

LADY IN BONDAGE



A ROMANCE OF SUBMISSION

powerone

Lady in Bondage
by Powerone

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CHAPTER 1

The Wedding

Lady Charlotte thought about happier times, the sudden death of her husband leaving her depressed and fearful of her future existence and that of her twin girls Anna and Jenna. It was twenty years almost to the day, married to Lord Henry Philbrook, one of the most successful men in the county. The only man more successful was his partner, Lord Michael Granville. She had married into the aristocracy, her impoverished past swept aside by her beauty. Lord Henry Philbrook was a mild-mannered man, not especially handsome but he succeeded in spite of his submissive manner, his partner Lord Michael Granville more than made up for Henry's faults. Together they had succeeded where each would have failed alone.

The wedding of Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry Philbrook was a grand affair, the county turned out in record numbers to see the lovely girl that married such an eligible bachelor. That night, Lord Henry Philbrook claimed his prize, the coveted virginity of his bride, her youthful body under his as he took out his pent up lust on his new wife. Lady Charlotte endured his hurried rutting, her insides bathed with his hot sex juice before she felt even a hint of arousal. And their sex life never got better, the only pleasure Lady Charlotte received in life was induced with her own fingers. But she

loved her husband and vowed to honor him and their sacred covenant of marriage.

From the day of their wedding, Lord Michael looked at his partner's wife with lust in his heart. Lord Michael considered himself quite the ladies man. His wealth and his dominant personality made many a maiden fawn over him, offering up their naked charms to his every perverse whim. He took his lust from them, but none ever entered his heart. Lady Charlotte was different, the first time he saw her, her beauty took his breath away. He could smell her innocence, his rigid member rising up as his mind conjured up ways to get her naked body into his bed. She was only nineteen at the time of the wedding, ten years his junior, but the voluptuous beauty inflamed his unbridled lust. At five feet six, her mane of long auburn hair hung sexily down her back, Lord Michael imagining her naked, her long tresses hiding her bare breasts, a peek of a nipple protruding unashamed from behind the silky hair. She was slim and supple, her thighs round and resilient, her buttocks tightly set and firm. But what enthralled him most to her body were the perfect pear shaped breasts that heaved beneath the tight fitting bodice of her wedding dress, pushed up and exposing a generous amount of naked cleavage to his wandering eyes. The gold cross hung between her cleavage as if beckoning all eyes to feast on her naked flesh. Her skin was alabaster, Lord Michael imagining the dark foliage between her legs highlighted against her pale skin.

Lady Charlotte smiled at Lord Michael, enduring his lustful gazes at her body. Her husband, Lord Henry had already

warned her of him, making sure that she knew of the delicate line the two men straddled, Lord Michael controlling the business, Lord Henry careful not to cross his partner and risk his financial success.

Lord Michael smiled lustily at the beautiful bride, wishing he lived in the days when the Lords had the right to bed the newly married brides before their honeymoon, indoctrinating them into the more perverse forms of sexual gratification as the Lords took their precious virginities. They would be sent home to their husbands, their mouths, their cunts and their anuses all thoroughly penetrated by the Lord's rock hard erection, taught to service their Master's prick until he spurted his seed into their orifices. He watched Lady Charlotte's full lips curl back as she faked the smile for his benefit, his member thickening at the thought of forcing those lovely lips around his member. "My partner has married the most beautiful woman in the land."

"Thank you Lord Michael. You make me blush with embarrassment." He was looking at her strangely, his eyes dancing up and down her body as if he could see her naked body beneath the dress.

"May I have this dance?" His arms were already reaching out for her body, the scent of sweet flowers emanating from her body. He didn't wait for an answer, his hand sliding easily around her slim waist, pulling her body next to him.

He took her before she could even accept, Lady Charlotte accepting his domination with dread and fear. His hand drew her body up against him as he glided with her to the music, amazingly adept at dancing. She felt her body being

maneuvered to the other side of the dance floor, into the darkness. His hand slid lower down over her hips, Lady Charlotte's slim hand sliding over his, but failing to deter it as it slid back to cup her buttocks unashamedly. "Please Lord Michael," she begged. "I'm a married woman," she pleaded without success.

Hearing his name coming from her sweet lips only inflamed his lust for her, his hands gripping her firm buttocks, driving her loins against his throbbing member. As he swept her into the darkness of the far side of the dance floor, his hips began to move, his thick shaft rubbing sensuously against her silky mound. He nuzzled her neck, his lips tasting the sweet fragrance of her perfume as he planted tender wet kisses on her neck. He felt her struggle, interpreting her movements as her lust for him, not her fear, never believing that any girl would fail to succumb to his sexual power. He was ready to rip the clothes from her body, feeling her body surrender to his lust. He didn't care about his partner, he only coveted his wife.

It shocked her the way he was taking advantage of her, Lord Michael's hands grasping her buttocks lustily, feeling his thick member pushing against her virginal mound, his panting in her ear as he licked her neck beyond what a married woman should endure from a man that was not her husband. She pulled back from his grip, turning sideways, slapping his face with the flat of her hand. She saw the shocked look on his face before she turned and ran from him, never looking back.

Lord Henry saw his wife approaching, her breathing ragged as if she had been running. "Are you all right my precious wife?"

She tried to calm down, not wanting to damage the fragile relationship he had with his partner. "It is just you my husband. You take my breath away each time I see you." She smiled shyly and whispered into his ear. "I quiver at the thought of you taking my innocence tonight. I can't even imagine your proud member entering my maidenhood, making me forever yours." She reached down and coyly touched his shaft, running her hand along it before she moved her hand away in feigned shock from its large size.

Lord Henry thought he would spend when she touched him, igniting a lust that only her naked body could extinguish. He wished all the guests would leave so he could take his wife to their bed chambers and he could sate his lust upon her. Their moment was broken by the voice of his partner, Lord Michael.

"Your wife is an excellent dancer," staring at Lady Charlotte as if nothing had happened. He could see her flushed look on her face. *Had she been aroused by his advances? Did she slap him only to protect her virtue?* He vowed that from this day forward, he would do everything to make this lovely girl his. It was a sin to covet thy neighbor's wife, but his lust overpowered all common sense. While he might partake of the pleasures of other women to satisfy his lust, he would always be thinking of Lady Charlotte.

"Thank you Lord Michael," smiling demurely. "Please husband, I am thirsty from all the dancing. Take me to get

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something to wet my lips." She had to get away from Lord Michael, gazing down to see his member pushing out the front of his trousers, blushing as she did.

"Excuse me, my wife needs my attention." Lord Henry whisked his wife away, glad that he was alone with her.

CHAPTER 2

She Cheats in Her Heart

Lady Charlotte remembered the one time that she dishonored her husband. It occurred a year after they were married, Lady Charlotte settling into the life that he made for her. Lord Henry was not very attentive in bed, taking his lust from Lady Charlotte hastily in spite of all that she tried to do. He never tried to pleasure her, instead he shoved his manhood into her as soon as she spread her lithe legs for him.

He barely entered her before he came inside her, her tight quim grasping his stiff prick as he thrashed himself deep into her hot hole, pulling out once and then shoving deep into her womb.

Lord Henry could never contain his lust with his wife. It seemed that as soon as he entered her, her tight quim would milk the cum from him. His balls contracted and he was ready to dump his semen inside her body. His sphincter tightened as he shot out the cum from his aching cock, bathing her womb with his hot seed.

He rolled off of her leaving her unfulfilled, Lady Charlotte never questioning her husband. He would quickly fall asleep while Lady Charlotte lay in bed, her body aroused but unsatisfied.

Lord Henry decided that he would commission a painting of his lovely wife to adorn the entranceway of their grand

mansion for all to admire. He interviewed many artists, some coming from over fifty miles away. He finally settled on a young Parisian artist named Henri that came highly recommended by some of the other wives, settling on the price and the pose. She would be reclining on a chaise lounge, dressed in regal gown adorned with her jewels. Lord Michael would be traveling with Lord Henry for a week on business, the artist to have it completed by his return.

The servants let Henri into the house, helping him with his artist stand and box of paints. He was led into the sun room, a large room with a wide expanse of windows that shown out to the hidden garden in back of the house, a private sanctuary that Lady Charlotte often went to so she could escape from her reality. She was never disturbed when in this room, the servants, even Lord Henry knew that they would suffer her wrath if they bothered her.

Henri saw her enter, his eyes taking in her beauty. "Good morning Mademoiselle." While so beautiful, he could see anguish in her eyes. She might look happy, but he could tell her life was unfulfilling. She had a shapely body, her dress clinging to every delightful curve. He would enjoy painting this one, not like some of the older women that had already passed the prime of their life. This woman was just entering womanhood, a glow about her that even her despair couldn't tarnish.

"Henri," she nodded. She walked over to the chaise lounge, reclining on it while she waited for Henri to pose her. He set up his easel and took out his paints and brushes. She held her breath as Henri came close to her, the first touch of

his hand on her skin shocked her. It had been a long time since a man had touched her besides her husband. And this was different, his hands never leaving her skin as he maneuvered her body. He touched her everywhere, not ashamed as he touched her breasts, fixing the top of her dress so that her naked bosom was exposed. She felt his hands on her legs, running down over her hips, sliding to grasp her buttock as he turned her sideways. By the time he was finished, she could feel the moisture seeping between her smooth, silky thighs.

Henri talked to her while he painted, his brushstrokes capturing all of her beauty, her face beginning to lighten up as she became comfortable with him. He spoke of her body as he painted, commenting on how full her breasts were, her supple legs, the flushed look on her face as he painted the excitement his voice brought out in her body. A girl that was aroused always made a better subject to paint, his brush able to capture the look of sexuality that was etched in her face. The girls he painted were always surprised by his sexual candor, but they gradually relaxed, for the first time someone saw things in them that even their husbands no longer saw.

By the second day, Henri was almost finished with the painting. He unveiled it to Lady Charlotte, the priceless look on her face almost payment enough for him.

Lady Charlotte looked at the portrait, the expression on her face almost scaring her. She looked so aroused, her body posed to accent every curve in her body, Lady Charlotte looking like she just succumbed to the biggest orgasm in her

life. "It's magnificent. I can't tell you how pleased my husband will be with it."

"I am glad you like it Mademoiselle. You are such a sexual creature." He paused for a moment, gauging how far he could push this lovely girl. "I still have three days left. Would you like a portrait just for you?"

"For Me?" She was confused. She loved the picture in spite of it being for her husband.

"Yes. I see things in you Mademoiselle. I would like to paint another portrait that would be more revealing of your real self."

"What do you mean?" She began to catch on to what Henri was saying. She had heard some of the other wives talking about boudoir portraits, some of them even saying that they would not even show them to their husbands.

"I would like to capture you in the nude. I noticed that this room is very private. No one has disturbed us for two days. I would like to catch your essence in the nude. Your nipples while they are hard. The pouting lips of your cunt between your supple thighs, the triangle of auburn silky tufts that hide the pink lips of your pussy. Even the dark fissure between the sumptuous and provocative bottom of yours." Henri spoke boldly of her body, seeing her eyes searching.

No one had ever spoken to her in such a manner before, not even Lord Henry. She was taken back by his boldness, but she also felt the tremors rushing through her loins as she imagined him taking in all of the intimate details of her naked body and transferring them for posterity to the canvas. She would have it to treasure for her latter years when her body

was no longer youthful and full. And the thought of openly exposing her body to a stranger thrilled her, sure that it would be in many of her masturbatory fantasies in the future.

Without thinking she answered him. "Yes, but tomorrow. I need time to gather up the courage for such a bold adventure." She left him to put away his paints, going to her bedroom. She took off her clothes, lying naked on the bed. Her fingers played with the silky tendrils of her bush before slowly sliding down between the dark outer lips of her pussy to find the wet opening to her womanhood. Her fingers entered her, two of them twisting and turning as her other hand found the hard clitoris that pulsed as blood rushed through the swollen bud. It took only minutes before the floodgates burst and she bit her lips as she tried to smother her cries of ecstasy, her orgasm soaking her hands with her juices. That night she slept soundly in her lonesome bed, dreaming of tomorrow with Henri.

She was trembling when Henri entered the brightly lit room, Lady Charlotte clad in only a silky bathrobe that clung to the naked body beneath it. She sat on the couch, nervously waiting until Henri set up his easel and paints.

"Do not be ashamed Mademoiselle. You have a lovely body that men would die to possess. Stand up," his voice demanding her obedience.

She stood up in front of the young French painter, his eyes devouring her body beneath the thin garment. She kept her hands at her sides, clenched in a fist as she felt Henri undoing the belt at her waist. She felt the cool air of the room blowing across her naked stomach, the silky robe sliding down her

arms to fall at her feet. She stood naked before him, her magnificent pear shaped breasts stood out proudly, deep brown areolas surrounded the coral buds of her nipples that vibrated with every breath she took.

"Very lovely titties Lady Charlotte," Henri now calling her by her first name, now that he was gazing at her body so intimately. He looked lower, her stomach drawn in taut as she stretched her naked body for him. His gaze quickly fell to the abundant patch of silky hair that shielded her pink quim from his eyes. "Turn around so I might see you better." He was surprised that she acquiesced so quickly, her sleek back tapering down to her waist, the gentle swell of her buttocks, the full bottom cheeks, the deep groove tightly clenched as she tried to hide her most intimate secrets from his eyes. "Such a delicious posterior Lady Charlotte. It was made for spanking. The French enjoy the fine line between pain and pleasure."

Spanking, she never considered such a thing before. To be tossed over the lap of a man, her backside slapped as if she were a naughty girl that was being chastised by her Father. She couldn't say anything, modesty making her thighs clench tightly together. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. She was ready to change her mind and run from the room when she felt Henri touch her skin again, the tremors running through her body as he pushed her gently to the chaise lounge, turning her on her side to face him.

"Lean back. And relax, you are too tense for me to paint." He pushed her head onto the back of the chaise lounge. "Take a deep breath and close your eyes." He watched her breasts

rising and falling rapidly as her lungs filled with air. Her eyes shut, her body relaxing. His hand slid down her shoulder, down her arm, his arm grazing over one pert nipple, Lady Charlotte's eyes opened unexpectedly from the intimate touch. "Eyes closed," he ordered her, looking down to see her one tip swell in size from just the lightest of touch. His hand smoothed slowly and sensuously down one leg, running his fingers over her rounded thighs, pushing with his fingers, forcing her tightly clenched legs to part.

His hands were so close to the soft lips of her sweet young pussy, Lady Charlotte unable to control the juices that slowly slid down her silky thighs. She had never felt such a light touch on her body that created such lust in her loins. She didn't even protest when she felt Henri slowly push her thighs apart, feeling the cool air of the room rush between the petals of her furry slit.

"Such a lovely cunt," he praised her, his fingers still resting on her inner thighs, Lady Charlotte holding her breath as she waited for Henri to move his hand. "I can see that it is glistening already Lady Charlotte. You seem to be a very amorous girl." He stepped back from her naked body. "Open your eyes now. I am ready to paint you."

His deep brown eyes stared intimately at her naked body, running from the top of her head down to her toes, his eyes finally resting on her parted thighs to gaze at her most intimate fissure. He moved to the canvas, never taking his eyes off of her as his hands picked up a paint brush and began to dab at the blank canvas.

Only the heavy breathing of Lady Charlotte filled the room as he painted her for an hour, no words spoken. He finally stopped, filled a small glass with wine from the bottle on the table. He moved towards her, offering her the glass.

"Are you thirsty?" He offered her the glass, watching as her full lips curled around the delicate rim of the glass, the dark red wine slowly sliding over her lips. She drank it all down, her lips glistening from the wine. "Leave your lips wet. They look as though you had just sucked an erect prick and swallowed his spunk." He sat closer to her, his hands moving down to her thighs. "Spread your legs wider. Show the canvas all of your intimate charms." His hands pushed on her thighs, finding her willingly to part them wider, her pouty lips pulled back to disclose the pink inner pussy. "Hold still," he warned her. One finger brushed across her labia, moving back and forth until he felt her moisture returning. Her hips began to move, Henri looking at her face, her head thrown back in bliss.

He was touching her and he wasn't her husband, Lady Charlotte feeling shame, remorse and excitement, all at the same time. His fingers moved her lips apart and inserted two fingers until he found her clit. She gasped loudly, putting her hand over her mouth as his fingers found her hard, throbbing clitoris. Lord Henry had never bothered to discover her pleasure button, Henri knowing instinctively what to do, his fingertips beginning to massage it.

Henri felt the button harden and thicken beneath his fingers. Lady Charlotte began to squeal in her covered mouth as he caught the morsel with two fingers, drawing his fingers

from the base to the tip as if he was masturbating his own cock.

Lady Charlotte gasped in pleasure, barely able to breathe as Henri took such liberties with her body. His fingers searched between her lips until he found her dark hole nestled beneath them. Her buttocks rose up from the lounge as a finger wormed inside her.

Henri felt her tight, humid insides as his fingers slid inside her. She suddenly clamped her thighs together, trapping his finger inside her, Henri not sure if she was protesting his probing finger or trying to prolong the pleasure it brought to her. He felt her soft thighs around his hand. His finger moved inside her, pushing against the tight, wet walls of her womanhood until she surrendered, her legs opened. He pulled his finger from her, sticking it in his mouth to enjoy her fragrance. He stood up, Lady Charlotte opening her eyes in surprise.

Why did he stop? She surrendered to the finger that lavished such attention inside her tight hole. He was standing up, going back to his canvas.

"Now you are aroused, the look etched in your face, your loins parted and dripping with desire. Even your nipples poke out into points in spite of not even being touched. This is the woman I want to capture." His hands raced to paint the look on her face and body.

She was aroused, but so unfulfilled. Wanting so much to have Henri impale her with his expert fingers but he was too engrossed in painting her naked body. She waited as patiently as she could, straining to keep her thighs apart, her

fingers from returning to the secret place that Henri's fingers had visited. She didn't want to ruin the pose that Henri worked so hard to create, Lady Charlotte hoping that he would paint quickly and need to put her through her paces before he could finish portrait.

Twice more that day Henri returned to her secret place, his fingers peeling back her lips to plunge into her waiting cavern, finding her hot and tight, two fingers plunging into the depths of her womanhood as she kept her legs spread wide for his fondling. The last time his fingers found her nipples, his hands covering her proud mounds and squeezing them tightly as Lady Charlotte gasped in pleasure. No one had ever treated her sensitive breasts that way before, Lord Henry's fingers lightly playing across them for only seconds before he took her with his stout weapon. Henri's fingers drew up her nipples, pushing the blood to the pointed ends until Lady Charlotte thought they would burst with pleasure. Each time he left her breathless, Lady Charlotte panting in desire, her body covered in a sheen of sweat, her thighs slick with her juices. The day grew long, the sun ready to set, the light in the room dimming.

Henri stopped and put his paint brush down. He showed the painting to Lady Charlotte.

She couldn't believe it, sure that if anyone would ever see it they would know that the painter had aroused her body to a fever pitch. She looked so wanton, her hair damp with perspiration, her nipples sticking out like points of a spear. And her parted legs revealed the pink inner lips and the dark

forbidden hole nestled deep in between them, all of her sex glistening with her juices.

Henri returned to the couch. "I am finished for the day. Tomorrow we will begin with another pose. I want to capture you from behind. But first I do not want to leave you in such a delicate condition." He watched as her legs parted wider, surrendering to the orgasm that she desperately wanted. Henri bent his head, capturing one of her breasts in his mouth. She wasn't expecting it, his mouth kissed them, sucked them as she squirmed her chest beneath him. She sucked in her stomach as his lips left a trail of warm spit, his mouth moving lower to move past her sex and kiss her parted thighs. Her hips and legs moved under his lips as his fingers sought out the slick folds of her labia. He pulled her lips apart, his mouth moving tantalizing along her puffy lips.

She felt his hands under her buttocks, pulling her dripping sex closer to his mouth. She tightened her cheeks as she waited for the touch of his tongue on her quim, his head pushing her thighs wider apart. His tongue parted her slit, finding her sensitive inner sex, sliding so luxuriously up and down her gash.

Henri tasted the salty juices that lavished from her cunt, his tongue finding her clit grow bigger from the wet touch of his tongue more than with his finger. He caught the hardened bud with his lips and sucked it deep into his mouth, his hands clenching tightly on her buttocks, pulling them apart to expose her fissure to the cool air of the room.

She gasped loudly, not caring any longer, her thighs trapping his face between her legs. She had never felt such

pleasure before, her body bouncing up and down as his tongue squirmed deep into her tight hole, going where only a cock had gone before. It felt strange, his wet tongue wagging back and forth inside her clenching hole, her hips squirming back and forth under the oral assault. She could no longer control her movements, her body erratic as his tongue and lips moved over her quim, lapping up her generous juices. He ignited a strange lust in her as his lips sucked her pleasure button, his fingers entering her dark wet hole as her body crashed from the ecstasy that drove from her unleashed body. She felt the heat rush into her body, her clit pressed tightly between Henri's lips as her orgasm soared. She groaned in pleasure, her naked body jerked and bucked beneath Henri's probing tongue and fingers as she enjoyed the pleasure that only a man could ignite in her body. She felt so helpless as the pleasure raced through her body, her nude body played by an expert. She finally collapsed in exhaustion, Henri sitting by her, his fingers stroking her nipples as she whimpered.

The next day Lady Charlotte was eager, taking off her robe, her naked body ready for the pleasure that Henri could bring her. She felt as if she was cheating on her husband, but the guilt did little to lessen her arousal. But not even Lady Charlotte could have fathomed what Henri would force her to do. He brought over the large upholstered chair, making Lady Charlotte kneel her naked body on it, her bare bottom cheeks pressed out.

Henri's hands pressed between her naked thighs, pushing on them until Lady Charlotte parted them willingly. Lady

Charlotte's cheeks began to part, the tight crack opening up to expose the tender cleft of her virgin ass. Nestled just below, her dainty pink lipped orifice framed by her dense auburn bush lay exposed. "Push those delicious cheeks out farther." Henri's hands pushed beneath her abdomen until her buttocks were raised up submissively.

She felt the cool air blowing on her exposed anus, the twitching hole clenching in an uncontrollable passion. She looked in the mirror that Henri had set up so she could see the pose she was placed in, turning red in shame at the reflection. She saw the cheeks of her bottom split by the widening shadowy groove, clenching her cheeks together as she sought to hide her most intimate opening from Henri's probing eyes. She felt a sharp slap on her ass, the sound ringing off the walls of the room, the burning in her cheek racing to her brain.

"Don't tighten your cheeks." Henri struck her buttock with the palm of his hand, his pain almost as much as hers. She surrendered, but not before he heard her whimper. The dark fissure spread open, her tiny wrinkled hole opened to the bright light of the room. "With your knees suitably parted, your most intimate regions are open and exposed."

She jumped from the touch, Henri taking one of his paint brushes and running it over her up-thrust naked buttocks. She watched in the mirror as it neared the spread cleft of her cheeks, her hips doing a dance as it slid up and down her crack, teasing the tender groove of her wiggling bare bottom. She shivered in lust as it ran over the tender hole, making it clench in a series of spasms that Lady Charlotte fought.

Henri slipped his forefinger between her labia searching out her clitoris. Her buttocks arched up when his two fingers pinched her pleasure button, moaning as she shook her hips from side to side. He felt her moisture cover his finger as it slid up and down the humid slit.

"You are ready. Look back this way so I may capture the look on your face." He took to painting again, leaving Lady Charlotte wild with desire and humiliated as she bent over showing her bottom to him. She panted with desire, waiting for him to take a break, his fingers and maybe his mouth to bring her arousal to peak again.

Three times he fondled her body openly while she watched in the mirror. The last time, her body trembling, covered in a coat of sweat, her hair matted, her nipples protruding, her thighs drenched in her juices as he allowed her the orgasm that she prayed for all day. But first he played with the delicious little hole that lay nestled between her spread cheeks. His fingers caressed her tensed buttocks. His finger moved into the fissure, seeking out the treasure, he pressed against the wrinkled opening until he heard Lady Charlotte gasp, his finger swallowed into the hot depths of her nether region. He urged his finger into the snug hole, hearing Lady Charlotte gasp indignantly. His hand held her waist tightly as his finger relished the quivering walls of her rectal canal. He waited for a moment, letting her get used to having a finger in her most intimate hole before he began to saw it in and out as if it were his penis. A second finger joined the first, Henri watching as her anus stretched to adapt to his fingers, closing tightly around them to secure them in her velvety insides.

She felt skewered on his finger, the burning of her anal ring as it stretched to accommodate the fingers that lay buried deep in her rectum. At last his other hand slid between her thighs to find her wet cavern, three fingers swallowed into the depths of her womanhood, Lady Charlotte bowing her legs out farther to accommodate all of the fingers that pierced her very soul. She bucked up and down as Henri's fingers drove in and out of her holes, Lady Charlotte no longer able to distinguish which fingers were where, the whole region between her legs pierced by his probing fingers. She rocked back and forth on his fingers for long minutes as Henri dragged the orgasm from her ravaged body, Lady Charlotte surrendering her modesty as her buttocks rose up high in the air, her hips wiggling her delicious bottom back and forth as she came. She couldn't believe it, but her clenching bottom clutched the fingers that lay deep within her rectum, her muscles uncontrollably grabbing the thick fingers. Her womanhood gripped his fingers that plunged in and out, his thumb rubbing her clit until she came in a series of spasms, her lovely body bathed in a coat a sweat, shivering as the orgasm raced to her brain. Henri's fingers lay inside her, held still as she came down from the orgasm, her nude body slumped down on the chair. She groaned as Henri pulled his fingers from both of her holes, a gentle burning in her backside as her virgin bunghole tried to close.

Henri was gone by morning, leaving behind the paintings. One for her husband, the others, secured in a secret hiding place in the attic. For the first couple of years Lady Charlotte took them out often, blushing each time as she saw the lust

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in her nude body that his paintings had captured. But as her children grew older, it became more difficult to take them out, finally surrendering to the dust that covered them for years. It was the only time that Lady Charlotte was not true to her husband, but it always brought back fond memories to her as she lay in bed, masturbating to the visions of Henri's fingers in all of her orifices.

CHAPTER 3

The Daughters Cum of Age

There were no finer women in the county than Lady Charlotte's twin daughters. Men would have sought out the girls if it hadn't been for Lord Henry. He was very overprotective of his girls, no man ever having the privilege of even a kiss. The closest the men would come would be a dance, but with the eyes of Lord Henry following them closely they dare not let their hands stray. Jenna and Anna were twins, but their personalities couldn't have been more different. Anna the prim and proper, Jenna the spirited one. The girls were identical twins but if you looked carefully into their eyes you could see the defiant look of Jenna.

Their eighteenth birthday was fast approaching, Lord Henry having a hard time keeping them from the men that sought out the twin beauties. The girls took after their mother, long auburn hair that hung down to the gentle swell of their buttocks, green eyes that could captivate the wildest of beasts. Their alabaster skin was smooth and silky, a smile on their faces hiding their mischievous ways. And their bodies, those of a woman, not a girl, with firm, full breasts that they proudly proclaimed with their dresses, breasts pushed up, a wide expanse of generous cleavage revealed to the wandering eyes of the men that ravished them from afar. They had round thighs built for pleasure, capped by tight,

firm buttocks that pushed out the back of their dresses, drawing men's eyes down to their supple legs.

Both girls were still technically pure, but Jenna had lost her maidenhood to a thick, ivory dildo over a year ago. Her masturbation had started when she was only thirteen, finding out by accident what pleasures her own fingers could bring. She had befriended one of the chamber maids last year, a young girl two years her senior. The chamber maid, more experienced in the sexual pleasures of a woman, regaled to Jenna the pleasures that men brought to her. She also told her of the strange sexual rites that the Asian women performed.

"I have a friend, a First Mate on a ship that sails back and forth to Asia. He has enjoyed the pleasures of the Asian women, including the Japanese. It seems that they enjoy tying up their maidens with rope and taking advantage of their bound bodies to perform unspeakable acts on them. And the maidens enjoy it. They call it bondage and if it involves a little pain, they called it

BDSM." The chamber maid spoke with such authority, having allowed the First Mate to tie her up one night. She couldn't believe the pleasure she received, her orgasms racing through her bound body.

Jenna couldn't believe such a thing, to be rendered helpless and a man taking liberties with your naked body while you are bound. "Are you sure they enjoy it?"

"He tells me yes, they love it. The bondage takes away their freedom to resist. And they have no choice but to allow the men to take them, their only choice is to enjoy the

pleasure of the acts." She let it sink in. "He also can acquire certain things that women enjoy in their bedrooms late at night when their husbands don't satisfy them." She pulled the object out of her pocket, Jenna's eyes opened wide when she saw it.

Though she had never seen one in person, she had heard enough descriptions to recognize it. It was a cock. A fake cock. It looked to be carved out of ivory, over eight inches long. Her eyes studied the intricately carved cock, thick veins that ran up the shaft. And the head, almost like a crown on it, a wide lip running around it. And two balls that hung at the end. She shivered, her loins wetting at the thought of it snuggled up against the portal of her womanhood. "You use that on yourself?" Jenna couldn't believe any woman could get such a huge member inside her.

"It is better than a man. It will wait for you to receive your pleasure. Would you like one?"

Jenna only needed a second to decide. "Can you get one for me?"

"No, but I will introduce you to the First Mate. He can get anything you want. It will take six months, but it will be worth it." The chamber maid put the dildo back in her pocket, not wanting to take a chance at Lord Henry or Lady Charlotte seeing it.

* * * *

It was just starting to get dark, the sun falling behind the mountains in the distance. Jenna had snuck out after dinner, feigning a headache to go to her room, slipping silently out

her window. She was to meet the First Mate in the barn at the edge of their land, the chamber maid assuring Jenna that no harm would come to her from the First Mate. She approached the barn, the faint light of a lantern peaking out the window. The door creaked open, Jenna's nose assailed by the smell of horse dung.

"Over here." The First Mate's eyes took in the beauty of the young girl. "Good evening M'Lady." He stood up, bowing to the lovely girl.

Jenna almost turned and ran from the barn when she saw the First Mate. She wasn't sure what she expected, but he was not it. He was young, about thirty. And handsome, thick arms, a full chest. She dared not even look any lower, her face already flushed. She expected someone older. A lot older. And not so handsome. *How would she be able to ask for such an intimate item from a handsome stranger?* She turned away from him, moving back to the barn door, hoping to escape the humiliation.

"Don't go M'Lady. No need to be embarrassed. I do this for many young girls such as you." He watched as she stopped, pausing for a moment, sure that she was contemplating it. She turned and walked back towards him.

"I'm sorry," Jenna trying to reassure herself.

"Sit down," wiping off the old chair pulled aside the table that held the lantern. He could see her bosom heaving up and down, her breathing ragged. "So you want an ivory dildo?"

The word dildo made her blush even more. "YYYYEES," she managed to stammer, sitting down in the chair. "How much?"

"They're very expensive M'Lady. Carved by a master to exact measurements. Made of the finest ivory. Do you have the measurements you want?"

She hadn't even thought of that, not that she would have any idea of what size she wanted. Or needed. She quickly chimed in, wanting to sound more experienced in this than she really was. "I will let you decide the size. But similar to the one you procured for Cynthia," mentioning the name of the chamber maid. She added. "And I will pay a reasonable price for it," not wanting to sound too desperate, as if she had another choice.

"I can get just the thing you want M'Lady. And as for price, I am not looking for money." He waited, seeing the confused look on her face. "There is no other that can procure the finest quality dildo that only a fine Lady as you should own."

"And what is it that you are looking for?" Jenna was ready to bolt from the barn at the first sign of trouble.

"You are a lovely girl." He looked her over, a delightful body. He had heard that she was probably still a virgin, her father very strict. He knew she wouldn't give up her maidenhood, but he had hopes for one of her other virgin holes. "I would be satisfied if you took my staff in your mouth." He held his breathe for her answer.

Jenna huffed indignantly. "How dare you tarnish my reputation with such an outlandish request!" She got up, moving away from the table. She turned back to him. "There are many others that will fulfill my desires for a lot less."

The First Mate had met this kind of resistance before and knew how to handle it. "I'm sure they will supply you with a

serviceable dildo M'Lady. But would you really want such a thing between those lovely thighs. Or would you rather feel the smooth ivory of a fine instrument inside you, carved intricately to induce such tremendous orgasms from your fine body?" He waited, seeing her body stop as she contemplated his request.

He was right, though she hated to admit it. She was a fine Lady, an inferior instrument would not be suitable for her. After all, even her chamber maid would have a finer tool. *How degrading would that be?* But she was not about to give up her mouth to this foul man, no matter how handsome he is. She turned towards him, giving him her haughty look. "You do not deserve the pleasure that my mouth would bring to your organ." She paused, seeing the disappointment etched in his face. "But if you procure the finest of dildo for me, I will use my hand on your organ until you are satisfied." She looked down at the front of his pants, blushing as she saw the thick bulge, her hand at her side making a fist as if she was already holding it in her hand.

He had pushed her as far as he thought he could go, and the thought of her small, silky hand wrapped around his naked cock made it jerk in the tight confines of his trousers. He caught her gaze, his eyes staring at her until he captured them, knowing where she had looked, seeing her face flushed. "Agreed with one exception. You must bare your breasts while you do it." He waited and then added. "I will guarantee that you will have the finest ivory dildo in the land, made to bring you many nights of pleasure when your husband or boyfriend has deserted you and left you aroused."

"Agreed, but you may not touch them, only ogle them with your eyes." She responded with a defiant tone in her voice.

The First Mate's eyes devoured her heaving bosom, the dress pushing up the lovely white flesh, the deep cleavage cut by a gold cross that lay nestled between her twin beauties. His cock needed relief soon, the tight trousers cramping his style. Maybe he could find her chamber maid to take care of his problem, remembering the time he had bound and used her. "Agreed M'Lady, I look forward to the next time we will meet with great lust. I will be back in September. Cynthia will arrange the time of our exchange." She didn't bother to answer, leaving the barn hurriedly. No matter, he would enjoy her subjugation when he brought her the dildo, wishing that he would be able to see the display the first time she used it.

Her body was flushed from the rude exchange, but it was more in excitement than in disgust. The First Mate was handsome in a rugged sort of way and the thought of being forced to use her hand on his mighty weapon aroused her in such a way that she had never felt before. And then there was the thought of the ivory dildo between her thighs, filling her as she was never filled before. To be used whenever the need grew between her legs, always hard and responsive. She shivered in lust, rushing to get back to her room and beneath the covers so her fingers could extract the pleasure from her body.

* * * *

To say that Jenna had almost forgotten about the deal she agreed to that night in the barn would have been a lie. It was always fresh in her mind, especially when she masturbated, her mind conjuring up the image of his naked cock. She imagined her body, stripped naked to the waist as her hand glided up and down his thick weapon, her fingers curled around the hot flesh while he looked at her lustily, his hips moving in response to her masturbating fingers. It humiliated her, yet at the same time it excited her beyond comprehension. To be used for sexual gratification, without love, only sex. It was so degrading and stimulating. September came quickly, the Chamber Maid catching Jenna one day when she was alone.

"He is back and has your dildo. He wants to meet you tonight after dark in the barn." The chamber maid waited for Jenna's answer.

Jenna's heart fell into her stomach when she heard her words. It all rushed through her mind, the day of reckoning crashing in. This day was always in her mind, now she would have to perform to the satisfaction of the First Mate. Jenna had never even kissed a boy before, never mind touching an erect member and making him cum with her hand. *Would she be able to perform to his satisfaction?* It was strange, a prominent Lady such as herself, worried that she wouldn't be able to perform a sexual act on such a loathsome creature as the First Mate. "Tell him I will meet him at ten." She brushed aside the chamber maid rudely, Jenna tense as her mind conjured up the act that she would have to perform.

Dinner went quickly, her mother asking if Jenna didn't feel good, Jenna unable to eat hardly anything. Jenna feigned a headache, retiring to her bedroom early. She lay in her bed as the house grew quiet, the bedroom door down the hall closing as her parents went to bed. She lay on the bed for the next half hour, the only sound in the room was her rapid breathing as she waited for the hour to approach. She got up at fifteen minutes to ten, checking out her image in the mirror, a touch of perfume on her neck as she straightened the bosom of her dress, suddenly remembering that she would have to bare her breasts to the First Mate. She opened the window silently and crept outside, moving towards the barn. She could see the light in the barn as she approached, her head dizzy, her stomach turning into knots as the barn door squeaked open. She entered, seeing the First Mate sitting at the other end, the inside of the barn lit up brightly, at least four lanterns burning brightly. He wanted to see her half naked body in all its glory, the lanterns reflecting brightly. She stood tall and marched to the other end of the barn as majestically as she could, not wanting the First Mate to see her nervousness. Or sense her inexperience.

"Good evening M'Lady. You look ravishing tonight." The First Mate reached down to the front of his trousers, shifting his organ to the side. It had been a long time since he had a woman, since they had left Japan, saving himself for this Lady that would stroke his cock like a tavern wench. He pushed the heavy object to the center of the desk, still covered in the brightly colored cloth that shielded its precious cargo from being damaged on the long trip.

"Good evening Sir," acknowledging his presence, but her eyes were on the long item wrapped in the red cloth on the table. It was huge by the shape that molded the cloth. She moved closer to the table, sitting down on the chair on the other side of the table. "Is that it?"

