal his reasoning.

"Look it's starting to snow," Henry said in a pleasant tone. Withdrawing his hand from beneath her fingers, he dropped his arms. Stepping beside her he grasped the brown draperies and shoved them back. The window was wide, allowing a panoramic view of the peaceful scene.

"I love watching it flutter around in the breeze." She was willing to be distracted from the reason for the visit. When Earl Varley demanded that they join him for the weekend at his country estate outside London, she had been thrilled. She had heard much of this ideal of male sensuality. Twelve years her elder he had a reputation as a rogue. If Jared was as handsome and virile as reported, she was in for a treat merely being allowed to meet him. Not that she wasn't pleased with the respectful way Henry treated her, she was. It was merely that she longed for a man to be so enamored with her that he forgot propriety, and would break the rules. She longed to be seduced and loved by a passionate man that she respected.

"Makes me think of cold and ice." Standing at her side, Henry rubbed his hands up and down his arms, as though he felt the chill beyond the glass. The room was warmed by the blaze in the marble hearth. A large rug covered the floor to lift their feet from the cold floor. Stuffed wingback chairs and settee were positioned before the hearth for their comfort. The atmosphere was comfy, yet austere as there were no softening touches by a feminine hand. No flowers graced the long cherry tables. Instead there were oil lamps sitting on the tables, and a candle chandelier hung overhead.

"You must look at a snow scene for its beauty and ignore the cold that brings the snow. We will have cold with or without the snow, because it is a winter condition."

He snorted lightly. "I lost my romantic view of such things long ago. Snow's merely something we must endure, the same as rain and cold. There will be ice on the ground shortly. I hope your mother will be able to arrive without delay."

"There is no reason for them to be delayed. The snow has only begun to fall," stating the obvious she felt worried. Her mother, Nell, wasn't a delicate creature. However; being alone with only a driver in a storm would upset her.

"True, but notice the flakes are larger, and they come more thickly."

Was he trying to make her nervous? Certainly she wanted her mother to arrive. Nell was one of those creatures that fluttered around looking for a place to light.

"Mother will not allow a little snow to detain her. She is excited over being invited to the Earl's home for the weekend. It was kind of her to allow us to arrive first and meet the Earl in private."

"If he doesn't arrive soon your mother's kindness will have been wasted." Henry glanced at the closed door as he spoke, as though willing it to open to admit Varley. "Perhaps we should have a drink while waiting." Moving away from her side, he crossed the thick rug covering the center of a sparkling hardwood floor.

Twisting she glanced around the elegant drawing room. She had been in many lovely homes since arriving in London, but none as elegant as the Earl's country estate. It was classical comfort mixed with beautiful elegances. The walls had carved wainscoting and the hearth was chiseled marble with statues of lions on each side. Potted flowers, paintings, tapestries, carved statues, and beautiful carved furniture decorated the rooms. The statues had given her pause, but she had chosen to ignore them. Her gaze settled on them once more and she thought of her mother seeing the nude figures. She would no doubt be scandalized over the disregard for female modesty. Her mother would need to be reminded that the Earl's was a bachelor's home.

"Your uncle has rather bold artwork."

Lifting the filled glasses from the silver tray containing the liquors, Henry started back to her side. "You mean the nude statues? Yes, Uncle says several are fertility gods. The others are supposed to increase one's passions. It is all pagan superstition of course. He picks the stuff up on his travels."

If the rumors of Lord Varley abilities at seduction were to be believed; then his pagan Gods must be doing their duties. What was logical was that Varley believed, therefore he had more confidence. Accepting a crystal goblet of sherry, she sipped it as a distraction from the statues.

Returning her gaze to the window she gasped. "Look at that snow. It looks as though we shall be spending our time indoors this weekend."

"Shall we get comfortable? It appears uncle is going to keep us waiting." Moving to the wingback chairs positioned before the hearth, Henry settled onto the seat.

Remaining at the window, she gazed at the heavy snow covering the land. "When I was little. I believed snow turned everything white to clean it."

"We have a lot of fanciful thoughts when we are children."

She was amazed at how easy it was to speak with Henry. That was one of the things she liked best about him. Spending time with him was like spending time with a life long friend. She was totally comfortable with him. She knew when the time came she would be comfortable having intimate relations with him. Henry never made her feel the slightest bit tense or self-conscious. Although she did not feel any physical thrill while with him, she was certain that would come when he finally got around to touching her. They would be good together as husband and wife. It was even easy to imagine them sitting before the hearth reading in the winter months.

"What type of books do you enjoy reading?"

"None particularly. Mostly what I read are reports from uncle's man of affairs. I find reading business reports tedious. But I must learn, as I will be head of the family when he dies."

"Is he sickly?" Was the great seducer hiding an illness? Was it contagious, or hereditary?

"Heavens no. We often cross swords, and he boxes at the club. He is only ten years my senior. I misled you with my comment. It wasn't my intention; Uncle is strong as a horse. I will no doubt be quite old before I must take over the responsibilities. At least I hope so. I do not envy Jared the task."

Her mother's coach rolled into view. "Goodness, the time has passed quickly. Mother has arrived and your uncle still hasn't made an appearance."

"I wonder where he has gotten to?"

"You don't think he has forgotten?"

"Never. He must be involved in something important to keep us waiting. You must be patient with him. He does not mean to be rude. He is actually a wonderful man."

"Because you ask I will not hold it against him."

The doors to the parlor opened and the hall porter escorted Nell Hillside in. "My dears it is terrible cold outside. The wind has joined the snow. I am so glad you traveled earlier." Breezing into the parlor, her mother crossed to her side and kissed her cheek as though they had been parted for days instead of hours. She was putting on a show for the

absent Earl, which she obviously had not noticed as yet. Smiling she turned to the seating area and hesitated. "Have I arrived to early?"

"No mother, you are perfectly on time. The Earl is behind time."

Her smile faded, but Nell forced it back to her lips. "Well, gentlemen can be rather unorganized. That is why they have wives. I imagine he is attending to last minute details for our stay."

"No doubt." Maintaining a pleasant tone, she moved to the sideboard. "Do sit before the fire, mother, and get warm. I shall fetch you a glass of Sherry."

They had settled with their drinks when the porter arrived to escort them to their chambers.

"If the Earl is detained, it is certainly logical that we spend the time settling into our chambers." Nell approved, rising from her seat to follow the porter. Flora and Henry followed them from the parlor to the cavernous entrance hall. They climbed the stairs and turned down the corridor. The porter walked past several doors before stopping. "My lord asked that you accept this chamber Mr. Stallins. There is something waiting for you inside."

"A secret ah." Henry sketched her a bow before strolling into the assigned chamber. "You see how my uncle protects you. I am not even to know which chamber is yours."

Continuing down the hall, they passed several doors before the porter stopped, he faced Flora's mother.

"Mrs. Hillside, my lord believes this chamber will be acceptable for you."

"I am certain it is lovely." He opened the door for Nell and she disappeared inside.

"If you will follow me Miss Hillside." Turning he led her down the hall and turned the corner onto the side hall. They walked to the first door and the porter stopped. "My lord trusts this will be suitable." Opening the door for her, she stepped into a lush chamber.

The Earl was certainly making an effort for Henry not to know what chamber she was in. She strolled through it quickly becoming acquainted with the size and location of everything. The walls were artfully scattered with paintings. Pink silk covered the bed. The quality curtains were of heavy golden velvet. The floor had a white rug that stopped at the sitting area. She sat on the smooth damask material and removed her boots before stepping onto the white rug. The pastel colors and soft materials in the chamber made her feel softly feminine. The air was lightly scented with rose water. It was a setting fit

for seduction; it was sad that she had no one willing to seduce her. "You are a wicked woman, Flora Hillside."

A house servant arrived and Flora supervised the unpacking of her things. The maid laid out a simple pink satin gown with a square neckline. Insisting that Flora sit while she waited on her, made her feel pampered and serene.

After helping her change into the gown, the maid asked in a pleading tone for her to ring when she was ready to retire, and she would come back to assist her. She had never felt so pampered in her life. At home, the maids where over worked, they didn't have time to pamper the daughter of the house, and Flora was not the type that would make unnecessary demands and cause extra work for the servants.

Returning to the drawing room on the entrance level, she felt as though she were floating. Nell and Henry were sitting before the hearth when she glided into the parlor.

"Our host has not arrived," her mother informed her with a frown wrinkling her brow.

"Then Mr. Stallins will be our host until he arrives," she dismissed graciously with a shrug. Feeling carefree, she did not care that the Earl was not here to pass judgment on her. The longer he waited to arrive, the better as far as she was concerned.

They passed a pleasant hour in conversation while sipping wine.

"Oh and my rooms are splendid. What rooms are you in dear," Nell queried.

"I believe that is suppose to be a secret from Henry, mother. You can walk up with me when we retire."

Nell chuckled. "I rather like the idea of our chambers being a mystery. I hope it does not offend you Henry? We know you are a gentleman. It merely makes one feel special and protected." Her mother longed for a man to make her feel protected. Which was why she went from one relationship to the next. Once Nell gave up on a man offering marriage, she began seeking a replacement.

Flora longed for the freedom her mother had. As a widow Nell could have as many affairs as she wished. Still she could not bring herself to marry an old man and wait for him to die. She was not that cold hearted.

"I am not offended. I would not be visiting your rooms if I did know, so it doesn't matter. Uncle can be old fashioned at times. He is overly protective of our nieces when they come to visit also. If anything you can consider it as a sign that he is treating you like a member of the family."

Nell practical glowed at the idea of being a member of the Earl's family.

"I am certain it is because he takes his responsibilities seriously."

The porter arrived to escort them to the dining hall. The meal was light, yet filling. Sipping wine, she realized it was as when Henry dined with them, relaxed and pleasant. After eating they returned to the parlor, continuing their conversation until the clock chimed nine

"I would say it is obvious our host is not going to join us tonight. We shall meet him tomorrow. I am tired after traveling all day." Nell declared.

The parlor door opened and a tall elegantly dressed gentleman in evening black strode into the room. Broad shoulder tapered to slim hips. Muscled thighs rippled beneath his breeches as he walked. Black Hessians covered his feet. White gloves that matched his shirt and cravat were extended to accept her mother's hand. Bending at the waist he pressed his full masculine lips to Nell's knuckle.

Flora knew instantly that she would love to have those lips on any part of her body. He was scrumptious.

"Pardon my delay. Welcome to my home Mrs. Hillside." His deep modulated timber caressed her ears.