"Yes M'Lady. I hope you find it to your satisfaction." He pushed it over to her, watching as her slim hands moved to take off the cloth. He could already imagine her dainty touch on his rigid member, his flesh jerking in his trousers.

She peeled back the cloth, her eyes opening wide as she gazed at it. It was black ivory, at least eight inches long. The head was almost like a plum, a thick lip around it like petals on a flower. She shivered as she felt her juices begin to flow as she imagined the thick head shoving between her tender lips. There were at least three thick veins running up the side of it, sticking out over a half an inch, sure to bring unimaginable pleasure to her body as they rubbed along her soft insides. At the end were two large balls, so realistic that they even were covered with black hairs, Jenna afraid to ask if they were real. She was afraid to touch it, looking so real, or as real as she had imagined.

"Do you like it M'Lady?" The First Mate could hardly wait for her answer.

"Yes," Jenna's voice trembling, finally getting enough nerve to pick it up. It was heavy and thick. "Very realistic," she added, her fingers touching the balls, feeling the crinkly hairs. "Why did you get it black?"

He smiled when he heard her question, already expecting it. "It will look so lovely between your alabaster thighs." He

paused for a second. "It is an exact replica of my weapon." He saw her look up at him, her eyes opened wide. Her hands fumbled with the dildo, as if she was really touching his member. "I want you to remember this night that you touched the real thing whenever you use it."

She found her fingers moving along the shaft in spite of his statement, or maybe because of it, her fingers exploring the sleek ivory dildo before they would have to stroke the real one. Her fingers curled over the thick head, running a fingernail just under the edge as if she were exploring it. She almost forgot about him, her other hand cupping the heavy twin balls, the hairs tickling her palm. She finally looked up, turning red as she saw the way he was looking at her. It was almost as if she was already stroking his member.

"And now for the rest of our bargain M'Lady." He got up from the chair. "We'll be more comfortable over here." He pointed to the spot he had cleared on the floor of the barn, a soft blanket covering it, small pillows scattered around in haste.

"Don't forget, only my hand," her voice adamant in her demand.

"And your lovely naked bosom M'Lady." He added. "To gaze at lustily as you stroke my member." He laid down on the blanket, getting comfortable, a lovely aristocratic woman ready to do his sexual bidding. He made no attempt to take his weapon from his trousers, he wanted Jenna to do it.

Jenna moved over to the blanket, sitting down next to the First Mate. His clothes molded to his muscular body, even his trousers, Jenna able to make out the muscles in his thighs,

her gaze moving up to see his erect member outlined in his tight trousers. He laid back, the muscles in his upper arms rippling naked in the lanterns flickering light, the First Mate waiting for her to pleasure him with her hand. "Aren't you going to take it out?" She didn't know where to start or what to do, but she was sure that the First Mate would give her all of the necessary instructions.

"I'll help you M'Lady, but I want to watch as you take it out and gaze upon my massive weapon for the first time." He waited for a moment for her to get situated, tucking her full skirt under her, his eyes drawn to the luscious cleavage revealed by the sexy dress. Tonight he would gaze upon all of her flesh. "Pull the top of your dress down M'Lady. So I might gaze upon those beautiful babbies.' His tool jerked in anticipation of seeing her half naked.

She had never shown her body to any man, not even a Doctor. Yet here she was, ready to use her hand on a common sailor until he climaxed. All for the joy that she hoped to receive from the ivory dildo that lay on the table wrapped carefully in the cloth. She began to undo the intricate lacing that crossed the front of her dress, her fingers trembling, fumbling as she pulled the laces slowly open, Jenna feeling the dress pulling away from her breasts. She dare not gaze at the First Mate, already feeling her bosom becoming flushed in shame. She pulled the laces free, the top of the dress now hanging loose. She reached around back, feeling her breasts straining as they thrust out as if she were presenting them to the First Mate, unbuttoning the slender buttons down the back. She felt the cold, damp air in the

barn on her naked skin and knew it would only be seconds before she would be half-naked for him. Her hands returned to the front of her dress, a quick glimpse at the First Mate catching his eyes pinned to her bosom. She closed her eyes, her hands sliding the tightly fitting dress down until it gathered around her waist. She waited, her chest rising and falling as she tried to fill her lungs with air. She heard nothing, not even a gasp from the First Mate. She opened her eyes, her eyes meeting the First Mates, watching as they lowered, Jenna's eyes following his to gaze at her naked breasts. She could feel her hard nipples throbbing, but when she saw them she was even surprised. Her nipples were twice their normal size, the light brown flesh like tiny pebbles, surrounded by her large areolas. Her labored breathing made her chest rise and fall almost erotically. She wanted so bad to touch her nipples, feeling the blood pulsating through the tips as though her heart was in them.

The First Mate couldn't contain his groan of lust at the sight of the fair maiden's heaving bosom. Such a delicious set of nipples perched high on her bubbies, licking his lips as though he was ready to nurse the swollen tips. He needed her to touch him or he would have to do it himself. "Take out my massive organ M'Lady. See the state you have put me in with the sight of your luscious body."

She reached over, cognitive of the way her breasts swung beneath her, the First Mate's eyes never leaving the naked flesh. Her hands were only inches from the massive bulge in his trousers, Jenna already able to discern his member by the touch of the dildo that it was cast from. She touched it,

pulling her hand back, shocked that it moved beneath her fingertips. Her hands moved back, this time ready when it jerked in the confines of the tight trousers, her fingers already exploring it from the base all the way to the thick head outlined on his trousers.

The First Mate watched her touching him almost clinically, her delicate fingers running up and down the shaft of his jerking cock, exploring it for the first time. She finally began to open the buttons, her tiny fingers hardly able to open them, his member straining the material that strove to keep it contained. He finally felt the trousers pull away, her hands moving quickly inside his trousers, her timid behavior giving away to curiosity.

She could feel the heat of his organ beneath the thin shorts that tried to contain the pulsating member. Her fingers ran up and down the shaft again, this time touching the head, her fingers finding his wetness. *Had he an orgasm already? Should she stop?* She looked up at him, confused. But her hands never left the massive organ beneath her fingertips.

The First Mate saw her confused look, not understanding her confusion until he looked down, her index finger running over the wet spot on his shorts. "Just a little bit of juice that your fingers brought out. Do not worry M'Lady, there is more seed in my balls for you to extract. Continue." He groaned as her fingers moved down, pushing aside his trousers so she could find his balls. He lifted up, giving her the room to cup his ball sack.

She had forgot all about the heavy balls like on the dildo, her hand sliding down, wanting to find and explore them. The

First Mate was more than willing to help her, lifting up until she could slip her hands into his trousers and search out his balls. She was surprised, they weren't hard like the dildo or his weapon. Her hands encircled them, squeezing them until she could feel the strange balls floating around invisibly inside. She squeezed harder, the First Mate groaning, his butt rising up as if she were hurting him. "Am I doing it too hard?" Her hand stayed still while she waited for his response.

"It feels good M'Lady, almost too good. Take my member out, feel my hot flesh in your hand." He couldn't wait much longer, needing to feel her soft hands on his naked tool.

She couldn't believe how aroused she was getting. She was just about to touch a strange man's tool and all she could feel was the wetness between her thighs, wishing the dildo was between her legs now. She reached into his shorts, the First Mate's hips rising up high, Jenna pushing his shorts and trousers down, her eyes glued to his member as it was slowly revealed. It was just like the dildo, only real flesh. Her fingers returned to touch it for the first time, the flesh hot, almost scalding her fingers, molding around the throbbing flesh, Jenna able to feel the blood pulsating through the thick member. Her fingers ran up the shaft, finding the three veins like the dildo, sliding up until they slowly ran around the thick ridge of the helmet, her finger nail making his member jerk in pleasure. She looked at the head, dark red almost purple. Her fingers moved to the small hole in the center, her fingernail exploring the tiny hole. She felt it jerk and then saw the shiny fluid shoot out, coating her finger with the hot fluid. She moved her finger, the sticky fluid moving, lubricating her

finger. She rubbed her fingertip over the head again, wanting to coax more fluid from the jerking member. She smiled when it leaked again, proud that her touch could do such a thing. Her other hand slid down to find his balls, this time her hand finding the hot flesh, squeezing them carefully.

The First Mate was surprised by her touch. She was enthralled with his organ, her eyes glued to it as her fingers danced all over the shaft and head. He saw her smile, as if she was proud that she could extract his fluid from his weapon, sure that she would really be pleased when he finally came, wondering if she would be able to handle his abundant supply. "You stroke my tool as if you have been doing it all your life." He meant it as a compliment, but he could see from her expression that she took it as an insult.

"How dare you tarnish my reputation?" She grew indignant, pulling her hand away from his tool.

"I meant you no disrespect M'Lady. Some girls have a natural talent like you do, able to instinctively know what pleases a man. It was a compliment." He didn't want to lose her enthusiasm, hoping to get more out of this than she bargained for.

She felt better by his explanation, her hands returning, the First Mate pulling down his trousers and shorts to lay almost naked before her. She saw the large muscles on his thighs, the heavy ball sack hanging down, the crinkled hairs on them exactly like those on the dildo. *Were they really his hairs?* She licked her lips almost absently. She brushed her fingers over the coarse hairs on his balls, her fingertip tracing over the wrinkled sack. Her hand cupped the twin balls, squeezing

tighter and tighter, her eyes glued to the First Mates face, watching his lips curl into a soft moan. Her other hand reached for the throbbing member, her fingers curling and tightening around the thick shaft. She began to stroke his member, running her fingers up and down the shaft, tightening them as they passed over the crown, her hand holding his balls as she masturbated the First Mate. Masturbate him. It sounded so crude, but at the same time it excited her that her fingers could bring so much joy to his face.

The First Mate stared at her naked breasts, the pendulous titties bouncing sexily as she stroked his manhood. Her nipples were thick, his hands wanting so bad to touch them, to stroke them until she begged for him to suck on the swollen nubs. But he fought the urge, wanting to get M'Lady beyond the point where she would stop him, his manhood jerking with each soft stroke of her hand.

Her hand was plunging up and down his swollen member, her fingers wet with his juices, smiling, proud that her hand was so accomplished. Each time she squeezed his sperm laden ball sack, the throbbing member would shoot out a drop of the sticky, hot fluid on her fingers. She pressed her thighs together tightly, wishing that she could rub her own virgin cleft, her undergarments wet with the desires that welled in her body. She felt his hands on her naked shoulders, Jenna doing nothing to stop him, her hand gliding up and down his manhood. He was pulling her closer to him, Jenna not sure what he was going to do, but her mind refused to stop him.

He pulled her down until the tips of her luscious breasts stroked across his hot shaft, her hand gliding up and down with ease along the slippery shaft. She didn't fight him, pushing her down until he felt her pear shaped titties engulf his swollen prick in between the hot flesh. His hands moved down until he grasped the sides of the perfect titties, pressing them in until he felt his member cushioned by the hot flesh of her titties. She moved her hands away from his shaft, but her other hand continued to gently squeeze his balls, the sperm laden sack hot and heavy, aching from the desire to cum. His hips began to move, sliding his elongated prick up and down between her white pillows of flesh. He was ready to cum.

Her head was pressed so close to his throbbing member that Jenna was afraid that he would thrust his organ into her virgin mouth. She would have to protest that, though her heart would not be in it, wishing she could rush back to her room and take the thick dildo and put it in her mouth. She licked her lips, almost able to taste the hot, sticky fluids that were awash on her fingers. His hands reached for her naked titties, crushing them, his hips shooting up to put his hard tool between the firm pillows of flesh, the hot organ almost burning as his hips began to push his organ between her breasts. God, her nipples throbbed as they rubbed on his organ, sliding up and down the thick shaft. She looked down, seeing the almost purple head of his throbbing member stick out between her white breasts, the head of it glistening with his juices, Jenna feeling the hot, sticky fluid between her breasts. She could feel his organ sliding up and down her slick

cleavage, her naked titties pressed to caress his member in her soft flesh.

The First Mate could feel her hot breath on his throbbing organ, the delicious feeling as her pendulous titties cushioned his rutting organ. He was ready to cum, her hand insistent as it cradled his swollen balls. His hips shot up, his head thrown back as he bellowed, the orgasm racing through his body. His ass cheeks tightened, his sphincter shut tight, the cum racing from his balls to the head of his thick member. He saw her startled look as he spewed his seed all over her heaving bosom, his hips still driving his organ up and down her drenched and slick breasts. He shot again, spraying her neck as her gaze was transfixed on his spewing prick.

She couldn't believe it, her eyes only inches from his organ when he screamed out in pleasure, the thick fluid shooting out, hitting her bosom, the hot fluid feeling as if it was burning her flesh. She tried to pull back, but his arms were too powerful, holding her breasts submissively around his spewing member as a second blast of his seed shot onto her naked breasts, Jenna's head held up high to escape the hot crème. She squeezed his precious balls, feeling them shooting, the throbbing member jerking between her breasts, a third load of crème flowing over her body. God, there was so much of it, feeling it drip down her skin, his member still sliding up and down her slick cleavage, his organ not as hard as it was before. She looked at the First Mate, his body slumping back onto the pillows, Jenna left with her breasts naked and wet. She looked down, the shiny fluid coating her white skin with a sheen that glowed in the flickering light of

the lanterns. The First Mate was no longer even looking at her, his lust sated by her breasts. She felt ashamed, standing up, her hand wiping the foul crème from her chest before she pulled her dress up, hurriedly pulling the dress over her titties. She snatched up the dildo, wrapped the colored cloth over it, and ran out of the barn.

The First Mate watched her cover her luscious titties, drinking in the sight of the deliciously capped flesh one last time. She grabbed the dildo and raced out of the room, but he caught the one last action, the scene forever etched in his brain. She put two fingers into her mouth, the First Mate able to see the shiny fluid on them. Her tongue caressed her fingers, her lips curling around them as she shoved them deep into her mouth, her tongue moving around them, gathering up his precious nectar, Jenna tasting his seed. It wasn't a look of disgust on her face, but a look of pleasure as she swallowed his spunk.

CHAPTER 4

Death and Lawyers

It startled Charlotte when she heard the distant sound of a wagon approaching. Henry was not to be home for another two days, Charlotte anxious for his return, the two month trip too long to be without her beloved husband. Lord Michael had sent him to France for some urgent business, Henry was a much better negotiator than him. Lord Michael loved to win more than reach an amenable agreement. Charlotte looked into the mirror, brushing aside an errant hair from her face, smiling broadly at the thought of Henry at the dinner table. The girls would be excited when they returned from school, Henry was very protective of his girls. She raced to the door, brushing aside the maid, wanting to meet Henry herself. She opened the door just as the carriage pulled up, instantly recognizing Lord Michael's magnificent carriage. He loved to drive around town, picking up the young ladies for a ride, the leather seats were very comfortable. Charlotte also heard that they were enjoyable for lovemaking, the slick leather feeling so nice on a naked ass, the bumpy roads providing the needed stimulus for some very enjoyable coupling. Charlotte could almost feel herself blushing at such provocative thoughts. Maybe Henry was going to be late and he was just relaying the news. She felt a tremor of fear rush through her as Lord Michael got out of the carriage, followed by Reverend Johnson, both of them with somber looks on their faces.

"Eeeehh," Charlotte gasped, growing dizzy, sweat breaking out on her forehead. She fell to the porch, her hands under her knees, pulling them to her bosom as her eyes began to tear. "WHHHAAATT is it?" Charlotte's voice was trembling as she tried not to cry, knowing the news was bad.

Reverend Johnson kneeled next to Charlotte, putting his arms around to hug her, feeling her body shaking. "I'm so sorry Lady Charlotte," his voice trembled. Even though he had done this dozens of times, it still never became easier. "Lord Henry's boat sank off the coast a week ago." He paused as Lady Charlotte began to cry, feeling her body shaking as she sobbed.

Charlotte looked up at Reverend Johnson, tears running down her cheeks, barely able to speak. "Were there any survivors?" Charlotte knew the ship had to have at least seventy or eighty people on it, including the crew. Someone must have survived!

"It got caught in a hurricane and sank. All that was found was some items from the ship, floating in the water days later. They searched for three days and no one was found. I'm afraid the ship took all of it's passengers to the bottom." It was always hardest when no bodies were found, hard for the relatives to get closure, some holding onto the hope for years that their loved one would show up one day as if they never left.

Charlotte's world seemed to have collapsed around her, her husband of twenty years gone, perishing at sea in an act of God. *How would she tell the girls? Jenna and Anna would be home soon from school.*

"My condolences Lady Charlotte. I too have lost a great friend and partner, though my loss pales in comparison to what you and your lovely daughters have suffered." Lord Michael helped Charlotte up from her feet, his hand around her waist, looking into the lovely face that was covered in tears. She was still as beautiful as the day he met her over twenty years ago, and Michael still felt the familiar stirring in his loins he had each time he saw her. She was the cause of him never marrying, no girl could ever hold a candle to Charlotte.

"Thank you Lord Michael. Henry will be missed by both of us. There is none that will ever take his place." Charlotte felt Lord Michael's hand tighten on her waist, his eyes looking at her. Even though Lord Michael was trying hard to offer his condolences, his eyes could never hide his lust for her. It had been going on for over twenty years, a rivalry that began the day Henry married Charlotte. She had to fight him off many times, Lord Michael taking liberties with her that would have outraged Henry. But Charlotte never mentioned it to him or anyone, always able to fend off his sexual advances, not wanting to destroy their fragile business arrangement. They both needed each other to succeed, an argument would have halted their alliance. Especially an argument over a woman. *Would the relationship change now that Henry was no longer around?* She put it out of her mind, her grief too overpowering. They entered the house, the maid already seemed to know, her eyes filled with tears as she opened the door for them. She had been with Charlotte for over five years, almost a member of the family.

It was difficult for Charlotte, the next hour Reverend Johnson and Lord Michael speaking of Henry in the past, sounding so strange, the thought of Henry not being in their bed again such a foreign thought. She finally had to excuse herself, wanting to be alone when the girls came home. That would be the toughest time, the girls loved their father very much.

"If there is anything you need Lady Charlotte, anything at all. Feel free to contact me. I will take care of your finances until the courts can take the matter of Henry's will under advisement. I don't want you to worry about anything. You will need time to grieve the loss of your husband." Michael kissed her on her cheek, inhaling the sweet lavender fragrance of her perfume, his prick rising up in his trousers as he felt her breasts press against his chest. He hated to think of such a thing at this time, but Charlotte has been in his mind for twenty years. Maybe now he would have a chance with her now that she was widowed. And the thought of being in the same house with the twins excited him. He had seen them bloom into womanhood over the last few years, spitting images of their mother eighteen years ago. Henry had kept them pure.

"God will be with you during this trying time Lady Charlotte. If there is anything you need, the church is available to you." He knew that Lady Charlotte had a difficult task ahead of her. She had to tell her children that their father was no longer coming home. Luckily they were older and would at least understand the concept of death, but nothing could prepare them for the passing of their father.

Charlotte rushed off to freshen up her face, not wanting to give away her grief the moment the girls came in the door. She looked into the mirror, staring at her own complexion, almost able to see Henry behind her. She missed him already. She rushed downstairs as she heard the girls approaching, the carriage pulling in front of the house, Charlotte already at the door.

"Hello Momma," Anna called out, grabbing her books as she rushed out of the carriage.

"Bonjour Mademoiselle," Jenna trying to act more sophisticated.

"I need to talk to both of you," Charlotte trying to keep her voice from breaking up.

"Can it wait," Jenna hungry, wanting a snack.

"Please, it's important. Let's go into the living room." Charlotte turned around, not wanting the girls to see her face, struggling to fight back the tears in her eyes. She hurried into the room.

Jenna had never seen her mother like this before. She felt a premonition. "Hurry, I think there is something wrong," grabbing Anna's arm.

It was strange when her mother sat between them, Anna seeing the glistening of a tear in her mother's eye.

"I don't know how to tell you except to say it right out." Charlotte paused, lining up the words in her head before she said them. "Your father has perished at sea." She hugged both of the girls, their bodies moving as they began to sob.

No, it couldn't be true. Not their father. Jenna wouldn't believe it. "They'll find him Mother. Wait, in a day or two he'll be coming walking through the door."

"They have already searched for him. The ship went down in a hurricane. There were no survivors." She hated to dash their hopes, but it wasn't going to help anything if they clung to such beliefs. It suddenly dawned on Charlotte that she too was clinging to such slim odds. Anna could barely speak, crying so loud. She was closest to her father, Jenna closer to Charlotte. Charlotte had to be strong for the both of them. There would be difficult days ahead, the funeral, an empty casket the only thing to mourn. And then there was their financial future, Charlotte not knowing much about finances, Henry always took good care of them. The days ahead would be trying, but the three of them needed to grieve the loss of Henry first. After that, Charlotte would address the many other problems.

* * * *

The funeral was the most lavish affair that the county had ever seen. Lord Michael spared no expense for his partner, he was at Charlotte's side the whole time, his eyes never leaving the girls. Henry had always kept the boys away from the girls, Michael doing the same. But his reasons were much more personal, not wanting to share such delightful bodies with fumbling boys that barely knew what to do with the nubile flesh.

Charlotte was exhausted from the ordeal of the funeral, trying to keep a smile on her face, even when she viewed the

closed, empty casket that was her only reminder of Henry. The girls were holding up well and Lord Michael had surprised her. It was though he had changed, more attentive in less of a leering manner. Charlotte actually began to see him in a different light. The guests had long gone, the house almost cleaned up, the girls upstairs. Only Michael was left, sipping a brandy in Henry's study. Charlotte got one for herself, joining him. She looked at him, the faint smoke of his cigar wafting up into the air, the familiar scent of Henry's cigar filling the room as if he was still with her. "I want to thank you for everything Michael."

Michael looked over at her, the dress hugging her firm bosom, a lovely expanse of white, naked flesh cut by the diamond necklace that separated the gentle swells of her lovely breasts. The way she was sitting thrust them out even more provocatively, almost as if she were teasing him. "I would do anything for you Lady Charlotte." He smiled back at her, watching the way her lips slipped around the edge of the glass, taking a gentle drink, her lips shiny with the brandy, his member throbbing in his tight trousers at the thoughts that raced through his mind.

"You may call me Charlotte. You don't need to address me as Lady Charlotte." She smiled back at him, the brandy already making her head a bit dizzy, the alcohol relaxing her after a tense day.

"Lady Charlotte has such an erotic sound to it as it rolls off my lips." He paused while he gauged her reaction to his bold pronouncement. He could see her blush, her eyes refusing to look into his. It had been weeks since he delivered the news

of Henry's death. He had kept a respectable distance from her but with the end of the funeral, Henry was officially laid to rest.

"You make me blush with such bold talk," Charlotte not completely taken back by his comment, the brandy making the comment more palatable. She had known of Michael's lust for her since the day she married, Charlotte always treading a fine line not to offend Michael yet keeping him at bay. With Henry gone, Charlotte would have an even more difficult time. Michael had taken care of all the finances since Henry's death, but she knew it would soon end. She quickly changed the subject, not wanting to get into a sexual sparring with Michael tonight. "It is time I learned of Henry's financial dealings."

"Yes, I was going to mention that to you, but I thought I would wait until after the funeral. The Magistrate has been hounding me to put forth Henry's will into probate court. He has instructed me that in not doing so I have diminished any bargaining I might have in dealing with the separation of Henry's interests from my own." He waited for a second before he continued, letting the legal ramification set in with Charlotte. "I have arranged for the court to hear the will a week from Monday. From now on I will not be able to extend any more financial help until the probate is solved."

Charlotte wasn't sure exactly what Henry was saying, but she didn't like the tone of it. "What does that all mean?" She was puzzled, expecting that Michael would just turn over Henry's interest to her and she would continue as if nothing had happened. Maybe she was too naïve.

"You should secure a barrister to represent you in the probate proceeding. There are a number of fine ones in town. I would do it quickly as he must prepare for the hearing. The Magistrate can be very demanding." Michael tried to hide his smile, already knowing the likely outcome of the probate court.

Charlotte felt a chill rush over her, as if something bad was about to befall her. She knew little of the legal matters. Tomorrow she would secure the best barrister to represent her, knowing one that had done work for Henry previously. She would visit him in the morning, wanting to put all of the legal issues quickly behind her. "I appreciate all you have done for me Michael. I really do. And I understand the position I have put you in. I will take care of hiring a barrister in the morning. I'm sure that we will survive for a week." Charlotte finished up the last sip of her brandy, setting the glass down on the table. "I hope you don't mind Michael, but it has been a trying day. I need to check on the girls." Charlotte got up.

Michael stood up, put his cigar out quickly in the ashtray. He took a last sip of his brandy and moved close to Charlotte. "Of course, I'm sorry." He didn't give her a chance, moving closer to her, his hand slid around her waist to draw her body up against his. He pressed his lips close to her cheek, inhaling the sweet fragrance of her body. He felt her breasts push up against him, kissing her gently on her cheek as his hand boldly pushed down lower, below her waist to touch the gentle swell of her bottom, his hand clenching on the firm

flesh. He pulled away almost as fast as he moved in, leaving her standing there with a surprised look on her face.

She barely knew what had happened, finding her body pressed against Michael before she could protest. She felt his lips on her cheek, finding his kiss surprisingly soft and gentle, unlike the hand that snuck down to grip her bottom in an urgent embrace. She could feel the bulge of his manhood against her, his hips sliding back and forth before he ended the unexpected embrace. He pulled back, no expression on his face, almost as if it didn't happen.

"Of course Lady Charlotte," saying it slowly as his lips fondled his words. He left her alone in the study, his rigid weapon, needing some relief soon. He would stop at Lady Betsy's, hoping to catch her still awake and available for some quick coupling. She was always ready for a good ride. He closed the door behind him without as much as a gaze back.

* * * *

Charlotte sat in the waiting room of Lord Bishop's office, his assistant looking at her with interest, the young man known to be a rogue with the young ladies in town. She had been waiting for about fifteen minutes, growing impatient, but she didn't have an appointment. Charlotte was lucky that he would see her in such a short notice. He was one of the finest Barristers in town, Henry hiring him on occasion to handle a transaction for him.

"You may go in now Lady Charlotte," his eyes devouring the lovely lady. Though she was much older than he was, he was not immune to a lovely woman with experience.

Especially one with two lovely daughters that he would enjoy. Enjoy taking their virtue, sure that Lord Henry had protected their precious virginity. With his death, maybe there would be a chance at the lovely flesh. He had heard that Jenna was quite forward, though still a tease. He opened the door for Lady Charlotte, his eyes feasting on her backside as she passed. He looked at Lord Bishop, sitting grandly behind the large mahogany desk that filled the room with its elegance. "I'm going for lunch Sir. I'll pick up the documents you requested at the Magistrates office after lunch so I won't be back for at least two hours." He nodded knowingly at Lord Bishop.

"Thank you Joseph. Lock the front door behind you. I will be with Lady Charlotte and I don't want to be disturbed." Lord Bishop stood up, his eyes scanning Lady Charlotte's body. She still cut a dashing figure in spite of her age and having two children. Lord Henry was lucky to have such a fine woman in his bed. With his passing, she would be available. And he intended to take full advantage of her, starting with today. "Sit down Lady Charlotte. Can I get you something to drink? Maybe some tea?"

"Thank you Lord Bishop, but no, I'm fine." Charlotte sat down in front of his desk, her chair situated away from the desk, his eyes scanning her with interest. She never before noticed men looking at her the way they did since her husband's death. She wasn't sure if it was that she just never noticed, or that they took a new interest in her since she became a widow. A widow, she had never really used that term before to describe herself.

"What may I do for you Lady Charlotte?" Lord Bishop was in a hurry to get the business side of this bargain out of the way, wanting to leave himself enough time for the pleasures of the flesh before his assistant returned.

"My husband Lord Henry passed away a month ago. There is a probate hearing next Monday. Lord Michael Granville was his partner and has been taking care of us financially since Henry's death. But he said something about the court not allowing that any longer and needing to have the will probated. I would like you to represent me and take care of my interests." Charlotte knew little of court proceedings, women just never did things like that.

Lord Bishop pondered her statement. He knew of the probate hearing, knowing exactly what the outcome would be. It was predestined. The hearing was just a formality, the legal system taking care of most of their business behind closed doors with the members of closely knit Barristers. Lord Granville was a very important and powerful member of the business community. He had arranged the outcome of the hearing with his own Bannister and with the consent of the Magistrate. Little could be done to change the outcome even if Lord Bishop wanted to try to fight it. And he didn't care to do that. No, he just wanted the pleasure of Lady Charlotte first. "Yes, I could take care of that for you. Lord Granville is a very important man. You need the best. But I am very expensive. My retainer is 1,000 pounds." He paused, getting up from his chair to walk closer to Lady Charlotte. "And at least another 1,000 pounds will be required after that."

"Yes, that would be fine," Charlotte's mind racing at such an extravagant sum. But even Michael had told her she needed a good Barrister and Lord Bishop was the best. But where would she get the 1,000 pound retainer. She had little money and Michael was not able to provide any more. "But—I don't have the retainer until I get the will resolved. All of my husband's assets are tied up in the partnership with Lord Granville." She looked up at him, seeing Lord Bishop standing next to her chair. She smiled, hoping to charm him.

Lord Bishop moved behind Lady Charlotte's chair, her head turning as she tried to follow his movement. "I'm afraid that wouldn't be possible. We take a retainer to insure our payment." He leaned down, his hands placed gently on her naked shoulders, his prick springing to life when his fingers touched her soft, silky skin. "But we might come to some agreement if you are amenable to some sort of trade," his hands moved sensuously over her smooth skin. His eyes gazed at the broad cleavage, pulling her back so her breasts were thrust out provocatively. His prick jerked in his trousers. "I would hate to see you lose everything. The Magistrate is very intolerant." He threatened her subtly.

Charlotte looked up at him, the lust in his eyes apparent. His hands continued to caress her bare shoulders, his powerful hands pulling her back until she was sitting up straight in the chair, Charlotte looked down to see her breasts thrust up so brazenly. Lord Bishop was gazing at her flesh with lust. *Could he be implying such a thing? Did he want her sexual favors in return for his representation?* She tried to feign ignorance. "What is it you are implying Lord Bishop?"

"You are a very handsome woman Lady Charlotte. With a lovely body. A simple trade. You perform what you are good at and I will do the same." He paused for a second, Lady Charlotte not racing for the door in disgust. He knew he had her. He only had to close the deal. "You are good at it, are you not Lady Charlotte?"

Charlotte was taken back, not sure how to answer, not even sure if she should answer. He was asking if she was good in bed. An intimate question that only her husband could answer. Her late husband. *Was she trapped?* It seemed like all the men saw her as fair game now that she didn't have a husband. *Would she have to oblige them all?* She tried to regain her composure. "There must be some other way?"

"I am willing to listen to all offers Lady Charlotte, but I don't see any other alternatives. You need your inheritance that only I can get it for you. And you only have one considerable asset that I am interested in." Lord Bishop's hands slid down until his fingers glazed over the front of her ample bosom, one finger playing along the deep cleavage. Lady Charlotte didn't move, her eyes following the movement of his finger. She had surrendered to the inevitable. His cock throbbed and jerked in his trousers. Soon she would release his weapon with her soft hands.

She couldn't help it, fighting the urge, but she could almost see her nipples bursting through the front of her dress. His fingers teased along her cleavage until Charlotte felt her tips stiffen in pleasure. *Would her body betray her?* She didn't answer him, easier just to acquiescent from his touch. His hand became bolder, his palm encircling the wide

expanse of naked flesh the dress afforded, Charlotte almost ashamed at her choice of dress. She had always teased men with her body, knowing she was protected by her husband. Now men probably thought she was flaunting it.

Lord Bishop's hands moved down to slip inside the front of her dress, the material straining to contain his large hands, eagerly seeking out the firm flesh of her breasts. She arched her back, giving him easier access, his hands pawing her flesh like a schoolboy. His cock pushed against the back of her chair, wishing it was her hands that rubbed it, not the hard chair. He found what his hand was seeking, surprised to find such hard nubs tucked neatly in her dress. *Could Lady Charlotte already be aroused by his touch? Maybe she's been too long without a man, an ailment that Lord Bishop would soon rectify.* He pinched the stiff flesh, a soft moan escaped from Lady Charlotte, her head pressed backward, her eyes closed. He couldn't wait to get her naked and on his desk, his prick between her lovely thighs.

His fingers felt good, too good as they squeezed her nipples, Charlotte afraid the dress would tear. *How would she get home with her dress in ribbons at her waist?* Lord Bishop was beyond reason, his lust taking over. She hated saying it, but she had to do something. "Would you like me to take off my dress?" She blushed as soon as she said it. She was acting like a wanton whore.

Lord Bishop pulled his hands out of her dress, eager to get her naked, her voluntary agreement to take off her dress encouraging. "I would love to see that delicious body Lady Charlotte." He moved back to his desk, sitting down on the

chair, his hand going to his crotch to rub his manhood, making sure that Lady Charlotte saw his obvious arousal.

"And then you can remedy this"

Her face was red in shame, but she stood in front of him, her hands reaching back to loosen the ties that held her dress together. It posed her body provocatively, thrusting her ample bosom out. She fought with the ties, finally unloosening them, the front of her dress falling loose. One hand clutched the front of her dress as she stood in front of him, the first time she had ever undressed in front of man that was not her husband or Doctor. She saw him rubbing the front of his trousers, the obvious erection pushing up the tight pants.

"Don't tease me Lady Charlotte. Let me gaze on those beauties you hide so provocatively in that dress." Lord Bishop wanted more, wanting her hand to replace his in exciting his organ.

She closed her eyes as the dress fell to her waist, leaving her clad only in her corset, the black satin garment clinging to her ample bosom. She opened her eyes, Lord Bishop staring lustily at her, his hand hammering away at his engorged organ. Her hands slid down to her waist, pushing the dress over her shapely hips and down her legs, bending over to pick it up, suddenly standing up after she realized how obscene it looked with her bosom hanging out. She put the dress on the chair, her hands at her sides as her body quaked nervously before him.

She was indeed a handsome woman, clad in only her corset, her breasts thrust up, a wide expanse of white,

alabaster skin cut by the deep cleavage. He looked down, her full hips hugged by the bloomers, the white garment covering her from her waist to her knees. He looked at her legs, trim and firm, with delicate ankles, imagining them wrapped around his back as she writhed beneath him. "Turn, let me see that plump bottom," Lord Bishop stroking his organ with renewed interest.

At least she didn't have to face him, turning her back to him, feeling his eyes burning a hole in her backside. She stood for long minutes, the only sound coming from Lord Bishop was his hand rubbing against the harsh fabric of his trousers in masturbation.

"A fine ass Lady Charlotte." His gaze took in her wide and firm ass, her haunches jutting out sumptuously to entice him. *Had she ever taken her husband in her ass?* "Now the corset Lady Charlotte. Let me see those treasures."

She turned back, her hands struggling with the corset, her maid usually on hand to help her, not wanting to ask Lord Bishop to help strip her bare. She sucked in her gut, loosening the ties, finally able to fill her lungs as the garment grew loose around her. She fumbled nervously with the ties in the front, anything to prolong the inevitable. Lord Bishop had slowed down stroking his organ, Charlotte almost wishing he would cum. She couldn't delay any longer, the corset falling to the floor, Charlotte kicking it to the side, not wanting to let him see her with her bare breasts dangling down if she bent over. She looked down, her nipples stiffened to hard little buds, Charlotte turning red in shame at her own arousal.

Lord Bishop drank in the beauty of her. She had high perched breasts, rounded and heaving as she breathed heavily. Her areolas were a dark brown that highlighted her alabaster skin, peaked with ripe, soft, pink nipples that were hard and pointed. He licked his lips in anticipation of sucking the tips like a baby. Lady Charlotte skin was scarlet in shame, standing before him, baring half of her body, only her bloomers remaining. "For a woman with two children you have extraordinary breasts Lady Charlotte. Barely a sag in them." His organ throbbed at the thought of nestling his weapon between her pillows of flesh.

"You may leave your bloomers on for a while. My organ needs attention. Come over here and kneel at my feet. It is time to worship my prick." He withdrew his hand from his throbbing weapon, the bulge in his trousers obvious, his balls aching in lust. Lord Bishop hoped that Lady Charlotte's husband had taught her to take his prick in her mouth, though it would be just as enjoyable to teach her the finer points of oral gratification. He wouldn't mind reciprocating, eager to taste her quim.

Charlotte didn't know what was expected of her. She felt so self conscious as she walked, the gentle bouncing of her breasts feeling so exaggerated as Lord Bishop watched her so intently. *Would he make her toss him off until he came? Or would she have to take him between her legs?* She stood in front of him, slowly kneeling down until her face was only inches from the massive bulge in his trousers. Henry's prick was not very large, Lord Bishop did not seem to have the same problem, in fact Charlotte was scared that she would

have to take such a formidable weapon inside her. She had no choice, her slim fingers opening up the buttons of his trousers, feeling the flesh beneath her fingers jerking in lust. She pulled open the trousers, the swollen organ pushing out his undergarment. She felt Lord Bishop lift his haunches up from the chair, Charlotte pulling the trousers down until they were below his knees. Her hands ran up his naked thighs, feeling the muscles tighten from her touch. She pulled her hand back from the first touch of his organ, the huge shaft jerking up and down as soon as she touched it.

His prick danced in her soft hands, Lord Bishop fighting the urge to come from her gentle touch. "Take it out, worship my prick Lady Charlotte." He couldn't wait any longer.

Her dainty hands went into his underwear, her silky hands touching his hot, throbbing member, her fingers curling around the thick shaft. She tightened her grip when it jerked and throbbed. She pulled it out of his underwear, Lord Bishop rising up to help her, Charlotte's eyes glued to the thick shaft as it was freed from his shorts. She had stroked her husband's organ to get him aroused, but always stopped quickly, her husband unable to maintain an erection for very long. That is why Charlotte was always left unfulfilled after their lovemaking. It didn't seem to be a problem with Lord Bishop, the huge organ seemed to be growing larger, the head almost purple, a thick ring running around the helmet, the tiny hole already leaking its precious fluid. Charlotte took her two hands and wrapped them around his erection, her fingers tight on the thick shaft. She began to slide them up and down the skin, rubbing hard as her fingers rolled over the

head, the prick jerking uncontrollably in her hands. It was huge, over eight inches of throbbing prick in her hand and still growing. She had never had anything that large between the petals of her sex, sure that it would tear her. Her only hope was to bring him off with her hands, her fingers energetically stroking the throbbing member. Her fingers barely curled around the shaft, her other hand reaching down to cup the wrinkled sack that hung low between his legs, her fingers finding the swollen balls nestled tight inside, a groan from Lord Bishop signaling his pleasure. His hips rose up as she got into a rhythm, her hand sliding up and down his slick, sticky shaft, her other hand clenching and unclenching on his balls.

Lord Bishop fought the urge to cum, not wanting to waste his spunk in her hand, wanting instead to dump his seed deep inside her cunt. But first he wanted her to fulfill his deepest desire, to see her sweet lips wrapped submissively around his prick. "Kiss my prick Lady Charlotte," his cock jerking at the words.

She looked up at him in shocked disbelief. He couldn't expect her to take his filthy organ in her mouth? She didn't even do that for her husband when he was alive. "Please Sir," she begged. "Don't make me do that!"

"I am not making you do anything Lady Charlotte. You can walk out the door at anytime. I am only asking you to fulfill your end of the bargain so that I can fulfill mine." He sat up as though he was going to stop.

Charlotte had no choice, already half naked, her hands wrapped around his thick prick. She wet her lips, opening her

mouth, her head bending over and placing her wet, full lips on the helmet of his weapon, planting a sweet kiss as if she were kissing a baby. She felt the hot, fluid leak onto her lips, her tongue accidentally licking at the fluids, her mouth suddenly filled with a thick, salty taste. She planted tiny, soft kisses all over the large head, finally pulling her head back, looking for approval from Lord Bishop.

His sphincter tightened as he struggled not to cum. He felt her hot breath blowing on his prick before he even felt the silky lips kiss him. Her hands tightened on his shaft, fighting his jerking cock as she tried to keep it still. He felt a rush of pre-cum slip out of his prick, her kisses covering her lips with the wet, shiny fluid. She pulled back, her full lips gleaming with the shiny fluid. "Take it in your mouth now. Suck it." He wanted more. "I will teach you how to please me with your mouth."

She knew that she had no choice, her head moving down again, this time her mouth opened into a wide 'O', moistening her lips as her mouth engulfed the thick head of his prick. Her face pushed down, his shaft forced deeper into her mouth, her lips tightening until they gripped the shaft as tight as her fingers had.

Lord Bishop was beyond lust, groaning, his hands gripping the side of her head, pulling her onto his prick, making her take it deeper into the hot confines of her mouth. He couldn't believe the pleasure he felt, her lips as tight as a virgin cunt, her wet lips sliding up and down his shaft. One of her hands went to the base of his prick, stroking it in short strokes, her mouth sliding up and down, her other hand stimulating his

balls. They began a coordinated attack on his prick, the need to cum growing greater. He began to push her head harder onto his prick, wanting more of it in her mouth, rewarded with a gasp or better, gagging her as the head of his prick banged against her tight opening of her throat.

It was disgusting and exciting, all at the same time. She felt so degraded, kneeling submissively, half naked between the thighs of this man that was not her husband, her mouth engulfing his organ. At the same time she felt an arousal between her legs that was missing from her life for too many years. To be lusted after, to be forced to submit, her mouth used only to satisfy his lust. She had to make him cum, using all of her feminine assets, her hands and now her mouth, all coordinated to bring Lord Bishop the ultimate pleasure. She didn't know what she would do if he came, but that was not her current concern. Her only concern was to get into the rhythm that would induce his orgasm. He made her choke, his hands more urgent, making her take the long shaft deeper into her mouth, banging against her throat until she gagged. She struggled against his powerful hands, but could do little to stop him from having his way with her mouth and throat. He was groaning and gasping, his hips moving urgently, all the signs of an impending orgasm. Her mouth was already filled with the foul taste of his seed, the thick fluid clinging to her tongue, the salty taste permeating all the corners of her mouth. *How would she handle it if he dumped his seed in her mouth? Would he force her to swallow it? Would he choke her with it?*

Lord Bishop was ready to cum, but it was not his mouth that would be the receptacle of his precious seed. He wanted to feel her tight quim and to make her cum with him. He pulled her head off of his cock, his prick bouncing up and down in front of her face, his weapon glistening with her saliva. He looked at her face, her lips coated with his seed, her lips licking them sensuously. "Not in your mouth. It is your cunt that I will take. Stand up and take off your bloomers. Let me feast my eyes on your womanhood." He sat back in the chair again, this time his hand returning to his prick, stroking the slippery weapon up and down as he watched Lady Charlotte strip completely naked for his pleasure.

Charlotte felt the dampness between her thighs, confused as to why she was aroused while performing such a loathsome task. She had never been treated as such a vessel of lust, her husband always treating her with dignity. Lord Bishop was treating her like a tavern wench and she was aroused by it. She stood up, her hands moving down to her waist, gripping the waistband of her white bloomers. She began to roll them down her hips, bending over as they moved down to her knees, self conscious of how her naked, hanging breasts must look, but more concerned with one hand covering up her thick bush, the other hand sliding the bloomers off her ankles. She stood back up, two hands covering her sex, her thighs clenched tightly together, a rush of juices flowing from her sex. No, Charlotte didn't want him to see her in this condition.

"I don't want to see the back of your hands Lady Charlotte. I want to see that lovely quim that you are hiding from me. Put your hands at your side and spread those lovely thighs. I want to see your sex." His hand stroked his prick harder as she moved her hands. His eyes feasted on her thick bush, hiding her lips from his eyes. Her stomach was drawn tight, a twinkle of light reflecting from between her legs. *Was she aroused?* He would soon find out, eager to plunge his tool into her hot, moist hole. "Reach down and spread your petals open. I want to see your pink insides."

"NO! I can't do that!" Charlotte shouted out in indignation. She couldn't humiliate herself in such a lewd manner.

"Do it or I will throw you out naked and leave you there for the town to see what a harlot you are. Now show me your sex!" His prick rose up as her hands moved down to fulfill his perverse task. Her tiny fingers pinched the puffy lips of her quim, his eyes feasting on her flesh as her dainty fingers opened up her sex for him, the light sparkling on the wet inner flesh. Her dense, brown bush displayed her sex as if it were a picture frame, the soft crease that was her slit pulled back to expose the dark hole so mysteriously hidden.

She gripped her lips tight, finding the petals wet with her arousal, shamed as she displayed her naked sex so obscenely. She looked down, her legs spread so wantonly, Lord Bishop's eyes glued to her sex.

"Very lovely cunt Lady Charlotte. Now on the desk, on your back and spread your legs for me. My prick wants to feel the tightness of your cunt. Give me a good ride," he ordered her, standing up, his proud weapon jutting out in front of him, the

head slick with his juices. He watched her as she spread out on the black walnut desk, her white flesh outlined by the wood. She laid back, her legs parting, his eyes watching as the petals of her sex opened up. He would taste her first. He stroked his cock with one hand, his other hand sliding up her sleek thigh, pushing out on her leg until her legs spread wider. "Yes, spread your legs for me and I will eat your quim first." Her lips were barely visible, the wide exaggeration of her bare thighs leaving her quim open for his tongue. His head moved down, his tongue already out, trailing up her inner thigh, feeling her muscles tense, her body jerking from the unexpected touch of his wet tongue.

"Mmmmmggg," trying to contain her lustful moan. She had not expected such a thing, her husband refusing to engage in oral sex. Charlotte felt a sudden rush of her juices, his tongue sending shivers up her spine as his hands kept her straddled thighs open. She couldn't help herself, her bottom rising up from the desk as the wet tongue teased so close to her quim. "EEEEEEHHH," her hand pushed into her mouth to silence her scream of ecstasy. His tongue had snaked between her lips to seek out her insides, the strange feeling rushing over her body as his tongue moved up and down her spread slit. "NNNNOOO!" She cried out, her hands clenched in fists, his tongue spearing at the opening to her womanhood. Her bottom jerked up and down, riding his tongue for all the pleasure. His fingers moved to her quim, pulling her open while his tongue continued to gamahuche her.

Lord Bishop's elongated tongue darted into her hot, tight hole, enjoying the sweet taste of her arousal. She was so

tight, his prick throbbing at the thrill he would have when he entered her almost virgin hole. His tongue lashed up and down her slit, his sinewy fingers moving to the top of her slit to find her pleasure button. His fingertips pushed hard against the base of her swollen organ, the hood peeling back to expose the engorged bud, his tongue flicking it with precision.

"Oh God!" Charlotte screamed out in yearning as his tongue slapped back and forth over her love bud, her body shaking and jerking, unable to control her own lust. Naked and spread on a desk, she should be ashamed and humiliated, instead she was screaming out in joy. Her hands went to his head, gripping the top of his head, urging his tongue to continue the oral assault.

Lord Bishop was surprised by her lust, her hands moving his head back and forth, wanting more of the oral ministrations. His thick lips curled around her swollen love bud, sucking it into the hot confines of his mouth, his tongue waiting deep inside to lash at the trapped bud. Lady Charlotte was moaning in lust, knowing she would not last much longer, wanting to make her orgasm from his prick, not his tongue. He gave her pleasure button one last swipe with his tongue, releasing it from his lips, standing back up.

She opened her eyes, surprised to feel him stop, Lord Bishop standing up, his rigid member jerking so obscenely in front of him. Charlotte was just on the edge of having the most glorious orgasm of her life, instead her body was left yearning. Lord Bishop was stroking his massive weapon, moving between her widely spaced thighs, his hand holding his prick against her slit. It felt hot, jerking and throbbing as

it touched her. The fear raced through her body again, his prick much bigger than anything she had ever taken inside her before. *Would it fit without tearing her?*

"Ask me to fuck you." Lord Bishop wanted her ultimate humiliation. Asking to take his prick inside her. He nuzzled the thick head of his prick against the dark, tight hole, covering it completely. He pushed with his hips gently, feeling her tight hole forced slowly open to accept his rigid member.

"Mmmmmm," the thick shaft battering at the gates of her womanhood. She wanted it and at the same time, didn't. It had been a while since she felt the hard flesh of a man inside her, her body craving for the fullness only a man could bring. "Please," she replied softly.

"Please what?" He pushed harder, breaching the tight opening, feeling her tight hole stretching to swallow the thick head of his prick.

It was huge, feeling her sex open wider than it had ever before to accept a prick. "Fuck me," she blurted out, her hips moving from side to side, feeling the pleasure of the thick meat forcing its way inside her.

That was all he needed, a deft flick of his hips sending the thick head of his prick between the outer lips of her cunt and into her wet, tight hole. Lady Charlotte's body jerked and twisted as he spread her with his lance, lodging it inside the tight, clenching hole. "Your cunt feels like that of a virgin." He fought the urge to plunge himself inside, instead wanting her to take his manhood slowly.

It was huge, filling her, stretching her, his steely erection pushing aside all resistance to enter the depths of her sex.

She bowed her thighs out, hoping to relieve some of the pressure that the huge weapon brought to her. It was like nothing she had ever felt before, her insides clinging to the thick shaft, Lord Bishop already beginning to stroke his member in and out of her cunt. Each time he plunged back in, he went deeper. She looked down, mesmerized as she saw the thick shaft of his prick moving in and out of her sex, the thick shaft glistening with juices. Her juices. She raised her butt up, tightening her cunt on his prick, rewarded with a moan from his lips, a jerking of his prick.

Lord Bishop was pistoning his prick in and out of her opening, the pleasure of her tight muscles clenching on his rigid shaft when he pulled out, grunting as he shoved back in. Her titties were bouncing up and down sensuously, her head thrown back, a look of pleasure on her face as he ravished her. He gave one hard shove, burying the thick head deep into her, letting her grow accustomed to taking such a large weapon. Her husband must have been small. "Show me how well you can fuck."

Charlotte needed no encouragement. After weeks of denial, she let the feeling overcome her, giving into the stimulation of the viciously thrusting prick that spread her wide open. She felt the orgasm returning, her nipples hard and swollen, her breasts bouncing up and down from the powerful rutting of Lord Bishop. She tightened her cuntal muscles on his prick as it pulled out, relaxed them as his prick plunged ruthlessly back in, making her take the full measure of his member. His fingers touched her pleasure button, a scream filling the room, Charlotte finally realizing that it was

her that screamed. The orgasm raced over her body like nothing she had ever felt before, her legs coming up to wrap around his butt and pull him deeper inside her as she felt him bellow out in pleasure. And then she felt it. Deep inside her he shot his lustful seed, bathing the depths of her trembling body.

Lord Bishop had never seen such a transformation, Lady Charlotte's legs wrapped high up on his ass, pulling him deep into her womb as he shot his precious seed inside her. His balls tingled, his sphincter clenched tightly as he dumped three loads of hot cum inside her, her hips moving side to side to extract the maximum amount of pleasure from him. He finally finished, his sweat drenched body lying on top of her. He got up, enjoying the beauty of a woman that was well satisfied. Her hair was wet on her forehead, her eyes glazed over, her body slick with the sweat of her exhaustion. Between her thighs his precious seed dripped onto the fine wood of his desk. He moved closer to her head, his semi-limp prick dangling between his legs. His fingers encircled it, bringing it to her face. "Clean it." It was not a question, but an order.

She was still trying to recover from the pleasure that raced through her body, her mind confused, unable to comprehend the orgasm that swept through her. She had never felt such a thing in twenty years of marriage. She opened her eyes to find herself staring at the slick, limp prick of Lord Bishop. She could tell by his voice that he would not be rebuffed. She opened her mouth submissively as his fingers pushed the flesh towards her waiting mouth. The wet prick rubbed over

her lips, staining it with the salty fluid. No matter how much she swallowed, the thick, salty taste permeating every corner of her mouth. Lord Bishop fed his limp flesh into her mouth until her lips were forced around it, her tongue lapping at it like a cat with a saucer of milk. She could feel it already begin to grow as her tongue lashed over the slick head, washing the fluids from it. He finally pulled it out of her mouth, Charlotte absently licking her lips as if she were enjoying the taste of the foul crème. The humiliation began to set in almost immediately, Charlotte dressed hurriedly, wanting to get home and into a hot tub to wash away her sins.

"Come to my office at 9 on Monday. Before the court hearing. I need you to sign some papers." Lord Bishop finished dressing. He would have just enough time before court to get Lady Charlotte to sign the papers. And make a final payment on her bill. She would take him in her mouth, this time he would fill her with his precious seed, forcing her to swallow it.

* * * *

Charlotte knew that would not be the last of it, sure that Lord Bishop would take advantage of her again on Monday. When she arrived at his office, she was not surprised by the absence of his assistant, Lord Bishop making a feeble attempt to explain it away. She signed the papers and soon found herself kneeling between his naked thighs, her pear shaped titties naked, her engorged buds red from his fingers. Her dainty fingers were curled around the thick shaft of his prick, her mouth ovaled wide around the head of it, her tongue

dancing back and forth over the tip, the familiar taste of his seed filling her mouth again.

The only noise in the room was the sound of Lady Charlotte's sucking and Lord Bishop's moaning. She had gone to her knees without much encouragement, sucking his prick as if she had done it all her life, Lord Bishop's hands guiding the movement of her head for his ultimate pleasure. She didn't even fight him when he pushed her head down, making her take his prick deep into her mouth, her hands pinching his thighs tightly, but making no attempt to stop his prick from attempting to enter her tight throat. Her gagging and choking excited Lord Bishop, unable to contain his lust, her fingers curling around his balls to extract his precious seed. Her eyes opened wide when he filled her mouth with his seed, her cheeks bulging out like a chipmunk in winter. He held her tight, Lady Charlotte finally relenting, swallowing load after load until his balls were empty of his spunk. He dismissed her quickly, having to attend to her affairs in the courtroom.

She could do little to stop him, his strong hands holding her head submissively down on his prick, the monster filling her mouth, her lips wrapped tightly around the thick shaft. He pumped his hips back and forth, rutting in her virgin mouth, his head thrown back in pleasure as she felt his prick sputter, the first blast of spunk surprising her. She couldn't believe he had that much, Charlotte finding her cheeks swelling to contain the abundant fluid. She had no choice, his hands holding her head tight, Charlotte feeling him ready to shoot again. She swallowed, the thick spunk sliding down her throat slowly, Charlotte trying hard not to choke on it. She didn't

Lady in Bondage
by Powerone

think he would ever stop, three times he filled her mouth, three times she choked the thick crème down into her stomach. His prick grew limp in her mouth, but he refused to take it out until Charlotte cleansed it. He dismissed her quickly, his lust sated by her virgin mouth, Charlotte racing home to rinse the foul taste from her mouth.

CHAPTER 5

The Court Appoints a New Master of the House

Lord Bishop had summoned her on Tuesday, Charlotte knowing that there was news from the hearing that was held on Monday. Now she could get on with her life, able to control her own destiny and that of Anna and Jenna. They had taken their father's death hard, but they were resilient, just like their mother. They all knew they had to build a new life and go on without him.

Her stomach was fluttering, barely able to get any breakfast down, hoping for good news. She arrived fifteen minutes early, Lord Bishop's assistant was not there. She waited patiently, the large mahogany door opening and the familiar figure of Lord Bishop behind it.

"Come in Lady Charlotte," moving out of the way as she sashayed past him, the gentle swish of her petticoats stirring the desire in him. Hopefully he would be able to extract another payment from the lovely lady, a bit of sodomy would be a nice act for the beginning of a new day. His prick thickened as he thought of Lady Charlotte bent over his desk, her naked ass thrust up, his member rutting deep into her backside, her gasps bringing such immense pleasure to him. She sat down, Lord Bishop sitting behind his desk almost majestically.

"It was a very good hearing with the Magistrate. I think you got everything you could." His hand went to the front of his trousers, rubbing his prick almost absently.

"That's great Lord Bishop," Charlotte's voice picking up with pleasure. Lord Bishop secured her inheritance. "How much is there?"

Lord Bishop looked at her with awe. "What do you mean, how much is there?"

"How much money did I inherit?" She looked at him, puzzled.

"Oh, I'm afraid you may have had delusions Lady Charlotte. No respectable magistrate would turn over a small fortune to a widowed woman. You don't have the temperament to handle such things. Women are good at taking care of the home and entertaining. And of course, child bearing. If you didn't spend your money foolishly, some charming man would steal it from you." He laughed at her foolishness.

Charlotte grew angry, Lord Bishop treating her as if she were a child. "Then what did you MEN decide for me!"

"The Magistrate appointed Lord Michael Granville, your departed husband's partner to oversee and administer your estate. He was the most qualified and had the most intimate knowledge of all of your husband's affairs. In fact I spoke to him after the hearing and he assured me that he will be seeing you tonight. I think he mentioned that he would be available to have dinner with you and your lovely daughters at seven tonight." Lord Bishop looked at Lady Charlotte, still smirking at her naïve beliefs. "I would make sure that you

make every attempt to accommodate Lord Granville. There is little oversight by the Magistrate once he has appointed your Administrator. His decisions are final. And absolute. As they should be."

Charlotte turned red in anger. *How could Lord Bishop have deceived her? Or was she just that naïve to think that she would have control over her own life?* Her mind began to race, the thought of Lord Michael forever in her life not very palatable. It would be like she was almost married again, this time it wasn't her decision as to who her husband was. And Lord Michael always had a lust for her, her husband barely able to contain him. *What would happen to her now? She had been forced by Lord Bishop to accommodate his sexual desires, would Lord Michael require the same?* She fumed at the outcome, ignoring Lord Bishop, which turned out to be a mistake.

Lady Charlotte seemed lost in thought. Probably contemplating her future. Lord Bishop got up and moved closer to Lady Charlotte, her sweet lips shining in the light of the morning that broke through the window, his prick pushing hard against his tight trousers. She seemed agitated by the decision, but Lord Bishop wanted one last sexual encounter with the lovely lady. His fingers drew out his thick weapon, his hand sliding up and down the shaft as it grew. He needed relief and Lady Charlotte's mouth was convenient and readily available. She didn't even notice him until his prick slid between her lips, his hands on her head as she looked up in surprise, not necessarily shock. After all, she had already sucked his prick successfully before.

She saw it out of the corner of her eye, but it was not until she felt the hot flesh on her lips that she fully comprehended what Lord Bishop had done. The audacity of him, Charlotte finding her lips pushed open, his prick forced into her mouth, his hands holding her head tight as he forced his organ into her reluctant mouth. He had betrayed her and now he expected to take his lust out on her mouth. Her tongue ran over the thick head of his prick, massaging it sensuously as Lord Bishop began to move his hips, his fat prick sliding in and out of her mouth.

Lady Charlotte accepted the challenge, her tongue racing over the head of his prick, Lord Bishop beginning to rut in her mouth, his hips moving rhythmically to slide his prick in and out of her mouth. His balls began to tingle in excitement as Lady Charlotte began to suck his prick like a tavern wench. He closed his eyes, enjoying her oral skills, his body relaxed, waiting for the ultimate pleasure when he would cum in her mouth. "OOOOOWWWW," he yanked his prick out of her mouth, his hand grabbing it, examining the teeth marks that ringed the head. While not bleeding, it was in terrible pain, his organ now limp. He fought the urge to hit her. "What did you do?" His voice exclaimed loudly, the pain in his organ dampening his lust.

Lady Charlotte smiled brightly, wiping her mouth as she got up. She looked over at Lord Bishop, his hand tending his limp prick, her teeth marks apparent on his organ. She said to him bluntly. "That, Lord Bishop was the last time you will fuck me. Like you did in court. Just a reminder of how vulnerable you are when you decide to force a woman to take

that filthy organ in her mouth." She huffed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Now she would have to go home and deal with Lord Michael. She had to find a way to protect her daughters from him. She walked out of the building, her carriage waiting for her. She was learning quickly that she would have to do many things that she had never even fathomed in order to survive in this world of men. First she would have to contend with Lord Michael. While she had fought off his advances while married, she would have to compromise her principles now for the sake of her daughters. But she would do it with style and class. She would find a way to be successful in a world that men controlled.

* * * *

It was a couple of hours before Lord Michael would arrive, Charlotte used the time to talk to Anna and Jenna. She had explained the situation to them, to the best that she understood it. It would be especially hard for the two young girls, given the sheltered lives they had previously lived. Even at the ripe age of eighteen, Lord Henry had kept them away from the many evils of the world. Mainly boys. There were many sacrifices to be made by Charlotte and unfortunately, the girls would have to make them too. Charlotte could see the scared looks in their faces. Not so much Jenna as Anna. Jenna was always the rebellious one, willing to take any challenge, almost reckless. Anna was different, more docile. And she already had one run in with Lord Michael almost a year ago that Lord Henry could barely contain.

Charlotte still remembered the episode vividly. It was easy to do because almost the same exact thing happened to her almost twenty years ago. And with the same person, Lord Michael. The four of them were attending a gala event at Lord Michael's mansion, all dressed up in their finest dresses and jewels, Lord Henry accompanying the three of them, not allowing the girls to date any boys. Lord Henry screened every boy that danced with the twins, often making Charlotte dance so he could move close to them, ensuring that the boys would not get too bold.

Lord Michael had come over and asked Jenna to dance, Charlotte unable to protest, her husband stopping her from stopping him, not wanting to jeopardize their fragile business arrangement. Charlotte watched them as Lord Michael waltzed Jenna around the floor, remembering how well he danced, her body fitting so close against his almost twenty years ago. They moved out of sight for long minutes, Charlotte strained to see them through the crowd on the dance floor. They returned minutes later, Jenna was a bit flushed, but unruffled. Lord Michael was gracious, he then took Anna up into his arms before she could even protest. He swept her off her feet and onto the dance floor, her dress flying along as they glided almost majestically. They disappeared from sight, Charlotte once again straining to see them. She stood up as Anna rushed back by herself, tears flowing from her eyes. Lord Michael was behind her, his mouth curled in a snarl, one cheek almost scarlet. He stood before Lord Henry, barely able to contain his anger. Charlotte

held Anna close to her, the girl sobbing uncontrollably, unable to explain what had happened.

"Such an insolent child you've raised Lord Henry!" He continued to stammer, his anger making his voice raise an octave. "How dare she strike an elder?" He rubbed his cheek as though he was mortally wounded.

Charlotte lifted Anna's head up until she was looking at her. "Did you hit Lord Michael?"

Anna sobbed uncontrollably, unable to speak, nodding her head yes as her only response.

"Why did you do such a thing Anna?" Lord Henry barked to his daughter, trying to calm down an explosive situation. Lord Michael was fuming mad. And people did not make Lord Michael angry without paying a price. A terrible price.

Charlotte tried to calm her down, holding Anna close to her. "Answer your father."

"HHheeee, He touched me." Her body trembled as she stammered the words.

"What do you mean he touched you? Where?" Charlotte asked the question, but she already knew the answer. Lord Michael had done the same thing to her twenty years ago, and she suspected that he did the same thing to Jenna only minutes ago. But Jenna had a different personality, more passionate, more able to deal with boys, or men.

Anna began to cry louder before she finally blurted out. "My bosom." Between sobs she said. "And my bottom."

"I did no such thing," Lord Michael lied boldly. "I was just dancing with the girl and she slapped me. The insolent brat has no respect for her elders." Lord Michael turned towards

his partner and exclaimed. "And I blame you for this Lord Henry. Your daughter has tarnished my reputation in front of my guests. What are you going to do about it?" His voice was becoming loud and demanding.

Charlotte was about to protest when Lord Henry silenced her.

"I will take care of this!"

His voice was so demanding, not his usual self. Charlotte was taken back by his display. *Charlotte considered this a minor incident, could it really be so major that it would jeopardize Henry's partnership with Lord Michael?* She didn't say a word. She would have to leave it up to Henry, no matter what the outcome.

"I'm sorry Lord Michael. And so is my daughter Anna. She is young and naïve." Lord Henry tried to soothe over his partner.

"I'm afraid that is not sufficient. I demand that she be punished. Immediately while her transgressions are still fresh in her mind." Lord Michael paused for a moment while he contemplated his next move, his prick already thick in his trousers after rubbing against the nubile bodies of Jenna and Anna. He saw the look in Lord Henry's eyes, knowing that he had him scared. He intended to push this one to the edge. He looked at Charlotte, her lips clenched tightly as she struggled to stay silent. Anna would pay for the same thing Charlotte did when she was younger. His lips curled into a vicious grin.

"I'll take her home and take care of it right away." Lord Henry was already standing, wanting to usher his family home where they would be safe.

"I demand that I get my satisfaction. I want to be there while the punishment is administered. Since I'm hosting this party, I cannot leave to go to your house. But there is nothing wrong with you punishing Anna here. In my office." He didn't want Lord Henry to try to squirm out of this one. "Now!"

"Please Mother," Anna squealed.

"I can't help you Anna. Go with your father." Those were the toughest words Charlotte ever had to say in her life. She only hoped that Henry would be able to stand up against Lord Michael. She would have to trust her husband. Later that night in Anna's bedroom, she told her mother what happened. Lord Henry mentioned it the same night, never mentioning it again. Ever. It was as if nothing ever happened. Or maybe he wished nothing ever happened. Charlotte would forever feel that Lord Henry felt he let Anna down, that for once in his life he couldn't protect his innocent daughter.

Lord Michael smiled, while at the same time rubbing his cheek as if mortally wounded. He followed Anna and Lord Henry to his office. "I think a spanking would be in order," his prick jerking as he watched the gentle sway of Anna's girlish hips. She had a firm, ripe butt, built for a spanking. Or more, having a fine collection of whips that he would like to use on the young girl's lovely cheeks. Naked would be his preference.

Anna trembled when she entered Lord Michael's library. It was definitely a man's library, the rich smell, mahogany furniture, books shelves lining two walls, the stale odor of cigars and the stuffed heads of wild animals proving the manhood of the hunter. She stood next to her father. Even

though he would spank her, it was Lord Michael that she feared. She just hoped it would be quick. The door slammed ominously, sealing her fate. While others danced outside, inside she would be subject to a spanking. For an offense that didn't warrant the punishment.

"Help me Lord Henry," Lord Michael opening a door on the far wall. He began to drag out a heavy piece of furniture, Lord Henry finally helping him to situate it in the center of the room.

"What is it?" Even Lord Henry was puzzled. Then it finally clicked in his head. *What was Lord Michael doing with such a thing?* There were many things he didn't know about his partner. Many more by the looks of this that he didn't want to know.

Lord Michael's eyes opened wide as he got it ready, seeing Lord Henry's realization of what it was. "Yes," nodding off to Anna, the young girl trembling so deliciously next to her father. "A spanking bench. Built to hold a girl's bottom so that a spanking can be administered effectively. It will keep those lovely bottom cheeks up high and spread so that you will feel the maximum punishment." Lord Michael wished he could free his prick during the punishment, but knew that Lord Henry would protest too loudly. "Now put the girl up here," tapping the leather base where Anna would be forced to kneel.

Lord Henry had no choice, nudging Anna until she stood before it, the frightened look on her face, unable to help her. He hoped he could get it over with quickly. "Kneel up here Anna. Take your punishment," he added, Anna hesitating, his

hand pushing the hair out of her face, wiping away the tears, trying to reassure her.

Lord Michael was at the other end of the bench, showing Anna how to grab the round wooden bar that traversed the width of the bench. Anna gripped the wood tightly, finding it worn from use.

"Your head down. After all, it is your bottom that your father wants, not your face." He pushed down on the back of her neck, Anna submissively surrendering, Lord Michael watching as her bottom cheeks raised up higher. He went around to the back of her, the shapely cheeks of her buttocks outlined by her thick dress and petticoats. She was quite a sight to behold. "Begin. I think fifty would be sufficient."

Anna turned around in shock. Fifty! She had never had more than five when she was a small girl. Her father stared at her, Anna surrendering, her head laying back down on the leather base, her skin sticking to it. She braced herself for the inevitable pain.

Lord Henry had no choice, getting behind Anna. He swung his arm, his large palm striking her right cheek with a resounding blow that rang out in the room, bouncing off the walls. He felt her body jerk, but knew with her dress and petticoats, she barely felt anything. His hand swung again, this time catching her other cheek, Anna making the appropriate gasps of pain with each blow, her body jerking from the touch of his palm on her bottom cheeks. He spanked her cheeks ten times before he felt Lord Michael beside him.

He was furious, Lord Henry was making a mockery out of this, Anna barely feeling the spanking. They were both

playing with him and that made it even worse. He pushed Lord Henry aside powerfully, his face a deep red in anger, the muscles in his arms almost bulging out. "How dare you insult me with this charade? If you won't do your parental duties, I will take over. Get out of my way!"

Lord Henry almost fell down, never seeing Lord Michael so physical. He was taken back, stumbling to keep from falling, seeing the anger etched in Lord Michael's face. Lord Henry only made it worse, Lord Michael seeing through them. Now he wanted to spank Anna, and Lord Henry didn't think he could do anything to stop him. Or dare to even try, threatened physically by the presence of Lord Michael. He did nothing but sit in the corner.

"Now you'll be punished. I'm starting your fifty over again," Lord Michael exclaimed excitedly. "But first we must get some of these clothes out of the way. You're going to feel them this time." He brushed up the long skirt, digging deep beneath it to find the many layers of petticoats until he caught the first glimmer of white, naked flesh. His prick thickened in his trousers, jerking against his tight pants. He threw the skirt and petticoats up Anna's back, hearing her gasp in shame as her legs were bared to his gaze. And also the thin bloomers that clung so lusciously to her broad bottom cheeks. He slapped her left hip, making her dance beneath the blow as she felt the painful strike of his hand.

Anna found her body uncovered almost to the waist, only her bloomers hiding her most intimate treasures from Lord Michael. She turned around to plead with him, but she didn't see compassion in his eyes, only lust. She felt the burning of

his palm as it struck her naked hip, her body jerking in unexpected pain.

Lord Michael turned to look at Lord Henry, giving him a look, conveying that he should not even attempt to interfere. "Stay out of this if you know what's good for you," he threatened. "I'm going to teach your ungrateful brat manners that you should have." He turned back to Anna, his hand moving closer to her. He pushed, touched her high up on her thighs, a shocked look on her face as she turned towards him. "Open up your thighs so you can feel the full force of my blows." He pushed wider on her thighs until her legs reluctantly parted. His gaze fell instantly between her legs, her pale thighs trembling, her haunches ripe in womanhood. Her cheeks were full and rounded, the bloomers pulled back to reveal the edges of the delicious flesh. Lord Michael fought the urge to push the thin garment aside to reveal her ripe and desirable bottom to his lustful eyes. "Now raise up your bottom cheeks so that I may administer your punishment." He lightly tapped her bottom until she submissively complied, her haunches displayed so prominently.

She felt so much shame, her skirt and petticoats thrust out of the way, half naked as Lord Michael began to strike her. Not like her father, but broad, painful slaps of his large hand, her thin bloomers doing little to soften the blows. She began to sob, Lord Michael making her raise her haunches up when she tried to lower them to escape the punishing blows. Her bottom cheeks stung terribly, Lord Michael striking each cheek separately, rhythmically slapping them, each time Anna

bracing herself for the next one, each time the pain increasing. He finally stopped, Anna glad that it was over.

Lord Michael let his hand roam over her upraised bottom cheeks, feeling her flinch in pain. "That's twenty five, twenty five more to go." Her sobbing grew in intensity as soon as she realized that she had not even got half of the spanking. He let his fingers casually roam up and down her crack, standing in the way so Lord Henry didn't see his intentions. Anna did little to stop him except to tighten her cheeks, his prick jerking in pleasure at the thought of her cheeks clenching on his manhood. He let his finger trail down her crack, all the way down until he touched her womanhood, her sobbing increasing in intensity, her thighs tightened as she fought the urge to close her legs.

Anna sobbed as Lord Michael touched her intimately, wondering why her father didn't stop him. He was touching between her cheeks, his fingers sawing up and down her crack. He forced her to rise up higher, his fingers finding her womanhood, rubbing up and down her crease. She wanted so bad to close her thighs and end this humiliating fondling, but knew that it would only increase her punishment. And then she felt it, barely able to comprehend the feeling. She felt a rush of arousal between her legs. A wetness that she felt when her fingers did the same thing that Lord Michael's fingers were doing. She felt shame as his finger sawed up and down her slit, hoping that he didn't feel the moisture from her womanhood.

Lord Michael saw a gradual change in Anna. Her hips began to move gently from side to side, barely

distinguishable. And he felt her heat, her womanhood opening up to his caresses, her juices beginning to flow, her bloomers moist with her arousal. He wished Lord Henry wasn't here, wishing he could plunge his prick into her virgin hole and make her scream in pleasure. His prick needed release soon, his balls aching in lust. He needed to find an available female to take his lust out on. But first he had to finish Anna's punishment. He began to lash back into her cheeks, his blows more powerful, her body dancing beneath his hand. He took out his arousal on her haunches, landing twenty five more powerful blows on her lovely bottom until his arm was tired. He left the room suddenly, his lust needing to be satisfied.

Anna could barely cry any longer, her throat hoarse from screaming out in pain. Lord Michael was beating her bottom with such ferocity that Anna feared for her life. It seemed like hours before he stopped, leaving as abruptly as he started. Her father brushed her skirt and petticoats over her bottom, Anna crying out as she stood up, her cheeks feeling like they were branded.

The ride home was silent, Anna barely able to sit down in the carriage. Nothing was ever said about the incident until Charlotte brought it up that night. Lord Henry had confessed to Charlotte that same night about what had happened. And his shame in not being able to stop Lord Michael from his evil task. He never forgave himself for it, taking his shame to the grave with him.

* * * *

"I don't know if I can control Lord Michael. He is coming to the house tonight and I fear the worst." Charlotte tried to explain the situation to the girls. "Anna, you already had a problem with him last year and I'm not sure if he feels that it is settled. He might attempt to bring it up again. You will just have to submit to a punishment again in hopes that will be all that is required of you."

"Oh Mother," Anna squealed. "It hurt so much when he spanked me last time. And it was humiliating when he hiked up my dress." Anna didn't even mention the way he had touched her. Or the way she had responded. She was more afraid of her arousal than the punishment.

"It will be difficult, but you are both grown women now. You no longer have your father to protect you.