"We were pleased to come. Your nephew suitably explained your tardy arrival. He has been an excellent host in your stead."

Jared tipped his head in acknowledgment, his dark blue eyes flashing to Henry sitting in a side chair. "I trust the gift in your chamber was a suitable compensation for your service on my behalf." His deep timber was smooth and pleasant, like sweet chocolate.

Flora felt a thrill of excitement when he turned to her. Holding up her fingers for him to accept, she remained seated. He took her fingers in a delicate hold and pressed his pale lips to her fingernails. An electric charge raced up her arm and sent a shiver through her shoulder that ended in her nipples. His lips lifted slightly at the corners as though he was aware of her reaction to his touch. "Thank you for inviting us to your home my lord."

"I trust your chamber is to your liking?" Searching her face, he retained her hand.

"Indeed it is lovely." Feeling heat warming her cheeks she removed her fingers from his grasp. He was disturbing in an elemental way that touched her soul. His dark gaze held her eyes, searching as though seeking an answer. Was he looking for flaws in her character? She knew there were people that could look into your eyes and know if you were a good person or bad. "We have continued your secret and not revealed the location of our chambers to Henry."

"There is no reason for you not to feel safe in my home. I merely wished to ensure your feeling of security."

"It was unnecessary Jared, Miss Hillside knows I will not molest her."

"That is true," she admitted. "We kept the secret merely as a game. My chamber has a lovely rose scent."

"You revealed your chamber. Miss Hillside's is in the rose room and Mrs. Hillside in the violet room."

"What lovely names and suitable. I do believe my chamber smelled of violets," Nell injected.

"What is Henry's room called?" Not that she would ever see Henry's chamber, but she was curious.

"The sage room," Henry revealed, rising from his chair he returned to the liquor cabinet and poured a bumper of Brandy into his glass. "Shall I pour for you Jared?"

"A Brandy, if you don't mind?"

"And your chamber," Nell queried.

"Mother." She had wasted time worrying over the nude statues. Nell had found a way to embarrass her without the nudes.

"I am not offended Miss Hillside. My chamber is the lemon room."

"You may call me Flora if you wish." She felt obligated to give him leave. After all she was hoping he would give her leave to call him Uncle as Henry did. However now that she had met him she would love to call him something more intimate. Jared would do for a beginning as a lover, and in the future a husband. She had an instant tenderness for this man. Her heart felt as though it had been longing for the sight of him. Varley was so appealing she felt like panting as the hounds do.

He smiled and dipped his head. Beauty would never be the word associated with the Earl. His features were too masculine. But he had appeal on a sexual level that tugged at her insides.

Henry stepped between them and passed Jared the glass of Brandy. "I was afraid your business would detain you all evening. The ladies were about to retire and I wished for them to meet you before they did."

Jared's dark eyebrows lifted. Turning to Nell he had a serious expression. "Forgive me, you must be fatigued from your travels."

"I admit I am. I am not accustomed to London hours. The late nights have made me weary," her mother admitted.

"Certainly, do not think you must stand on ceremony this weekend. Rest as much as you need. We shall understand."

"Mother is not that fatigued." Shooting her mother a hard glance she warned her not to embarrass her. "I am certain a good night's rest will be all the restorative she needs."

"We shall have plenty of time to visit. There is no need for you to lose rest tonight," Henry insisted.

She was beginning to believe that Henry wished for them to retire. "I am certain Henry would like to spend some private time with his uncle. Shall we retire mother?" Rising from her chair she strolled to the door. If only there was a way to convey her longing to Jared. Her gaze moved over his body while desire tugged at her insides.

Nell joined her at the door and they retired to their chambers together. She stopped for a moment to view Nell's room. After informing her mother which room she was staying in, Flora left to prepare for bed.

Reaching her chamber, Flora summoned the maid. The girl ran her bath and assisted her with her hair and undressing. "I can manage now." Flora dismissed the maid with a gentle smile.

The girl bobbed a curtsey. "As you wish miss. Ring in the morning if you have need of me."

Alone in the chamber she submerged in the hot bath water and soaked. Allowing her tense muscles to relax, she sipped the wine that had been delivered while she was at dinner. Perhaps her mother had been right, and Varley had been busy seeing to all the details of their stay. Insuring that every luxury was available to them as an overly conscientious host would. The fire in the chamber had made the room cozy and warm.

This chamber would make two of her chamber at home. Leisurely she bathed with scented soap. Pretending in her mind that she was the lady of the manor, she dreamed that she was preparing herself for Lord Varley. He would be in his own dressing room preparing to join her. Later he would come to her chamber with hair wet from his bath, and would make slow sensual love to her. Her nipples peaked at the mere thought of Jared's love making.

How she wished she could attract a man like that to her bed. She would do everything in her power to pleasure him. He would have no need of a mistress once he came to her bed, she would see to it.

Stepping from the tub, she toweled her body dry and slid into a loose-silk, flowing Chinese gown that caressed her skin from breast to knees. It was an extravagance that she had allowed herself to purchase for a special occasion. Tonight felt like the perfect occasion to wear it. Here in this feminine room was the perfect location for her to feel like a woman.

She had allowed the fire to burn down to coals while she watched the flickering flames die.

The room was cozy, and it was unnecessary to add more logs to the grate. Blowing out the oil lamp she lifted the chamber light from the table and carried it to her bed. A puff of cool air touched her flesh, causing her nipples to stand at attention. It hadn't taken much to awaken her body's reaction. She had been thinking about being touched a lot lately. She supposed it was because Henry was courting her and she knew that sooner or later he was going to touch her. How would she react? How would it feel? Do I want Henry to touch me, or am I waiting on a great lover like his uncle was reported to be. Placing her hands over her breasts she wished they were a man's hands. Wishing for the hands of a man that could not resist her, and was falling in love with her; she squeezed and plucked her nipples through the soft material. It felt wonderful, closing her eyes she pretended it was Lord Varley's hands touching her for a moment. Sighing, she dropped her hands.

It was only a dream of love, one that she had all the time. She wanted that love struck at first glance feeling as Varley had made her feel. With a man that was panting after her touch. Henry was a wonderful person, but he did not make her feel a rush of excitement, and it was obvious that he did not feel desire for her.

Sliding her feet beneath her counterpane, she blew out the candle and folded the cover over her body. Hearing a movement, as though someone was entering the room, Flora sat up.

"If your plan was to frighten me, you have failed." All she had to do was scream, and a houseful of people would come. But she knew it would not be necessary with Henry. He had probably merely come to talk. *Sweet, boring Henry*. She shouldn't be thinking that, Henry wasn't really boring. Except when it came to sensual matters.

Had he been in the room watching her touch herself? "Were you watching me?" Had she gotten him excited?

"Umm." It was a brief sound but she believed it was meant to be an agreement.

"Okay, so you caught me touching myself, and know I am horny. Are you..." What do I have to lose? If he thinks me disgusting, he will no matter what I say. "Interested in taking over the task?" She held her breath for a long moment. She heard a slight sound but she could not tell if it was movement. "I hope you are not disappointed. It's just that sometimes a girl wants more than is allowed unwed ladies." A hand settled on her ankle concealed beneath the counter pane. The cover was moved away from her legs. The room was in darkness, and she couldn't see anything but a shadow when he moved in line with the red glowing coals in the hearth. "Not that I am complaining, I

value our friendship and will not object if it remains the same. Are... are you excited by me?"

"Umm," the deep purr vibrated in his throat, as the hand slid up her calf over her knee and up the inside of her thigh.

"Enough to risk being discovered? Enough to cast aside propriety?" The sensation from the caressing touch was surprising. It made her want to know more, feel more of the wonderful sensations. Henry's touch had never made her feel this electric charge. Before it had been impersonal. Now it was very personal and it was exciting. Heart pounding with excitement she waited for him to touch her pubic curls. Would he be that bold?

"Ummm." His touch was light, as it glided up and across her thigh. Shivers raced through her body. She wanted more, but she did not wish to ask for it. She had offered him the opportunity to touch her breasts. Would he finally be willing to cast propriety aside? Why he had chosen now to make a move? Perhaps the fertility gods had affected his mind.

"Perhaps I should scream as it appears one of the statues has come alive and is about to..." she teased to relieve some of the tension she was feeling.

His hand stroked up the inside of her thigh causing her to gasp. She had wanted him to make some kind of move, but she hadn't expected to jump past the kissing, which they had never done, straight to the sexual encounter. However the idea of a sexual encounter was alluring.

Spreading her legs to accommodate his hand she was surprised that she was so malleable. She was more wicked than she had believed. Her breath stopped in her throat as she waited for the first touch of his hand against her pussy. Wanting his hand to touch her, she wished fleetingly that it were Varley's hand. If Henry would speak it would help her get the Earl out of her thoughts. "A kiss would..." She forgot what she was going to say as her gown was grasped and pulled up and over her head. Suddenly she was lying naked before him with her legs spread. Although he could not see her, she knew she was naked and was suddenly self-conscious. "Ease my tension. I...I am nervous," breathlessly she explained as she drew her legs together and sat up. His hand on her knee he stroked up and down her thighs, and it became increasingly difficult to keep her thighs together. "I have never allowed anyone to touch me." She was getting wet and it felt as though her throbbing clit was swelling and coming out of hiding just as his sexual nature was coming out of hiding. Why had he waited until now? Was it because they were both under one roof for the night? Could it be he thought she wouldn't object with her mother

and his uncle close enough to overhear any ruckus she might make? Did he think he had her cornered?

"Your silence is making me nervous." His hand stroked up her thigh and contacted with her protective lips. His finger slid between her labia and stroked down her wet pussy and then pushed inside her sheath. Gasping she fell back against the pillows. Grasping her ankle he spread her legs wide, exposing herself to his touch. She felt the mattress dip beneath his weight.

"I don't know if I am ready for this before we have even kissed. I mean, our relationship hasn't been a physical kind," gasping for air she whispered. She moaned loudly when his fingers spread her labia and his hot wet tongue licked her clit. It delved between her lips and sent a bolt of liquid lightning through her body. "Oh my, that was wicked and wonderful, but it wasn't the kind of kiss I meant." She gasped for breath.

"Shush," he mumbled pressing her legs wider apart and proceeded to blow her mind right out of her head. Stroking from his finger pushing into her pussy to her clit his hot tongue lapped. She was all sensation and hungry for more. Spreading her legs wider she gave him easy access. A small finger pushed into her anus. Withering beneath his hungry mouth licking her clit, she felt his finger slid in and out her pussy. Groaning she could do nothing but accept whatever he offered. Withdrawing his finger from her anus his big hand slid up her stomach to cup her breast. Course thumb and index finger plucked at her turgid nipple. The delicious feeling sizzled deep into her breast and then all the way to her vagina. His lips clamped over her engorged clit and suckled. Bucking beneath him he held her down with the hand on her breast as a climax shattered her body. Slamming a pillow over her mouth she smothered her strangled cry.