Jenna's mind began to race. Not in fear, but arousal. She had always looked at Lord Michael in a different way. Not like a father figure, but as a man. A dominant man. Ever since that night in the barn with the First Mate, her mind always conjured up fantasies where a strong man dominated her. Making demands on her. Sexual demands. And her submission to him. These mental images and the ivory dildo brought such delicious orgasms to her virgin body. Even going so far as to suck the dildo as if she was being ordered to. "Yes Mother," Jenna responded. *What would her mother have to do? Would Lord Michael take her in her own bed?* Her mind raced with images of Lord Michael thrusting his rampant weapon into her mother.

Jenna knew that her life was going to change quickly and there was nothing that her mother or she could do to stop

Lord Michael. She only hoped that he wouldn't find out her secret. The knock on the door startled all of them.

Charlotte got up and went to the door, but not before checking to make sure dinner was almost ready. She didn't want to have too much time before dinner, easier to hold a conversation while eating. She opened the door, Lord Michael standing there. She looked at him for the first time as a man, not as her husband's partner. He was handsome, many of the women in town allowing him the favor of their bodies. *Was he as good in bed as the women said he was?* He dressed impeccably, much better than Henry did. Henry was more interested in covering his body instead of looking good. And Henry had always failed to give Charlotte what she was looking for. An orgasm. Only Henri so many years ago had taught her the delightful pleasure, her fingers able to duplicate it, but with less intensity. "Good evening Lord Michael," Charlotte bowing slightly in reverence to him.

"You look ravishing tonight Lady Charlotte. And you may call me Michael. I think we will become much more intimate in the future." He looked at her, smiling as he saw her ripe body. Her dress revealed a wide expanse of very luscious cleavage, hoping that she wore it in an attempt to entice him. Because she succeeded in doing just that, his prick rising up to the occasion.

Charlotte blushed slightly. She hoped his term intimate didn't mean sexually, but his eyes seemed to be devouring her body. It was partly her fault, picking out her most risqué dress, the plunging neckline revealing more cleavage than Henry would have approved of. But she hoped that if Michael

took an interest in her, he might leave the girls alone. She would sacrifice anything for her twins. "You make me blush Michael," smiling sexily at him. "Come in, dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

Lord Michael followed her, watching the full hips and the gentle sway of her magnificent bottom. It seemed to almost beg him to touch it. He looked at the girls seated in the living room, Jenna and Anna the perfect specimens of virginal innocence. He smiled broadly at Jenna, but gave Anna more of a smirk. Tomorrow he would get the respect that he deserved from her. She would pay dearly for the humiliating slap she gave him. "It is a pleasure to see such beautiful young girls. A spitting image of the beauty of their mother." He sat down, the maid already bringing him a brandy. His hand went to his crotch, not even attempting to hide the obvious shifting of his rigid member. In fact he did as much as he could to catch all three of the females' attention, the girls looking and then turning away, Jenna taking longer to look away than Anna.

Lord Michael wasted no time with preliminaries, getting directly to the point. "The Magistrate has appointed me as Administrator of Lord Henry's estate. I heard that you had a," pausing for a second "disagreement with your Barrister because of the outcome. The court would never allow a woman to control such a worldly sum of monies. You can be assured that I will take care of you in the manner you have grown accustomed to." He could see the girls' faces light up, Lady Charlotte less accepting at face value his response. "Lord Henry was more protective of the girls than I will be.

You are both grown women now and need to learn your roles in life, not be protected from them. I will take this task on personally." The girl's smiles vanished instantly. "You will be taught to respect and obey your elders." He let this one sink in for a second before he continued. "And it will start with Anna tomorrow after school. I want you in the library as soon as you get home." He saw her eyes begin to tear up. "We still have some unfinished business." He saw Lady Charlotte's mouth opening, ready to defend her daughter. His voice rose up. "I demand absolute obedience from all." Her lips closed. "I take the responsibility the court gave me very seriously and will spend considerable time here to accomplish that. I will take Lord Henry's library to use while I am here. And I may stay some nights," gazing at Lady Charlotte, "due to the late hour. I will be accommodated as I see fit. And where I want."

Jenna couldn't believe what he just said. Or at least what she thought he said. But by the surprised look on her mother's face she was thinking the same thing. He would decide whose bed he would sleep in. Who he would sleep with. The sudden loss of her innocence scared her, but it also aroused her far beyond what her tame dreams had conjured up.

Lady Charlotte had to do something. "I would be more than willing to accommodate you Lord Michael." She looked at him, surrendering to him. "But my daughters are innocent, not versed in the worldly ways." She had to protect them.

"They will be taught Lady Charlotte. Just as you will probably have to be taught in the finer aspects of the world. I

feel that Lord Henry has also sheltered you too much. A pity. Such delectable female flesh withering on the vine." He finished, not wanting any more discussion. "You may serve dinner now."

He dismissed them without any discussion, his decision final and absolute. Charlotte could do little except get dinner served. She walked out with the girls, her arms around them. "It's going to be all right girls," though she didn't even believe it herself.

Dinner was almost surreal, Lord Michael taking the place of Henry as if he was always there. Charlotte feared what the rest of the night would bring, but Lord Michael acted as if they had been together for years, even joking with the girls. Anna tried to be sociable, but Charlotte knew that her mind was probably racing with thoughts of tomorrow when she would have to face the wrath of Lord Michael. They retired to the living room, Lord Michael excusing the girls with a flick of his hand. Charlotte found herself alone in the room with Lord Michael, sipping a glass of sherry while Lord Michael puffed on one of Henry's favorite cigars. They made small talk, Charlotte nervously replying.

"It is getting late Lady Charlotte," Lord Michael making a statement of fact.

"One last thing Lord Michael. I am not sure how the financial arrangements will be handled. What am I to do if I require money?"

"All you have to do is ask Lady Charlotte. I can be a very generous man." He smiled, taking a sip of brandy, a deep drag on the cigar pinned tightly between his lips.

"The girls need some new clothes. At their age they tend to need the latest fashions almost continually. I hope that won't be a problem." Charlotte waited to see his response. *Would it be that easy?*

Lord Michael reached into his inner coat pocket, taking out a large black leather wallet. He peeled off four large bills, placing them on the table. "That should be sufficient."

Charlotte bent over to pick them up, grabbing them, noticing Lord Michael's eyes feasting on her hanging breasts. "That is more than generous." She was surprised that he gave her so much. She got up, ready to show him to the door.

"And now Lady Charlotte. Show me your bedroom." He said it without any change in the tone of his voice, almost as if she had expected it.

She looked at him, not sure if she heard what he had just said. "My bbbbedroom," she stammered, taken back by the words.

"Yes. It is late so I am spending the night. And with my liberal generosity, I expect you to reciprocate in kind." His face was covered in a broad smirk, his prick throbbing to be released from his trousers. Soon he would possess the one thing that he could not for the last twenty years. Lady Charlotte. He could see her hesitation. He added. "And you can see if you can persuade me to be lenient with Anna tomorrow."

His last sentence was all that was needed to secure her cooperation. She would do anything to help Anna and Jenna. Anna was in the most peril. Charlotte had already done things with Lord Bishop that she never fathomed she could do. Now

it would require the same degree of cooperation on her part with Lord Michael. At least the girl's bedrooms were a long way down the hall.

"This way." She walked off to her bedroom as if it were her last time, hearing Lord Michael behind her, imagining the way his eyes must be devouring her from behind, Charlotte self conscious of the way she walked. She opened the door to the bedroom, glad that she took a lot of the personal effects of Henry from the room as if she knew that this would happen. She had to put that part of her life behind her and devote her every effort in helping her daughters in the cruel world just as Henry would have done. Her own large bed loomed so ominously in front of her. She had never shared this bed with anyone but Henry.

Lord Michael looked around the room, the massive bed with high posts in each corner, the upholstered bench at one end, a small couch and chair filling the room. All would be suitable for what he had in mind. "A very nice room Lady Charlotte." He walked over to the couch, sitting down after taking off his coat and tie. He got comfortable. "Change into something more comfortable." He paused for a second. "And sexy." His hand reached down to his crotch, his fingers outlining his rigid prick. "I expect you to take good care of this."

She looked at his hand, his fingers curling around the formidable weapon, much bigger than Henry's. Even bigger than Lord Bishop. Strange, she thought, all of a sudden Charlotte was distinguishing between sizes of members. She blushed at the thoughts that were racing through her head.

She closed the door behind her, secure in the privacy of the bathroom. At least for now. She opened the cabinet, putting back the nightgown she had previously chosen for tonight, taking out a special one that she had for nights she hoped to convince Henry to join her in lovemaking. It was long but sheer, going almost all the way to her ankles. It was peach colored, going nicely with her skin. She took off her dress, slowly stripping off her undergarments until she stood naked in front of the full length mirror. Lord Michael was right. She was still ravishing even at her age and in spite of having two full grown daughters. Though gravity had taken its toll on her breasts, they were mature and full, capped with large red nipples that contrasted starkly with her white skin. But what were most remarkable were the large brown areolas that circled the erect nubs. It looked as though they were drawn to bring the eyes toward the red nipples that begged to be suckled. Her waist was still thin, an hour glass figure, full hips built for child bearing. She turned sideways, tightening her buttocks. She turned back towards the mirror, her eye gazing down to the neatly trimmed bush that teased the beholder with what lay beneath it. She spread her legs slightly, the tight muscles of her thighs begging to squeeze a man that lay between them. The moisture began to ooze along her thighs. Charlotte felt some shame, but more arousal. *What would it feel like to be penetrated by Lord Michael's prick?* She dabbed a bit of perfume between her cleavage, putting the bottle back down on the counter. She changed her mind, dabbing a bit at the juncture of her thighs, a devilish smile appearing on her face. *What was she thinking?*

She picked up the nightgown, sliding it over her smooth, silky skin, feeling the fleshy nub of her nipples swell as the sheer fabric slid over them, caressing them as a man would do. She stood before the mirror, her ripe, full breasts pushing out the front, her nipples displayed so prominently, the dark areolas revealed beneath the sheer fabric. Her gaze fell to her loins, her bush pushing out the front of the nightgown, the dark patch highlighted beneath. She spread her legs, feeling her love juices. She could hear Lord Michael in the other room, his impatience growing. She opened the door, Lord Michael still in the chair waiting patiently for her.

He searched the room while she changed, finding most things he would need. He carefully laid them out so they would be convenient when the need arose. He would bring his toys when he came tomorrow, needing them for Anna's punishment. The door opened, Lady Charlotte appearing as if she were an angel, the sheer nightgown doing little to hide her considerable charms, doing more to entice. He watched the gentle sway of her titties as she walked, not failing to see the erect tips that pushed out the front. *Was she aroused by this union?* She stood before him as if she were a servant girl brought to service him. He inhaled the sweet smell of lavender, his prick rearing up in lust. He wanted to see how submissive she would be. Like mother like daughters. "Lace your hands behind your head. Thrust out your luscious bosom for my viewing pleasure." He waited, seeing the reluctance in her eyes as she tried to contemplate her fate. Her hands gradually moved up, her dainty fingers intermixed to sit behind her neck, her elbows drawn out to the side. His prick

jerked in pleasure as her firm titties stood up high on her chest, her back arching to push her swollen nipples out.

She finally relented, her arms going up, her back arching as she posed provocatively for him. She could feel the blood pulsating in her erect tips, pounding so loud that she could almost hear it. His eyes were transfixed on her breasts, his hand in his lap absently stroking his member. She waited to see what he would require of her next, not having to wait long before his voice boomed his next command.

"Spread your legs. Wide. Tease me with the naked treasures hidden beneath that lovely nightgown." His hand rubbed his prick from the tip all the way down to his heavy ball sack. He felt his prick grow in his trousers, wanting to be released, wanting to feel Lady Charlotte's soft hands wrapped around it. Or even better her wet, silky lips. He squeezed the bulbous head of his prick when her legs spread, able to make out the vee between her thighs, her bush clearly visible. He longed to have his prick snuggled into her hot, tight hole, sure that Lord Henry had not used her very much. "Turn around and stop. Keep your legs spread. I want to see that lovely behind."

No matter how embarrassed she was, she obeyed like a trained dog. It was the only hope she had for Anna. She spread her legs, her bottom thrust out almost obscenely for him to gaze upon.

Lord Michael could make out the dark crease that split her white bottom, the mysterious place that hid her most intimate treasure. He was sure that she never even fathomed her bottom could be used sexually, but she would soon learn the

pleasure she would bring him with the perverse act of sodomy. He would let her suffer the humiliation and the unknown, not knowing what he was doing or even contemplating. "Turn around." His voice was demanding. He waited until she faced him. "Take off your nightgown. Let me see you naked in all of your splendor." He saw the look of hesitation on her face. "Come on, or should I go and see if one of your daughters is more submissive to my demands?" Her demeanor changed instantly with the mention of her daughters.

She hated when he threatened the girls. It was bad enough what he was doing and going to do to her, never mind her innocent girls. She bent over slightly, her pendulous breasts swaying as she grasped the bottom of her nightgown. She drew it slowly up her legs, revealing her shapely legs to his eyes. She paused when it got to her thighs, his impatient cough signaling her obedience. She drew the nightgown up higher, feeling the cool air of the night blowing across her silky bush, tantalizing the tiny follicles with the slight breeze. She closed her eyes as the satiny gown slid over her breasts, teasing the swollen tips to even greater hardness, the gown sliding noisily over the crinkled tips. She pulled it over her head, throwing it on the bed into a useless heap, standing naked in front of Lord Michael. He had been hoping for this for twenty years and was now finally getting his wish. She let her legs spread slightly, the moisture dripping slowly from the petals of her sex. *How could she become aroused by stripping naked in front of Lord Michael? What had her husband's death turned her into?*

Lord Michael needed some relief. First he wanted to claim her mouth. He didn't worry about maintaining his steely erection, sure that Lady Charlotte would be able to bring him back to life numerous times tonight. "Kneel at my feet. I want you to worship my prick." He stood up, slowly taking off his clothes stopping when he was only in his shorts, teasing as he slid his trousers off. His rigid prick pushed out the front of his undergarments, his fingers molding around the thick shaft as Lady Charlotte kneeled before him as though he were the King and she was his servant girl. His prick jerked in pleasure at her naked kneeling body, but more important her wet lips. Soon he would feel her warm mouth engulfing his prick, a dream of twenty years. He drew his undergarment down, his hand holding his prick out proudly.

There weren't many men she had seen naked before, never even fathoming one of them would be Lord Michael. His prick was so big, his fingers running over the thick shaft, the helmet of his prick almost purple, his juices glistening on the tip. She knew that she would have to take it in her mouth, wetting her lips with her tongue, the taste of Lord Bishop's seed still fresh in her head.

"Put these on." Lord Michael took out a pair of black silk gloves, handing them to Lady Charlotte. He watched as she drew them up her arms until they almost reached her elbows. She clenched her fists, his cock jerking at the expectations of her first touch. "Excite me with your touch." He sat back down, laying back, his legs spread wide for her, his heavy laden balls resting on the seat.

Lady Charlotte moved forward on her knees until she was between his muscular thighs. She rubbed her hands together, trying to get used to the feel of the gloves. They molded over her fingers and hands as if they were a second skin. One hand closed around the thick shaft, her fingers encircling the massive girth, her other gloved hand cradling his balls carefully as if afraid to hurt him. She began to roll her fingers around his ball sack, carefully seeking out the twin globes rolling around inside almost mysteriously. She felt his butt rise up from the chair, her hand tightening harder on his precious balls as if controlling him.

Lord Michael groaned loudly, his body shuddering in pleasure from the silky touch of her gloved hands on his prick. He jerked in pleasure as her hands cupped his precious balls, his ass rising up as she tightened the grip of her slender, gloved fingers. He had never felt such exquisite pleasure, the cool feel of silk tantalizing his hot flesh. Her fingers tightened on his shaft, her hand making a slow rub up and down his shaft. He groaned lustily as her fingers curled around his thick helmet, her fingers massaging just beneath the rim, her fingertip rubbing back and forth over the sensitive skin until his prick leaked his precious fluid. She gathered up the sticky fluid, Lord Michael watching as it soaked the silk, making the slippery glove slide easier along his shaft. Her fingers clutched tighter on his steely erection, gaining confidence as she stroked him with precision, her other hand guiding his butt by tightening on his vulnerable balls. He could barely contain his lust, afraid of cumming too soon before he had a chance to enjoy her mouth. He hissed

through his teeth and drew in a deep breath, his sphincter tightening as he tried to contain the orgasm that threatened to race through his body. She teased him, her hand moving slowing down when he cried out in ecstasy, speeding up as his butt settled back down on the chair. His prick was denied the final touch that would drive the climax from his body by her expert fingers. His balls began to ache in lust.

Charlotte didn't know where it came from, one minute she was stroking his rigid prick, the next she was lost in the arousal that her hand had stimulated in Lord Michael. She had never performed such a sexual ritual with Henry, he would have climaxed too soon. But with Lord Michael, her hands seemed to know exactly when to slow up, when to move faster, when to clutch his precious balls, all without making him climax. She watched his face tighten in pleasure, hissing through clenched lips, her hand extracting the maximum amount of pleasure from him. It was though she had done this dozens of times to him. She felt his juices soak the tips of her gloves, the sticky fluid making the surface slick as her hands flew up and down his thick shaft, her fingers curling over the thick head to intimately inspect every ridge and bump with the tip of her fingers, her hand holding tight on the squirming flesh. Even his balls swelled beneath her touch, the flesh hot as she cradled them as softly as she would cradle a baby. She teased him for long minutes, Lord Michael finally no longer able to contain his lust, feeling his hands on the side of her head. She knew what he wanted. Her mouth, her hot mouth for the final climax. She had no choice even if she didn't want to, but she found a perverse thrill in the wanton

act, wanting to see if she could control him with her mouth as well as she did with her hands. She wet her lips, opening her mouth wide as he forced her closer to his rigid prick, her hand holding it straight up.

It was not as he expected, finding his prick licked by her hot tongue, looking down to see Lady Charlotte holding his prick sideways so she could run her tongue down the full length of it. Lord Michael began to move her head up and down, letting her full tongue lather his prick into a sexual frenzy. His prick danced under her touch, her hot breath exciting it, her wet tongue leaving a trail of spit that cooled instantly in the room, sending shivers up his spine. He pushed his ass up higher, pushing down with her head until he felt the hot touch of her tongue on his balls. The hairy sack didn't bother her, her mouth lavishing such intense attention, her hand stroking his shaft with her gloved hand at the same time.

She choked from the errant hairs that entered her mouth, but it failed to dampen the wetness and the exquisite feelings between her thighs. It was the perverse pleasure of being made to service his prick as though she were a common tavern wench that thrilled her, kneeling submissively and forced to lick his prick. She felt his hands tighten on her head, knowing what he wanted. He wanted her mouth to engulf his prick. She opened her mouth wide, allowing him to guide her mouth over the head of his prick. She could feel it enter without even touching her lips. She began to close her lips around the thick shaft.

Lord Michael held his breath as he guided her head onto his shaft, slowly letting out his breath as her lips closed softly around his prick as though it were her quim, the soft silky lips engulfing the head of his prick in its soft folds. He released her head, feeling the soft sucking of her mouth on his prick. It sent chills through his body, the pulling on his shaft as her lips moved up and down on his rampant prick. Her cheeks were hollowed, the outline of the head of his prick pushing out one cheek, her green eyes staring up at him submissively. He had never seen such an erotic sight, not even in all of his dreams of Lady Charlotte.

Charlotte felt his prick grow in her mouth, the shaft thickening as she sucked the head deeper into her mouth. Her tongue rubbed back and forth over the tip until she was rewarded with his precious fluid, the thick salty taste filling her mouth. It was strange to be able to run her tongue all over his prick, inspecting it, feeling every ridge and bump, her hand having to hold it as it jerked and jumped in pleasure. She felt a power that she never felt before, in spite of the hands that held her mouth submissively over his prick. The hands began to get more urgent, pushing her head harder onto his rigid prick. He wanted to drive it deeper into her mouth, Charlotte afraid of how deep he wanted to shove it. *Would he shove it in down her throat?* She began to struggle, afraid it would choke her if he drove it too far into her mouth.

He wanted to plunge his prick further to feel the tightness of her throat. His hand pushed harder on her head, feeling her fight back. He heard her muffled cry as his prick banged

hard against the back of her mouth, choking her, her eyes opening wide, shiny with tears. He watched her flushed face, her lips pulling on his prick as he buried over half of his rigid prick into her reluctant mouth. He could feel her tongue working feverishly to please him, but he wanted more. Even with the tightness of her mouth and lips, he wanted her throat.

Lord Michael was too powerful for her, her hands clutching his thighs tightly as his prick banged against the back of her mouth. She choked, her mouth opening wide as she gulped, his hips waiting patiently for just the right moment. She couldn't believe it, but her throat was impaled on the thick helmet of his prick, her tight throat spread wide to accept the unyielding flesh of his prick. Her eyes were opened wide, her fingers digging into his thigh muscles as her throat clenched uncontrollably on the rigid flesh that invaded her throat. She choked and gagged as Lord Michael's hands moved violently on her head, forcing her down until she felt his snake fill her throat. He held her there as he moaned lustily in pleasure.

Lord Michael had never felt such pleasure before, looking down at Lady Charlotte, tears running down her cheeks, her eyes opened wide, pleading with him for release, her fingers hurting as they dug into his thighs. "Suck hard on my prick and I will release it from your throat. I want to feel your tongue on my prick when I cum." He hated to pull his prick from the tight confines of her throat, but he could no longer hold back the climax, wanting to watch as Lady Charlotte gobbled down his rich seed. He pulled his prick from her throat with a loud popping noise, her tongue instantly racing

to replace the pleasure that her tight throat had afforded him, her lips racing up and down his shaft with a tightness he could barely fathom. Her fingers began a rhythmic clenching of his balls, milking the juices stored inside. "EEEEEEHHHH," he bellowed loudly, sure the girls had heard him, unable to contain the lust as his balls spilled out his plentiful cum into her waiting mouth.

She worked so energetically on sucking his prick, filling her lungs with precious air when he pulled the head of his prick from her throat. Her mouth and tongue raced over his throbbing flesh, not caring any longer that her mouth would soon be filled with his spunk. She tugged on his balls, his butt rising up, his breathing frenzied as he neared climax. She sucked the thick head, her lips wrapped tightly just under the thick ridge, her tongue slapping back and forth over the tip until she heard him scream out in pleasure. Her hand held the spewing prick tightly, her cheeks ballooning as they filled with his hot spunk. She couldn't believe the amount of juices that filled her mouth. She swallowed once, gulping as the thick crème moved slowly down into her stomach, her mouth already receiving a second load of spunk, though not as plentiful. She gulped and sucked for long minutes as he came four times in her mouth, each time swallowing, her stomach gurgling as it filled with the thick hot fluid. His hands finally loosened on her head as his climax subsided, Charlotte not daring to move, her tongue still lavishing attention on his rapidly shrinking prick until she had cleansed it of his spunk. She finally spit out the limp flesh, her lips covered with the lipstick of his seed, Lord Michael leaning back in the chair.

No one had ever sucked his prick with such vigor and expertise. He looked down at Lady Charlotte, her lips glistening with his juices, her tongue licking them sensuously as though she were trying to taste every drop of his seed. "Let us get into bed. I don't want to leave you in such a state as you are now. My prick won't take long to get ready for you, only a few minutes of exploring your body and it will rise again to the occasion.

Lady Charlotte didn't hesitate, climbing into bed next to Lord Michael as if he were her husband, her hands resting on his limp prick, already feeling it begin to rise. She spread her legs when she felt Lord Michael's hands touching her, seeking out the petals of her flower. He found her wet and responsive. He took her that night as a husband would take his wife. Lady Charlotte woke to feel him curled behind her, his prick already hard, banging at the gates of her womanhood. She squirmed and rubbed against him until she felt it entering her, slowly impaling herself on his prick until he woke, a smile on his face as he felt the hot depths of her womanhood clenching on his steely erection. He took her for long minutes, Lady Charlotte using all of her muscles to grip his prick until he dumped his seed inside her, her orgasm falling quickly behind. She only hoped that he would be sated enough to not to take his lust out on Anna tomorrow.

CHAPTER 6

Anna's Punishment

It seemed that the day raced by, Anna preferring if school was never finished. She was to see Lord Michael in the library as soon as she got home. She had always associated the library with her father, going to it when she was younger, her father reading to her out of one of the hundreds of books that lined the bookcases. It would change today, Lord Michael to be punishing her in her father's library. She never told anyone about the way he had fondled her body while punishing her. Or the way she had responded to his unwelcome touch. She was afraid of herself as much as she feared Lord Michael.

And the strange noise she heard from her mother's bedroom last night. Even though it was down the other end of the hall, she could hear the screams of pleasure, from both Lord Michael and her mother. He had spent the night with her mother, Anna barely able to fathom the thought of her mother with another man. Or any man. The loud clang of the bell scared her, sitting upright in her chair, the room already beginning to empty, most of the students eager to go home. Anna rose slowly, the carriage already outside, Jenna waiting impatiently inside. They barely said a word on the way home.

"Good luck," the only thing Jenna could say as Anna walked down to the library. Jenna felt bad for Anna, but she secretly was excited over the prospect of Lord Michael punishing her. Ever since that night with the First Mate and

the way he dominated her, she dreamt of a strong man bending her to his will, forcing her to sexually service his every whim, the ivory dildo taking her as she masturbated as a man would do to claim his prize. Her mind began to think of ways she could elicit the wrath of Lord Michael.

Anna took a deep breath, filling her lungs with air as she stood trembling before the library door. She knocked, waiting, hoping that maybe Lord Michael wouldn't be there, taken away on urgent business. Suddenly there was a booming voice.

"Come in." Lord Michael sat behind the desk, waiting patiently for Anna. While her mother had done everything to sap his sexual powers from him, the sight of Anna coming through the door stirred his prick to rise in his trousers. She was dressed in a light gray dress, a generous amount of cleavage revealed by the low cut. All of the women in the family had ample bosoms, something that Lord Michael loved. Nothing could be better than to have his prick snuggled tightly between twin breasts, pillowing them with the firm flesh. He saw the strained look on her face as she entered, enjoying her fear. Her auburn hair hung far down her back, Lord Michael imagining only her hair covering her naked body. "Close the door behind you. I don't want us to be disturbed."

The door closed with such finality, the room looking different than she remembered it. The furniture all took on an ominous look, knowing that she could be forced over any of it, her backside positioned for punishment. She felt uneasiness between her legs, not sure what it was. "I can't

tell you how sorry I am Master Michael," hoping the word Master might make amends.

Lord Michael could see a change in her, trying to butter him up with her words. He only hoped that she would be just as submissive when he began to punish her. If she thought it would only be today, she was greatly mistaken. She would be visiting the library almost daily until she accepted the punishments with pleasure. He thought he felt the arousal in her last time, this time he would have more time to make sure that she relished the punishment as much as she would the pleasure he would give her. "Stand in front of me so I can see you." He moved his chair to the side.

Her legs were trembling so much she could barely walk over to him. His legs were open, urging her to stand between them. She fought the urge to run away. But she knew it would only make the punishment more severe. She was willing to do anything to lessen the punishment. Almost anything or so she hoped. She stood in front of him, feeling strange as his eyes feasted on her body as a man would do. She looked down at his hands, large hands that had spanked her, reliving the feeling as they spanked hard on her almost naked haunches. And the way they gently caressed her afterwards, touching her intimately, hidden from the view of her father. That she feared as much as the physical punishment.

"Hold still," his voice reassuring her at the same time his arms moved out to engulf her full hips. He pulled her closer to him, Anna almost falling as she shuffled forward. His hands held her hips, seeing the look on her face as she stayed still,

making no move to stop him. He tested her further, one hand sliding around to cup one of her firm cheeks, feeling her tighten the muscles of her buttocks. He clenched the full cheek, his other hand snaking around to grasp the other cheek harshly. He watched her hips undulate as he clenched and unclenched on her cheeks. He released her cheeks. "Turn around." She didn't hesitate, turning her back to him until he was presented with her luscious ass. His hands moved back up, this time touching her sensuously, not the hurried groping of minutes ago. He caressed the twin cheeks lovingly, exploring the firm flesh. Her cheeks tightened in response. "Don't clench that lovely ass Anna. Let me have my way with your lovely body."

He had said it aloud, his hands already hinting at it as they ran over her body with impunity. He was going to have his way with her body, Anna unable to stop him from whatever he desired. Her father was no longer around to keep his lust at bay. That is what scared her the most. She had never been with a boy before, just a few hurried kisses, more pecks than a kiss, her father always lurking around so close. She knew about Jenna's ivory dildo and how she had secured it, Anna too scared to do such a risqué thing. Each time he touched her bottom, her muscles clenched in defense. She had to struggle to relax them, his fingers and hands continuing to caress her cheeks as she tried to comply with his command.

"Much better," hefting up her cheeks, making them dance beneath the dress. He stopped touching her, standing up, only inches from her. He looked into her face, moving closer until his lips touched hers, his hand under her chin, forcing

her head up until her eyes were staring at his. He wanted to see the look in her eyes as he kissed her, his mouth crushing her lips with his, his tongue pushing forcefully between her lips until she relented, his tongue going deep into the hot depths of her waiting mouth. He pushed his hips forward until his prick jerked in pleasure as it rubbed up against her, his other hand snaking around to hold her possessively against him. He could see the terror in her eyes as he kissed her passionately, his tongue dancing in her mouth. His prick jerked in pleasure against her.

She hadn't expected it, his mouth capturing her lips, his hand holding her head submissively, his tongue forcing its way into her mouth. It took her breath away, her nose flaring as she tried to suck in precious air to fill her lungs. He pushed against her, Anna feeling the hard flesh against her sex, feeling it come alive as he pulled her against him. She felt a rush of juices flood her thighs, his hips moving from side to side, the thick flesh growing as it rubbed her sensuously. *Was he going to punish her or take her sexually?* She almost wished for the punishment. It seemed like hours before he broke the kiss, the sharp intake of her breath breaking the silence of the room.

"Now I think you objected to this last time," staring in her face as his hands slid to her waist, feeling her jump from his touch. He waited until her body got used to his touch before he moved his hands up, her head looking down to watch as his fingers slid up until he cupped the gentle slope of her breasts. Her face turned flush, her hands held submissively at her side, her fists clenched tight. He fondled her firm flesh

without restraint, running his fingers under the soft underside of her upthrust breasts. His fingers became bolder, running up over the front of them until he felt the tips becoming erect, pushing out the front of her dress so brazenly. He watched her bite her lips as his fingers teased the tips to erection.

He was fondling her breasts and all she could do was hold her breath. He became bolder, his fingers moving up until she felt them touching her nipples, fighting the urges that raced through her young body. *No, don't let them get hard, she cried out silently.* She looked down ashamed, her nipples standing out into sharp points, her dress unable to hide the arousal that he was inducing in her body. She felt her undergarments dampen in her desires. "Mmmm," she tried to quench her moans as his fingers began to pinch the tips, his fingers finding the hard tips easy targets. She felt the sudden pain from the pinching quickly turn into something else, Anna afraid of her own desires. She looked down as his fingers twisted and turned her delicate nubs, a strange masochistic thrill running through her body. She felt relief when he released them from his powerful grip, but he was not finished. His fingers slid up to her naked bosom, goose bumps appearing on her exposed flesh as his fingers trailed over the wide expanse of naked flesh, running up and down the deep cleavage. Her legs felt like jelly, Anna barely able to stand, her body a mass of jumbled feelings.

He enjoyed fondling her young body, seeing her fight the urges that his experienced fingers elicited from her. He enjoyed the way her nipples were excited by his touch, the

hard nubs growing from his fingers, even when he became harsher, his powerful fingers enjoying the feeling of crushing them. She stood there, grimacing as he twisted and turned them. He had seen the look before, sexually aroused from being dominated. Yes, he would train her well. "Now I think it is time for your spanking. Your father interrupted me last time, this time there will be no interruption. Or mercy. Take off your dress. I don't intend to try to punish you through so much material." He wanted her to strip for him, much more humiliating for a young girl to do than if he did it for her.

Anna knew that it would do no good to protest, but her hands moved slowly, ashamed at having to bare her body to Lord Michael. And without her father here to protect her she mostly feared he would force her to strip completely naked. He had already touched her intimately through her clothes, there would be nothing to stop him once her garments were gone, his fingers able to penetrate her most intimate openings. She was a virgin, but she feared that she would not stay that way. Docilely, Anna reached down to the hem of her long dress and drew it up her shapely legs, refusing to look at Lord Michael. She wore no stockings so her naked legs were revealed until the hem raised high above her knees, her milky white thighs exposed to his lustful gaze. She closed her eyes as she felt the cool breeze between her legs, her simple, white undergarments exposed. She yanked the dress over her head, almost tearing the fragile material, her hands shaking as she threw it on the couch. Her hands went submissively to her sides, her bosom rising and falling from her heavy breathing as she stood clad in her undergarments. She

opened her eyes to see Lord Michael looking at her, his eyes moving from her feet, up her body to her face, a broad grin on his face. She looked down, blushing as she saw the bulge in his trousers. She was exciting him and that embarrassed her.

Her undergarments were quite plain, not like her mothers. The bottoms were cut wide and long, almost draped over her lovely hips. He would have preferred a tighter fitting garment that teased the beholder with the treasures that lay hidden beneath the fabric. It was the silk chemise that covered her lovely breasts that caught his attention. The youthful orbs stood up tall without any support, the nipples that swelled from his attention pushed out against the fragile material into rigid points aching to be touched and stimulated again. Anna had arched her back as if to tease him with the pear shaped titties. Lord Michael fought the urge to grip the alluring points. No, he needed to punish her first. Let her feel the pain before she was rewarded with the pleasure. That was the only way to teach young girls. They would come to crave the punishment, knowing that the pleasure was next. "Turn around. Let me see the seat of your punishment."

She didn't hesitate, at least her back would be to him, not forced to see his leering eyes devouring her half naked body. She turned, standing still as she felt his eyes burning a hole in her backside. Her thighs were clenched tightly together, hiding her treasures from his probing eyes.

The position had drawn the silk garment tighter over the twin hemispheres, firmly rounded and set tightly together. Lord Michael could see her cheeks clenched tight, waiting for

long minutes until she tired, seeing the muscles contract. Such lovely targets, his prick jerking in his tight trousers. He moved back to his desk, pulling his chair sideways. "Over my lap now Anna. Head towards the ground," his arms outstretched to guide her into the position he required of her.

She moved towards him as if it were her last steps, finally standing in front of him, his hands instantly moving up to touch and mold her body onto his lap. She felt her hair falling forward as her head bent deeply over, struggling to fight the strange feeling of helplessness as she was bent over, finally landing on his legs, her body bent in two. The blood rushed to her head as she was upside down, feeling his thick flesh between his legs touching her so intimately. His hands immediately began to fondle her upthrust cheeks, his prick jerking beneath her. She bit her lips as his hands slid over her cheeks sensuously, her buttocks clenching uncontrollably as his fingers played across her intimate crack. Her body was tense, expecting the sharp bite of pain from the first spank on her cheeks. Yet at the same time she felt the first stirrings of sensuality, the fingers caressing her bottom almost lovingly. The fingers lingered so close to her sex, rubbing back and forth over the gentle divide of her cheeks.

Lord Michael enjoyed the way her bottom clenched and unclenched, his fingers teasing her, playing along the sharp divide between her firm cheeks. "I am going to start off with a spanking with my hand. Keep your hands away. You may cry out all you want, though it will do no good to stop me. In fact it will only drive me to greater depths. I enjoy the cries of a girl beneath my hand." Lord Michael's hand rose up high in

the air, the swoosh the only sound as his large hand cut through the air to land with a resounding crack on her right cheek. He felt the burn on his palm as he struck her flesh hard. Her body didn't move for a second, than her legs jerked in pain.

She felt the hand hit her first, the pain delayed as it drove through her body to register in her brain. The pain of the previous spanking was vividly brought back, her right cheek bursting out in pain. It felt like her whole cheek was stinging from the powerful blow, the skin burning where his palm had visited. Anna gasped in pain, biting her lip, tasting blood as she suffered the painful spanking. She was eighteen years old, yet she lay half naked over a man's knee, her bottom raised up submissively as she bore the brunt of the painful spanking.

Lord Michael ran his fingers over the spot he had just spanked, feeling the heat of the skin beneath the silk undergarments. "I imagine that hurt," he teased her. His hand ran lovingly over her other cheek. He raised his hand back up, watching as Anna tightened her cheeks in anticipation of the next strike. She would soon learn that it would do no good, the pain just as severe. He hit the other plump cheek, his large hand able to cover most of the exposed flesh. Her gasp became louder, her body jerking beneath him, his prick jerking in pleasure as she rubbed his erect member with her squirming body. His hand rose and fell with precision, briskly slapping one globe before going onto the other. He established a regular pattern for the spanking, going from the left cheek to the right, each time his hand

would explore the heated flesh, lingering over the chastened flesh. After the tenth slap he stopped, Anna's breathing ragged as she suffered beneath his corporal punishment.