Panting she thought it was over and relaxed. Pulling the pillow from her face she dropped it onto the mattress. "That was..." but the finger continued, pushing hard inward and pulling out of her weeping sheath. Her muscles clinched around him and she was still aching inside with need. "How can I still want?" Whimpering she rocked her pelvis up to meet his thrusts. His tongue licked up her stomach and he withdrew his finger. She groaned with regret over the loss.

Shifting his body, he pressed his engorged cock to her mouth. Parting her lips she took him inside. The soft skin covering the rock hard shaft slid over her tongue and scraped against her teeth. His deep guttural groan made her feel empowered. Bending he licked her from clit to slit, probing in her sheath with his tongue. Swirling his hard tongue against the sensitive inner wall of her lips before returning to her clit. While he pleasured her aching pussy, she played her tongue over his hard cock. Squeezing lightly with her teeth she suckled him deep and hard.

"Fuck," he said. Twisting away from her, this cock was pulled from her mouth. "Did I hurt you?"

"No." Holding her legs wide he rubbed the head of his cock between her labia. He shoved his hard meat inside her throbbing pussy. Gasping she grasped that she didn't recognize the deep voice. It did not sound like Henry. She needed him to speak. His huge member stretched her pushing in deep, filling her as he fell over her body. He thrust against her maidenhead and stopped. "Hell." Claiming her mouth he drank her cry of pain as he thrust through her maidenhead. Again he stopped, allowing her body to adjust to his large size. She tasted her own juices while wondering who was fucking her? Who's cock had been in her mouth?

She should make him stop, but what if it was Varley? If not Henry who else could it be? Her heart hammering in her chest, she thought of Varley licking her pussy and whimpered as the muscles of her vagina clinched around him. Definitely she wanted it to be Varley that was fucking her. Still she needed to stop him until she knew. It was horrid of him to fuck her when she didn't know who he was. No doubt he would think her horrid to fuck him without knowing who he was, also.

"Try to relax, sweeting." Rising off her body he thrust a hand between them and found her swollen clit. Pressing down on the bud he rubbed, re-igniting the sparks within her body. Perhaps she wouldn't make him stop. He swept the hot tongue that had pleasured her into her mouth. She could feel his arms quivering from the strain, and it thrilled her that he would hold back his own needs for her pleasure. No, she didn't want him to stop. The thought of stopping was only fooling herself into believing she was offended. In truth she wanted him. She may not know his face but her body knew his body, as though it had been made just for her. She was too horny to care who he was, as long as he pumped that hard shaft into her aching pussy.

Lord Varley's name popped into her head. This had to be the great lover she had heard so much about. The one she had secretly craved and longed for as a lover. Varley, the one she pumped people for information about. The man she had a secret crush on; that she had only seen from a distance until tonight. And she knew him to be handsome with an appealing body. Who else would be brave enough to flaunt proper behavior with a guest? Who else could make love like a courtesan? It was rumored he had trained with the best of them. Who else could make her feel like this? It was doubtful Henry ever could.

"Grind that hot pussy against me," he commanded. This voice was definitely not Henry's; it was deep, rich, and enticing. Cultured, it was definitely Varley, and he was exactly the kind of man she wanted in her bed. His desire for her increased her need to

pleasure him. Her body rose up to meet his thrusts as he directed. Whimpering she clawed at his muscular back. The tense muscles bulged beneath her fingers.

Straightening away from her and sitting back on his knees he lifted her calves over his shoulders. His hard thrusts were ramming deep against her womb. Grasping her buttocks he held her while pumping into her. His pubic hair was stroking her clit and mons. Squeezing her buttocks beneath his fingers, he grunted then slid a finger around to her swollen clit.

Dipping his finger between the wet lips he rubbed her exposed clit, while shoving into her wet pussy with his hard shaft.

"Do you know who I am?" She had to know if he was in his cups.

"Yes." Hissing he arched his back and thrust deep and spilled his seed.

Suddenly she was climaxing again with him. Would I have climaxed if he had said no?

Lowering her quivering body to the bed, he separated his body from her. Shocking waves of desire were still clinching her muscles and she wanted to do nothing more then revel in the sensations. Her body shivered as his long body stretched out beside her. Heat radiated from him, warming her.

"Do I have the pleasure of being with Lord Varley?" Smiling she cuddled against his warm body.

Taking her chin between his fingers, he tilted her face and claimed her mouth. Plundering her mouth, he plundered her body with his hand. Roughened fingers circled her navel, and stroked her belly. They moved up and stroked over her nipples until they puckered, then he plucked and squeezed until she moaned against his mouth. Moving to her ear he suckled her lobe.

"Please tell me." She felt she knew, but she needed confirmation. Sliding his hand down her stomach he cupped her mons. Carnal lust blossomed in her body. Groaning she arched beneath his hand. She felt his smile in the gentle kiss he pressed to her temple.

He shifted and the mattress lifted as his weight left the bed.

"It's not like I am going to demand that you marry me. I have just shared a wonderful experience with a sexual man. I want to know you are the man I think you are." She heard movement and then silence. "Are you there?"

Grumbling about men, she crawled to the bed's edge and dropped her hand on the table, sliding until she found the candle and flint. Striking the flint she lit the candle and surveyed the room. He was gone.

Blowing out the candle, she fell back against the pillow.

When she awoke it was morning. Dressing in a green velvet day-gown she brushed her auburn hair and tied the top behind her head with a leather string. After brushing her teeth with salt, she rinsed with water and checked her image a final time. The rosy tint in her cheeks was caused from the blush she felt over meeting her lover this morn. He would be forced to behave properly before her mother and Henry. Surely he would find the time to speak to her privately. It had to have been the Earl. Certainly none of the servants would have been bold enough to climb into her bed uninvited. Her green eyes stared back at her kiss-swollen lips. She would need to remember to bite her lips so it would be believed that was the cause of her swollen red lips. The last thing she wanted was to make him feel as though she was going to attempt to force marriage upon him. If she gave their secret away her mother would insist that he marry her. Wanting him to want her was not the same as wanting him to court her. Indeed she would enjoy a courtship more than marriage. Men were more attentive with the women they courted than with their wives. Beside as much as she enjoyed the sex, she still knew little about the Earl. A forced marriage was no way to start a marriage. The Earl must offer for her because he wants her. There was little doubt he could be confident of her acceptance of him as a lover if he did not wish marriage. She would do most anything to have him in her bed again.

Stiffening her spine she walked from the chamber. She wasn't ashamed of their passion. It had been beyond belief. She had felt an emotional connection with him. He had to have felt it too. Her pussy was still contracting when she thought of him making love to her. It had been more than raw sex, although it was that also. They had definitely made love to each other's body.

She didn't even know what he looked like in daylight, but she would find out soon. Walking down the hall she admired the starkness of the mansion hall. The stone walls held the deepest of cold at bay but the hall maintained a chill in the air from the cold stones. Descending the stairs she looked over the handrail to see if anyone was below. The hall was empty. Stepping onto the stone floor she swallowed her tension. Crossing the hall she entered the side hall and followed the aroma of toast to the dining hall.

Stopping in the doorway she hesitated, there were three gentlemen sitting at the table, one in his thirties, one in his forties and the last in his fifties. All three were dressed in quality superfine suites with white cravats tied around their throats. Her confidence that it was Varley in her bed last night was shaken. They stood as she entered the room.

Chapter Two

"Good morning; in case you don't recognize me, I am Jared Slone, Earl Varley, I am pleased to meet you again Miss Hillside." The gentleman in his thirties walked around the standing gentlemen to her. Taking her hand within his white cotton gloved one, he kissed her knuckles. She needed his touch. She felt certain she would recognize his touch, but the gloves prevented it. Was it his way of keeping her guessing? Dark brown hair was brushed to the side, with a short bang hanging over his forehead. More handsome than she remembered his demeanor was reserved. Straightening, his dark blue eyes contacted with her gaze. This man was critical by nature. Did he disapprove of her because she had screwed him last night? There was no recognition or acknowledgment of a previous awareness of her. He stepped aside to introduce his guests.

"Allow me to introduce Baron Redding." The fortish gentleman stepped forwards and kissed her hand. He also wore gloves, smiling green eyes and blonde hair. His build was strong and similar of to the other gentlemen. He stepped aside to allow the gentleman in his fifties to step forward. "Viscount Sledgewood," Lord Varley continued. Sledgewood also had gloves covering his fingers. His black hair had streaks of silver at the temples. Smiling warmly he bent and kissed her fingertips. She shivered when she thought of this man between her thighs. His plain face was not repulsive, but he had a blunt nose.

As Varley knew she was visiting with Henry, would he have entered her chamber and made love to her? Had she been completely mistaken? Allowing her want of Varley to make her believe it was Varley; had it been another?

"Please continue your meals, gentlemen. I trust you do not object if I join you."

"Certainly no," they said in unison. They moved back to their seats while she moved to the sideboard and filled a plate with sausages, eggs, fruit, and toast. She was starved. Her activity during the night had perked her appetite. Taking a seat across the table from the gentlemen, she hoped to be able to study their faces, and voices. She was seeking a deep rich timber. Knowing that passion could darken a voice, she knew she would only be guessing. Damned if I don't want to stomp my foot from frustration. Would he come to her chamber again? Or was last night all there would ever be.

"Are you staying the weekend gentlemen?" She might as well fish for information.

"Yes, Lord Varley invited us for a weekend hunt. We were discussing retiring to the study. However now that you have joined us we will be happy to stay and visit," Lord Redding stated.

If she eliminated Varley from the possible candidates, then it was most likely Redding had been the gentleman. She did not believe Lord Sledgewood would have the strength.

Henry entered the dining hall as she was toying with her food. She had been starving moments before, now she didn't feel hunger, at least not hunger for food. Her pussy was still aching for another joining. She wanted that hot cock inside her again, and she wanted that hard cock to belong to Jared Slone, Earl Varley.

The gentlemen were all polite and formal. She was not given a hint either in looks or actions to indicate that one of them had entered her chamber. Was it possible that it was not one of them.