She hoped he had stopped for good, her bottom ablaze in pain. His hand caressed her so tenderly between the painful slaps, confusing her with the pleasure and pain that he inflicted on her. "Please Sir, no more. I'll never do it again," she begged, hoping to spare any further spanking. His next words struck terror in her.

"Nonsense young lady. We've only begun. Now to spank your lovely naked flesh. I want to see your lovely bottom as I strike it. I want it naked." One hand pushed hard on her back as she struggled beneath him. "Still Anna, your frantic movements will only make it worse." His other hand ran over her up raised bottom, teasing her, moving closer down between her legs, his fingertips touching naked skin so close to the vee of her legs. His hand reached up to the top of the silk undergarments. His fingers hooked into the waist band and slowly drew them down over her naked haunches, his prick throbbing in lust as her white posterior was revealed to his eyes. She began to sob at the humiliation of being stripped naked, Lord Michael undeterred from his task. The deep furrow of her crack widened to allow a glimpse of the mysterious darkness of her anal flower, moving down to the pink lipped slit of Anna's virgin hole, the fragile hairs doing little to hide her most intimate charms from his raping eyes. His prick jerked in appreciation as his hand settled down on the silky, naked flesh of her broad bottom, her body jumping at his intimate touch.

Her sobs grew louder when his hand touched her naked flesh, her thighs tightening, her cheeks clenched tight, trying to hide her most intimate virgin treasures from his cruel eyes and hands. His hand ran over her naked flesh unopposed, Anna's body jerking away as his fingers explored the deep fissure between her cheeks. She squirmed, trying to avoid his intimate touch, her undergarments stretched tightly across her lower thighs. She could do little to protest.

Lord Michael's fingers traced the sweat drenched divide between her lovely hemispheres, teasing along her tightly clenched cheeks as she sobbed in indignation. Her naked bottom contracted violently to hide her vulnerable parts in a pathetic effort, her squirming only induced greater pleasure in his prick, the jerking motion rubbing sensuously back and forth over his thickening member. His finger traced the delicate crack as if it were pointing to the center of her pleasure, his fingers teasing the tiny hairs that sprang up so close to her virgin hole. He felt the wetness as his fingers drew closer to the pink slit, her thighs gripped tightly together to hide the dark hole that was protecting her virginity. He teased his fingers on her sensitive perineum, his finger rubbing back and forth on the delicate patch of flesh between her two virgin holes. Her bottom began to rise up and down attempting to throw off his fondling fingers, her gasps of indignation growing louder. His fingers left her, rising up to come crashing down on the plumpest curve of her left cheek, his eyes feasting on her flesh as the pink skin turned a deeper red from the punishing blow.

"EEEEh," Anna cried out in pain, her naked cheek receiving the punishing blow. The stinging grew worse, her body jerking in pain as Lord Michael struck her other cheek with equal force, slapping so hard that her skin was compressed. He paused for a moment, Anna sucking in precious air, her thighs clenched tightly together, ashamed at how she must look to Lord Michael.

No matter how much she tried to fight him, Anna brought Lord Michael a visual delight as her young muscles contracted, twitched and shivered with each slap, catching brief glimpses of the dark hole that was the entrance to her anal gateway, his eyes traveling down to her pink quim, glistening with her unexpected juices as if beckoning his further inspection of her virgin hole. Lord Michael began a rhythm, his slaps of her naked flesh starting at the top of each cheek and gradually moving down until he caught the sensitive, gentle swell where her cheeks met her delicate thighs. Her jerking became more frantic, Lord Michael moving his hips from side to side to gain the utmost pleasure from her rubbing. Her movements involuntarily exposed her intimate charms, the tight virgin anus to her pink slitted cunt all exposed to his excited eyes. His prick twitched in pleasure, Anna's squeals and gasps of pain only making him increase the intensity of her punishment.

Lord Michael finally stopped, his hand lingering on her pain wracked cheeks, unfazed as the hand became familiar to her body, almost soothing on the burning flesh. She had stopped sobbing, her muscles giving up their useless fight, her cheeks relaxed to the intimate touch, her thighs gently parted as if

surrendering her maidenhood to Lord Michael. She could fight no longer. "Please! No more. I'll do anything."

Lord Michael's fingers traced down her intimate crack until his fingers peeled back the delicate crack to reveal the crinkled opening to her anal passage. She began to tighten her cheek, a pinch close to her anus making her relax them, leaving her open to his intimate inspection. His fingers circled the dark hole, teasing the muscles that clenched uncontrollably from the unfamiliar touch, the dark hole opening and closing. His fingers trailed around the sweat drenched opening, gathering up the moisture on his fingertip. Lord Michael pressed his fingertip over the tiny hole and pushed, watching it strain to keep out his unexpected probing.

"Not there!" Anna cried out in shame, his finger bringing such strange feelings between her legs as he touched her so intimately. *Why would he want to touch her in such a dirty place?* His finger became more urgent, pressing harder against her restraining entrance, her muscles clenching and unclenching. "OOOOHHH," she moaned as she felt the success of his finger, her anal ring burning as it was forced open by the thick, slick finger. It slid inside her until she felt it pressing hard against her rectal muscles, pushing uncomfortably in her rectum.

Lord Michael felt her hot, tight hole engulf his finger, her muscles clenching on his finger as if it were his prick. He pushed hard on the muscles inside her rectum, rewarded with a delightful tightening on his finger. His prick jerked in pleasure against her body. Lord Michael's other hand slid

down lower, teasing along her perineum, rubbing the sensitive patch of skin that lay so close to her virgin hole. Her body shuddered when his fingertip trailed across one of the pink lips of her virgin cunt, feeling the gush of juices drown his finger. Her body shuddered in pleasure, no longer able to disguise her feelings. He began to frig her, his finger running up and down her moist slit, his other finger firmly planted in her contracting anus, her body humping up and down without restraint. Her cries of pain had turned into groans and moans of pleasure. His finger pressed inside her hot, tight virgin hole, her moans louder as he spread her wider to accept his intimate inspection of her virgin cunt. Her thighs spread wider as she tried to accommodate the dual fingers that entered her intimately.

She couldn't contain her own lust, Lord Michael's fingers bringing such exquisite pleasure to her untrained body after the same hands brought pain to her. His fingers probed deep inside her backside, his finger never stopping, twisting and turning to touch places that had never been touched before. Her anal ring was stretched tightly around his knuckles, the burning bringing a strange masochistic pleasure to her. And now his other hand probed her maidenhood, pressing hard against her virgin barrier, her legs spreading wider voluntarily to give him greater access to her quim. Her body was betraying her, her moans now of pleasure, her juices flowing freely to bathe his fingers, lubricating them for easier access to her tight insides. *Would he take her virginity with his fingers? Or would he force his huge prick that rubbed against her so sensuously?* She couldn't do anything except to submit

to the pleasure in her body, the spanking a distant memory to the fingers that masturbated her. She humped up and down on the probing fingers, her nipples so hard they ached from rubbing on his rough trousers. She felt a strange feeling between her legs, sure that she was about to have her first orgasm, a fact that Jenna always teased her about, Jenna masturbating often to bring herself to climax. She arched up her bottom as Lord Michael's hand slid underneath her, shuddering as she felt his fingers move between her wet slit to find her pleasure button. "EEEEHH," she screamed in pleasure as her first orgasm hit her like a ton of bricks, shattering her peaceful coexistence. She had never touched her pleasure button, afraid of the excitement she would unlock in her body. Lord Michael had barely touched it, his fingertip rubbing over the swollen tip setting forth an orgasm from her loins to her brain. She felt the floodgates between her legs open, her thighs slick with her juices, Lord Michael's fingers were relentless in running up and down her drenched slit. She couldn't control her body as it jerked up and down, impaling her tight backside on the finger firmly embedded in her clutching hole. It burned, only adding to the pleasure as his finger pinched her pleasure button a second time, driving her body to arch up, his finger impaled firmly in her backside. She shuddered and trembled as the orgasm raced through her body before she finally fainted in pleasure, her body going limp.

Lord Michael couldn't believe how tight she was. Her anal passage felt like it was sucking his finger in deeper and deeper, her muscles rippling up and down his fingers until his

finger was buried deep into her bowels. He found her clitoris, teasing the harden bud until she came under his fingers, flooding his hands with her juices. He forced a second orgasm from her body without too much trouble, Anna finally retreating from reality, her body going limp as she fainted in pleasure. He never had a girl do that to him before. He knew he wouldn't make it until tonight with Lady Charlotte to get relief, his balls aching for release. Anna would have to provide the relief he needed now. With her fainting, it was easy to arrange her for his pleasure.

Her head was dizzy as her eyes gradually opened. She felt pressure on her stomach. It suddenly came back to her at what had happened, but when her vision cleared it was not like before. She found herself on the desk, looking down to see her breasts naked in the bright lights. But that was not all that she saw. Sitting on her stomach was Lord Michael. Naked. Her mind took in the large prick that stood up so proudly in his hand, Anna never seeing such a massive thing before. It stood out at least nine inches, a thick helmet on the end, a dark red, an almost purple ridge running under the thick rim. The shaft was covered with blue veins that pulsed with blood. Beneath the massive prick sat a heavy ball sack on her stomach, the flesh so hot it threatened to burn her.

Lord Michael stripped off the rest of her clothes, carrying her naked body over to the desk, throwing the things on it hastily to the floor. He spread her out, his gaze drinking in the beauty of her young, naked body. He took his steely erection in his hand, his fingers tightly gripping the shaft as he ran it up and down in masturbatory pleasure. She began

to stir so he climbed on the desk, sitting high above her stomach, his balls dragging sensuously along her silky, naked skin, careful to not apply too much weight to her delicate body. He was stroking his prick when her eyes opened, watching the shocked look on her face as she gazed at his rigid member, his hand masturbating it as it grew thicker. "Glad you are back with me. Just some unfinished business." He scooted forward until his prick was between her breasts. They were firm and springy beneath him, twin pillows to cushion his prick. "I'm going to fuck your titties," he boldly exclaimed. He leaned down until his prick was between her generous cleavage. "Clasp your lovely spheres around my prick. Hold them tight." He saw her hesitate. "Or would you rather I take your maidenhood?"

She had no choice, her hands gripping her breasts, pillowing them around the hot flesh. She saw him smile when she pressed her firm flesh around his shaft, her hands molding them around his prick. She wasn't sure what he would do, though she had a good guess. He began to rock his hips, but not before he spit on his prick, his finger wetting his shaft, Anna feeling his wet prick slide easily between her billowing breasts. She shuddered when she felt the thick rim around the head of his prick rub so sensuously over her trapped nipples, the tips springing to erection from the unexpected touch. His hips became more urgent, his heavy ball sack rubbing back and forth over her silky skin. He was masturbating between her breasts, her hands aiding him by keeping her breasts tight around his flesh. She looked down, the thick head sliding out from her cleavage to pass within

inches of her mouth, the tiny hole in the end looked like an eye staring at her. He was taking full strokes between her breasts, his prick pushing farther out her cleavage, then back in until she felt the thick head snuggled deep into her flesh, rubbing back and forth over her swollen nipples.

Lord Michael wouldn't last long, Anna submissively tightening her breasts like a warm blanket around his prick, his balls tingling as they caressed her satiny skin. He could feel his prick growing, her hot breath blowing on the head as it peaked out of her cleavage making it shudder in pleasure. It wouldn't be long before he taught her to take his prick in her mouth, just like her mother had been taught. First she still had to learn to relish the punishment as much as the pleasure. "Keep your eyes open. Watch me as I cum on your face." He couldn't wait to splatter his hot seed all over her delicate face.

She couldn't do anything but keep her breasts tight around his prick, hoping that it would be over soon. His hips became more urgent, his moaning louder as he neared culmination. She didn't know what to expect, Lord Michael bellowing loudly as he shoved his prick deeply through her cleavage. She watched the end of his prick, the tiny hole suddenly opening up, a splatter of hot fluid burning her skin as it landed on her nose and forehead, sitting heavily on her skin. He was pumping harder, a second load of his seed shooting out, Anna closing her eyes, afraid of his seed landing in them. She felt the next load of his seed hit her lips, her mouth partially open, some of the thick, hot seed slipping into her mouth. She inadvertently licked her lips in reaction, the salty, thick

seed filling her mouth with the foul taste, no amount of swallowing could rid it from her taste buds. One more time he shot out his seed, this time Anna prepared, her lips clenched tightly together, the seed dripping down her neck.

He came all over her face, his prick twitching and jerking as his hot cum dripped slowly down her face, her features crunched up as a second load of cum hit her on her mouth, his prick jerking in pleasure as her tongue licked it from her lips as though she relished his seed. Her face was scrunched up as he shot a third load of cum on her, his balls finally emptied, his prick slowly shrinking, her hands still holding it pinned between her ample flesh. "You did well Anna," getting off of her, slowly putting on his clothes. He watched as she made no attempt to clean the cum from her face, dressing quickly to get out and clean up, not wanting to touch it with her hands.

She was almost to the door when she heard his voice.

"Tomorrow at the same time. I'm not finished with you yet. You will again receive the pleasure. But you must suffer the pain first." He sat in the desk, sipping his glass of brandy, his thoughts already going to what he would do to Lady Charlotte tonight.

Jenna hid behind the corner of the hallway, her hands still under her dress, rubbing her cunt slowly, the orgasm fading fast from her body. Her imagination had run rampant while masturbating, the sounds of pleasure from Anna and Lord Michael behind the closed door fueling the fire. She saw tears on Anna's cheeks as she ran by, Anna not noticing Jenna, crying softly. She saw one tear fall on the floor, strange that

it was so big and thick. Jenna moved out of hiding cautiously, bending down, her finger scooping up the thick fluid. It wasn't a tear. She had seen it before. The night with the First Mate. Again she repeated the same gesture, her finger sliding between her lips, her tongue lapping at the thick, salty fluid with vigor. Lord Michael's seed.

CHAPTER 7

Lady Charlotte finds herself Bound

"Are you all right Anna?" Charlotte worried about Anna more than Jenna.

"Yes Mother," Anna bravely answering.

"Did he punish you?" Anna didn't seem to be that upset over the whole thing. Maybe Lord Michael was just testing her to see if she would be obedient. Charlotte could tell that Lord Michael liked his women submissive.

"Yes," Anna's head hung down, not wanting to look in her mother's eyes, ashamed at the way she had responded to the punishment.

"Well, at least it's over," Charlotte hoping that she could contain Lord Michael's lust, keeping him away from her daughters.

"Not quite," Anna paused. "I am to see him after school tomorrow." But she quickly added. "It'll be all right mother. It's not that bad." She was ashamed at the pleasure she had received, the orgasm that raced through her body surprising her. And she wanted it again, not even caring if she had to endure the punishment first. As long as she received the pleasure. Even the humiliation washed over her.

Charlotte thought it was strange the way Anna was acting, but was afraid to say anything. She risked angering Lord Michael if she tried to stop Anna from seeing him. "If you're sure. You're a grown woman now Anna. It's good to see

you've become a responsible adult." She let the conversation go at that, dinner was almost ready. Lord Michael was still in the house, Charlotte expected him to spend the night again. In fact she had dressed a bit provocatively for him, her deep cleavage naked, the gold cross hanging between her breasts would draw his eyes instantly. Charlotte had to think of her own life and that of her daughters. Lord Michael controlled their money so Charlotte would have to use her feminine guile to seduce him into generosity.

* * * *

Lord Michael looked at all the lovely female flesh around the table, his eyes not missing the naked cleavage that Lady Charlotte was affording him, the dress leaving little to the imagination. He had seen many like her, trying to seduce him, but he had other plans. He would train her instead.

It was strange, but Lord Michael was talking to them, even asking the girls about school as if he were their father. It was a side of him that she didn't know. Maybe she had the wrong impression of him for too many years. Even the girls seemed to enjoy talking to him, Anna talking as if she wasn't even punished this afternoon. And Jenna was her usual bubbly self, even more so. She was going to be a dangerous woman, seeing a bit of herself in Jenna. Lady Charlotte thought that dinner went very well. She even began to look forward to later on. Lord Michael had given her an orgasm that she had only been able to achieve by herself, a more explosive orgasm than her own fingers had ever incited. The girls went to their rooms, leaving Charlotte in the library with Lord

Michael, a long cigar for him and brandies for the both of them.

"You've brought your girls up very well Lady Charlotte. They are very obedient and polite. Just as you are." His prick already began to stir as he watched her.

"Thank you Lord Michael. The girls can be a bit obstinate at times. They are still young and learning their place in life. I hope you will take that into account."

"That is why it is important to keep a firm rein on them. Any misbehavior must be dealt with a firm hand." And his hand on the plump bottom of a young girl was very firm in punishing the errant behavior. And much more that Lady Charlotte would soon learn.

"Yes, that is true, but I hope that you don't carry it too far. Anna said you were going to punish her again tomorrow. Don't you think that she has already been severely reprimanded enough for her insolent behavior?" As soon as she said it she knew she had gone too far.

Michael remained calm, in spite of her intrusion. "I wouldn't do anything that the girls don't think is appropriate. Anna knows she was wrong and is willing to make amends for her inappropriate behavior." He let the conversation stop, making sure that Lady Charlotte realized from the look on his face that he was the person in control. "Now why don't you go upstairs and get ready for bed. I'm going to spend the night again in your bed and enjoy your feminine charms." He dismissed her abruptly, to finish his brandy, his hand casually in his lap rubbing his erect prick.

* * * *

Lady Charlotte had not dared to imagine such a thing, but it was without a doubt utmost in Lord Michael's mind. He walked into the room, his hands full of various items. All of them meant to bind a person. A long length of stout rope, curled in a circle was the most prominent. His other hand held a birch rod, Charlotte not seeing such a thing since grade school, the Headmistress using it with impunity to punish Charlotte for her misdeeds. Charlotte's mind couldn't even wrap around the others, her thoughts racing, her libido incensed. She stood in front of Lord Michael, her half naked body clad only in a diaphanous chemise that highlighted her sensual shape. "What are those for?" Her eyes opened wide as she tried to fathom the bizarre scene unfolding in front of her. *Lord Michael was punishing Anna, would he now do the same to her?* But she was not a young girl that had overstepped her bounds, she was a woman. *Was there a sinister side of Lord Michael that she didn't know about?* She had always heard the stories of flagellation in the ranks of high society, but she always considered them just stories.

Lord Michael's prick rose up thicker as his eyes took in the beauty of Lady Charlotte. The provocative chemise teased his eyes, her sharp rosebud tips pushed out the front. Her full hips pulled the bottoms tight, Michael able to discern the fleece of hair snuggled tightly by the front of the chemise. It was as though he was looking at her for the first time again, her body never failing to excite him. "I am going to teach you the delights of bondage Lady Charlotte." It wasn't a question, but a demand for her obedience. He saw her lips beginning to

protest, quickly interjecting. "Stand over there," pointing to a spot beneath the doorway. The curved scrolls on the top of the sill would provide the necessary anchorage for the ropes, Lord Michael wanting her body exposed from the front and back.

She didn't even know how her legs got her over there, but she stood in the doorway, the wetness between her trembling thighs disturbing her. *Why did her body get excited by his perverse demand?* She didn't move as Lord Michael moved close to her, putting everything down except for the rope and a small knife in his other hand, his fingers curled around the shaft, the blade gleaming. It was as though she were hypnotized, watching Lord Michael as if it were happening to someone else. He cut off small lengths of rope before he put the knife down. She felt his hand taking one of her wrists, Charlotte looking down through glazed eyes as he wound the thick, rough rope around her slender wrist, biting her lip as he pulled it tight, the rope digging deeply into her tender skin. She even helped him, by raising her arm up until he threaded the rope through the scroll in the woodwork, the simplicity of the strange bondage entrancing her. She watched him move to her other side, Charlotte staring up at her bound wrist, tugging at the rope, the harsh hemp digging into her wrist. She felt a rush between her legs as the feeling of helplessness swept through her body. The scene was repeated on the other side, Charlotte not protesting the actions, feeling her breasts rising up high on her chest as she found both of her arms thrust up high over her head, pinned tightly to the wooden frame. She never felt as helpless as she did now,

tugging on the ropes uselessly until she tired. She looked at Lord Michael, his eyes staring at her.

She didn't even put up a fight, in fact she seemed almost too agreeable, lifting her arms so he could secure them. He stepped back as her eyes wandered back and forth between her bound wrists, trying to fathom her situation. He had seen it often the first time, not believing the situation until it fully unraveled, too late by then to do anything but submit. She was staring back at him, biting her quivering lip. His hand slipped beneath her chin, raising up her mouth to his, his mouth pressing against her silky lips, finding her quite responsive, her mouth opening to allow his tongue to seek out the hot depths. He pushed his hips forward until his thick erection pressed against her belly, his hand sliding around to cup one of her luscious cheeks, holding her pinned against him. His hips moved from side to side slowly, his prick savoring the soft touch of her body, jerking in the throes of ecstasy at the feel of her body. His other hand slid up her body until it found the soft underside of one firm tit, his large hand engulfing the firm flesh, grasping it tightly.

Lord Michael was humping her sensuously, his prick rubbing back and forth over her slit, sending such delicious tremors throughout her body. His mouth and hands took such liberties with her bound body, ravishing her with impunity. Charlotte could do little to protest, even if she wanted to. Which she didn't, Lord Michael exciting her more than she cared to admit. She didn't want him to stop, unless he desired to send his tool inside her hot crevice to satisfy her deep inside. She looked up, catching her breath as he pulled away

from her, her loins pushing out to seek out the rigid prick that was bringing such joy to her. *Did she do something wrong to displease him?* She looked at him with questioning eyes.

He picked up the knife, flashing it before her eyes, making quick work of the shoulder straps of her chemise. It slit through the fragile cloth, sliding down until the cloth rested on the gentle swell of her breasts. "I want you naked," his prick jerked from the sight of her bare breasts as his fingers pulled the chemise down until it hung uselessly at her waist. His eyes devoured the full mounds of flesh, perfectly capped with twin pink tips that begged to be touched. And more. He yanked the chemise from her lower body with haste, the fragile garment tearing from his urgency until she stood naked before him, her thighs pressed coyly together as if she could hide her treasures from his lustful gaze. But nothing could hide the thick fleece of hair that covered her mound. His hand slid down between her legs, slowly running over her stomach and abdomen, tearing at errant hairs as it passed through her abundant bush. He was not surprised to find her wet, his finger pushing apart her delicate slit. Her body jumped, her thighs parting gently to allow him access to her treasures. His finger slid easily up and down her slick lips, her hips beginning to sway gently.

She sucked in her breath when she felt his hand move between her legs, her legs parting willingly, groaning softly as his finger found the soft petals of her sex, pushing apart her lips until he found her warm insides. Her hips began to move with the finger that rubbed her, up and down, his finger thick, like a small prick. She struggled to contain her lust, not

wanting Lord Michael to see how much she was aroused while bound, afraid of where it may lead. She looked into his eyes, ashamed that her body was responding in such a provocative way, but she couldn't deny the pleasure that began to wash over her body. His fingers left her, her eyes pleading for them to return. She turned her head as he moved behind her, losing sight of him as he knelt down at her feet. She shivered in fear as she felt the rope again, this time his fingers wrapping the rope around each slim ankle, his fingers drawing it tight, making her feel his power over her. She had no choice, her leg spread out until she felt her ankle hitting the side of the door frame, with a gentle tug, Lord Michael released her ankle. She tugged, finding it securely pinned to the wood frame. "Nooo," she cried softly as she felt her other leg being tugged until her sex split open, Lord Michael's hands opening her thighs until she found her other leg tied securely to the other side of the door frame. His hands slid up and down her calves, Charlotte blushing as she knew the view her spread eagle legs were affording Lord Michael, the petals of her sex pulled open by the exaggerated spread.

A pair of firm alabaster thighs were spread before Lord Michael, his eyes drawn higher up to the black fleece that contrasted so sharply with her white skin. He saw her thigh muscles tighten, attempting to hide her treasures from his view, the rope preventing even a token resistance. His eyes moved up to the twin taut cheeks, the rosy skin, soft and delicate. The sharp cleft of her crack was barely visible, Lady Charlotte foolishly clenching her cheeks to hide her treasure from his gaze. She would soon have to worry too much about

the spanking to clench her cheeks, leaving her dark hole exposed. His finger trailed along her crack, feeling her trembling muscles clench tight, his finger picking up the moisture as she strained to stop his fondling. He saw tiny goose bumps appear on her satiny skin. He slapped her right cheek, not very hard, more noisy then painful, Lady Charlotte jerking in sudden shock at being spanked.

It was terrible, Charlotte was able to feel his hot breath on her backside, his finger taking liberties, her cheeks clenched tightly together in defiance to him. It stung, but it wasn't the pain that bothered her, but the humiliation. Lord Michael had spanked her as if she were an errant schoolgirl. His hand rubbed over the injured spot, Charlotte's body tense as his hand left her cheek. The loud report rang out in the room as his palm slapped harshly on her other cheek, returning to gently caress her injured flesh as if someone else had spanked her. For long minutes he subjected her to the humiliating treatment, spanking her flesh until it stung, each time caressing her until she relaxed her guard, his hand returning to spank her again.

He could feel the heat in her cheeks, alternating his spansks to reach lower down on the soft skin of her upper thighs where it joined the gentle swell of her buttocks. The skin began to turn a bright red, Michael almost able to discern his palm print on her tender flesh. He moved closer, planting a wet, warm kiss on the upper hemisphere of her right cheek, feeling her tighten her cheeks from his unwelcome intimate kiss. His tongue moved all over her firm cheek, Lady Charlotte's hips moving from side to side, trying to evade his

searching tongue as it left a warm trail of saliva over her blistered flesh. He slapped her tender inner thigh, a sharp cry from Lady Charlotte's lips. "Relax your cheeks. Let me have my way with you." Another sharp slap to her other inner thigh and she surrendered, Michael feeling the muscles of her cheeks relax.

It hurt badly when he slapped her thigh, not the light touch of the spanking on her firm flesh, but a powerful blow to her most sensitive skin. After the second reminder she surrendered, her cheeks parting, his fingers beginning to explore her most intimate body. It was strange and exciting, feeling his hot breath blowing so intimately on her backside, his fingers tugging on her cleft until she could feel her tiny bumhole exposed. She began to clench her cheeks when she felt his tongue returning, his hand moving down to touch her thigh making her unclench them, leaving her open and exposed to the searching tongue. She felt the cool air blowing on the wet trail his tongue left, moving up her crack, crying out when she felt the obscene touch of his hot, wet tongue on her tiny back hole. "NNNOOO!" She protested, but dared not clench her cheeks in defiance, her verbal protest doing little to stop his intimate touch. Her bumhole went into a series of uncontrollable clenching as his tongue fluttered over her tiny hole. It was terrible, Charlotte fighting the feelings that raced through her body.

Lord Michael gazed lustily at her bottom, his fingers yawning apart her cheeks to reveal the tiny, wrinkled hole, surrounded by pale blue veins that looked like a leaf. His finger circled the tiny hole, feeling the spasms from his

unwelcome touch. His tongue began to taste her bottom, enjoying the slightly tart treat to his tongue, mixed with the salt of her sweat. His tongue stood out rigid as he pressed it against the elastic opening, teasing and probing the tightly clenching hole until it gave in to his oral assault, his tongue suddenly plunging into her rectum. Her body jerked, his hands holding her hips tightly as his tongue fluttered inside her anus. The dark little dimple tightened with apprehension as if it were gripping his tongue to keep it from leaving her hole.

She couldn't believe that Lord Michael was doing such a dirty thing, but the hot, wet tongue in her backside moved around lavishly like a tiny prick. She couldn't control her own muscles, clenching and unclenching on the wet flesh. He finally pulled his tongue out, but he began to bite gently all over her cheeks until she squirmed.

Lord Michael stood in front of her, his lips still wet with saliva. He kissed her, making her kiss the lips that were just sealed over her anus. He finally released her lips, picking up the birch rod. The look on her face was priceless, Lady Charlotte unable to utter a word. His fingers fondled the weapon sensuously. "The instrument must not be too formidable, nor too slight. It needs to hurt as much as possible without cutting or wounding the flesh." He saw the terror in her eyes as he bent the supple rod. "For such an adult bottom as yours Lady Charlotte, the birch twig should be mature, ten or twelve twigs bound together." His hand held the rod at the base, black velvet soft to his palm, making

it easier to clutch. His hand swung the rod, the sharp whistling filling Lady Charlotte's eyes with fear.

"Please Lord Michael, don't use that on me," she cried out like a schoolgirl. Here she was stripped naked and bound, unable to defend herself. With her legs spread so wide she feared where the rod would visit. *Is this what he did to Anna?* She only hoped that Lord Michael would lose interest in Anna, his lust sated on her body. But she hadn't expected this treatment, expecting his lust to be taken out on her body sexually, not punishment.

From the rear Lord Michael gazed lustily at the firm, broad cheeks of Lady Charlotte's bottom stretched wide apart by her spread eagle legs. Her cheeks and the broad crease still glistened from his saliva. Lord Michael brought the birch rod across the pale curves of Lady Charlotte's backside with a resounding thud. It only took seconds before she gasped in pain, his hand only tapping her lightly. He struck her again, catching her just under the cheek, the rod slashing across the tender flesh where it joined her thighs. Her gasp of pain was louder, her buttocks blushing a darker red where the rod had harshly touched the supple skin. Lord Michael continued to lash the rod over her cheeks, each time harder, the flesh turning a deep red where the rod struck, her buttocks contorting and twisting wildly in an erotic dance that exposed her red slit to his eyes and the dark hole nestled between her clenching cheeks. Lady Charlotte's body was trembling, muffled cries coming from her lips. Yet she never begged for him to stop. Lord Michael's hand slid down over her broad buttocks, feeling her flinch as his fingers ignited the dark lines

that graced her white cheeks. Not even when his finger slid between her cheeks again did she protest, his finger rubbing over her tiny rosebud, still slick from his tongue. He pushed hard with his finger, feeling her body fighting the intrusion until she finally gave up, his finger entering her rectum up to the first joint, Lady Charlotte grunting in pain. He twisted his finger in her hot, tight hole, enjoying the way her muscles involuntarily tried to expel his finger. She would bring much pleasure to his prick when he finally sodomized her. He pushed harder, over half of his finger buried in her backside, Lord Michael enjoying her submission, Lady Charlotte only grunting in pain as his finger dug deeper into her back passage.

The birch rod was bad enough, tearing her skin while she bit her lips to keep from screaming out too loud, afraid of scaring the girls. Lord Michael was relentless, the rod moving up and down each of her cheeks until her buttocks glowed from the heat of the rod. His hand became gentle again, caressing her cheeks as if he was not the one that had inflicted the terrible pain. She could only keep her cheeks relaxed, afraid he would begin again with the rod if she protested. The finger rubbed salaciously up and down her delicate crack, gathering up the moisture until his finger was pushed hard against her tiny wrinkled opening. She could feel his pulse in the tip of his finger as it pushed against her resisting opening, the gradual spreading of her anal ring radiating to her brain. Charlotte gave out a sharp cry as her rear muscles yielded to his thick finger, her anal ring burning as it stretched over the knuckle of his penetrating finger. It

felt uncomfortable to be entered in such a place, but she knew that it would do little good to protest his fingering of her backside. She could only grunt and groan as his finger pushed harshly against the muscles in her backside that tried to force the finger out.

Lord Michael pulled his finger out of her backside as quickly as he had thrust it in, his eyes devouring the tiny hole as it shrank back down, the dark hole sealed from his eyes. He teased his finger over the wrinkled opening, enjoying the way her muscles clenched and unclenched uncontrollably from his rude prodding. Still no words of protest came from her lips except for occasional groans. "Such a tight and inviting hole Lady Charlotte," Lord Michael teased her. "I imagine by its tightness that no man has ever invaded it before with his prick." Lord Michael would enjoy taking her virgin bottom.

"It's a despicable thing that you do to me," Lady Charlotte finally voicing her disapproval to the acts Lord Michael was committing on her naked, bound body. She only hoped that he didn't do the same things to Anna, sure that she would not be able to handle such invasions to her body.

"We'll see if you like it any better on your front," picking up a new birch rod, admiring her heaving bosom, the tips still hard and pointed in spite of her protests. Lord Michael's fingers played with the erect tips, feeling her chest thrust out in encouragement to his pinching fingers. They swelled to his touch, his fingertip slapping hard back and forth over the hardened buds, her breasts bouncing gently from the harsh touch. He stood back, gauging the distance and swung the

birch rod. He saw the look in her eyes as they followed the arc of the rod, swishing through the dense air to slash the upthrust tips with such precision. Her breasts rolled on her chest as the rod beat the erect tips.

"EEEHH," Lady Charlotte screaming out in pain, biting her lip as she tried to contain the pain that raced through her chest. Her nipples felt on fire, her eyes looking down to see if they were bleeding, the blood pounding painfully in the swollen tips. She couldn't believe it. Not only were they not bleeding, but they had grown to twice their size, a deep red cap on her alabaster flesh. She barely had time to contemplate the situation when Lord Michael lashed the tips again, this time from left to right, his aim precise, lashing just beneath the tips on the delicate areolas that encircled the erect tips like large targets. "OOOOWWW," unable to quench the scream that tore from her lips. The pain laced through her heaving bosom, her generous breasts heaving up and down. The pain raced to her brain, but also between her legs, igniting a strange lust in her wide spread legs. She wished she could clench her thighs tight and extinguish the strange feelings that were bursting in her loins.

Lord Michael smiled as he lashed her breasts, finally stopping after striking them four times, each pink tip now swollen and red. His head dropped down, one hand cradling the firm flesh, his soft lips slowly engulfing one tip into his mouth. He sucked it hard into his mouth, his tongue waiting to lash back and forth over the erect tip. He heard her moan. His other hand gripped the firm flesh of her other breast, his fingers easily finding the swollen tip, their powerful grip

pinching and twisting the battered flesh. He worked over her breasts for five minutes, his mouth alternating from one breast to the other. Her nipples were never neglected, either visited by his mouth and tongue or by the powerful grip of his fingers, stretching and twisting the tip.

Lady Charlotte had never been worked on so expertly, Lord Michael lavishing such attention on her breasts, Charlotte groaning and moaning as he stimulated them until she felt the increase in vaginal lubrication between her legs from the thrill he was inflicting on her. He pulled back, Lady Charlotte looking down to see her breasts glistening with his saliva, tiny bite marks surrounded each red capped tip from the tiny bites of his teeth. She shivered in fear and arousal as Lord Michael picked up a new birch rod, rubbing the end of it down over her stomach, Lady Charlotte sucking in her gut as it sought the tender area between her thighs. She didn't protest where the rod would strike next, her mind racing to try to imagine what it would feel like. Her juices flooded her thighs. She felt the rough birch rod part her delicate lips, sliding between her slick lips to close tightly around it as if she were trying to possess it. She wished she could close her thighs and ride it to climax, but Lord Michael kept her spread and open to his fondling, moving the rough edge of the birch rod up and down, Lady Charlotte quivering each time she felt the sharp stubble of the branches carved from the shafts. Lord Michael masturbated her with the birch rod until it glistened brightly with her juices.

Lord Michael pulled the rod from between her legs, the birch twigs stained with her juices, the wood wet and supple.

He began to lash the rod across the white skin of her stomach, Lady Charlotte sucking in her stomach as he neared her black fleeced bush. He began to lash her with the rod, starting at her calves and moving up until the birch rod caressed the satiny skin of her delicate thighs, the muscles of her thighs jerking each time the rod bit into her delicate flesh. The rod moved higher up her thighs, seeking out the most delicate skin where her legs joined her body, the vee of her legs. He lashed hard at the skin, a red welt appearing instantly. She was crying out in pain but the dew on her fleece gave away her arousal. The birch rod drew up from the floor, Lord Michael aiming with precise skill, tickling and caressing her soft cunny while Lady Charlotte cried out in indignation. Lord Michael played the rod over her love nest, slapping hard until the rod slipped between her to beat into the delicate, pink flesh of her inner lips.

While Lady Charlotte had previously been able to stifle her screams of pain, the rod slicing up between her legs to strike her quim elicited a high pitched scream as the harsh rod beat her delicate inner flesh. "AAAGGGHH," she screamed out. "You're ruining me!" She couldn't believe that Lord Michael had hit her there, in the center of her womanhood. Another lash of the rod in the same spot drew another scream from her lips, confirming his cruelty. He would lash at her thighs, moving close to her womanhood, Lady Charlotte's body jerking in pain as the rod lashed between her lips to strike the heart of her womanhood.

Her black fleece highlighted the ruby red lips of her cunny, the wide spread of her legs afforded Lord Michael a view of

her dark, forbidden hole and the surrounding red flesh of her inner lips. He watched her juices splash from her mound as the rod beat between her puffy lips, striking the tender inner flesh. While she might be in pain, she was also wet, her lips curling around the rod each time it encountered her lips. Her body danced on the rod, her breasts bouncing gently on her chest, her thighs trembling as the rod beat at the white tender flesh. Lord Michael's prick had thickened, his balls aching for release. He put the rod down, taking off his clothes until his massive prick bounced before Lady Charlotte. He moved closer until the thick, purple helmet of his prick rubbed against her stomach, jerking in pleasure as the head felt her hot, soft skin. His fingers searched out her love nest, finding her wet and hot, two fingers entering her with ease, her insides clenching on the digits lovingly. He withdrew his fingers from her, glistening with her abundant juices, moving up to touch her tickler, finding the hardened bud large and pronounced. Her hips moved back from the unexpected touch, his fingers gripping it harshly to pull her hips forward.

She couldn't believe the tremors coursing through her body as the rod beat at her flesh. It hurt, but at the same time her thighs would relax, knowing the next blow would slash between her sex, almost begging for the touch of the birch twigs. Her juices gushed with each blow, her insides slick. She wished she had something inside her to quench the lust in her loins. She screamed in pain, but her insides screamed in desire. Finally Lord Michael stopped, stripping off his clothes, Lady Charlotte gazing at the magnificent prick that jutted out in front of her. She felt the hot helmet almost

burn her skin, jerking against her in pleasure. She thought she would climax when his fingers latched onto her pleasure button, his powerful fingers gripping it, yanking it and stretching it. She wanted him, feeling him slip around behind her, her mind racing as to where he would stick his thick prick. *Would he enter the same hole that his fingers had opened previously? Is that why he probed the virgin hole?* Lady Charlotte felt Lord Michael's hand rubbing the thick head up and down her crack from behind, trembling in fear as it rubbed over her wrinkled hole. He pushed it down farther, Lady Charlotte bowing out her thighs to accommodate him, but nothing prepared her for his entrance. She felt her lips pushed back by the massive head, his hips driving forward, his hands on her hips holding her submissively while he impaled her. And impale her he did, driving six of his thick, hot inches into the hot cavern of her womanhood, her insides clenching on the rampaging prick. Luckily she was soaked, her insides pushed aside by the thick prick, Lady Charlotte feeling her insides stretched by the girth of his shaft. She felt so full, his hands on her hips pulling her back onto his prick as if she were a sock, her insides slowly engulfing the jerking prick.

It felt like a hot furnace engulfing his prick, her hot, wet insides tightening on him so lovingly, her muscles gripping it as he pulled her onto his waiting member. It swallowed his prick inside her, not even having to do anything but stay hard. And hard he was, like a rock. "Fuck me with your cunt!" He buried his prick inside her, her hips moving in circles, the muscles of her cunt massaging his shaft as he began to fuck

her. He grunted as his prick pulled out, her insides clinging to it, flicking his hips forward to impale her again, this time making her take the full measure of his prick, plunging into the hot depths of her passage. She might have had two girls, but her pussy was as tight as a virgin. Henry must have been small or he rarely used his wife for her womanly duties. Either way Lord Michael was thankful.

Lady Charlotte couldn't get enough of his prick, her muscles rippling up and down the shaft as he plunged his prick in and out over and over. She hadn't expected it, the rod slashing at the top of her slit to smash her pleasure button into her pelvic bone, but she should have. It forced her butt to push back, his prick impaling her so deep it felt as though he was driving it through her cervix. He tapped at her exposed slit, careful not to hit his prick, pulling out until only his thick head was gripped by her pussy. Then another powerful slap of the rod on her pleasure button, his prick fucking deep into her waiting passage. Instead of tightening her cheeks to protect her womanhood from the rod, she thrust her backside out to make her pussy more vulnerable, offering up her red lips to the bite of the rod. He continued with this rhythmic birching and fucking, her well oiled passage taking his prick until she felt the orgasm building in her body. She tugged on the ropes that held her bound, feeling the helplessness surround her body. Her quim was being reamed so thoroughly and powerfully by Lord Michael, his abdomen slapping against her whipped cheeks with a loud thud that rocked her body. And the rod continued its rhythmic blows on her unprotected pleasure button. Her thighs relaxed as she

felt his prick grow thicker as he neared the time to climax inside her, opening up to receive his precious seed. She cried out in ecstasy as her orgasm raced through her body, her nipples tingling with pleasure, her inner muscles rippling up and down his plunging prick as he shot his hot fluid deep inside her. Her bound, naked body shook and trembled violently as she came.

Her pussy engulfed his prick in a hot blanket of pulsating muscles. He slashed her slit with the rod and it failed to deter her, in fact it only encouraged her to greater movement, her hips plunging back and forth in rhythmic coupling. His balls swelled as his orgasm approached, tightening his cheeks as he shoved his hips forward with such intensity that he thought he would drive it through her body. His sphincter tightened as he came to a shuddering spasm, his prick jerking and shuddering as he spewed out his hot cum into her molten pit. He came three times, each time Lady Charlotte's insides clenching so tightly that she cut off the blood to the head of his prick. His balls spewed forth loads of his precious hot cum into her waiting body as she came with him, the rod never slowing in its pursuit of her pleasure button. Each time it slashed the swollen bud it would drive another pleasurable spasm from her body.

If felt like a bucket of cum was dripping from her between her legs, Lord Michael taking her down from the bondage of the doorway. He carried her lovingly to the bed, laying her naked body in the center, curling up next to her. Her fingers curled around his shrinking prick, snuggling up against him as their relaxed bodies succumbed to the exhaustion of their

excited coupling. She fell asleep only to wake early in the morning, her fingers still curled around his prick. Only now it had grown to erection. Lady Charlotte moved beneath the covers, her mouth engulfing the thick prick in her warm confines, her tongue going to work on it as Lord Michael stirred in his sleep. She felt him awaken, but he made no attempt to stop her oral assault of his hardened prick, his hand holding her head deeper onto his prick as he neared the inevitable climax. She greedily sucked the juices from the end of his prick, swallowing the thick crème in order to satisfy him.

CHAPTER 8

Anna's Punishment Intensifies

Anna was confused. Part of her dreaded going to Lord Michael's library, the other part was excited. She never had been exposed much to boys or men, her father protecting her, almost too much. Lord Michael had ignited something in her with his dominant personality. There she said it, dominant. If that was true, then she was either submissive or docile. Sexually docile. Strange thoughts raced through her mind, Lord Michael taking advantage of her body like he did yesterday, masturbating his thick prick between her naked breasts. *What would he require of her today? How would he punish her?* She stopped in front of the library door, opening the door without knocking. He knew she was coming.

Lord Michael looked up when the door opened, the lovely frame of Anna marching in almost regally, her head up high, her lovely breasts thrust out brazenly as if she were teasing him. He liked that in her. He didn't like girls that cowered to him, a bit of reluctance or rebellion was refreshing. He was sure that he would find lots of rebellion in Jenna. Her day would come soon enough, but first he had her delicious sister to train. "You look ravishing today Anna," smiling as he moved his chair to the side. "Undress Anna. I want you naked as the day you were born." He saw the shocked look on her face. Even though he had seen her that way yesterday, this

was completely different. He demanded that she take off her clothes in front of him willingly.

It never dawned on Anna that she would have to take off her own clothes. Lord Michael had done it to her while she had fainted, finding herself completely naked on his desk, his prick nestled between her heaving breasts. He was staring at her lustily, just the way he would when she would disrobe in front of him. "Please Lord Michael, don't humiliate me like that." Tears began to form in her eyes. She stared at him, but she got no compassion, in fact she saw his hand go to the front of his trousers, arranging his stout prick that pushed out the material.

"I won't tell you again. Your defiance will only increase the severity of your punishment." His prick strained to be released from his tight trousers, but first he wanted Anna naked before his eyes.

She had no choice, her hands slowly moving to take the dress off, pulling the full gather of her skirt up her legs until she felt the cool air of the room on her naked thighs. She lost sight of him as she pulled it over her head, the humiliation taking a toll on her as she put her dress neatly on a chair, shivering in the cool air in her undergarments. She looked at Lord Michael, his hand casually stroking his prick that protruded from his pants without shame. She could almost feel his prick in her hand, forced to service it while she kneeled submissively at his feet.

Lord Michael looked at her body in her undergarments, from the sheen of her naked legs to the pale pallor of her upper thighs. Her hips were encased in a pair of tightly fitted

undergarments, unlike yesterday's schoolgirl undergarments. The silk material clung to every curve and hollow of her body. The chemise that covered her breasts did little to hide the pear shaped beauties, capped by hard nipples that pushed out the front in pointed salutes to the sky above. Lord Michael was pleased with her acceptance of her new place in life. The undergarments were meant to entice him and they worked magnificently, his prick rising to the occasion. "Continue, let me see the rest of you."

Her fingers trembled as she pulled the chemise over her head, feeling her bare breasts moving gently as the chemise got stuck on her head as she pulled it in haste, finally yanking it off, the thin material tearing slightly. She threw it to the floor, her arms hanging uselessly at her sides, her fists clenched tightly. She stared at her breasts, her bosom red in shame, her nipples standing out erect, showing her obvious arousal in spite of her humiliation. Or maybe because of it. She waited, his eyes feasting in her nakedness until she saw them urge her to complete her task. He wanted her to take off her final garment and stand before him naked. Her hands almost refused to move, finally Anna was able to push her hands into the waistband of her tightly fitted undergarments, drawing them down over her full hips, the sleek material sliding effortlessly down to dangle around her ankles. She lifted one leg, and then the other, finally kicking the rumpled garment to the side. One hand slid over the front of her fleece, the palm of her hands stimulating the tiny follicles of pubic hair to quiver to her loins.

"Take your hands away Anna. Let me feast on your beauty." He watched her lip quiver as she contemplated his final indignation, her hands slowly pulled away to reveal the auburn bush that covered most of her slit from his gaze. Her full hips made her built for sex, not the hips of an adolescent, but of a woman. First he wanted to punish her, seeing if she was as responsive to the birch rod as her mother was last night. *Could Lord Michael take her to orgasm as he did Lady Charlotte, alternating between pleasure and pain until she could no longer distinguish between the two and no longer cared which one she received, her only goal to achieve the orgasm her body needed?* He would have loved for her to pose provocatively for him but he wanted to get on with the punishment, his hard prick needing relief soon. "Kneel on the sofa. With your back to me."

She was thankful that she wouldn't have to see his eyes, but the thought of presenting her naked bottom to his eyes and also his hands scared her. The leather of the couch was cold as she kneeled on it, her nipples hardening as they rubbed over the smooth, cool fabric.

"Kneel over it so your belly is on the back. I want you high up. Yes, very good Anna," admiring her as she got into position for him. There was a beautiful innocence in Anna, her naked body kneeling submissively for him, awaiting a birching. Even with her thighs clenched tightly together, the position left her extremely provocative. Her tautly rounded cheeks were thrust out provocatively, a hint of her womanly charms revealed between her tightly clenched thighs. Her cheeks were also clenched tight, the flesh quivering as she

tried to hide the tight dark bud that lay nestled between them. "Spread your legs until each one touches the edge of the couch." The couch was not overly wide, more of a loveseat, but with her legs spread to the edge it would reveal all of her intimate charms to his eyes. And the birch rod.

She turned towards him, her eyes opened wide as she begged him not to make her expose her womanhood so obscenely, but the look on his face and the bulge in his trousers convinced Anna that it would do little to deter him. Her knee squeaked noisily over the leather couch until her left leg touched the cold side. Her other knee did the same, Anna turned beat red in shame as she felt the cheeks of her bottom part and the lips of her quim pull apart until she felt an ache in her crotch from the wide expanse of her legs.

"Stick your bottom up higher Anna," he ordered her, watching her intimate charms revealed to his gaze. Lord Michael rubbed his prick as his eyes dwelled on the exquisite sight of the young girl spread before him. The position Anna was placed into for punishment revealed her parted oval cheeks, exposing the dark bud of her wrinkled anus, surrounded by tiny delicate hairs. Looking lower, the rear pout of her vaginal lips opened up, the pink insides glistening with juices, the dark virgin hole barely visible. "So lovely Anna." Lord Michael moved close to her, his voice calm and soothing as he cooed into her ear, his hand touching her gently on the satiny skin of her raised up haunches. "Relax Anna, enjoy the pain as much as the pleasure." His hand ran over her cheeks, feeling her fighting to keep her cheeks relaxed to his intimate touch. His finger found her crack, the

cheeks pulled back so far that it was barely visible, sliding along the sweat drenched crack to circle the tiny hole that danced beneath the touch of his fingertip. Lord Michael's finger circled the tight anus until he felt her relax, pushing in slowly until a soft groan escaped from her lips, his finger suddenly swallowed into her hot, tight rectum.

Anna tried to relax her muscles as much as she could, but it was hard, her young, naked body exposed to Lord Michael as his hands explored her most intimate charms with such veracity. He had done it before, fingering her backside, his fat finger pushing harshly in her tiny hole, the burning as it pushed hard against her rectal muscles, her anal ring drawn tight around his knuckle. She felt it deep inside her, groaning quietly from the penetrating finger. She was relieved when he pulled it out, feeling his face so close to her backside, his hot breath blowing over the tiny hole. His finger slid lower, Anna ashamed that he found her wet, unable to control the way her body responded to his dominance over her. His fingers pushed back the petals of her sex from the rear, squeezing her vaginal lips gently while his other finger slid between the tight lips to rub her wet inner lips almost clinically. His fingers explored her as a doctor would, teasing at her virgin opening, his finger rubbing around the edge, spreading the opening wider as if preparing it for something larger, much larger. *Would he put his prick in her and take her innocence forever from her?* His fingers became more insistent, snaking up her lips from behind to find her pleasure button, two fingers gripping the tiny morsel at its base and squeezing all the blood to the tip until she could feel the blood pounding. She

couldn't help it, her hips shaking as Lord Michael's fingers worked their magic on her untrained body.

"I'm going to finish you off before I punish you. I want you to realize that you can cum under the harsh punishment again." He laughed as he saw the way her body was responding to his masturbating fingers. "Look at the way you move your hips to my fingers Anna. You're enjoying my gentle masturbation." Lord Michael began to rub her harder, his fingers pinching her lips up and down as he pulled them open, his other finger placed between the wet lips, rocking up and down, his fingertip gliding over the head of her swollen pleasure button. She was ready, his finger pushing into the dark, mysterious hole that preserved her maidenhood, feeling the muscles fighting the unnatural intrusion. She moaned and groaned as her body rocked back and forth, her white skin glowing with a faint hint of perspiration.

She was so ashamed, but could do little to protest the delicious pleasures his skilled hands were bringing to her body. Even when he thrust a finger into her virgin hole it did little to stop her hips from moving back and forth as if she were looking for a prick to take her precious gift from her. She felt her juices flowing down her thighs, the sounds of his fingers on her slick lips sounding so loud. She heard the soft moans of lust, not believing that they came from her lips. All she knew was that she was going to have another one of those delirious orgasms that made her faint with pleasure last time.

The room filled with the rising whimpers from Anna until she cried out in release, her body shuddering, her hips

pumping up and down as she sought out the wondrous fulfillment. This time was even better than the last time, no fainting, she felt all of the glorious feelings that rocked her body as she came under Lord Michael's expert fingers. Even when she finished, his fingers still touched her, though gently until she was so relaxed her body was unable to move.

Lord Michael stood back up, his fingers glistening with her juices. He put them in his mouth, his tongue licking the virginal juices. He saw the glow on her body from the orgasm. It was now time for the punishment. He picked up the birch rod, similar to the one he used on her mother last night, but this one was fresh from the brine that it had been soaked in. Anna looked so innocent, yet extremely provocative, her legs still spread wide for her punishment, exposing all of her virgin charms to his eyes and now the harsh bite of the birch rod. Lord Michael did not wait, beginning immediately to administer several light blows to the upthrust bottom until it began to blush a light pink, moving from the top of each hemisphere all the way to where her young thighs joined her plump cheeks. The tapping of the rod on her soft skin was almost like music filling the room, a rhythmic flagellation. Her cheeks opened and closed in response to the bite of the rod, her tiny anus blinking when the rod came too close. But barely a bit of protest from Anna's lips, only a soft groan as Lord Michael began to get enthusiastic in his task.

Anna bit her lip at the first bite of the birch rod on her cheeks. Still a bit tender from yesterday's spanking, this was much more intense, the rod biting harder in pinpoint lines across her taut flesh. Lord Michael's aim was impeccable,

never hitting the same spot twice as he moved mechanically from the top of her cheeks all the way down to the juncture of her thighs, Anna trembling in fear when he neared her unprotected quim. Anna had to fight the urge to not close her legs and protect her treasures from the rod. She couldn't stop the uncontrollable clenching of her bottom cheeks as the rod pulled back from the last strike, the pain shooting to her brain. Lord Michael was striking her harder, her bottom shaking from side to side as the rod found every speck of untouched flesh.

Lord Michael watched her quim from behind, her hips moving from side to side, her lovely virgin lips opening and closing as if beckoning the rod to touch her more intimately. "Feel the pleasure of the rod Anna. Don't let the pain overshadow the intimate touch of the rod on your body." The rod moved from the fleshy cheeks of her bottom to touch the anal cleft, the end of the rod slashing along the split divide of her luscious bottom until it neared the dark forbidden hole nested high up. The first blow of the rod on her virgin bottom hole brought forth a gasp of indignation and pain from Anna's lips, but her legs continued to stay open and accommodating to the rod. Lord Michael knew that it was more of a loving caress on her anus than the harsh bite of the rod, slapping the tip of the rod on the clenching hole, almost seeing the end enter her anus. He danced the end of the rod all around her anal cleft, and was rewarded with the most erotic dance of her wrinkled hole, opening and closing to reveal the dark, forbidden depths inside of her.

"EEEEHHH," she cried out when the rod beat between her cheeks to attack her backside so vigorously. She was afraid he would send the rod up her bottom like he did his finger. *How could he hit her in such a place? Were all men like Lord Michael, so intensely interested in her backside, his fingers, and now the rod visiting the forbidden hole with such an inquisitive nature?* Lord Michael was raining blows on her delicate flower, Anna unable to stop her muscles from clenching and unclenching, sure that she was giving Lord Michael a most erotic sight of her beaten anal bud. It felt strange yet at the same time she felt the hint of arousal, forced to submit to having her anal ring beaten with a birch rod while she voluntarily kept her body spread and open for him. The rod slashed at her backside until she felt a burning, her hips moving with vigor as it lashed back and forth over her clenching hole. He finally stopped, Anna sucking in air as she tried to fill her lungs. *Was Lord Michael finished?* She didn't have to contemplate the idea very long, Lord Michael moving the rod to her silky thighs, the birch rod between her legs, slashing back and forth to strike each unprotected thigh, moving from her knees all the way up the vee of her legs. She could feel it in the blows, he would not stop at her thighs, her sex lying open and exposed to the rod.

Lord Michael didn't spare the rod, her virgin pussy his next target, dancing up the inside of her thighs with the rod, her body shuddering each time he got closer to her love nest. He began to lightly tap at her puffy lips, the rod caressing the flesh with a sharp bite, but Anna didn't try to shut her thighs and protect her womanhood. Instead, her bottom rose up

higher as if offering her most intimate parts to make it easier for him to touch her deeper and for the rod to strike the dark inner red lips of her womanhood. Even the dark virgin hole was open to the bite of the rod. And Lord Michael dug it deep between her thighs, bringing the rod straight up from the floor to insure that it stung between her lips, pushing them apart with such force that it exposed her red cunt to the tip of the rod. Her body jerked up with each blow, Lord Michael moving higher up her cunt to attack her love button, the seat of her pleasure. And now pain, the tip of the rod smashing the swollen bud into her pelvic bone, a shriek tore from her lips.

Lord Michael was lashing her sex with the rod, her body jerking with each blow as it danced up her slit, hitting the lips until they grew bright red and puffy, then pushing them aside to attack the pink flesh of her inner lips. Her hips were dancing erotically, Anna unable and unwilling to stop Lord Michael, suffering under the lash of the rod in spite of the pain. Or maybe because of it. Lord Michael's attack on her pleasure button was what drove her over the edge, her thighs spreading wider, opening up her lips to allow the tip of the rod to touch the deepest parts of her intimate sex. Each time he hit her love button, her body would wiggle and squirm, arching up her bottom so high as if she were welcoming his prick inside her, her inside muscles clenching tight as if looking for the flesh deep inside her. She could only gasp and groan with each bite of the rod on her body, the waves of emotions rolling off her as the pain began to become

pleasurable, Anna willing to do anything to please Lord Michael.

Lord Michael's thick prick needed release, this time Anna would service him with her mouth, but not until she succumbed to the pleasures of the rod. Anna was squirming with obvious pleasure, her groans not of pain, but of ecstasy, her thighs opened voluntarily to the harsh bite of the rod, her virgin hole snapped hard by the tip of the rod. He intensified his attack, the rod striking up and down her slit, dancing over her pleasure button, even attacking the virgin hole.

Anna shuddered, her orgasm fast approaching, uttering screams of pleasure each time the rod touched her intimate flesh. Her cheeks quivered, her cunt twitched, her body began to spasm in voluptuous delight. Anna began to have the longest orgasm in her short sexual life, the rod extending it each time that Anna thought it was over, Lord Michael extracting the maximum amount of pleasure from her young, untrained body. Her cunt opened and shut until it finally dumped out the thick, milky white fluid from her orgasm, soothing as it rolled down her beaten thighs. Anna shuddered in joy, Lord Michael rubbing the length of the rod up and down her slit, the sharp points from the broken twigs rubbing harshly between her silky, smooth inner lips. Her body was exhausted, two intense orgasms draining all of her energy. Lord Michael pulled her off the leather couch until Anna found her naked body kneeling down on the floor in front of Lord Michael, her head only inches from the front of his trousers.

Lord Michael's hands quickly pulled open his trousers, the sight of Anna's wet lips and hot breath so close exciting him.

He looked at her as he exposed his rigid prick to her, waving it obscenely only inches from her mouth. He wanted satisfaction, this time not her titties, but her mouth to satisfy his lust. "Explore it with your fingers," Lord Michael ordered her as he shoved his trousers down to his ankles, his legs spread apart so she could cradle his balls.

Anna's hands rose up slowly, seeing the erect prick in front of her face. It was just as she remembered, her dreams last night reliving the time when Lord Michael masturbated his prick nestled between the pillows of her bare breasts. Her hands touched it, pulling them back when she felt how hot it was, hesitantly returning to curl her slim fingers around the thick shaft. She held it tighter as it jerked and shuddered in her fingers. *Was she hurting him?* Her fingers began to explore it, running up and down the shaft, feeling the thick veins pulsating with his blood. Her fingertip curled under the thick helmet that perched on the end, a deep purple, glistening with his juices that leaked profusely from the tiny hole in the tip. Her fingernail around the edge of the helmet made it jerk each time, finally running her index finger over the head, rubbing in the slick fluid until her finger slid with ease. Back and forth she teased her finger over the hole in the end, each time extracting more of his precious fluid. Her other hand crept low between his legs to cradle the hairy, wrinkled sack. She squeezed her hand slowly until she felt the twin balls inside, hanging down almost unconnected. His prick jerked each time she squeezed his balls, her hand holding his erect prick tight. It had to be at least seven inches long, but the more she touched and fondled it, the longer and thicker it

grew. *How big would it get?* She wasn't sure if she could obey his next order.

"Take it in your mouth Anna. Wet your lips." Lord Michael watched as she obeyed so submissively, her tongue coming out to lick her silky lips until they glistened in the light. Lord Michael moved a bit closer, Anna opening her mouth as he neared, growing wider as she finally understood how big his prick was and how wide she would have to open to accommodate him. He sighed in pleasure when he felt her hot breath blow on the head, her lips slowly engulfing the thick head until they captured the head in her mouth. He looked down at her, his prick jutting out her tiny mouth, her lips stretched wide around his thickness.

Anna surprised even herself, her hand holding the shaft of his prick, she opened her mouth to encircle the knob of his prick, drawing the hot flesh into her mouth and began to suck on it as if it were a lollipop. His prick shoved her tongue to the bottom of her mouth, Anna pulling it out so she could lavish attention on the thick head, her tongue swirling around it with passion, lapping at the salty fluids that seemed to fill her mouth with his taste. She pulled his prick out for a moment, her tongue licking up and down the long shaft as if she had done this many times. Her hand held it tight as his prick quivered and jerked from the unexpected touch of her tongue on it. She took his shaft back into her mouth, rhythmically sucking it, her hand running up and down the shaft as if she had done this for years.

Lord Michael couldn't believe her skills, almost as good as her mother, looking down at the young girl as she sucked his

prick with such vigor, her innocent face broken by his prick jutting from her mouth. "Slower," he ordered her, not wanting her to see how well she was arousing him, wanting her eager to please. He began to guide her head with his hands, holding her firmly as his hips began to rock back and forth, his prick sliding easily along her wet lips.

"Your tongue, make it dance over my prick." He felt her tongue slip under the edge of the helmet. "Yes, like that. Suck my prick Anna." Her other hand was busy squeezing his balls, her slim hand gently cupping them, coaxing out the cum stored in them. He let her take over sucking his prick for five minutes, his balls aching for release.

She lavished her attention on his prick, worshipping it with her mouth, his juices flowing freely from the tip, coating her taste buds with the salty taste of his cum. *Would he expect her to take his juices in her mouth?* She saw how he came on her yesterday, his sperm abundant, the milky, white fluids all over her face. *Could she swallow such a massive amount of the thick fluid?*

Lord Michael was ready, pushing away her hands, taking her head with his powerful hands. He held her head still, but his hips were a blur, thrusting vigorously in and out, delighting as her mouth tightened on his shaft as it passed through her lips. He enjoyed when he pushed too hard, the knob of his prick too close to her throat, Anna choking in response, tears falling slowly from her eyes. He shoved to the back of her mouth, the knob of his prick poised at the entrance to her throat, staring down at her face, her hands hanging uselessly at her sides, daring her to protest his

actions. He shoved, a gurgling sound and then a gag, the head of his prick swallowed into Anna's tight throat. It felt like tiny fingers dancing over the head of his prick, her throat muscles struggling to throw the intruder out, succeeding only in bringing incredible pleasure to his prick. He held her tight, fighting the urge to cum, finally pulling from her throat, her nose flaring as she tried to breath. She sucked in a deep breath at the same time he came. His buttocks tightened, his sphincter clenched tight as the cum raced from his balls to shoot out the end of his prick with incredible force into her unsuspecting mouth.

She was thankful that she could breathe, but a new sensation exploded in her mouth. He came, gallons of thick, salty cum filled her bulging cheeks like a chipmunk during the winter. She had no choice but to swallow, the spewing prick continuing to fill her mouth in spite of swallowing the first load. Time and time again she choked down the copious fluid, her stomach gurgling as it sat heavily inside her. She couldn't believe he had that much, each time she emptied her mouth, his prick would squirt another load in her waiting mouth. She lapped and swallowed as quickly as she could, choking and gagging from the endless supply of thick crème. She finally felt his prick getter smaller, less hard, her tongue running over it until it sat heavily on her tongue. Her lips tightened on it as the limp prick slipped out of her mouth, Anna not wanting to admit it, but wanting to feel the joy again of bringing so much pleasure to Lord Michael.

She gulped down his prick like a tavern wench, swallowing his abundant crème with such enthusiasm. He finally pulled

his shrinking organ from her mouth, the sheen of his juices coating her lips. He sat down next to her, his hands playing with her breasts and between her legs, her hands on his prick until it grew hard again. With no encouragement she knelt between his legs, her mouth engulfing his growing prick, her tongue working on the knob as her fingers encouraged the cum from his balls again. He was surprised when she forced the knob of his prick into her throat, choking and gagging, her hands on the couch holding tightly while her throat massaged his prick. Lord Michael couldn't believe the cum she drew from his balls again, Anna kissing his deflated prick as it slid from her mouth for the last time tonight. She dressed without saying a word, Lord Michael already behind the desk as she left. She was just about to close the door when she turned to him.

"I will be back after school tomorrow," she stated almost emotionless, but added. "To be punished." She felt her thighs grow wet with desire as the door closed.

Jenna couldn't believe it. Anna was on the floor, sucking Lord Michael's prick and by the look of pleasure on his face, was doing it expertly. Jenna had practiced on the ivory dildo, but nothing like the real flesh of a man. She couldn't even wait to get back to her room, hiking up her dress, her hands racing to excite an orgasm from the erotic spectacle in front of her. Jenna came just as Lord Michael did, Jenna swallowing as if he had unloaded his seed in Jenna's mouth, not Anna's. She quickly left, not wanting to get caught. *Why didn't Lord Michael want her? What was wrong with her?* He had taken her mother and Anna, but barely said a word to Jenna.

CHAPTER 9

One Month Later

It had been over a month now and Lord Michael seemed to have moved in, Lady Charlotte not protesting the arrangement. In fact she had never been so sexually satisfied since Henri, the painter twenty years ago. That in spite of not fully understanding it herself. Lord Michael had taken her sexually to places that she never even considered before or even fathomed. She found herself bound often, yanking on the rope that kept her naked body spread for him, the bondage heightening the arousal. He wielded the rod with regularity, Lady Charlotte finding her body eagerly responding to the punishment with increasing arousal and pleasure, seeking to please Lord Michael with her response.

Lord Michael had a bond with Anna, neither one of them speaking much of it, but Lord Michael had assured Charlotte that Anna was still a virgin. Charlotte was convinced that Anna satisfied Lord Michael's lust in some manner, whether it be her hand or her mouth. The bond wasn't so much as father-daughter than husband-wife which disturbed Charlotte a little, but she didn't dare say anything to Lord Michael about it. And Lord Michael's sexual libido seemed to be able to handle two lovely women at one time. Yes, Lady Charlotte had to admit that Anna had become a woman.

Now Jenna was a different story. She had grown more despondent over the last month. Charlotte thought it was

more jealousy than anything else. Lord Michael had fawned over Charlotte and Anna but he seemed to ignore Jenna as if on purpose. When Charlotte asked him about it he dismissed it quickly, his only comment. "Jenna will come around soon enough."

The afternoon punishment of Anna had almost become a ritual, Anna racing home in spite of Jenna's pleas to spend time with her. She would soon find herself in Lord Michael's library, preparing herself for him while he worked without looking up from his desk. Today was different, Anna opening up the door to find someone else in the room, the smell of cigar smoke hanging heavily in the room. "I'm sorry Sir," Anna blustered. "I'll come back later if that is your pleasure." She hoped he would find time for her, needing the daily masturbatory ritual. She turned to run out of the room but stopped in her tracks from Lord Michael's booming voice.

"Don't leave Anna. I want you to meet someone." It was a command, not a request, Anna obeyed instantly. She had learned her place in life rather quickly, eager to submit and please Lord Michael. Now he would see how willingly she would accept her fate.

Lord Roger Bigod looked over at the door, pleased with the lovely girl that graced the doorway. She was turning around quickly, her full skirt spinning gracefully, her long hair shimmering in the light of the sun that blazed through the open windows. Lord Michael had told him of this unbelievable woman. Not only beautiful and talented, but she also took to the life that Lord Michael and Lord Roger subscribed to. Though twenty years his junior, age had little to do with it, it

was more temperament. He stood up as she approached, his prick already stirring at the thought of the young girl in his bed.

"This is Lord Roger Bigod. Lord Roger, this is Lady Anna." Lord Michael made the introductions.

She blushed when she saw the way he looked at her, her eyes downcast, but not before she caught a good glimpse of him. And to be called Lady Anna. He must be at least mid thirties, impeccably dressed, long black silky hair, slender build and if she was correct, the arms beneath his coat were strong, his large, powerful hands giving it away. And a Lord, having heard of the Bigod family, a powerful family with a proud tradition and immense wealth. *Why was he here?* She curtsied before him, bending her head, knowing that he was getting an eyeful of her generous bosom, learning from Lord Michael that men loved to be enticed by a lovely body. She stood up and gazed into his large blue eyes. "Good day Sir," she said respectfully. She put out her hand, shivering when his powerful hand grasped her tiny hand, his lips kissing it so sensuously that she felt an immediate wetness between her legs.

She was certainly as beautiful as Lord Michael had promised, if not more. And by the glimpse of the lovely, naked cleavage she revealed to him when she curtsied, she had learned her craft well. "You are as ravishingly beautiful as Lord Michael has led me to believe." He smiled at her, seeing her blush at his candor.

"You flatter me kind Sir," her face turning red from the compliment. She didn't have much experience with men, her

father protecting her previously and now Lord Michael taking all of her time since. "It was a pleasure meeting you." She turned to leave.

"Don't leave Anna. You came here for a reason. What is it?"

She turned back towards Lord Michael, her eyes pleading with him not to shame her in front of Lord Roger. "Please M'Lord?"

"No need to be shy Lady Anna," adding the Lady to her title. "Lord Roger is a member of the Society. You need not be bashful in front of him."

"But Lord Michael. It's so personal." She refused to say it in front of Lord Roger.

"Tell me Lady Anna. Why have you come to my library?" Lord Michael was domineering, his eyes demanding her absolute obedience.

She stammered, her eyes downcast, refusing to look at the men that stood in front of her. "To be punished your Lordship."

"Yes," smiling at her revelation in front of Lord Roger. "And don't forget your pleasure. I have taught you as much as I can Lady Anna. I have your mother, Lady Charlotte to take care of my needs. You need someone to take you the rest of the way. That is why Lord Roger is here. He will take you to places that I could not or dare not."

"NO!" Anna threw herself on the floor, begging Lord Michael. She only wanted him, finally finding her place with him. She yearned for more from him, hoping that he would take her innocence from her and make her a woman, but she

heard her mother's screams of pleasure at every night. She knew he was right, that it would not happen with him. But to submit to a complete stranger. She wouldn't be able to stand the humiliation. *Did he expect her to strip naked for him as she did for Lord Michael? And would he touch her in places like Lord Michael?* She was sure she would die of embarrassment if forced to have an orgasm from his masturbation.

"Just as I taught you to serve me, Lord Roger will do the same with you. He is a fine looking gentlemen. But he is demanding like I am. You will do his bidding starting today. I will remain today just to make sure you are comfortable, but Lord Roger will administer your punishment from now on. And your pleasure. After today Lord Roger will arrange for future sessions." He didn't look for a response from Anna, his final words said. He sat back down at his desk, shuffling through the piles of papers, needing to pay Lady Charlotte's bills.

Anna knew it would do no good to protest, Lord Michael's word final. He was already busy at his desk, leaving Anna alone with Lord Roger. She looked up at him again. He was every bit as handsome as her first gaze, but now she looked deeper, her eyes falling to the front of his trousers, seeing the bulge that pushed out the gray slacks. She could almost feel her fingers curling around it, feeling the heat from the flesh as she stroked it, even tasting the salty juices that would spill from the tip from her handling of his prick. *Would he make her take it in her mouth as Lord Michael did? Or would he shove it down her throat, enjoying her gagging and choking*

until he filled her mouth with his seed? She didn't know what to do.

Lord Roger looked at her auburn hair, the long mane down her back, the light catching a shimmer in the front, framing a face that glowed with innocence, a pair of blue eyes searching for satisfaction and pleasure. Even her mouth seemed to be begging, her tongue coming out to lick her lips, unaware how erotic it was to Lord Roger's eyes. His eyes feasted on her young, taut body. Her dress molded over two pert titties, a wide expanse of naked bosom exposed to tease and tantalize. Lord Michael had already told him that she was very adept with her hands and mouth, but that all of her other orifices were still virgin, except for the occasional finger that had penetrated them. His gaze went down her hour glass waist and the gentle swell of full, womanly hips. "Turn around," his first command to Anna, his voice more demanding than usual, but he needed to assert his absolute authority over her early on.

She was surprised that she turned so quickly, not even thinking, obeying instantly as she would with Lord Michael. She turned her back to him, able to feel his eyes burning on her bottom.

His prick thickened at the sight of the trim, rounded cheeks of her bottom, able to make out the delightful crack that parted the taut flesh or was it just his imagination. Her derriere was made for punishment, able to take a paddling or a whipping. He moved behind her, his hands encircling her waist but not before he warned her. "Hold still." He felt her body jerk when his fingers touched her slim waist, but she

made no attempt to evade his grasp. His hands went around her waist, his hips moving forward until he felt his prick jerk in pleasure as he snuggled up to her plump bottom. "Yes, can you feel me Lady Anna? See how hard you make me?"

She liked to hear her name, Lady Anna. She felt his thick prick on her cheeks, feeling longer than Lord Michael's. And harder. His large hands held her so secure, her head falling back to rest against him, surrendering to the feelings that were washing over her body. There was nothing she could do about it. His hands slid up her stomach, not stopping until they cradled her breasts, Anna looking down to see the large hands engulfing them in his powerful grasp. She arched her back, encouraging his touch, feeling her nipples responding to the touch. His fingers sought out the tips, she mewed softly when his fingers pinched harder.

Such firm flesh, his hands molding her breasts, seeking out her nipples, finding them hard and erect. He squeezed them harder than usual, not surprised that she thrust them further into his hands. Yes, Lord Michael had already taught her to love the pain as much as the pleasure. His hands went down to smooth over the front of her dress, down low until it tried to find her sex. She didn't move as he explored her, disappointed with too much dress in the way. He finally pulled away from her, wanting to see her more fully. Naked. He stepped back, and sat on the chair. "Remove your clothes." He said it with a matter of fact tone as if they had done this many times before.

She looked at him with surprise. Deep down she knew that she would have to do this, but it came so quickly, she had

hoped to prolong it a bit and get to know him better. Anything. It is difficult for a young girl to show her naked body to an older man, especially a stranger. Lord Michael had taught her the pleasure of submitting to an older man, obeying him without question until she did it without thinking. But Lord Roger was younger, more of a lover. Someone to seduce her, not dominate her.