Her mother joined them. In a chipper tone she introduced herself to the gentlemen. Sledgewood and Redding were in her mother's age group and she preened having two gentlemen to flirt with. It would crush her mother to know that one of them had possibly made love to her during the night.

Not once during the day did any of the gentlemen give any indication that they had known her intimately. Earl Varley had not invited her to address him as "Uncle" as Henry did. It was a good indication that he did not approve of Henry's choice. Now that she had known what a lover could make her feel, she didn't approve of Henry as a choice for herself.

When they retired for the night she grew excited, wondering if he would return. Tonight she put fresh logs on the grate to provide light before snuffing out the candle. Lying on her bed, the loose fitting gown covering her body once more, she ached with excitement. Watching the flames leap around the logs, she waited her heart pounding from anticipation. Her pussy throbbed and her clit anxiously engorged with hope. Time passed and her body was driving her crazy. She touched her breast, the sensitive nipples sang with pleasure and her pussy clinched. It had been wrong to touch herself, as now her body wanted more. She waited awhile, then giving in to temptation her hands grasped her breast and massaged the turgid nipples. Moaning softly she spread her legs as though an invisible lover were there.

The temptation to touch herself was unbearable. She was aching so badly and it did not appear that her night visitor was coming. Sliding her fingers between her labia

she stroked up and over her aching clit. Moaning she clinched her nipple and dipped her finger in her wet pussy, spreading her juices over her hard swollen clit.

"Spread your legs and let me watch," his deep voice surprised her. Snatching her hands away, she closed her legs.

"That was a command. No, I shall make you a bargain. Spread you legs wide and let me watch you touching yourself and I will show you something you want to learn."

He could mean his face, or he could mean something sexual. Either way it was an added temptation. Spreading her legs she returned her hand to her clit.

"Turn more to the left so the firelight shines on your juices, and hold your lips open so I can see."

Doing as he commands she was uncomfortable over the fact that he could see her intimate parts yet she had never seen his face. Well, she had seen his face but she was no longer certain which face belonged to him. If only she could recognize his voice. Yet it excited her that he could see her, and her aching pussy was begging for his cock.

"I need you inside me," she begged, stroking her clit as he had asked.

"Harder, faster, make yourself come."

"Yes." Following his direction, she was too excited to care that he was watching her, she wanted to climax so he would enter her with that big cock. Coiled tension built in her body, but still she did not climax. Maybe it was because he was watching, but she did not seem able. "I can't." softly she wailed.

"Make yourself, do you need me to fetch the servants to watch also?"

"No." Moving her fingers rapidly she pressed harder and climaxed. Groaning deep she relaxed against the mattress.

"Seems the idea of being watched by a crowd excites you."

"Perhaps the idea, but I would never want it."

"Very well, come to me, and I will show you." His hand appeared from the shadows.

It was merely a moving shadow but she knew it was his hand. Rising she walked on wobbly legs to his side. "My legs are weak." Taking her hand he slipped an arm around her waist to help support her body and led her across the chamber. Nothing but shadow she gazed up at his face attempting to distinguish his features. Leaning her head against his shoulder she realized he wore a robe. Leading her toward what appeared to be the door she slowed. "I need my robe."

"No, I want you naked so I can touch you. It is close and the servants are in bed. Come." Onward he continued leading her into the hallway his arm fell away from her waist. Holding onto her hand he pulled her forward. Each time her breast brushed against

his arm her excited body hummed with anticipation. The cool air of the hall brushed against her breast like an entity. Covering her breasts with her hand and arm to warm her nipples she hurried after this strange man that was keeping her sexually stimulated. What was special about him that excited her body? Was it his boldness in expecting her to fuck him without complaint? They entered a small box like room and he carried her to a wall with a ledge. "There is a trap door here." He slid her hand to the handle. "I want you to open it and look." She attempted to lift the handle, but his strong arm held the trap closed. "Not until I say. Once you open it you cannot make a sound until it is closed," whispering next to her ear, he positioned her body close to the ledge, spreading her legs as though she would need the wide stance for balance. What could he wish to show her? She felt a moment of dread and hesitated over opening the trap door.

A warm hand slid down her buttocks and the fingers tickled her pussy lips. Separating the lips his finger slid inside her sheath. Pushing in and out he stoked her passion. Building her longing and her willingness to do as he wished. "Are you ready," he whispered close to her ear.

Nodding she remember he could not see her. "Yes, do I need to be easy with the trapdoor?"

"Yes, lay it back, carefully." Removing his fingers he spoke from behind her. His hot hands massaged her buttocks; his hard cock slid between her legs and stroked her labia. "Do not close the door until I say. Lean over the opening and open it now."

Easing the trap door open, she laid it to the side. Bending she held onto the wall and gazed through the hole. The bedroom below was well lighted. A man and woman were naked and caressing each other. The man was Henry; the woman was a young kitchen maid. Silently she gasped. Henry dropped to the floor between the woman's legs and started licking the young maid's pussy. Her male companion moved until he was down on the floor before her mons. His hands spread her legs wider. He opened her swollen pussy lips and started licking and suckling her sensitive clit. She closed her eyes as the over whelming sensations flooded her body. "Watch," softly he commanded. From his position he must be able to see her face over the lighted hole.

Opening her eyes she watched as Henry laid the maid on the bed and spread her legs. He licked, and the hot tongue licked her clit. Her legs quivered with tension as she clamped her mouth tightly to contain her moans. Hot hands touched her breasts, circling her turgid nipples and squeezing them gently, while the hot tongue lapped her clit and dripping slit. She watched the room below, watching Henry doing to another woman what was being done to her. She should be mad at him, she was, but she could not justify her anger when that hot tongue was suckling her clit. She should be embarrassed to

watch them; this was not something a person wished to be observed while doing. Henry deserved his privacy. She watched because the man pleasuring her asked it of her. Also it was pleasing to know that others indulged in this decadent pleasure. At least she knew she wasn't a deviant. They were interesting to watch, she did not think that it increased her pleasure for what was being done between her legs.

However, not being able to make a sound did increase her tension and heighten her pleasure. Quivering with tension, while he plucked and circled her nipples, and she watching Henry licking another woman. She held her body tense to maintain control of her moans and her mounting climax. She could feel it coiling inside her, but she did not want to come while watching Henry. She did not want her lover to think she was climaxing because she was watching Henry and the maid.

Closing her eyes she blocked out Henry.

"Watch,"

Her face highlighted in the light showing through the trapdoor, he was able to see her face. He was watching her. Was he enjoying her expressions? While he was making certain that she faced the fact that Henry wanted another woman in his bed and not her. Opening her eyes she watched as the other woman suckled Henry's cock. It slid in and out of her mouth, while a hard tongue now lapping up the juices dripping from her pussy. She would say it was grotesques watching her suck Henry. But under the present conditions it was exciting. She wanted to urge the girl to hurry so she could reach her own climax. She sighed with relief when Henry positioned the girl on her knees and thrust into her. The hot tongue suckled her clit while a thick finger was thrust into her weeping pussy. She nearly collapsed, her knees spread and wobbled. Holding onto the wall she managed to stay upright.

Watching Henry thrust as the finger was thrusting into her body was connecting her to that act, it was as though Henry was fucking her. Was this what he wanted? She knew for certain that she could not take much more. The coil in her body was so tight; she was on the edge of a climax. Her knees dipped, meeting the thrust of his hand, her pelvis hunched against his face. Biting her hand she exploded inside. Her juices flowed and the hot tongue was there to lick them away. Then he returned to her aching bud.

It was too much, after the climax she was too sensitive. She pulled away from his mouth. He followed and licked at her again, and again she pulled away when his tongue touched her clit.

He straightened from his position before her legs and moved behind her. Arching her back, he pushed her face closer to the trap door. Henry was still fucking the maid.

The hot shaft of his cock thrust into her dripping vagina. Hard thrusts shoved her against the wall. She knew instantly that the man in her was providing more pleasure than Henry was giving the poor maid. His long penis was hard and thick. He thrust deep then the next thrust he would barely enter her. Teasing her with what he was withholding.

Henry thrust and arched his back and cried out as he spilled his seed in the maid. He fell to the side leaving the girl unsatisfied. Reaching down she massaged her clit until Henry moved her hand aside and began licking her again. The man behind her clutched her hips and rammed hard into her pussy. Hot seed filled her vagina. He held her breasts for a moment then pulled her up and back against his strong chest. Running his hands down her breasts, thrilling her body with his magical touch. Still buried deep in her pussy he leaned around her and closed the trap. She had not thought to look while he was in the light. Once more the room was in total darkness. She stood naked in a closet, with a strange man's cock shoved in her pussy, not in the privacy of her chamber with the door locked. It was all exciting, his touch, his tongue and his cock. Her clit continued to throb from the shattering climax. Her pussy ached from the huge cock that stretched her to her limit. Muscle spasms clinched her muscles around his cock.

"I want you to suck me," buried and climaxed, he still wanted to be sucked. "On your knees woman." He whispered in a playful timber.

Smiling she separated her body from him, and dropped to her knees. Taking him into her mouth she tasted their mingled juices. Licking from his root to tip she laved him with her tongue. Walking backward, he held her head against his shaft, leading her on her knees across the floor. It was only a few short steps on her knees before he stopped. Then he sank onto a bench or storage cabinet, his legs spread wide on each side of her body. She positioned her knees before him onto a soft thick rug and sat on her heels. Comfortable she bent over him playing with his knobbed head. Scratching her teeth over the edge of its hood and down the rock hard shaft.

Her head moving from side to side and up and down, she suckled, and licked his hard shaft. Reaching beneath her he cupped her breasts and played with her nipples. She could feel the juices wetting her pussy. Thinking of the juice dripping on the floor, she nearly giggled as she thought of the servant's confusion when they discovered the spots on the rug.

"On your knees, lift your ass into the air. Feel the cool air on that hot pussy."

Doing as he instructed, she was amazed that she could feel cool air on her wet pussy.

Light started brightening the area they were in. She had a vague outline of his shaft before her. About the time she realized it was getting brighter, he placed a hand on

the top of her head holding her in place over his hard shaft. Opening her eyes she could see his pubic hair and the smooth flesh of his stomach. Hearing footsteps, she realized that he had left the closet door open, and someone was coming. Her mouth stop suckling, and he hunched into her mouth. Rolling her nipple in his fingers she had to bite back the moan that rose in her throat. To prevent him from making sounds while hunching up to her mouth she started suckling again. The steady footsteps approaching had the crisp ring of quality heels on the floor. It was Henry returning from his tryst. If he looked inside the closet he would see her on her knees, her pussy dripping and her mouth sucking a man. Closing her eyes she willed him to pass without pausing. The hand on her skull pushed down on her head, forcing her to continue suckling him. Would Henry recognize her? Please let him pass without looking.

"Suck me." The man whispered. She hadn't realized she had stopped until he whispered.

She started suckling and licking to keep him silent. The light grew bright and she closed her eyes and willed Henry to walk on. The light passed with his steps and faded. She relaxed and continued pleasuring him, returning her attention to enjoying her partner's hard sex in her mouth. After a moment she recognized a moment lost. All she had needed to do was lift her eyes to discover the identity of her lover. Perhaps she didn't want to know. A part of her feared it wasn't Varley.

Of course his hand and been on top of her head, she would not have been able to lift her face. Merely lifting her eyes she had no doubt his strong arm would have concealed his features.

After a few minutes he lifted her from the floor and kissed her deeply, plundering her wet mouth. "I have a gift for you. He slid something over her head and she discovered it was a form of mask. "Wear this to bed tomorrow night. Go to bed naked, lying face down with your legs spread wide over the side of the bed."

"No"

"I don't have to guide you back to your bed chamber. I could take you anywhere in the house."

"All right, I will do it."

"I know." Helping her to stand next to him, he held her against his hard side and wrapped her fingers around his hard shaft. Moving her hand up and down his shaft he escorted her back to her chamber.

"We are leaving tomorrow," she confessed in a surprised tone, "I just remembered. Won't you tell me who you are before I leave."

"Stay."

[&]quot;I cannot."

[&]quot;Find a way."

[&]quot;How, I must leave with my mother tomorrow." Silence followed her words. Removing the mask she felt around and found the candle and lit it. He was gone.

Chapter Three

The following morning when she entered the dining hall, her mother and all four gentlemen sat at the table.

"Good morning dear. It is warming, so we should have good traveling weather."

"That's nice." Moving to the sideboard she filled a plate, and poured a cup of coffee, then carried the dishes to the table.

"I was hoping you would be staying, Mrs. Hillside." Baron Redding said.

Her heart leapt in her chest, was Redding providing her an excuse to remain? A man that would enter her chamber would certainly have the nerve to invite himself and others to remain at his host's home.

"Yes do, we need female companionship to keep us from becoming maudlin." Viscount Sledgewood concurred.

"The gentlemen have agreed to stay and join me in a hunt this week, as the snow prevented us this weekend. You and your daughter would be a welcome distraction." Varley added.

"We made the plans last night, I forgot to mention it." Henry admitted. With his mistress in residence Henry probably wanted them to leave, which would explain his neglect in inviting them to remain.

"I think mother and I should return to town." She hated to lose her secret lover, but she had taken too many risks. It would be foolish to press her luck.

"Nonsense, we can remain for a few days." Nell overruled her decision.

Watching the gentlemen at the table, none of them gave her a hard glance for attempting to flaunt his plans. Redding smiled at Nell and appeared pleased with her decision. After the meal ended he escorted her from the dining hall, while Henry escorted Flora.

Henry took her to his art room and showed her his paintings. Painting was his passion. Lifting the pots of paints she gazed at them and at the pictures Henry was displaying on an easel for her.

"You are very good, are any of your painting hanging in the rooms?"

"Yes, but I am not going to tell you which. See if you can spot them."

She forced a chuckle. "All right I will reveal my ignorance of art for your pleasure."

He took her on a tour of the rooms; they strolled through the art gallery, drawing room, library, dining hall, and study.

"Did you spot any you felt strongly were mine."

She shook her head. "I am sorry Henry, I simply could not tell."

"Thank you, that is a great compliment."

"Is it?"

"Certainly, you have compared my work to great artists. Come I will show you which are mine." He strolled back through the rooms pointing out his art.

Over lunch they decided to take a stroll in the gardens. The snow forced them to bundle up. The air was brisk and stimulating. In the evening they played Whist then retired to their chambers to ready for the evening meal. When she entered her bedchamber the black mask was lying on her bed. Snatching it up she hid it beneath the pillow. Moments later the ladies maid arrived to help her with her hair. Dinner was a pleasant affair, but for Flora it was a time of growing tension. Soon they would be retiring and she would be donning that mask and waiting for a stranger to arrive.

Would she be able to go through with it? He would be expecting her to have the mask on. All she had to do was leave the mask off and wait for him with all the candles lighting the room. Her gaze shifted from one man to the next while considering her plan. What would happen if she wore the mask? Would he finally reveal his true identity? Or would he keep her in ignorance until she left. She had to admit, not knowing was arousing her passion. It made her concentrate on the feel of him and what he was doing to her. Still, she wanted to know whom this man was, that made her feel like the world of magic was in his touch.

She secretly admitted she all ready had a huge crush on the man. Adding his face would only make it better. Biting her lower lip, she studied the faces once more and secretly hoped it was Varley. She thought he was the most sensual of the three men. The way Varley moved his hands and the confidence of the man was intriguing. The movement of his mouth was hypnotic and she imagined the man kissing her with such passion was using those lips.

Perhaps it was best if she didn't know. If she discovered that it was not Varley she feared she would be disappointed. She would wear the mask.

Finally her mother declared it was time for them to retire. Varley rose at the same time.

"I will walk out with you. Excuse me gentlemen; I have paperwork that will keep me busy most of the night. If I do not get to it I will be forced to work tomorrow, and I don't want to neglect you." Moving to Nell's side, he chatted with her as they walked into the entrance hall. "Good night Ladies." Parting from them he strode away down a side hall.

Entering her chamber she locked the door. Removing her clothes she bathed. Her pussy was already slick with her juices. Sliding on her loose night-rail she wandered around the room. There was no need to prepare too soon; he would not come until he was certain everyone had retired. But what if they didn't retire? After all Henry had not been retired when he had taken her to the room to watch. She was taking a great risk. What if he wasn't careful to not be seen when he entered her room?

Stacking dried logs on the grate she built up the warmth of the room. If she was going to be lying around naked, she needed a warm room. Time passed, she drank a glass of wine and decided it was late enough to undress. Moving around the chamber she blew out the candles and the oil lamp. Then she retrieved the mask from beneath the pillow and slipped it over her hair until it covered her eyes. Removing her gown she lay it on the bed pillow and stretched out across the bed. She felt like an absolute fool. Time passed and she was ready to give up on his arrival, when she heard a flint strike as though someone was lighting the candles.

She reached for the mask, fearing she was about to be caught in an embarrassing situation by her mother or the maid.

"Don't," the deep masculine voice instructed.

Her hands relaxed onto the bed and she lay her head onto the counterpane. "I was about to give up."

"I have a mind to punish you for not trying to stay today."

"I couldn't appear eager. Mother would have been suspicious."

"Your mother is bedding one of the gentlemen, she wanted to stay."

"The Viscount," simply she stated. She didn't need to be told, she had seen the way her mother seemed to gravitate toward him.

She could hear his footsteps approaching the bed. When his steps stopped she knew he had arrived at her side. She could hear her heavy breathing; her heart was pounding in her chest. Excitement was racing through her veins and tension held her muscles frozen. Her pussy throbbed in anticipation.

Pushing her legs apart with his thighs he advanced to the edge of the bed. Spreading her lips with his fingers he stroked a finger over her slit. Releasing her he grasped her hips and pulled her back against his cock. Walking backwards until her feet

touched the floor he held her bent over the bed. Without preamble he thrust his cock into her aching sheath. Moaning with pleasure she dropped her face to the bed. Holding her hips he fucked her hard. Grinding her body back against him, she reached for climax.

Stopping he withdrew. Whimpering she waited to discover what he had planned. When he didn't touch, her she lifted her head. "Varley?"

"Stand up." Helping her rise from the bed he held her hand and guided her across the room. She felt the cold wood of the floor beneath her feet and then they were stepping onto a soft rug. It was much softer than the rug in her chamber. This felt like fur. He had her lie face down on the fur rug. Folding the fur over her he caressed her buttocks with the soft tingling fur. Squirming on the rug she felt the fur beneath her massaging her flesh. "Rub. Fondle your body with it." Helping her he rubbed her with the fur as she wiggled her body around. "Feel good?"

Panting between her lips, she murmured, "Yes."

"Roll onto your back." Once she was on her back he covered her breasts with the fur and rubbed it over her breasts. Spreading her legs with his thighs he positioned his cock at her opening. "Fuck me."

Blinking, she wondered how he expected her to do that. Putting her feet on the rug, she wiggled down onto his shaft. A sigh of pleasure escaped between her lips. Grasping her shoulders he rolled them over. With him on his back, she was straddling him, his shaft deep in her vagina.

"Ride me." His hands directed her hips, showing her what he wanted. She was in control something she had not been since they started this sexual adventure. Rising on her knees she slid off his shaft. Leaving the tip inside, then slid back onto him. She rode him slowly then built speed as her body filled with tension.

Rolling her over, he slid down her body and claimed her with his mouth. Light peeked at the edge of the mask.

"Can you see me? That's not fair, I cannot see you."

"Hush. Someone might hear."

"Why where are we?"

"Hush." Sliding up her body, he sucked her nipple into his mouth. He never spoke much and always in that dark husky timber that she couldn't recognize.

Sucking her nipple he found the nub of her clit and rubbed it with his thumb until she burst through the wall of her climax. Mounting her quickly, he thrust into her and rode her hard. Slamming into her he spilled his seed. Rolling off her body, he caressed her with the fur, even between her pussy lips until she was aching again.

Helping her stand, he guided her across the floor again. "I am getting tired of not being able to see. I want to see you when we make love."

"Love?"

"All right when we fuck."

Stopping he bent her over the side of the bed. She assumed they had returned to her chamber.

"I will punish you tomorrow. When I arrive be sitting before the patio door, door open, legs spread wide."

Chapter Four

Wearing her dressing gown and feeling like a total fool, she positioned a chair before the patio door and opened it, she felt the cool breeze float over her skin. She was going to catch her death from this cold. More than a fool, she was an idiot if she went through with this. She enjoyed his games. Still she wanted to be in charge. This passive acceptance of his commands was not her nature. Was she doing wrong by allowing him to be in control? She was learning, but after she learned, she was going to take control and she was going to tell him tonight.

Blowing out the candle she placed the mask over her eyes and removed her robe. Sitting in the chair she spread her leg as he had asked. The cool touch of the breeze caressed her pussy. It clinched, the muscles attempting to close her lips and protect her body from the cool air. Hearing a sound she twisted to glance over her shoulder.