"I don't like to repeat myself. I expect my commands to be fulfilled quickly and without question." Lord Roger's hand went down to the front of his trousers, gently rubbing his prick, the thick flesh stirring at the thought of Lady Anna stripping naked before him. "Now strip naked for me!"

She could hear the anger in his voice, much like Lord Michael had been in the beginning. Anna knew she had to obey, her hands shaking as she slowly began the torturous job of taking off her clothes in front of Lord Roger. It took over five minutes to get the dress off, the many strings and buckles needed to be unfastened, Anna hurrying as she saw the impatience in Lord Roger beginning to grow. He was watching her so intently, Anna seeing his hand casually caressing his prick, a tremor running through her body as she imagined it entering her. While Lord Michael was reluctant to take her innocence, she knew that Lord Roger would have no such compulsion. In fact she had this feeling that by time she left today she would be a woman. She finally got the dress off, standing before Lord Roger in her chemise and undergarments. Both were frilly and tight fitting, Anna learned from Lord Michael that all men loved to be enticed by a beautiful body. She looked down, her nipples were hard and

erect, almost pointing up to the ceiling with only a light touch from Lord Roger. She parted her legs slightly, feeling the undergarments sticking to her flesh, sure that it was from the rush of arousal between her thighs. She stood ashamed and aroused.

Lord Roger admired her womanly figure, the chemise doing little to hide her full breasts and erect nipples. Lord Roger noticed a faint stain of wetness on the silken drawers, her legs spreading to reveal her white, sleek thighs. He squeezed his prick, needing relief soon. He would strip her naked and see how good her mouth was in bringing him the pleasure he wanted. "The rest, I want to see you completely naked."

She pulled the chemise over her head, almost tearing it in haste, her breasts bouncing gently as she moved. Every movement seemed so obscene, his eyes taking in her globes as they were revealed, her nipples throbbing so much that they hurt, Anna fighting the urge to rub them.

"Wet your fingers and tease your nipples. Entice me Lady Anna." His hand rubbed his prick faster as he watched her tongue come out of her mouth, his imagination getting the best of him, almost feeling her tongue touch his prick. Her fingers moved with such eroticism, teasing the tips as if they were someone else's, encircling the areola until the red tip was ready to burst. Only then did her fingers touch them, a soft moan escaping from her lips as her fingers pinched them to greater hardness. She plucked and twisted her nipples, her back arching obscenely, her eyes closed as if she were in her own bed and masturbating to a fantasy in her head. Lord

Roger wanted more. "Your undergarments. Take them off. Spread your legs."

She came back to reality, seeing Lord Michael looking at her with renewed interest. She smiled inwardly, proud that she could inspire such lust in them with her body. She rolled the silky undergarment down her shapely hips, kicking them off of her feet. She looked at Lord Roger, standing naked in front of him, proud of her body. Some of her shyness was gone.

"Very lovely Lady Anna. Spread the lips of your pretty quim and show me the red petals inside." He wanted her to display her body for his inspection to test her submission.

Her fingers gripped her lips tightly, finding them already slick. Displaying her body so shamelessly was arousing her more than she expected. She pulled her puffy lips open wider than she needed to, looking down to see how obscene it looked, her petals opened like the wings of a butterfly.

She was wet, her juices glistening on the red inner lips that were exposed by the exaggerated tug of her slit. He looked, able to see the tiny black hole, barely visible that was the entrance to her womanhood. She would have to stretch wide to take his stout prick inside her, but she would bring such delight to Lord Roger with the tightness of her virgin hole. "Your pleasure button. Show me how big it is"

She continued to follow his orders without reservation, her arousal growing with each increasingly obscene demand he was making of her. She exposed her most intimate charms to him as if he were her doctor, her fingers pressing hard at the base of her pleasure button, two fingers teasing the blood to

the tip until it was exposed, the hood pushed back. She could feel her heartbeat in the tip, a steady pounding, looking down to see it swell to exaggerated proportions. It was huge, much bigger than she had ever seen it before, even when Lord Michael tossed her off.

"Such a big organ Lady Anna. It will bring you much pleasure." He stood up, unbuckling his trousers, pulling them down his legs until they sat on his ankles. His undergarments were next, noticing that Lady Anna's eyes never left his hands, undeterred as he revealed his prick to her. He sat back down, his hand holding up his erect prick, his hand sliding up and down the shaft. He spread his legs, motioning her over to him. "Show me how skilled you are in handling a man Lady Anna. Please me with your hand. And your mouth." He waited for a second before he added. "And arouse yourself as you do me. I want you wet when I punish you."

She went to her knees, without hesitation. Her hands slid along his sleek thighs, feeling the muscles flexing beneath her touch. He had powerful legs and thighs. Her fingers curled around his prick, feeling the hot flesh that was so hard. Harder than Lord Michael's prick. She felt it grow beneath her touch, her fingers encircling the shaft, tightening as her hand slid up and down the thick shaft. Her fingers explored every bump and vein on the shaft before they moved to the head, the dark red head glistening from his juices. Her fingernails ran under the rim, feeling it jerk and shudder, her hand holding it tight as her sharp fingernail ignited an exquisite pain in his prick. Her head moved forward, her tongue coming out to lick her lips and make them moist. She planted a soft

gentle uncertain kiss on the shaft, her hand holding it firmly in her grasp as her kisses moved from the shriveled ball sack all the way to the thick head that capped the long prick, each kiss planted with more ease. It had to be at least eight inches or more. It jerked and shuddered each time her lips touched it, the final kiss under the thick rim. Accustomed to the touch of the hot flesh on her lips, she opened her mouth into a wide oval, engulfing the helmet in the hot depths of her mouth, her tongue lavishing attention on the tip until it gave up its prize, his precious seed. His thick, salty fluid coated her taste buds as she orally assaulted his prick, her last resistance overcome.

Lord Roger sat back, enjoying the attention the young girl paid on his prick. Lord Michael was right, her skills almost innate. And she was very enthusiastic, taking the head of his prick in her mouth without hesitation, her tongue working its magic on it. He felt his prick swell, her hand moving down to cup his sack, clenching and unclenching his sensitive balls until he felt the stirrings deep inside. He was ready to cum, her hand sliding up and down the shaft in perfect precision to the gentle sucking of her mouth on the head of his prick, her head moving rhythmically.

She sucked harder, feeling him stir in her mouth. She had felt it before in Lord Michael, the first hint of their orgasm approaching. She gobbled his prick into her mouth, her head sinking down lower on the shaft until she felt it banging against the back of her throat. She waited to see if Lord Roger would make a movement to shove his prick down her throat like Lord Michael did, pausing, her tongue running up

and down the shaft. She felt no hands on her head, sliding up the shaft with her tightly clenched lips, squeezing his prick with her mouth like she hoped her quim would do soon. Her hands urged the juices from his balls, feeling his hips rising up, knowing that he would soon shoot his seed in her mouth.

"Finger my ass," Lord Roger cried out, his sphincter tightening as the cum rushed up from his balls. He felt the finger tentatively touching his anus, pushing on the tightly clenched hole until she shoved harder. His hips rose up from the chair as her finger pierced his rectum, pressing hard against his prostate as her mouth and fingers milked his seed from his loins. "EEEEGGG," Lord Roger was unable to contain his lust, his seed shooting up the shaft of his prick to fill her mouth with his first load of cum. He watched as her cheeks swelled, filling with his abundant crème, Lady Anna making no attempt to spit it out. In fact she almost greedily swallowed his seed, her hands and mouth enticing a second load of cum from his balls.

She wasn't sure what to do but she obeyed, her finger poised at his backside, pressuring the clenching hole until it gave away, her finger breaching the hot, tight hole until she felt the muscles inside clenching uncontrollably on her finger. She felt his prick swell in her mouth and then the sudden rush of his hot seed filling her cheeks. She couldn't believe the abundance of his crème, a never ending stream of thick, sticky cum filling her mouth. She swallowed hard, a second load of cum filling her mouth again. Three times he unloaded his seed into her mouth, three times she swallowed it with vigor, finally she felt his prick shrink in her mouth. She licked

it clean before it slipped out, suddenly remembering that she was suppose to have aroused herself while attending to his prick. She looked down between her thighs, seeing her juices sleek on the white flesh. She had done it without touching herself. She hoped that Lord Roger was as pleased with her performance as she was. She looked up at him, a shy smile on her face.

She sucked him like a tavern wench, Lady Anna looking at him with satisfaction on her face, as well as lips covered in his crème. His prick already began to stir as her tongue came out her lips to lick up the crème and take it back in her mouth. "You suck with enthusiasm Lady Anna." He stood up, helping her up off her knees as if they both weren't naked. "Over here. Now for your pleasure." He pulled back the black velvet cloth that covered an unknown object.

She didn't exactly figure it out, but she knew what its purpose was. It was meant for her to mount, sure that it would leave her open and available to punishment, especially her sex. It didn't scare her, it only aroused her. *What had Lord Michael turned her into?* She looked over, surprised that he left. Somehow it didn't bother her to be left alone with Lord Roger. She had already sucked his prick and now stood naked before him. She didn't fear him at all.

The bench was more like a barrel, Lord Roger helping Lady Anna onto the strange contraption as if he were helping her into a carriage. She was made to straddle the barrel, her thighs pushed wide apart by its expanse. Once mounted, Lord Roger's hand went to her back and pushed her down until her breasts parted, hanging down on each side of the barrel. The

position forced her bottom up higher. "Grip the bars at the bottom of the barrel," he instructed her. "Or else I'll be forced to bind you to it." Once she obeyed, he moved to the side, placing her feet in the stirrups on the back of the barrel. She had no choice, her butt rising up higher as if she were riding a horse. He stepped back to admire his handiwork, pleased at how she was posed. Lord Roger gazed at her silken behind in all its fullness, two glorious buttock cheeks drawn taut, separated by an enormous cleft, a small, brown dot barely visible in the center. Lord Rogers's eyes fell lower to the yawning love nest, framed by silky auburn hair, stained with the shiny juices from her aroused body. The stirrups forced her haunches up obscenely, presenting her bottom and all of her sex to his intimate inspection. And punishment.

She could feel how exposed she was, the breeze blowing gently against her naked sex. She was arched up like a servant girl, to be taken by her Master, all of her intimate charms on display. She looked back, Lord Roger not picking up a birch rod as Lord Michael used, but a whip, a riding crop to be exact. Lady Anna had used one before while riding her horse, though she wielded it without much force, the noise making the horse obey. But she knew that the three inch leather tip could be quite painful if wielded with much passion.

Lord Roger saw the concerned look on her face. "I prefer the more civilized riding crop, made of the finest leathers for my Lady. It makes a sharp snap when it caresses the flesh, a lovely sting is left behind. I think you'll find it preferable to the birch rod." He spoke of the crop as though he was doing

Lady Anna a favor by using it. The whip came whistling down on Lady Anna's behind, slicing across the white flesh, leaving a strand of pink skin behind, a gasp from Lady Anna's lips with each strike of the crop. The crop penetrated deep into the soft flesh, never hitting the same spot twice, moving from her waist all the way down to the gentle swell of her thighs. Lady Anna's body jerked with each loud repeat of the crop striking her tender flesh, muffled cries of protest coming from her lips.

It was much worse than she had expected, her body cringing in each expectation of the next blow, the sound to her ears just as penetrating as the leather on her silky flesh. Her bottom was ablaze but it did little to deter Lord Roger. He began to work on her tender thighs, Lady Anna clutching the barrel between her thighs as if it were her lover. He kept moving closer to her quim, Lady Anna's body braced for the harsh touch of the leather on her most intimate flesh.

"Very good Lady Anna. You take your punishment well," he said, admiring the pink flesh of her bottom. He didn't fail to see the liquid pearls of her arousal on the tendrils of auburn hair of her bush. "Now for your quim M'Lady," warning her of the impending target of his lust. He secured the crop in his hand tightly, wanting to be precise with the first blow. Lord Roger whipped her tender opening four times, each time the harsh leather slapped the puffy lips of her quim, slapping loudly against the flesh. Her body shook, but she refused to cry out to be spared the punishment. He took aim, striking the crop up her slit, pushing aside her whipped lips to attack the sensitive inner pink flesh of her quim. Each time he pulled

the crop back, he noticed the dew soaking the tip. She might cry out in pain, but her body craved the arousal it brought. The crop visited her rosebud, slapping hard against the tiny brown hole, watching it clench and unclench uncontrollably after the crop visited it.

The crop was everywhere, beating a path across her most intimate flesh, slashing hard into her wet slit, Lady Anna ashamed that Lord Roger knew her secret, her juices revealing her arousal. She thought she would accidentally have an orgasm when he struck deep between her slit, her body trembling as it sliced so close to her exposed pleasure button. She finally let out a scream when the crop attacked her bottomhole, Lady Anna unprepared though she should have expected it, men seemed to have affection for her bottomhole. It felt as though he was driving the crop inside her, Lady Anna unable to control her own muscles, her bottom going into a series of spasms as Lord Roger danced the crop from her quim to her bottomhole, Lady Anna never knowing precisely where it would strike next.

For five minutes Lord Roger played the crop harshly over her body, visiting the most intimate flesh, the crop glistening with her juices as it struck her. She danced on the barrel, never letting loose the bars with her hands, her feet maintained in the stirrups, her bottom thrust up obscenely. Lord Roger's prick stood out hard and demanding, the lashing exciting him again, he needed relief again so quickly. He finally stopped, his hands caressing her whipped flesh softly, playing up and down her slit and crack, sliding easily along her slick flesh.

He stopped as suddenly as he started, her body ablaze in pain, but also in pleasure. She needed the orgasm, she was on the edge, only needing the touch of the crop on her pleasure button to drive her over the edge. His hands touched her as a lover would do, not the person that just whipped her flesh. His fingers explored her body, Lady Anna ashamed at how wet she had become, but no longer caring, wanting the release that only Lord Roger could give her. "Take me Lord Roger. Make a woman out of me. Please!" She wanted to feel his prick inside her, ready to lose her maidenhood to him.

Lord Roger needed no further encouragement, his prick hard as iron, his balls aching from the need for release. It had been a long time since he deflowered an innocent. "Stay where you are. I'll take you from behind for your first time. You'll be able to feel me deep inside you." His hands roamed over her luscious cheeks, touching the pink skin where he had whipped her, enjoying the way her buttocks clenched from his touch. Lord Roger's fingers milked the fleshy lips of her vagina, teasing his fingers until he found her clitoris, lightly stroking and tickling the engorged button until Lady Anna whimpered for an orgasm. He rubbed and squeezed it without remorse, feeling the first tremors of her crisis beneath his masturbating fingers.

Lady Anna was so close, but Lord Roger's fingers deserted her, turning her head to see Lord Roger taking his rigid prick in his hand, Lady Anna shuddering as she felt the thick head of his prick rub up and down her slit from behind. She knew he was gathering up her slick juices, feeling the head push between her lips until she felt them swallow up the thick head

lovingly, adjusting his erection against her virgin hole. She felt tremendous pressure as it sought entrance to her maidenhood, a soft groan escaped from her lips as he began to breach her virgin passage. "Please be gentle M'Lord," Lady Anna begged as she felt the stretching in her unused passage by his steely erection. She could only gasp loudly as Lord Roger gave a sharp jab with his hips, her hymen unable to stop the advance of his prick inside her. She felt her virginity tear, the sudden wetness as his thick prick sank unceremoniously inside her. She had never felt such a thing before, his flesh throbbing and jerking inside her like a tiny animal nibbling at her tender flesh. "Oh Lord Roger, you're so big," she cooed with desire.

Lord Roger could no longer contain his lust, breaching the virgin hole, his prick swallowed up into her hot, tight passage. He pulled out, her insides clenching onto his rigid erection until only the head was gripped. He thrust his hips, half of his prick buried inside her, her eager insides clutching his flesh. Each time he thrust in she would gasp in amazement, each time his erection would drive deeper into her body. Lord Roger grew impatient, his balls aching from lust, his prick clenched so tight that it felt like the head would burst. His body covered hers, kissing her back and shoulders, his hips in constant motion, his hands slipping underneath to grasp her breasts, teasing the hardened tips to points. He gave her a sudden staccato with his hips, pumping his erection into her as he reared back, his hands caressing her soft bottom cheeks. He stroked her anal cleft, running his fingers over the

tiny wrinkled opening, another virgin hole that would succumb to his prick.

Lady Anna wouldn't last much longer, losing all of her innocence to the lust that burned in her loins. Her innocent demur had changed to wanton lust, pumping her hips back and forth to meet the powerful thrusts of Lord Roger behind her. She wanted every thick inch of his hard erection, feeling the head caressing her tender insides with each thrust. His hands raced unopposed over her naked body, teasing and tickling her until one hand slid under to caress her swollen pleasure button. That was all she needed, tightening her thighs to trap the thick prick inside her, clenching and unclenching on his rigid flesh in uncontrollable lust. She began to shudder beneath him, feeling his prick grow inside her, jerking, the sudden rush of wetness inside her signaling his orgasm. She felt the tremendous pressure as he spurted his seed deep inside her, bathing her virgin passage with his precious fluid. "Take me Master Roger," she screamed out in ecstasy, the orgasm racing through her untrained body. Her nipples swelled further, the pleasure racing to her brain as Lord Roger took her to a place she had never visited before. She was unable to control her lust, her insides clinging to his spewing prick, her once virgin passage soaked in his juices. He was pumping her hard, each time burying his prick deep inside her, each time letting lose another load of his seed. Even his finger trailing over her anus could do little to dampen the pleasure that swept over her body.

Lord Roger threw back his head, screaming loudly as he came, his buttocks clenched tightly, his sphincter shut tight

as the head of his prick banged against her cervix, spewing forth his cum into her once virgin body. Her insides clung to him possessively, he yanked hard to pull out, and then forcefully thrust back in to deliver a second load of cum into her waiting body. He clung to her body as he dumped his seed deep inside her, their sweat drenched bodies clinging to each other as the orgasms rolled over them. He finally slumped over her, his erection losing its hardness, only the sound of Lady Anna's heavy breathing in the room.

She felt him pull out of her, the sudden rush of the juices running down her silky thighs. She could barely move, Lord Roger a gentlemen as he helped her off the barrel, his hand around her naked waist as he led her over to the couch. She gave no resistance when he laid her down on the cool leather, lying next to her until they were facing each other. He took her hand, placing it over his shrinking prick. She felt it begin to stir, surprised, her fingers urging it hard. She looked at him, puzzled as his prick began to swell back to life.

"It desires you Lady Anna. Your fingers work such magic on it. Imagine what your mouth could do for it." Lord Roger smiled as her head knelt down, feeling her hot breath on his growing erection, her tongue licking it clean as it swelled in the hot confines of her mouth.

She sucked his prick, not caring of the fluids that covered it, eager to please Lord Roger in any manner. Her cheeks hollowed in and out as she sucked him with enthusiasm, her fingers stroking his shaft and balls until his prick grew to full proportions. He took her again, this time his body covering hers, her pointed nipples pressed into his hairy chest,

ordering her to clasp her legs around his buttocks, drawing his prick deep inside her. To encourage her to pump her cunt onto his prick, his finger nestled between her cheeks until he found her virgin anal bud. She gasped loudly, her hips shooting up to drive his prick so deep inside her that she thought he would drive it into her cervix, his finger impaling her soft rectum onto his thick finger, twisting and turning in her soft insides. It felt as if she were taken by two pricks, the twin shafts meeting deep inside her to give her a masochistic thrill. He took her for a long time, their sweat drenched bodies clinging to the leather, their hips never resting until they both came simultaneously for the second time.

* * * *

Jenna was waiting for Lord Michael when he came out, surprised that he came out alone. She had heard another visitor knocking at the door, but by the time she raced to see who it was he had already disappeared behind Lord Michael's door. She stepped out from behind the corner as Lord Michael appeared, finally gaining enough courage to confront him.

Jenna stood in front of Lord Michael, her eyes lowered in deference to him. "Do I not please you Master?" She used the term Master in hopes that he would see her acceptance to his power over her.

"Why do you say that Jenna?" His eyes took in the lush body of the girl that stood before him, her proud bosom heaving up and down as she spoke. She was the identical twin of Anna, the youthful body that graced the chair of the

study each day, her broad posterior arched up in offering to the rod he took to it as punishment for past behavior.

"I hear my Mother screaming out in pleasure each night you bed her down. My sister sobs in shame after leaving the library. She tells me that you make her spread her thighs for you as you take a rod to her tender quim and then your fingers force an orgasm from her untrained body that she has not even been able to achieve with her own fingers. I may not be as experienced as my Mother or as reluctant as my sister but I can more than make up for it with my eagerness."

Lord Michael moved next to her, his hand slowly reaching out and cupping her full breast, watching her eyes as he fondled her openly. "Are you willing to do anything to please me Jenna?"

"Yes, your Lordship. I willingly give you all of my virgin holes for your ravishment. I will strip naked so that you may beat my flesh. If only you will allow me to pleasure you."

He felt her nipple rise to the occasion, pinching harder until he saw her lip curl in pain. Her hands hung at her sides, her fists clenched tightly as he twisted her fragile nipple. "Will you also allow my friends the honor of your lush body? I have a group of friends that enjoy flagellation. They would love to explore your naked body with various instruments. It is a fine line between pleasure and pain that you must be taught."

She didn't expect that, to have to submit to others. Anna said that Lord Michael had used a rod on her naked quim. Not only did she submit to spreading her thighs so willingly so he might strike her in such a sensitive spot, she also had a climax from the combination of the pain of the rod and from

the masterful fingers of Lord Michael. *Could Jenna also feel the same pleasure? Would the humiliation of being stripped naked and her body whipped arouse her, especially if Lord Michael would also participate?* "Would you also join them? Would I feel the blows that would come from your hands?"

"I would be delighted to whip your lovely body, but you would have to offer up your most sensitive areas to me. Are you willing to thrust out your naked bosom so that I may whip your titties with a riding crop? Or to spread your thighs wide so that I can swing a cane up between the lush lips of your mound? Or to bend over, peeling back your cheeks until your bunghole is open to the sharp bite of a martinet?" His friends had not had a new lovely girl to whip in a long time. Jenna would be a delightful creature to indoctrinate into the perverse pleasures of flagellation.

"If it will bring you pleasure Lord Michael, my body is yours to do as you please. And also to your friends. I will suffer the shame as they strip me naked, but I will allow it by knowing that it will bring you pleasure." She only hoped that it would make him randy enough that he would want to put his hard weapon inside her. Her nipples ached, but she also felt an ache between her legs that only the flesh of his prick could make go away. The ivory dildo had failed to provide her with the true orgasm that she desired. But if that was the only way to feel the pleasure of the flesh of a real prick between her legs then so be it. "I will offer up my mouth to their rods and open my thighs to be pierced by their mighty weapons. I will even bend over and give them pleasure with my tiny anus, nipping at their thick members with my muscles. It will be a

pleasure to allow you to watch my ravishment." Her nipple hurt, but it was a delicious pleasure that swept over her body.

Lord Michael's prick stirred with her submission. "Very well Jenna. Tomorrow night we will journey to a meeting of the Flagellation Society. Each member must bring a female guest for training. It is there you will be indoctrinated." Just then a cry of lust came from the library, Lord Roger and Lady Anna both crying out in simultaneous pleasure as their orgasms overcame their bodies. "And like your sister, you will lose your innocence and be taught to pleasure any man." He waited for a moment. "We will not tell your mother where you are going. She will soon learn of it, all of my women submit eventually."

Jenna was left alone in the hallway, her thighs clenched tightly together, trying to staunch the flow of juices that ran from her loins. She had gotten what she wished for, now she hoped that it was what she really wanted. She would find out tomorrow night the true price she would pay for submission, going off to her room to masturbate, her mind racing of thoughts of tomorrow night. *Flagellation Society, who were its members?*

CHAPTER 10

Jenna Surrenders to the Flagellation Society

Jenna had masturbated three times last night, each time forcing the ivory dildo between her thighs and each time clinging to the hard rod as if it were a real prick. She had an orgasm each time, but she was left wanting more. She desired to feel a man between her thighs. She barely said anything to Lord Michael, the carriage carrying them off to the mysterious location of the Flagellation Society. But she saw the way he looked at her, his eyes almost able to see through her clothes at her naked body. She wore a black dress, cut low in the front, her pale bosom in sharp contrast to the dark dress. A shiny silver cross lay in between her cleavage, drawing his eyes to her firm flesh. The dress was cut tightly across her hips, clinging to her bottom like a tight glove, feeling Lord Michael's eyes burning as they gazed at the gentle swing as she climbed into the carriage. But underneath the dress lay her secret, a white pair of stockings, a garter belt to hold them up, silk undergarments that were already wet with her desires. And a tight chemise that clung to her breasts, the silky material teasing her nipples into constant erection. She knew that she would be forced to strip naked in front of them, though she didn't know who "them" were or how many of "them" there were. She would at least entice them before she would have to be completely bare.

The carriage sounds turned different, the horse's feet clumping on wood. She heard the driver stopping the horses, the carriage moving as he got down, the door opening to the cold night air. She smelled it before she saw it, the smell of the sea. She got out of the carriage, the driver looking at her as he helped her down. *Did he know why she was coming here?* She began to blush. She stepped onto the dock, the full moon shining brightly on the large ship tied up to the dock. Lord Michael got out of the carriage behind her, his hand around her waist drawing her towards the gangplank of the ship. "Is it here?"

"Yes, the Captain of this ship is one of our members. Each time a different member hosts the event in a place of their choosing. The ship's cargo hold will be the site for this night." Lord Michael could feel her body trembling, afraid she would flee if he released her waist. "Are you changing your mind?" He didn't want to force her. She would have to submit on her own accord. He had been ignoring Jenna since Lord Henry's death. She had a different personality than Anna, more willing to try new things, including sexual experimentation. He wanted her to beg to be taken. He also knew one of her secrets, which would be revealed in a short while.

"No Lord Michael." While very nervous, she was never more serious about her desire to please Lord Michael. Please him sexually. Anna had come into her room last night, confessing to what happened in the library with Lord Roger. Including the loss of her innocence to him. Jenna didn't think Anna had it in her, but she seemed happy at her new found acceptance. And that inspired Jenna to indulge her own

fantasies. She looked around, the dock filling with carriages, men escorting ladies over to the gangplank, all of them elegantly dressed, their coiffures perfect. Some were older, her Mother's age, but many were young girls the same age as Jenna or a bit older. She began to recognize some of women and almost all of the men. They were all the upper crust of society, the privileged class and this was one of their many dark secrets that few spoke about.

They got to the top of the gangplank, the Captain of the ship waiting for them. "Good evening Lord Michael. A lovely night for such festivities don't you think?"

Jenna looked up, instantly recognizing the voice of the Captain.

"I think you already know Captain William Roberts. Though he was a First Mate when you met him." Lord Michael smiled as he introduced Captain William to Jenna, seeing the shocked look on her face.

It suddenly came back to her in a flash, the night in the barn, her hand tossing off the thick prick of the First Mate in exchange for the ivory dildo that graced her thighs during long, lonely nights. She could feel the warmth on her skin as she blushed a deep red. *Had he told Lord Michael of her indiscretions on that night?* She looked at the grin on Lord Michael's face, knowing he knew her deepest secret. She barely was able to say anything, her voice breaking up as she blurted out. "Congratulations on becoming Captain." She turned towards Lord Michael. "Yes, we bartered previously," she said it as if it were a common occurrence for a lady to trade sexual favors for sexual toys.

"Yes, I'm sure your skills," pausing for a second, clearing his throat "at bartering are legendary in the ports of the world." Lord Michael had to control the urge to laugh out loud at Jenna's discomfort.

Before Jenna could say a word Captain William said. "The Lady's secrets are locked forever in my heart," reaching for her hand.

"Except for the Society?" Jenna looking at him with questioning eyes.

"Why of course Lady Jenna. There are no secrets among the members of the Society. May I help escort you Lady Jenna? I look forward to your indoctrination tonight. I have secretly possessed you in my head many times since that night in the barn, your touch still lingers on my prick." Captain William's prick pushed out the tight trousers, hoping tonight he would have the opportunity to fulfill his fantasy with Lady Jenna.

"I think we might fulfill both of your fantasies tonight. And more. Let's go, we don't want to be late. I just love the part where the new girls strip naked for the first time, the humiliation etched in their faces." Lord Michael was eager to join the festivities.

Tonight might be more exciting than she had expected, Jenna eyeing Captain William beside her, his hand holding her securely in his powerful arm. She had thought many times of how much farther that night might have gone, the First Mate between her spread thighs, taking his lust from her innocent body. *Would this night make her dreams come true?*

It was worse than Jenna thought, Lord Michael brought her to a make-shift stage in the center of the cargo hold. It was emptied of its cargo, the room filled with couches and chairs, a bar in the corner for those that wanted a drink, no one allowed to enter unless they were a member or their female guest. It was almost a gala affair, the drab cargo hold turned into an elegant salon. She was first, the room quieting down quickly as she stood on the stage, all eyes glued to her as Lord Michael and Captain William stood next to her. She looked around, the velvet bench next to her, sure that she would be kneeling on it soon. A high back chair, her imagination getting the better of her at the many ways she could be positioned on it raced through her brain. And the items on a table, the instruments Lord Michael mentioned, sure that it was the finest collection of whips and paddles that money could buy. She could almost feel them biting into her naked flesh as she withered erotically on the stage for all to see.

Captain William was the first to speak, addressing the Society. "Our first new indoctrination will be Lady Jenna Philbrook. I'm sure many of you have admired her from afar as she grew up to be this lovely young woman you see now. Lord Michael Granville brings this lovely treasure for us tonight, but he has so graciously relinquished the honor to me and I wish to thank him for this honor and privilege." He looked at Jenna to see her reaction.

While she had desired Lord Michael ever since her father's death, the First Mate, no the Captain had long held a secret place in her heart. And between her legs. She still regretted

running from the barn that night, secretly remembering the taste of his seed on her fingers, savoring the thick, salty crème that entered her mouth that night as she fled the barn. *What would have happened had she stayed longer? Offered up her body for his pleasure?* She tried to remain calm. "I agree to submit to Captain William Roberts," she said so loud that it scared her. She saw Lord Michael walk off the stage, leaving her alone with Captain William, all eyes staring at her.

Captain William pulled a chair next to Lady Jenna, sitting down as she stood next to him. "Take off your dress for us Lady Jenna. Tease us with your half naked body."

It had begun, the word naked sticking in her brain. While she thought it would be easy, in reality she began to have her doubts. There were so many people looking at her. And they wanted to see her naked. Almost mechanically her fingers worked to get out of the elaborate dress, nervously undoing the strings that held the back together, her fingers fumbling with the clasps until Lady Jenna felt the first loosening of the dress on her bosom. A faint trace of sweat began to cover her brow as she continued the humiliating task. She finally finished, feeling the dress slide down over her hips, Lady Jenna bending over to pick up the dress, suddenly standing up quickly when she saw how revealing her almost naked bosom was. She kicked the dress off to the side. Her hands hung at her sides as she stood half naked, standing in front of the audience in a thin chemise, tightly fitting undergarments that clung to every curve and groove in her body and a pair of stockings that highlighted her nakedness. The chemise clung to her flesh, her pert bosom standing up firm and tall,

her nipples pushing out the silky garment obscenely. Her undergarments were soaked with her juices, her thighs clenched together as she tried to quench her lust.

"Very lovely Lady Jenna. But we want more. Slip the chemise off so we may cast our eyes on your generous bosom." He would let her keep her undergarments on, at least temporarily. It was more humiliating to force her to expose her sex through her undergarments. "Hurry now, the guests grow impatient." Captain William wanted her half naked body draped over his lap soon, his prick throbbing for release.

She pulled the chemise over her head, feeling the silky garment caress her nipples to greater hardness, the blood pounding in the tips. Freed of their last remaining cover, her breasts stood out proudly, the pink tips pointing out straight, the dark brown areolas looking like giant targets for the men's eyes that ogled her virgin flesh. Plump and full, Lady Jenna was almost ashamed of her breasts, her eyes filling with tears, her white globes quivering with each sigh that escaped from her lips. The cool air of the cargo hold blew across her sensitive tips, the breeze caressing them into hard, erect tips. The shame of stripping naked spread across her body, but there was also a delightful tingling between her loins. Captain William's large hands waiting to touch her. Even a slap on her bottom would ignite the lust in her. Resigned to her fate, she walked over to Captain William, bent over his lap, she felt his large hand on her naked back which sent shivers throughout her body, her head falling until it hung close to the ground. Her mind became confused as

the blood rushed to her head, growing dizzy as she felt the unfamiliar touch of a man's hand on her backside, caressing her flesh with an intimacy she had never felt before.

Captain William's hand danced over the plump cheeks of her bottom, feeling her muscles clench tight as he explored the wide expanse presented so erotically over his lap. His prick stirred with every erotic movement of her body, sure that she didn't realize what her squirming was doing to his erection. He hoped he could squelch the orgasm that threatened to burst from his body. His hand slid lower down her legs, finding her naked skin just above the stockings, watching as tiny goose bumps appeared on her alabaster flesh. Her body was trembling as he had his way with her, but he wanted more. "Reach back and take a hold of your undergarments. Reveal your luscious cheeks so that I may spank the naked flesh." He waited for her submission.

Lady Jenna could only sob quietly as she obeyed his command without question, her fingers trembling as she reached back, finding the edges of her silk undergarments, pushing the edges towards the center of her bottom until she felt the cool air caressing her bare flesh. She could only imagine how it looked, but at least her anal cleft was covered, her cheeks clenched tightly to protect the tiny treasure nestled between them.

Captain William gazed at the two bare half globes of white flesh, full and voluptuous, her cheeks, a lovely target for his large hand. He didn't wait, slap, slap his hand raining powerful blows on her firm flesh, the white skin turning a soft pink with each strike of his hand. Lady Jenna squirmed

helplessly on him, her body rubbing his prick in a frenzied up and down motion that duplicated a masturbating hand, Captain William encouraged her motions with renewed forceful whacks on her bare flesh, the game exciting him. Her squirming buttocks had taken on a beautiful shade of red, as she wiggled lavishly, her thighs opening and closing, teasing Captain William with quick glimpses of a dark triangle nestled between her legs.

It hurt, his hand stinging as he reined blows on her unprotected flesh, Lady Jenna unable to control the constant squirming on his lap. She felt the stout rod beneath her, jerking and shuddering as she moved back and forth over it, remembering the night he took his prick between the pillows of her breasts until he spewed his seed on her. But a glow began to pulse between her legs, her body rubbing against his throbbing prick, touching so close to her virgin sex, wondering what it would feel like when it pushed between her lips. The blows on her bottom became distant, Lady Jenna concentrating on her salacious movements against the rigid erection beneath her. Her thighs clenched and unclenched, looking for something to quench the lust he was igniting in her body.

Captain William felt the change coming over her. Her movements were less erratic, more pronounced as her lower body moved with erotic motions, rubbing, not jerking against his prick, her cheeks relaxed as he continued to spank the bare flesh, the loud smacking ringing off the walls of the enclosed cargo hold. She barely huffed as his hand slapped her tender insides, catching her just along the edge of her

firm buttocks, the white skin turning red, his hand imprinted on her white skin. She was enjoying it too much and too soon. He suddenly stopped. "Get up Lady Jenna. I want you kneeling on the bench." He helped her up, her face flushed, her hands going back to feel the heat on her exposed cheeks. He saw her starting to cover the naked flesh, her hands trying to push her undergarments back over her bare cheeks. "Not necessary Lady Jenna. Take them off for us. Show us your naked quim."

She looked at him in surprise, the moment of truth upon her. She had promised Lord Michael much, now she would have to deliver on her submission. But with Captain William instead. Her hands slid into the waistband of her undergarments, slowly rolling the fragile fabric down over her hips. She felt a tingle as the cloth ran over her abundant bush, teasing the tiny follicles of silky hair, resonating deep into her loins as though someone else was touching her. She bent over, blushing as she felt her lovely bosom hang down, shaking almost erotically. She pushed the silky undergarments down her legs, forced to thrust her spanked posterior out, lucky many were not behind her, seeing the salacious sight of her reddened cheeks. She pushed her undergarments off her ankles, her thighs clenched tightly as she stood back up, naked as the day she was born. She gazed out into the crowd of men and women that eyed her lustily, many of the men stroking their pricks or had their companions do it for them while they took in her naked body. It was hard for a Lady, a young Lady to strip naked in front of people that had seen her grow up in life, now looking at her in

a new light, trying to catch a glimpse of her most intimate body. And she was submitting to it, all for the lust of a man. Or men. She stood before them in all her glory, the hidden valley between her tightly clenched thighs, bright red lips surrounded by a thick auburn thatch that did little to conceal the treasures that lay hidden between the lips. Her stockings made her look even more naked, the only garment gracing her body, covering her legs, but leaving the rest of her body naked.