"Varley?"

"Are you cold?"

"A little."

Hot hands slid over her shoulder and covered her breasts. Her cold nipples were straining painfully up against his hands. He stroked her, warming her.

"I think I should tell you, I am not going to continue to being ordered around. I am only doing this because I am learning."

"I know." Hot hands massaged her stomach, he moved around her, and positioned himself at her side. He massaged her legs, her feet and moved back up her legs. Spending a long time caressing and massaging her thighs, he warmed her flesh. However her cold pussy was aching for his touch. Moving up her body he massaged her stomach and her breasts.

"Please." It was a plea and a command.

Chuckling, he covered her mons with his hot hand. Moaning she rocked her pussy against his hand. Turning her head, he pressed the hot tip of his cock to her lips. Opening her lips she accepted him. His finger slid into her sheath as his cock slid into her mouth. Moving in time with her mouth he thrust into her pussy, adding a second finger. "Ready to be fucked?"

"Yes"

Helping her rise, he guided her out onto the cold patio. "Varley we could be seen?"

"It's late." Pressing her hands against the handrail he positioned himself behind her and entered her cold aching pussy with his hot shaft.

Holding her hips he started pushing into her, until buried to his balls, he grasped her hair and removed her mask. Holding her head still by her hair, she was unable to look around at him. Gazing out over the moon-covered garden, the snow reflecting the moonlight. It was a beautiful view, cold but beautiful to look at, especially while being deliciously fucked.

"I am in love with you."

"Me too."

She flattened her lips. He didn't even attempt to sound as though he meant what he said. He was merely responding to her declaration with a kind response.

"Cover your breasts."

She cupped her breasts, the warmth felt wonderful. She hadn't realized how cold her skin was until she touched it. Massaging her breasts, she bucked backwards against him. He climaxed, thrusting deep into her vagina. As soon as he gathered his breath he covered her eyes with the mask. Cupping her breasts, he rolled her nipples. Thrusting against him, she climaxed.

The temptation to see him or perhaps the screwing in the cold was her punishment she wasn't certain which.

"Be on the bed tomorrow night mask on, naked and legs spread wide." He escorted her back into her chamber and left her standing in the center of the room.

The next night she lay on the bed as instructed waiting. Anticipating. This had been a week of discovery. She had learned that with the right man anything could be thrilling.

First his fingers slipped down each side of her ankle. It was amazing how intense that simple touch could be, but in her heightened condition it was the first contact that she had been awaiting for. A gasp of air was sucked between her lips. She didn't have to see his face to know he was pleased with her response. The heat of his palm contacted with her flesh. His warm hands clasped her ankles and spread her legs wide. Although he had required the position; apparently she hadn't executed it correctly, for; he pulled her toward him, down each side of his body. Her legs were sliding along the silken flesh of his thighs. Soft hairs on his thighs tickled her skin, until her knees were nearly to the edge of the bed. Grasping her hips, with gravelly vibrations his voice came from the

darkness, tense and excited, "Up." Strong hands lifted her hips, allowing her time to help by pulling her body up, until she was braced on her hands and knees.

Her body was already trembling with tension. "Will you tell me if you are Varley?" This position revealed her excitement to his view. Her wet pussy was spread and in the air. The scent of her lust was all around them.

"You are aroused for me. I am pleased I excite you."

"If you didn't would you have forced me?"

He chuckled. "No." His warm hand stroking across her spread butt cheeks crossing her dripping pussy with a delicate brush of fingers. Her pussy moved to the side trying to follow him, causing him to scold with a soft tut-ing sound. "I do not force myself on anyone. But you wanted and needed me didn't you sweeting. You lust for a man just as I lust for a woman. We were made for each other."

A hot tongue licked across her mons and outer lips. Whimpering she rocked her pelvis back. Her body quivered, needing and wanting him. Never had the mere presence of a man made her quiver with desire. He was right, they had been tuned to each other sexually from the beginning. The tip of his tongue penetrated and stroked from clit down to her slick opening. A deep moan escaped from her throat and she buried her mouth in the counterpane to muffle the sounds. A finger penetrated her vagina and withdrew.

A pillow was shoved beneath her stomach.

"Lie down."

She slid down, but her butt was still protruding into the air. The hot tip of his penis stroked over her opening to the clit, returned and penetrated and withdrew. "You are hot for me aren't you sweet Flora?"

What the devil was he doing? Was he merely going to tease her?

"Roll over and sit on the edge of the bed." Instead of barking orders he asked in a pleasant timber. A timber she felt close to recognizing, but it was just out of range of Varley and Redding. There was a deeper, richer resonance to the timber.

Following his instructions she did as he asked. Rubbing the head of his penis across her mouth she kept her lips closed. He nudged against her lips when she didn't open. Smiling, she parted her lips. Easing into her mouth, she slid the curl of her tongue on the underside as he pushed in. When he started to withdraw, she clamped down with suction. Placing a hand on the back of her head he pressed her downward, bending her forward. Grasping her shoulders, he leaned on her side, laying her body down on the edge of the bed. The pillow was thrust under her head. Leaning on the edge of the bed, he made his penis easily available to her mouth.

"Enjoy me," he whispered, his soft breath puffing on her breast, taking her hand he pressed it around his hot cock. Clamping down on his shaft with her mouth, her lips slid over the hood to the rock hard shaft. She stroked it up and down with her hand before her suckling lips. Caressing her ears were his moans of appreciation.

"I am," she groaned as his fingered dipped inside her labia and rubbed her clit. "Oh, I..." Bucking against his finger, she tried to slide it down to her aching pussy. But her body's position made it difficult to move.

Chuckling he accommodated her by pushing his finger into her wet sheath. His thumb brushed her clit. Withdrawing his hand, he pulled away from her mouth.

His body warmth slipped away from her. "Are you going to tease me all night," she complained, her lips pouting.

Grasping her hips he rolled her over and pulled her onto her knees. Panting, she twisted her face on the pillow and looked at the dim light peeking through the crack between her cheek and eye. Spreading her buttocks he rubbed the sphincter of her anus.

"No."

A drop of spittle landed on her ass. His finger stroked the spittle to her anus.

"No."

His thick cock slid into her sheath and she moaned with pleasure. Withdrawing he thrust hard and deep, his finger penetrating her anus at the same time. Her vaginal muscles clinched around his hard penis.

"Are you punishing or playing?"

"What do you think?" His hips rocked against her buttocks as he pumped into her. Quivering her legs felt as though they were going to collapse beneath her. "I want you to come."

"Now, with your finger in my...." He didn't move it, he left it still, a constant reminder that he was in control and that he was punishing her.

"Yes." Slick with her juices his cock pushed into her, and pulled out with growing power to the thrusts. She was on the edge but she did not know if she could climax with his finger there as a reminder that he was punishing her.

"Move it," she ordered, irritated by the stiff reminder that she had displeased him. It didn't hurt but her ass was tight with tension and it was uncomfortable.

On the other hand, not inches away the intense pleasure spread upward through her belly. Heaven was him, slamming into her harder, his balls slapping against her clit. But the discomfort distracted her. Suddenly he removed his finger and his penis.

"No." Raising her head from the pillow she was not going to stand for this. He could not tease her like this. She reached for the mask and his hand stopped her. "You cannot do this to me, you have no right to punish me."

"Soon. I am playing with you. Part of sexual pleasure is the torturing hunger and need it brings."

Shaking from tension she looked up at his face, or where his face should be, unable to see anything but a hint of light. "I cannot take this much longer."

"Lie down on your back."

She slid down and held her hands up for him to come to her. "Please love me Varley."

He chuckled.

Was he laughing at her foolish hope that it was the Earl fucking her? Pulling her hands back she waited. He spread her legs wide and began laving her slick pussy with his hot tongue. Pleasure flooded her body, this was what she needed. Using his lips, he pinched her clit and then suckled it with his tongue. Quivering she felt her body climbing to the ledge again and reaching for the edge. She was going to climax, and feel that heavenly burst of pleasure fill her body once more, and it was Varley giving her this pleasure; she knew it had to be. Withdrawing from her body, he stopped everything.

A cry of distress was ripped from her throat; she needed him so much she couldn't think of anything else. Hitting her fist on the bed, she raised up on her elbows. "All right I am sorry. You win."

"I am not trying to win. I need to fuck you as badly as you need to be fucked. Will you marry me?"

"What kind of question is that to ask at a time like this?"

"I would think it an important one. My seed could be growing in you as we speak." His fingers spread her lips and stroked the swollen nub. A deep groan, and intense pleasure collapsed her muscles, and forced her to fall upon the bed.

"Marry me?" His finger touched her clit and pressed down and then wiggled it. Her body rose from the bed. Panting through parted lips she licked her lips.

"Don't be ridiculous. I don't even know who you are." Now he would tell her. Now he would finally let her remove the mask.

"Do you want to fuck me?" That finger slid into her sheath and wiggled around then returned slick with her juices to her aching nub. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, fuck me." Gasping for breath, her pelvis rose up to meet his stroking finger.

"I did fuck you." His finger returned for juice then rubbed her clit.

"But you stopped. You wouldn't let me come."

"I asked you to come, if you will recall."

"When I was going to, you stopped. Please make me come."

"But I cannot make you do anything, unless you are my betrothed."

Licking her lips she groaned. "That didn't stop you before."

"Before what?" His finger probed her sheath, stroking in and out. "I have never made you come."

Her body seemed to freeze. Was he not the same man? "I don't understand? Why are you torturing me?"

"Because I want to marry you."

"Then remove my mask."

"No."

"You made me come before."

"No I allowed you too. Relax and I will let you again."

Quivering with tension it was hard to relax, but she forced her body to relax and enjoy his touch. His finger thrust into her and his tongue laved her clit. Crying out she bucked against his hand. When he withdrew before the spiraling climax reached its peak she began crying, tears flooded her eyes and she rolled into a ball on her side pulling away from him. "This is not pleasure, it is mean," tears in her voice she complained.

"I never intended to be mean." Grasping her ankles he rolled her onto her back and thrust into her. The blunt thumb rubbed against her engorged nub, and his cock fucked her hard. She climaxed so hard that she screamed. Her body convulsing up against his broad chest, arched her breasts into his hot flesh.

Leaning over her, he thrust his tongue into her mouth kissing her deeply. His hand reached up and pulled the mask from her eyes. "I think you should agree to marry me." Speaking between brief kisses, "I would like your answer now." She opened her eyes and looked into his dark eyes. His tongue filled her mouth preventing her from speaking. Still pumping into her pussy while it clinched in after shocks. Finally he withdrew his tongue and feathered light kisses across her mouth.

"Varley, I hoped it was you. You had me scared a few times." Awed with pleasure she hugged him to her body.

"Flora," he groaned, slamming into her with hard force as though he could no longer control his actions.

The bedroom door opened, her head rolled in that direction. Floating on pleasure it did not register that the sound could mean a threat. She was drugged on love. Varley arched his back and groaned as he spilled his seed into her vagina.

Her mother hurried into the room, dressed in her robe and night rail, freezing in place she covered her cheeks with her hands and screamed. "Flora! Dear God what have you done?" she cried, advancing toward the bed.

Dropping his head onto her shoulder he licked her neck. It felt so wonderful she wanted to croon, but could not. Because her mother was standing there with her night robe hanging open, revealing the silk sleep gown beneath, her face was twisted in horror. Mothers can be the death of pleasure, she acknowledged as her pleasure drifted away.

Saints above what could she say. The man had just pumped his seed into her while her mother watched. "I was having a private moment mother. If you don't mind."

Varley chuckled against her neck. "I am not the one that screamed," he whispered against her neck.

Chapter Five

"Lord Varley get off my daughter this instant." Her voice pitched high with stress, Nell advanced on them. If her expression was a sign, she had every intent of attacking Varley.

Lifting his head Varley looked at her enraged face. "I believe I will remain and protect Flora's modesty until you clear the men out of the room." Henry, Redding, and Sledgewood stood behind Nell gawking at them. Having rushed into the room after Nell had repeated Flora's scream.

Nell spun around and started waving her arms, her open robe flapping. "Out, out I say. How dare you enter a ladies room."

While she chased them from the room, Varley claimed a kiss. He swept his tongue into her mouth, and swept all thought from her mind. Wrapping her arms around him, she danced her tongue with his.

He must have taken her response as a yes to his proposal. Nell hitting him on the back forced him to stop kissing. Lifting his arm he covered his head. "Mrs. Hillside. Mother. We are betrothed."

Her arms raised to strike him Nell hesitated. "You should have waited."

"I asked him to mother," Flora admitted, hiding her face against his broad shoulder. "Please leave us."

"You scoundrel." Nell scolded.

"I mean I asked him to love me," she admitted.

"Well; well." Spinning around Nell strode from the room, slamming the door behind her.

"I think we made an impression they will never forget." Smiling Varley raised above her.

Flora giggled. "Did you have to climax as she walked in?"

He laughed. "I couldn't help it. It was too late to stop."

"You shouldn't have told her we were betrothed. She will expect you to marry me now."

"As do I my dear. Or are you afraid that now you know for certain who I am, that I will no longer excite you."

"Oh I don't know. I guess we will need to find out," she teased.

"Wench." Thrusting his body up, he rose from the cradle of her thighs. "I imagine I am going to be in trouble with Henry."

"Why he has his maid?" Leaning up on her shoulder she admired his naked body. He was really quite beautiful to look at. There was dark hair on his chest, and his penis was still standing up from his nest of pubic hair.

"Stop gawking woman," he teased in a mock stern timber.

"As if you haven't been looking at me. So tell me why Henry will be upset."

"He would have married you anyway, to have a respectable bride."

"You are kidding?" Sitting up she reached for her gown.

Moving quicker, he snatched it away from her reach. "No you don't. As long as I have no clothes, you have no clothes. And I am not kidding. He approached me about wedding you. That was when I checked on you. Saw you and fell under your spell. I knew the moment I saw you I was not going to let Henry have you for a loveless cold marriage. You were meant for more."

"What if I had screamed that first night?"

He chuckled. "You would have been discovered naked with a naked man. What do you think would happen?"

"You are a rogue." She would have been forced to wed him, had she been discovered with a naked man.

Smiling he leaned down and kissed her. "I know." Chuckling as he straightened away from her. "I knew the moment I breached your maidenhead that Henry hadn't even bothered to bed you. He may never have bothered. Do you want to live like that?"

"No, but I am not going to just marry you either. You are going to court me properly."

"I am going to fuck you properly."

"No. You are going to court me as you should have done, instead of sneaking into my room and taking advantage of my weakness."

"Hell, Flora you are not serious."

She lifted her nose. "I am. I know we are good in bed, but what of out of bed? We might not be able to abide each other."

"All right, but you are going to be sorry. Remember that as long as you are making me wait, you are also going to wait." His words had an ominous ring of peril to

them. Blowing her a kiss, he sauntered across the room pressed one of the panels and the wall opened. The panel was a secret door.

Jumping from the bed she hurried across the room, but the panel closed before she reached the wall. She pushing on the panel, but it wouldn't open. Feeling around the panel she pushed and shoved but to no avail. Sighing, she stood back and stared at the wall. He had been entering this way, and she didn't know what was on the other side of the door.

An awful thought struck her. Who else knew of this secret panel? Did the servants know? Had they known all along that Varley was entering her chamber?

Turning her back on the wall she moved to the wardrobe and began dressing. Her mother would return and she must be prepared. She had her gown on and was closing the toggle on her shoulder when Nell returned.

"This is a most embarrassing situation Flora. You must marry Lord Varley immediately." Her mother paced before the hearth.

"No mother. I have insisted that Varley court me properly while we determine if we can enjoy spending time together." Sitting at the dressing table Flora combed her hair.

"You cannot be serious. You have bedded the man. Everyone in this house has seen you naked together."

"Yes, I should have locked my latch. It was careless of me."

"Do not be flippant. This is a serious matter. You could be increasing."

"Umm, I suppose I could."

"How... How likely is the possibility?"

"You mean was that the first time. No mother."

"Oh dear, say no more. You are shameless."

"About this particular subject I feel no shame. I suppose it is because I love him," she mused.

"Then why not marry him?" Paused in her pacing, Nell stared at her with an entreating expression.

Shaking her head, she twisted to face her mother. "I'll have my courtship mother. It is a most pleasurable part of marriage."

"There is no reasoning with you now. You are fatigued and overset. We will continue this discussion in the morning."

The following morning Henry pulled her aside as soon as she entered the entrance hall. "How could you do this to me? To us?"

Cocking her head to the side, she gazed up at him with new eyes. "You really would have married me wouldn't you?"

"Well of course I was going to marry you, why else would I be courting you?"

"I saw you with your maid Henry. I saw you...." Clamping her mouth shut she prevented her stray word from slipping from her lips. Perhaps he didn't now about the hidden trap door.

Looking guilty, Henry shifted his gaze around the empty entrance hall. "I don't know what you mean."

Her eyebrows lifted. She stepped close to speak softy. "I watched you licking her. I watched her sucking you. I watched you fucking." When she stepped back his face was red.

"You watched."

"Yes, Varley gave me no choice. It was a surprise you see."

"Damn Varley. I shall break his jaw. I am sorry. No wonder you turned to him."

She chuckled. He was really a knobhead. "If you think I bedded Varley to strike back at you, you are wrong." Turning she strolled away. Walking to the dining hall she inhaled a breath of bravery before strolling into the room as though nothing worried her.

Feelings of embarrassment flooded her body when the three men and her mother turned to look at her. Everyone in this room had seen her naked last evening. Only Varley had seen everything but it did not stop the other men from running their eyes down her body.

Her mother looked totally shamed by her. That was the most galling part. Her mother was acting superior and ashamed of her. Dipping her head in acknowledgment she murmured "Gentlemen," as she moved smoothly to the sideboard. Filling her plate with more food than she wanted she was determined to show these people that she would not hang her head in shame for what Varley and she had shared.

Moving to the table she sat in the vacant chair beside Varley and smiled at him with a spark of mischievousness zinging through her body.

"Good morning my lord, I trust you slept well?"

"Better than I will tonight, I am certain." Lifting his cup he sipped from the coffee.

"And you mother did you sleep well?"

"Flora, please." Her mother wanted her to sit in humble silence. Well she was in for a shock.

"Varley tells me you are sleeping with someone here. May I ask who, or must I discover the answer from Varley?"

"That will be enough," Nell scolded firmly.

"Is it mother?" She turned to Varley. "My lord will you answer my question?"

"No. We are not here to shame anyone over the breakfast table."

"Did you lie to me Varley? Is not mother sleeping with someone after all?"

"I am not going to discuss that subject." Ignoring her he continued to eat.

Sighing she ate, mostly picking at her food. Once the meal was complete Varley stood and escorted her to the study. Her mother tagged along behind them.

Stepping to the side Varley allowed her to enter the room before him. This was the first time she had entered his private domain. A large desk sat before the window. Two chairs faced the desk. The room was arranged for dominance. Here Varley ruled, normally. Today he would preside over the conversation. It was a formal room; white draperies were drawn aside revealing the white snow covered lawn. The white walls had letters or perhaps they were documents framed at eye level. A warming fire crackled in the hearth, but it added no cheer to the stark room. Sitting on a chair before the desk she waited while her mother and Varley sat.

Tapping his fingertips together Varley studied her. This was his opportunity to back out. All he had to do was refuse to court her.

"This does not seem to me a proper way to start a courtship." She dropped the gauntlet. Would he pick it up? And why was she insisting on this when she knew she wanted to marry him. Was this his punishment for sneaking into her room, and for seducing her and making her enjoy his naughty pleasures? He was taking a long time making up his mind.

Looking at his mouth she licked her lips. It was amazing to think she had his cock in her mouth only last night. Just thinking of that hard meat thrusting into her vagina made her ache. She squirmed on her seat.

Watching her Varley smiled. "Mrs. Hillside, may I have your permission to court your daughter Flora?"

"Certainly." Her mother appeared startled and confused by the question. "Does this mean...? Hesitating she glanced at Varley's blank expression. "Certainly."

He dipped his head in acknowledgment. "Miss Hillside may I pay my address?"

"I shall be delighted." Pleasure filled her, she did not feel triumphant or gloating, she was thrilled this handsome gentleman wanted to court her.

"This is an awkward situation, we must attempt to behave as though nothing out of the ordinary has happened." Satisfied, Nell rose from her chair. "I will leave you too alone to chat."

When the door closed behind Nell, Varley leaned back in his chair and smiled at her. "Where shall we begin? I want you on the desk."

Heat flooded her face and she knew she turned red. How was she to behave properly if he talked like this? "My lord I believe that isn't a proper request."

Tilting his head he studied her with midnight eyes. When he spoke, his voice was the rich sensual timber that thrilled her ears. "I believe you are correct. But humor me. Come around here and allow me to claim a kiss."

Suspicion nagged at her trust. What was it he said the night before, something to the effect that she would be sorry. Rising slowly, she moved around the desk and stood before him.

"Would you prefer to sit on the side of my desk while we kiss or on my lap?"

"I believe of the two the desk is the safer."

"You are most likely correct." Grasping her around the ribs beneath her breasts as he stood, he set her upon the desk. Stepping between her thighs, he slid his hands around her neck, using his thumb he titled up her chin. For some reason she did not think this situation was totally proper, but she couldn't quite pin down the thought with him this close.

Taking her mouth, he kissed her gently, his hands caressing her throat. Increasing the pressure of the kiss he penetrated her lips. Their tongues danced and he moved his hands down and grasped her hips, and pressed forward, pressing his hard shaft against her spread pussy. To late she realized she was in an exposed position. Did he know she was wet and aching for him?

His hands rubbed her hips, rocking her against his shaft. His kiss was distracting her; it was so enticing to kiss him. His lips seemed to know the exact pressure she needed. His hands settling on her breast, forced a moan from her throat.

"I think you still want me." He murmured, smiling against her lips. "I want to suck your nipples. Lay back, brace your arms on the desk." Helping her make the decision, he kissed down her throat, pushing her backwards. Braced on her arms, her breasts were thrust upward toward his face. His hands opened the front of her gown and his hot mouth claimed her nipple. Gasping, she pushed her breasts up to meet his suckling tongue. Whimpering she recognized the position she was in. The doors were unlocked, her breast were exposed and offered up to him. His hands moved between them, she thought he was going to touch her but he moved to his breeches instead. Lifting her head to see what he was about, she felt the soft tip of his head press against her weeping slit.

"Varley?"

Pushing into her, he stretched her, filling her completely. His tongue licked, suckled, and squeezed her nipples driving her mad with want. His cock filled her and

massaged the ache in her sheath. She could protest, but the position she was in prevented her from attempting to pull away. Physically with her limbs and her pussy she was at his mercy. It was wonderful, and she didn't want him to stop but she felt as though she should protest his trickery.

Her clit was exposed and pressed with each thrust of his pelvis. Driving his penis deep into her sheath her muscles contracted and shivered around it. She wanted more, and more, she could feel her climax mounting. His tongue sucked one turgid nipple then moved to the other. The sensations from his suckling was dragging and pulling at her clit also. Closer and closer her climax approached as he thrust in and out of her pussy.

Still she should protest. "You cheated." Panting breaths it was a weak protest.

Stopping immediately he pulled from her body and released her breast. "You are right, forgive me." Replacing his penis in his breeches as she stared at him stunned.

"What are you doing?" His hands moved to her breasts and she smiled. It faded quickly as he drew her gown over her breasts and laced it. Flora could not believe this was happening. What was wrong with him?

Chapter Six

"It's not that I didn't want you. The door is not locked," she explained so he could remedy the situation. He could hurry over and lock the latch and then they could finish.

Taking her hands Varley helped her from the desk. "You are right, this is a bad location for even an innocent dalliance. Shall we take a walk while my body settles? I cannot return to the parlor with his hard on."

"We could go to the gallery. I don't believe anyone goes there," she suggested. The ache of her body was all consuming. An aching of the flesh was more powerful than she had ever realized. Moving close she pressed her breasts against him. Not wanting to come straight out and tell him what she wanted, Flora used her body to convey her message. Kissing the tip of her nose he took her hand and led her from the room. They strolled with their arms brushing, hands clasped down the long hall toward the back of the house. Turning down a dim hall with the light from a window revealing their path. Deciding to take advantage of the dim light she released his hand and slid her arm around his warm waist. The soft flesh beneath his shirt tempted her fingertip to caress it. Pressing her body against him they strolled to the end of the dark hall.

Passing the turn that would take them to the family gallery, she glanced up at him. "Where are we going?"

They reached some back stairs. "Servants staircase." He indicated with a wave of a hand, turning toward the steps.

"Ah," Servants staircase? Where did it lead? Surely he was not taking her to one of the servant's rooms. Holding onto his warmth, as there was no heat in this area of the mansion, she climbed the steps at his side.

Upon reaching the third floor, he guided her to another staircase. "This leads to the tower."

"A tower, how lovely." Willing to go wherever he wished, she relied on him to assure her safety. At the top of the stairs he opened a heavy door and they were in the tower. Closing the door he dropped the bar in place. Now they were safe. But the air was chilled. The round tower had many windows and stone walls. Glancing around she

looked for a comfortable place. There didn't appear to be one. Turning to him with expectancy she watched him remove his hard shaft from his breeches.

Sliding his hand up and down the shaft, he looked at her. Moving closer, she joined her fingers with his. Stroking the soft head, she examined his penis. It was odd looking, intriguing. It pulsed just as her pussy pulsed. Knowing he ached as she ached, she smiled up at him. Watching her fingers on his cock, he continued to rub the hard shaft. Squatting before him, she took the tip in her mouth, being careful not to disturb his hands. He rubbed himself while she sucked and licked on the soft tip. There was hard muscle beneath the soft tip and she enjoyed the different textures. Suddenly he grasped the top of her head and groaned. Hot fluid spewed into her mouth.

Moaning he pulled himself from her mouth. "We should be getting back. The others will notice our absence."

Aching with need he escorted her to the parlor. She couldn't believe he had left her aching with need. She wanted to satisfy him, pleasure him, but she wanted release too.

Sitting in the parlor with her mother and Varley's guests she had difficulty sitting still. She feared her juices were soaking through her clothes. She watched Varley with hungry eyes. His graceful hand movements reminded her of the nights she was unable to see and only feel. She could feel that touch on her skin as though it was real. Her pussy ached so hard she felt her whole body vibrate. When she could stand it no more. She rose abruptly from her chair.

"Excuse me." Walking quickly from the room before anyone could question her abrupt departure. Closing the door behind her, she crossed the entrance hall to the staircase. As she started up the steps suddenly she was grasped around the wrist. Twisting she glanced over her shoulder at Varley. "What?"

Tugging her arm, without so much as a by your leave, he pulled her down the two steps she had climbed and around the staircase to a small alcove. Dark blue drapes hung over the door with a parting in the center. He pressed her against the wall behind the curtain and covered her mouth with his. Kissing her deeply he worked his hands up her skirt. His finger moved between her labia. A finger thrust into her sheath while his thumb rubbed her swollen clit. Whimpering, she hunched against his hand. He grasped her leg and lifted it and tugged her body forward against his pelvis. Thrusting into her he clasped her hips and held her down on his shaft. It was an abrupt taking of her body that would have appeared violent to someone that did not know how gentle he was. Plundering her mouth, he held her close, while she rocked her aching pussy against his hard cock. Moaning, she gasped, knowing she was reaching for that finish before he just

as abruptly withdrew from her. She strained to be close to him. Rubbing her clit against the base of his shaft and his pubic hair she raced toward her climax. Her body shuddering as her insides released the pressure in a sudden burst. Groaning into his mouth she shook against him.

As soon as she had crested her climax he started thrusting hard into her pussy. Holding onto her shoulder, he held her against the wall, while pounding into her vagina. Feeling the scrape of his teeth on her neck, he rammed into her. Suckling her neck where it joined her shoulder he released his seed.

"Woman you had better marry me soon."

"You promised me a proper courtship."

"I know, and I meant it. I just don't know if I can keep my hands off you long enough to have a proper courtship."

"I am having difficulty with it too, but we must try. A courtship is something a woman remembers all of her life. It is what helps the hurts when there is a fight."

"As you appear to want it, I will try, but you must promise to forgive me when these over powering urges overwhelm my good intentions."

"I will promise, as long as you make certain I get satisfied."

Smiling he withdrew from her. "I apologize, for some reason I cannot control myself around you. It is most perplexing, I have never had this difficulty before."

Smoothing down her skirt she glanced at the open doorway and felt faint. Anyone could have witnessed they love making.

"I apologize for allowing my needs to overrule polite behavior. I will attempt not to allow it to happen again."

"But..." This was what she wanted wasn't it? Hell no. "Varley I want you."

"I want you too, sweeting. Have you decided when you would like to marry?" Raking his hand over his hair, and then he straightened his clothing. "Or should I say how long you wish our courtship to last?"

"No, I hadn't thought."

He nodded. "I would like to fill these halls with the sounds of our children laughing. I want several. I will of course provide you with an allowance and any purchases may be charged to me. I don't have a mistress at present. If you wish to have a long courtship that will need to be corrected."

Her eyes tightened. "That was a threat."

"No." Innocently he met her gaze. "Merely a statement of fact. I want you. My lust will need satisfying if I am to behave properly toward you. I will of course dismiss my mistress when we wed. I won't keep one after we are married."

"You won't keep one at all."

He continued as though she hadn't spoken. "I will be loyal to you after we are married, and I shall expect the same from you."

"After?"

"It would be better if you didn't take a lover before we wed. Were you to be increasing I don't want there to be any doubt that the babe is mine."

"All right," firmly she agreed.

He nodded. "It will take me a few weeks to get things arranged so I can go to Henry's to stay while we are courting."

"All right. I will marry you now. There is no need to plan a long campaign of torture."

He flashed a winning smile. "How did you guess?"

Her mouth flattened. "It wasn't difficult. You made it pretty obvious."

"What about the long courtship you need for when we quarrel?"

"You shall have to court me after we are wed."

He smiled. "Shall we inform your mother of the good news?"

She rubbed against him. "No, there is no hurry."

Smiling he gathered her into his arms. "You are perfect for me."

His kiss was as satisfying as the slow loving that following on the rug before the hearth in his bedchamber.

Bio

Tech. College Graduate, Belita is a Master Cosmetologist and licensee real-estate agent. She studies Psychology, reads, does crafts and collects gargoyles. A relative of actor Buster Keaton she has written a book of amusing short stories; It's A Dog's Life by Belita Keaton and Historical Romances, Lord Tricking and Lord Sirius by Kim Parson published by Publish America. She employs self-study to improve her writing skills and knowledge. A mother of four Belita lives in Georgia, is married to a Deputy Sheriff and has two dogs. Forced to retire from public work when she had two strokes five years back with permanent brain damage. Forced to study to regain knowledge she began writing, which had always been a dream. An added plus, the writing was a mind stimulant, and she now only shows signs from the strokes when she is overly fatigued, stressed, or hot, which does not make summer her favorite time of year. It was a long recovery, but her brain had to re-train different parts of her mind to assume chores previously fulfilled by the damaged cells.

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