Captain William arranged the black velvet bench so to maximize the vision of the crowd. "Kneel on the bench Lady Jenna. Hands and knees, I will arrange you for showing." His prick throbbed for release, sure that he would have to take Lady Jenna before he was finished. The members usually tried to avoid public sexual coupling, but they knew in the case of new victims, especially virgins, that it would be difficult, allowing for the sexual gratification in front of the group. Perhaps he would use her mouth, sure that the group would love to see his prick splitting her virgin lips to claim the prize of her mouth and throat. He stood to the side as Lady Jenna moved onto the bench, her knees touching first, then scooting forward to get into position. He couldn't help but notice, as would the others, the delicate anal cleft splitting open to give brief glimpses of the tiny hole that dotted the cleft, the dark, wrinkled hole almost winking as her cheeks clenched and unclenched as she crawled forward. And beneath that lay her other love path to the lecherous eyes of the crowd, the virginal cleft that opened to the dark, mysterious hole that contained her other vestige of virginity. The pink flesh of her

virgin sex contrasted sharply with the pillars of her white thighs. Lady Jenna scooted forward until she reached the other end of the bench, stopping, but not daring to look back.

She felt so exposed, she was sure that everyone could almost see inside her in spite of her tightly clenched thighs. She only hoped that they couldn't make out the traces of her arousal on her wet thighs, ashamed that her body was betraying her in such a way. She waited for Captain William to tell her what to do next.

"Such a very lovely view Lady Jenna. But you hide so much from us." He moved next to her, his hand on her back. "Put your head down," pushing harder onto the small of her back. Her body began to lower. "No, just your head. Leave that lovely bottom up in the air Lady Jenna." His hand slid under her waist to push up on her abdomen, raising her up until her bottom was thrust up obscenely, her head resting on the velvet bench. His hand smoothed over her taut cheeks, her muscles clenched tight as she still tried to hide her treasures from their prying eyes. His hand slid down lower, onto her smooth thighs. "Spread your lovely ivory thighs for me Lady Jenna. Show me the lush garden of your virgin body." His hand slid between her thighs, pushing out on them until they voluntarily began to spread for him, his eyes glued to the patch between her legs that slowly was revealed to the lecherous eyes of the crowd. His fingers dug into the tender flesh of her thighs each time she tried to stop, forcing her to comply with his increasing demands to expose her body. "Yes, more Lady Jenna, show me more." His prick throbbed for satisfaction, wishing he could enjoy her mouth now, but

he still had to take the whip to her flesh so she would learn to submit.

He wouldn't stop, each time Lady Jenna would stop spreading her legs, his hands would dig painfully into her tender thighs, sure that she would have his finger marks on her white, satiny skin. She could feel the cheeks of her bottom opening, the cool air of the cargo hold blowing erotically on her rosebud, sending it into a series of spasms that drove deep into her belly. And she felt the petals of her sex flower open, revealing her most intimate secrets to the prying eyes that stared at her in lust. Her knees must be at least two feet apart when Captain William finally allowed her to stop, her head down submissively, her bottom thrust up in offering, the plane of her sex revealed intimately.

Captain William's finger began an erotic exploration of her exposed sex, starting with her sweat drenched crack, exciting the tiny bumhole into a series of spasms that sent the tiny hole opening and closing in erotic delight. He pressed his finger on the clenching hole, teasing around the wrinkled opening, Lady Jenna gasping in indignation to his crude probing of her backside. His finger slid down her crack, gathering up her sweat, finding her mound of Venus, her pink lips pulled back, glistening in the bright lights. "M" Lady is wet with desire. It seems that she has a desire to please." His finger scooped up her juices, holding it up for all to see the light glistening on the moist tip.

Lady Jenna thought she would die of shame, all of the people knowing her secret, Captain William boldly exclaiming her unintended arousal. His fingers returned, this time two of

them pushing aside her lush lips to clinically explore the slick, smooth inner lips, his other hand pulling back one lip at a time so all could gaze at her and see her most intimate insides. But no matter how much shame she felt, the desire was always there, his fingers coaxing the juices from her virgin body until his fingers slid up and down her love slit with slippery ease, Lady Jenna unable to control her body as her hips began a gentle undulation.

It was a sight to behold, her naked body swaying in time with the masturbating fingers that toyed with her body. Her cheeks relaxed, giving those that were able to pry their eyes from her mound a view of the tiny brown wrinkled hole that winked at them in response to her arousal. She was moaning softly, the only sound of the audience was the hands that rubbed the harsh fabric of the men's trousers, soothing the lust of the pricks that throbbed in secret desire to possess the lovely virgin posed so provocatively on the bench.

Captain William suddenly stopped, Lady Jenna looking up at him with pleading eyes, wanting release. "First you must embrace the pain Lady Jenna. Only then will you get release for the pleasure." He strolled over to the table, picking up a paddle, the leather worn from use. His large hand encircled the handle, swinging it with precision, the broad paddle whistling through the air. "Keep that lovely bottom posed in the air Lady Jenna." Without any further ado, his hand swung the paddle in a wide arc, catching her right cheek on its broad base, slapping hard on the pink flesh to dent it. The loud slap rang out in the room, none more surprised than Lady Jenna,

her head shooting up in pain, a scream torn from her lips. Before she had a chance to respond,

Captain William swung it again, this time catching her other cheek, mimicking the previous blow.

She heard the sound as the paddle hit her unprotected cheek, but it seemed like minutes before the pain reached her brain. It was sudden, the sharp pain registering quickly, the heat from the blow radiating from her right cheek. She screamed, a second scream tore from her lips as the paddle beat across her other cheek. She couldn't believe it. She had been spanked as a little girl, but it wasn't anything like this. She was sure her cheeks were bleeding. She tried to clench her cheeks, but it only increased the pain of the subsequent blows of the paddle on her upthrust cheeks, Captain William raining blow after blow on her cheeks until she was sobbing loudly. He stopped, his hand running over the bruised and battered flesh, igniting a fresh burst of pain as he explored her spanked bottom. "Please Master, no more," she begged.

He felt the heat in her cheeks, the skin now a dark red. Much more and she wouldn't be able to sit for a week. He intended on visiting her love grotto today and didn't want her unable to accommodate him on her back, though tenderness would incite her to give him a nice ride. He put the paddle down, picking up a riding crop, the tip over two inches wide. "Very well Lady Jenna. I will spare your bottom any further punishment." He swung the crop through the air. "Turn over onto your back." She obeyed, biting her lips as she put her punished cheeks on the hard bench. Her legs were together, hiding her treasures. He moved to the other end of the bench,

near her head. "Draw your legs up Lady Jenna with your hands." He helped her, her arms curling beneath her knees and drawing them up, Captain William helping her until her legs were high over her head, her taut cheeks exposed as well as her anal cleft. "Good girl, now spread your legs open. I want to see all of your luscious glory."

She was on her back, her legs drawn over her head obscenely, her reddened cheeks revealed to the eyes of the Society. And now came his obscene request, forced to spread her legs like a wanton hussy, Captain William forcing them open and to the sides until they lay almost pinned to her ears, her hands holding her mound open for all to see. She looked down, her lush lips pulled back, her pink insides glowing with her arousal. Even her pleasure button was exposed, Lady Jenna unable to explain how large it was, the tip pulsating with blood. She feared the riding crop in Captain William's hand, her love nest sure to bear the brunt of the lash.

Captain William could almost see inside her virgin hole, the dark mysterious hole pulled back to expose it to the harsh light. It would barely contain his finger, never mind his proud weapon, but that would not stop him from deflowering her, sure that her cries of surprise when he entered her would only inspire him. She looked up at him with wide eyes pleading for leniency, but he only had lust, her spread body leaving her open and vulnerable to the riding crop that his hand wielded. The first lash caught her on the inside of one thigh, touching so close to where her thighs met her body, finding the soft skin revealed by her obscene position. She jerked in pain, biting her lips as she tried to contain her

scream, the crop visiting the other side with equal vigor. He caught her by surprise, the crop not hitting her sex, but lashing out to slap across her swollen nipples and areolas, her breast swinging back and forth in erotic delight. He caught the other nipple, watching them swell with the bite of the crop.

Her juices flooded her body as he struck so close to her sex, slapping near her lips without quite touching it. Then the sudden pain laced through her chest. He had slapped her nipple with the harsh bite of the leather crop, slapping the swollen bud with such a force that her breast swayed back and forth on her chest. He struck the other one with the same precision, Lady Jenna unable to explain why her nipples swelled to twice their size, her back arching up to exposed them for further punishment. It encouraged him to slap them two more times he moved back down to her spread thighs, Lady Jenna bracing for the bite of the crop on her mound. Her pleasure button throbbed with desire, her arms pulling her legs back further exposing the plane of her sex to Captain William.

He saw her surrender and acceptance, her wet mound exposed and vulnerable. The crop lashed down, catching her down her slit, attacking the inner lips with a vengeance. She cried out, her thighs clenching tight, but her legs stayed spread wide in spite of the pain. He lashed lower down, catching her on her exposed rosebud, lashing the tiny hole, a yelp in surprise from her lips. He wielded the crop with precision, moving up and down her slit, slapping the outside

of her lips before he moved between them, the crop pushing them aside to beat her tender inner flesh.

She thought she would die the first time the crop beat her mound. It struck with such precision, seeking out the inner depths of her lips, catching the wet inner lips with the sharp bite of the harsh leather. Her thighs struggled with the need to close her legs to protect her self, but the next blow of the crop on her exposed bottomhole felt like Captain William was trying to drive it deep into her bottom. She was sure that the end of the crop had entered her rectum, sending her tiny hole into a series of uncontrollable clenching and unclenching. The crop returned to her mound, beating a path of pain along her flesh, Lady Jenna trembling as it approached her unprotected pleasure button. She knew how sensitive it was, her fingers coaxing orgasms as her sex swallowed up the ivory dildo between her thighs while masturbating. Then it hit her, the leather crop beating her pleasure button into her pelvic bone, the rush of pain mixing with the stimulation that her organ felt. She couldn't deny the feelings that raced through her body that the crop excited in her in spite of the pain. She looked up, watching as Captain William released his glorious prick from his trousers, her tongue licking her lips as she remembered the taste of his juices and the feel of his hot prick in her hands. She didn't have to be told what was required of her, Captain William lowering his body, Lady Jenna opening her mouth into a wide "O", her lips slick with her spit as she waited for his throbbing prick.

He needed to cum, and Lady Jenna's virgin mouth would provide the place. Ever since that night in the barn, he lusted

after her mouth, wishing he had taken it that night instead of her breasts. But tonight she would not deter him from his task, seeing her mouth open submissively, his naked prick throbbing as he released it into the light of the cargo hold. He dangled his heavy laden ball sacks over her face, rubbing them over her forehead and nose, her tongue coming out to lick at them as they grazed over her lips. His fingers encircled his prick, bending it until he rubbed it over her lips, his juices mixing with her spit to coat her silky lips in a shiny coat of arousal. "Take me in your mouth Lady Jenna. Service me with your tongue while my crop continues visiting your body."

Not only was he going to take her virgin mouth, but it was not going to deter him from whipping her mound. She had no choice, her mouth opened wide as the thick head of his prick rubbed over her lips. Her tongue snaked out as his hips thrust his prick through her lips, Lady Jenna feeling the hot flesh burn her silky skin as he entered her mouth. The salty taste returned to her taste buds as the head of his prick spilled forth its seed. Her lips tightened on the thick shaft, Lady Jenna feeling the thick shaft filling her mouth until the head of his prick pushed out on her cheek. She began to lavish the attention of her tongue on his shaft, feeling every bump and vein as her tongue explored it with childlike fascination. He began to move his hips, driving his prick in and out of her mouth, Lady Jenna tightening her lips on his shaft to increase his lust, her tongue racing up and down the shaft with equal vigor. She gasped in pain, almost swallowing his prick, the crop beating across her slit again, touching deep inside her. His prick banged the back of her mouth, Lady Jenna choking,

another slap of the crop on her womanhood and with the sudden unexpected thrust of his hips in her mouth sent his thick prick into her throat. She choked and gagged but could do little to stop Captain William from taking his lust on her untrained body. She could only hope to please him, feeling his prick snake down her throat, her muscles clenching uncontrollably on it as she tried to breathe through her nose. Another hard slap of the crop on her sex and she was forced to swallow another inch of his throbbing prick.

He fed more and more of his prick into her hot, tight mouth, enjoying the way her eyes opened wide as she was forced to engulf his flesh. Her cheeks bulged out each time he thrust with his prick, his balls aching for release of his seed. He shoved his hips forward with lust, sending the thick helmet of his prick to the back of her mouth, banging for entrance to her small throat. He waited, poised at the tight opening of her throat, swinging the crop down between her legs to catch the end of the leather crop between her sleek lips of her womanhood. She gasped in pain, giving him the chance he waited for, a quick thrust of his hips sending the head of his prick into her throat, her choking and gagging making it more enjoyable. Her throat muscles clenched involuntarily on the head of his prick, rippling up and down as her nostrils flared, Lady Jenna striving to fill her lungs with precious air. He lashed her sex again, the crop seeking out her pleasure button, holding the crop down on her swollen and beaten organ after striking it, twisting back and forth as she writhed on the bench. He pulled his prick from her throat, wanting her to take his abundant juice in her mouth. The crop danced up and

down her slit, the curled edge rubbing back and forth over her pleasure button as she moaned softly on his prick. Another sharp slap on her lips, the crop returning to masturbate her gently, her body responding to the challenge.

She was ready to cum, ashamed that he could extract such pleasure from her body while inflicting such pain on her. And her mouth, filled with his hot, pulsating prick, his juices invaded every corner of her mouth. *Would he make her swallow his juices?* He was thrusting erratically, her lips tight around his shaft as if it were her sex, clinging to it lovingly, trying to extract his pleasure from deep within his balls. She heard him cry out, his hips sending his prick to the back of her mouth, feeling it swell in pleasure. He lashed her pleasure button one last time, snapping hard onto the swollen bud, the crop rubbing up and down until she felt the tremors race through her body. She felt her world explode, no amount of self gratification ever equaled the pleasure she felt when he came in her mouth, her cheeks bulging as it sought to contain his seed. Her sex grasped the shaft of the crop, Lady Jenna releasing her legs so she could close her thighs and trap the leather shaft of the crop between her lush lips, humping up and down in ecstasy, her sex soaking the crop. She swallowed, choking on the thick, salty crème as it slid down her throat. His prick continued to spew forth its delectable seed, Lady Jenna forced to swallow four mouthfuls of his precious seed, all while her body writhed in orgasmic delight.

He pulled the crop back and forth between her tightly clenched thighs as she came with him, her mouth eagerly drinking down his seed, each time Captain William filling her

once virgin mouth with more of his seed. Once he finished, her tongue still bathed his shrinking member, cleaning it as it already began to rise again to the occasion. By time he pulled it from her lips, her orgasm had succumbed, her naked body lying in a pool of her juices.

Lord Michael stepped onto the stage. "I'm sure everyone can agree that Lady Jenna was a delightful creature to watch. We will go on to our next guest, so that Captain William can take her back to his cabin and engage in other carnal pleasures with her virgin body." No one hardly noticed them leaving, a new girl brought onto the stage, a shyness on her face inciting a new lust in the guests as she was put through her paces, humiliated as she was slowly forced to strip naked for their pleasure.

Lady Jenna found her naked body scooped up into the powerful arms of Captain William, carried off to be ravaged by him. He made his way through the bowels of the ship, moving with a grace that far exceeded his large body. He kicked in the door to his stateroom, Lady Jenna finding herself in a room that held little more than a desk and a large bed, made neatly for her deflowering. He placed her gently down on the bed, Lady Jenna making no move to cover her naked body. She stared at him with lust in her heart as he took off his clothes. He had a broad chest, with small tendrils of hairs, his arms large and muscular. He took off his trousers slowly, as if teasing Lady Jenna. He released his prick, Lady Jenna surprised how erect it already was, her lust barely sated by the one orgasm. She wanted to feel his prick between her legs, taken as a woman for the first time. He got into the bed,

his large, calloused hands exploring her body at will, turning and twisting her body as they explored all the deep recesses of her body. She soon found herself on her belly, forced to hold her cheeks apart as his mouth and tongue serviced her salaciously on her bottomhole. His tongue soon tired, replaced by a thick finger that entered her in a place not reserved for such pleasure, twisting and turning to press hard on muscles used to push things out, not to defend the entrance of them. His curiosity was soon sated, Lady Jenna's hands dancing over the thick prick between his legs, arousing it to greatness. With two hands she played it like it was a musical instrument. His fingers found her love grotto, one finger entering her, knowing that his ivory dildo had already taken her symbol of innocence, but had still not known the pleasure of a man inside.

He laid down on his back, his hand holding his proud member up into the air, the magnificent flesh standing up over nine inches. "Straddle me Lady Jenna and take me inside." He wanted her to take her own innocence.

He wanted her on top of him, not what she had expected, but she couldn't deny the lust she felt when she saw his throbbing flesh waiting for her to engulf it. She put her knees on either side of his wide hips, her crotch aching from the wide expanse. She looked down, her lips pulled back, almost able to see her tiny hole between the slick lips. She moved up his body, her hands replacing his to grasp his prick firmly. She shoved her hips forward until she felt the massive mushroom head slip between her slick lips, sliding her hips back and forth in mock masturbation. She kneeled higher

until she was on top of his prick, taking the thick member and pushing it against her tight, virgin hole. She rotated her hips gently, feeling the massive head fighting to get inside her hot, tight body. Captain William watched her intently, his prick jerking and jumping in pleasure with every movement of her hips, holding back the desire to bury his prick in her virgin hole in one massive shove of his hips.

"Fuck me Lady Jenna. Let me feel your hot, tight quim engulf my mighty prick." His hands went to her hips, coaxing her with the correct movement as he felt her pushing down with her hips onto his massive prick.

She felt like she was tearing as her tiny hole was forced open wide by the mushroom head of his prick. But it failed to deter her lust, in fact it only made her want him more, determined to lose her innocence to this man. She had masturbated many nights with visions of the First Mate, the first and only man she had ever seen and touched. She had relived that night many times, often wishing he had taken her that night. "MMMMM," her lips stretched wide, her insides slowly sliding over the thick helmet. "EEEEEH," she cried out as the head of his prick was suddenly swallowed up by her sex, feeling it jerk and jump inside her. She twisted her hips from side to side, growing accustomed to having something that big inside her, the real flesh so much larger than the ivory copy he had given her. It swelled to greater proportions. She grunted and groaned as she sank down on his prick, moving up and then back down, each time his prick snaking deeper into her body. She looked down, surprised that she had swallowed over three quarters of it, still a formidable amount

not encased inside her. She struggled as she began to take him', her hips moving up and down, feeling the giant head pushing aside all resistance to glide up and down her slick insides. And then she felt it, her crotch pushed against his, his giant prick pulsating deep inside her.

Captain William gripped her around the waist, pulling her down until she bent in two, her lovely breasts pillowed on his chest, her hard nipples scraping along his hairs. "Now show me what pleasure you can bring me with your tight, hot cunt." She began to fuck him, her hips moving up and down with a smooth rhythm as if she had done this for years. Her insides clung to his shaft, lovingly caressing it as it moved in and out. He let her take him for ten minutes, delighting in her clenching insides, her head thrown back in lust. He finally flipped her over onto her back, her legs bowed way back to accommodate his large hips, his body covering her small body, his hips fucking her with powerful thrusts. His hands slid under her bottom, drawing her up, making her take his powerful thrusts that sent his prick banging hard against her cervix with each punishing stroke. She not only took it, but shoved back, engulfing his prick in her warm insides until they both came together, their juices mixing deep into her body, their lusts ringing out the halls of the ship.

Captain William's lust was insatiable, as was Lady Jenna's. It was though she was trying to make up for eighteen years of being a virgin. Four more times they took each other, Captain William taking her from behind, his hand playing over her cheeks in spite of her protests when he fingered her tight hole, Lady Jenna cumming in spite of it, or maybe because of

it. Her mouth brought him back to life each time, as did his. Their bodies spread over each other in opposite directions as their tongues and lips played across their sensitive organs until they were aroused once again.

In the morning, he took her home as if they had been doing this for years, a gentle kiss reminding her of their night of lust, his prick still hard in his trousers. She was surprised that her mother was not there to greet her with contempt, sneaking up to her room and falling into a much deserved sleep, not waking till noon the next day.

CHAPTER 11

The Flagellation Society-A Family Affair

The dinner started off tense, Lady Charlotte first meeting the men that were important in her daughter's lives. Lord Michael had tried to explain them to Lady Charlotte, but she had a hard time grasping the reality that her young daughters were now women. This at a time when she was still trying to fathom and find the boundaries of her relationship with Lord Michael.

Lady Charlotte scanned the men, starting with Lord Roger Bigod. His family was one of the richest and most powerful. Lord Roger was at least twenty years older than Anna, but that didn't seem to matter to either one of them. Lord Michael had stopped punishing Anna, Lady Charlotte now the only recipient of his lust, but she knew that Lord Roger had taken his place with Anna. But that didn't seem to bother Anna, and from what she could grasp from their conversations, it excited her. She had longed for a man that would rule her with an iron hand, but also love her with a passion, something the Lord Roger managed to do.

Then there was Captain William Roberts, a devilish rogue if Lady Charlotte had ever seen one. Charlotte still didn't understand how they had met, a mere inquiry would bring about a bunch of ho-hum without really answering the question so Charlotte stopped asking. He was exactly what Jenna needed, her free spirit difficult to harness, but Captain

William seemed to have found the correct mixture of freedom with restraints, Lady Charlotte wondering whether the restraints included physical restraints. Lord Michael knew them both, Charlotte sure that he had something to do with their meeting the girls.

Her mind drifted to Lord Michael, the last two months a whirlwind as he took Charlotte as she had never been taken before. She still couldn't believe the things she had submitted to, her body inspired by his lust for her, Charlotte performing to please him, Lord Michael always making sure that she received the pleasure in return. And in such ways that confused Charlotte.

It was this night that the men asked the women of the House of Philbrook for their hand in matrimony. Lord Michael began, on his knees, the only time in his life that he was on his knees to a woman, to propose marriage to the only woman that had stolen his heart for over twenty years ago. Without hesitation Lady Charlotte consented to their holy union.

Next it was Lord Roger Bigod, securing a mother for the future of the Bigod family name, his love and lust for Lady Anna having no bounds. She had fulfilled all of his desires, her lovely body gracing his bed as well as his lap, her lovely bottom still turning red as he spanked the lovely flesh, his prick hard beneath her squirming body.

And last, but not least, Captain William Roberts, giving up his life as a sea Captain to wed his love, Lady Jenna, refusing to be away from such an insatiable body as hers, taking over as the President of Clipper Lines, the trading company that he

had captained for. He had taught her so much, but she had so much more to give and to learn, her lust knowing no bounds.

But nothing was more surprising to Lady Charlotte than Lord Michael's explanation of the Flagellation Society, Charlotte was surprised, but only because her daughters were already privy to the secret and had already been initiated to the life that the three men subscribed to. Not to be outdone by her own daughters, Lady Charlotte consented with trepidation, her initiation to be a fortnight from tonight. To allay her fears, Lady Anna and Lady Jenna consented to attend with her, the women of the House of Philbrook to be proudly displayed on the stage in all their naked glory.

* * * *

The night was different than the others at the Flagellation Society. The curtain drew open to the most salacious sight the society had ever seen before. On the stage were the three women of the House of Philbrook, Lady Charlotte, Lady Anna and Lady Jenna, all bent over the wide expanse of upholstered chairs, their bellies pressed against the top edge of the chairs, their luscious bottoms, naked and revealing, pressed out to the audience in stark contrast to the dark velvet of the chairs.

The men in the audience shuddered at the sight, the magnificent globes of white flesh, separated by an anal cleft that revealed the tiny dark hole nestled between, tiny fine hairs gracing the wrinkled hole. All except for Lady Charlotte, her wondrous thighs squeezed shut in humiliation, making it more erotic as she tried to hide her treasures from the men

that gazed lustily at her. But no amount of clenched thighs could spoil the view of her Venus mound that peeked out, the twin lips glistening in the light in spite of the humiliation, or maybe because of it.

The men stepped onto the stage, each hefting a riding crop in their left hand, their right hand eager to explore the luscious flesh before them. They took up positions next to their loved ones, stroking the ladies backs gently as they whispered words of encouragement in their ears.

"You are going to have to do better than that Lady Charlotte. You're hiding your treasures from the world. Look at your lovely daughters, their legs spread wide, their love mounds open and exposed and by the looks of them wet with desire. Maybe you would like me to entice the pleasure from your body."

Lady Charlotte was so nervous, naked on a stage in front of many men that had desired her all of her life. Now they were gazing lustily at her naked body and Lord Michael wanted her to expose her most intimate charms to them. She knew that she wouldn't be able to resist the advances of Lord Michael, his expert fingers able to achieve such delightful orgasms from her body. But it wasn't his fingers that touched her, but the touch of the leather riding crop that sought out her arousal. She bit her lip as she moaned softly, the leather crop that would soon inflict the pain on her untouched cheeks was now caressing her lovingly, wanting her to spread her thighs to accept its touch.

Lord Michael touched her lightly with the leather crop, the tip sliding over her upthrust cheeks, watching her clench her

cheeks together in defiance as it slid along her sweat drenched crack to tease her into submission. The crop slid lower until it touched her mound from behind, pressing harder between her clenched lips as though she was a virgin. He sawed it up and down until she could no longer resist the touch, her hips beginning a gentle motion in quiet masturbation. The crop became more insistent, pushing harder between her lips, her juices flowing freely now, unable to stop the slick leather as it sought entrance to the sweet lips of her mound. She was rocking back and forth on the crop now, her head bowed in submission, giving up to the pleasure.

She fought his advances as long as she could, the leather growing slick as it masturbated her in front of the men in the audience. She tried to stop her hips from moving but they grew a life of their own, up and down with the movement of the crop. Her thighs began to part as the leather crop sought entrance to her lips, pushing aside all resistance until she felt the cool air of the room between her thighs, the gasps from the audience as her pink lips opened up to the fondling of the crop. Her body was betraying her, Lord Michael arousing her in front of her daughters and the audience. She could feel her juices flowing freely now, dripping down her thighs, sure that everyone could see her body's betrayal.

"Wider now, we want to see more." Lord Michael began to tap the inside of her sensitive thighs, enjoying the way she would gasp in pain then shuffle her knees, the crop returning to coax her again. He stopped when her knees hit the edge of the chair, stepping to the side so that all could see the

splendor of her pretty quim. Lord Michael's fingers went to her crack, peeling apart the lovely cheeks until her dark hole was revealed in all its splendor, the wrinkled hole opening and closing in stark relief to the white flesh that surrounded it. "Such a dainty hole that has never been breached," Lord Michael exclaimed not so much proudly but in expectation as he intended to sheath his might prick in the tight hole this very night, the whipping of her bottom the preliminary to get her into the mood to submit to the final act of sodomy. The girls would also be indoctrinated into the perverse act of sodomy, all of the men enjoying the pleasure that only a hot, tight clenching bottom could bring to their pricks. The women would learn to cherish the fullness that could only come from taking their Master's rod in their backside.

Lord Michael was playing his finger around her bottomhole, gathering up her sweat from her crack, bracing for the inevitable. She didn't have to wait long, her rectum suddenly impaled on a thick finger that wormed its way inside her, twisting and turning like a tiny animal nibbling away at her insides. She feared Lord Michael's warning regarding her bottom, sure that his finger was just a preliminary for something much bigger entering her virgin opening. He would surely split her apart with his massive weapon. "MMMM," she moaned louder now, unable to resist Lord Michael's fingers as they peeled her flower open, touching the pink insides, finding them wet and responsive. Lady Charlotte felt a flood of arousal touch her between her thighs, Lord Michael's fingers gathering up her juices to breach her love grotto with two fingers, Lady Charlotte dancing on Lord Michael's fingers,

two between her thighs and one still probing the depths of her hot, clenching backside. He milked her as she danced erotically on the chair for all to see her arousal, the men in the audience all having their pricks stroked as if it were Lady Charlotte performing on them in private masturbation.

Anna and Jenna were also being serviced, their bodies aroused by strong fingers until they were on the edge of an orgasm, the men all knowing exactly when to stop, wanting them eager for the slash of the crop on their bodies. There was a sudden gasp of indignation as the men stopped their private masturbation of their lovers, leaving them wet and wanting. The next sound was the slap of the crop on their upthrust and excited bottoms, the leather lashing out to extract the pain that would mix with the pleasure.

The women cried out in pain as the crops sought out their unprotected bottoms and spread thighs, unwilling to stop the men from their desired goal. Their bottoms shook and moved in an erotic dance, the men's pricks hard and erect as they gazed lustily between the women's thighs and cheeks. For ten minutes the crops danced over the flesh till barely a spot was unmarked, the white flesh now a dark pink, the chairs stained with arousal beneath the girls. They trembled and shook as the men moved their attention to their open sex, the crop seeking out and slapping harshly on the pink, inner flesh, the sound of leather hitting wet flesh filling the room. Lady Anna was the first to succumb to the pleasure, tightening up her cunny on the crop as it slashed up and hit her squarely on her swollen and aroused pleasure button, the pain merging quickly with pleasure to race through her body as she

boisterously came for all of the men in the audience. At least three men in the audience could not restrain themselves, arches of white, milky seed falling on the floor in front of them.

Lady Charlotte couldn't believe it, her body aroused to a fever pitch by the crop, now lashed harshly and in spite of the pain she came like a tavern wench beneath the bar keeper. She screamed loudly as she spread her thighs obscenely so Lord Michael could take the crop straight up between her thighs to attack her pleasure button with a vengeance. She was never so ashamed and humiliated when she came, or so overpowered by the orgasms that raced through her body, cumming in front of an audience of lecherous men, many of the men shooting wide arches of cum in sympathy to her plight.

Lady Jenna was the last to cum, enjoying the pain of the lash between her widely spaced thighs to allow it to end so quickly. Captain William took to her cunny with the whip, lashing up and down her slit before he concentrated his vigor on her unprotected pleasure button, slashing the swollen bud hard onto her pelvic bone as Jenna gyrated in erotic pleasure. She finally came, enjoying the final acts of the men in the audience as she endured longer than they did, spewing their cum high into the air while she danced in orgasms on the crop between her legs.

The curtain closed on the final debut of the maidens of Philbrook, all entering a new life as Lady Charlotte Granville, Lady Anna Bigod and Lady Jenna Roberts, his title newly instated with his new job and place in society.

* * * *

All that was left was the honeymoon, the festivities of the Society of Flagellation only a prelude to the actual wedding in ten days. Their respective lovers took their women to the bedroom to soothe the pain of the crop, but Lord Michael had more sinister plans for his soon to be bride. He wanted her last vestige of virginity, her dainty bottomhole.

As soon as Lord Michael carried her naked body into the bedroom, gently laying her down on the soft, silk sheets of the bed did she realize the full implications of the night.

"Lay on your belly," he ordered her, his hands insistent as he coaxed her into the required position to carry out the sodomy of her virgin hole. Lord Michael stroked his erect prick, her face only inches from it, her hot breath making it shudder in pleasure. "Take it in your mouth Lady Charlotte. While I prepare you." He enjoyed the way she took him deep in her mouth, her tongue waging attention on the helmet in spite of the fear that was etched on her face.

She felt his hardness on her lips, opening her mouth wide to accept his prick, hoping that her eagerness will earn her some leniency. Lord Michael had taught her well to use her mouth to pleasure him.

Lord Michael fondled the smooth cheeks of Lady Charlotte's mature bottom, his fingers playing over where the riding crop had extracted its pleasure by lining her white cheeks with red grooves. He pulled her cheeks apart unceremoniously to admire the tight dimple of her anus. He picked up the ivory dildo that Captain William had furnished

him with, the smooth black shaft thin with tiny balls etched along the path, three in all, each one a bit larger than the last. The balls would make her anus dance with delight, forced to stretch open to accept the slick ball, closing to trap it deep inside her. He greased the shaft with the finest oil and pressed it up against her tight hole. He pushed until her rear muscle yielded and then closed over the first ball, the tiniest one trapped inside her clenching rectum. He stroked her between her widely spread legs until he felt her relax again, this time pressing a second ball through her tight muscle, a gasp from Lady Charlotte as her anus spread wider to take the larger ivory ball in her rectum. "Relax Lady Charlotte," he urged her. "One more, the largest. Push out and let it inside."

She had a hard time relaxing, the smaller balls stretching her from the inside, the cool ivory feeling strange as it sat inside her backside, her muscles straining to push the intruder out. "EEEEEGG," she couldn't stop the gasp from her lips as the last ball, the largest stretched her anal ring so wide she was sure it would tear her. *What would it be like when Lord Michael put his prick inside her backside?* It was so big and long, sure that it would be too painful. His fingers held it deep inside her, feeling like a giant rock sitting inside her.

He released the end of the ivory dildo. "Push it out Lady Charlotte. Let me see how talented you are."

She looked at him in indignation. *Did he actually expect her to expend the cruel dildo that filled her?* He slapped her ass cheeks, the blow stinging the already battered flesh. Two more times he slapped her until she yielded to his obscene

request. She pushed with all her might, feeling the largest ball stretching her anal ring until she grunted, the first ball passing through, the next ball poised inside her. Each time she passed the balls from her anus until Lord Michael grasped the shiny shaft in his hand. Three times he pushed the ivory dildo inside her, three times she was forced to push it out until he had lubricated her sufficiently for something much larger.

He arranged a pillow under her belly, her proud buttocks pushed up high, his hands caressing them until he felt her relax. He stroked the oil on his prick until it shone brightly in the light. He wanted to see her face as he took her, arranging her so she was looking back at him. Her big eyes were pleading with him, but his lust took over, unable and unwilling to spare her the ordeal, his pleasure paramount.

She felt Lord Michael kneeling astride her, her bottom thrust up in mock acceptance to this perverse task, Lady Charlotte jerking when she felt the hot head of his prick touch her buttocks. She felt him rubbing the slick head up and down her anal cleft, a tremor running through her body each time it rubbed harshly over her clenching anus. He stopped, pushing the thick head against her tiny hole, feeling the heat from his prick, the blood pounding in the tip as it pressed inward. She felt her bottomhole resisting, his prick pushing the tiny hole into her body as Lord Michael became more insistent.

There was a period of difficulty and tightness and then there was a tiny cry, multiplied by three as all of the three women suffered the same fate that night. Lord Michael felt Lady Charlotte yield, his prick grasped so lovingly by her

elastic opening until he sheathed half of his prick in her hot, tight hole. He moved in a firm but gentle rhythm until his entire prick was inside her, her delightful clenching of her muscles bringing such delight to his prick. He began to pull out, only to push back in again, pausing from time to time to allow her muscles to ripple up and down his firm prick. He looked over at her face, the beauty of this upper crust society woman that lay beneath him as he ravished her in a form of bondage. He gave her a series of harder thrusts, burying his prick deeper into her bowels, watching her expression turn to concern at being violated so deep and in such a place. As he violated her, his hand slid under to grasp her Venus mound, his fingers searching out her pleasure button, his other hand reaching to grasp one of her breast and crush it firmly beneath his powerful hand. He could feel her beginning to stir beneath him, riding him to her own sodomy. His balls ached with lust, needing to soon unleash a torrent of his seed deep into her guts.

Lady Charlotte bit into the bed sheets, trying to stifle the scream from her lips as Lord Michael rode her hard. His prick went so deep that she thought it would come out her mouth, his prick never stopping, in and out, his abdomen slapping hard against her ravished buttocks. Her anal ring had given up in submission, shoved aside by his thick member, clinging almost lovingly up and down his shaft in a powerful grip. Lady Charlotte couldn't control her muscles, his prick pushing aside all resistance, tearing and shoving them to make way for the thick head of his prick in deep. She felt his urgent pumping of his hips, praying that he would soon unleash his seed in her

body to end this perverse sodomy. She clung to his prick with her muscles, hoping to hasten his fulfillment.

He rode her hard one last time, making her take the full measure of his prick in her reluctant bottom, her muscles feeling as if she were squeezing the life from his organ. His balls tightened, his sphincter closed as he shoved so deep inside her, burying his prick into the deepest recesses of her bowels, pausing as he felt the first jolt of his seed shoot from his balls, racing along his shaft to burst forward into her guts. He bellowed loudly as he came inside his bride. "Can you feel me filling you with my precious seed Lady Charlotte? I am so glad Lord Henry never enforced his pleasure on such a delightful hole." He gasped and breathed heavily, pumping his prick in and out, each time filling her with another load of his hot crème.

Lady Charlotte felt his prick grow, stretching her elastic passage wider, Lord Michael no longer gentle, wanting only to receive his pleasure. He was pumping in and out of her expanded passage with reckless abandonment, Lady Charlotte unable to do anything but lay subservient beneath him until he unleashed a torrent of hot cum deep in her guts. He finally collapsed on top of her, spent inside her, breathing heavy as he tried to regain his composure. Lady Charlotte made cautious movements to expel the shrinking prick from her backside. She stirred slowly, the organ still making her burn as it slowly was forced out by her gentle muscles. Her gentle contractions on his prick began to make it harden again, Lady Charlotte crying out in dismay as she felt his

erection restored, finding her bottom fully impaled once again.

Lord Michael looked at the look Lady Charlotte's face as his prick grew erect from her lustful contractions. His movements began again, a second act of sodomy commenced, his hips moving slowly and teasingly as her insides rippled along his growing prick. "You surprise me with your vigor Lady Charlotte," not realizing that it was accidental. It took longer the second time, but her delightful clenching of her inner muscles finally was enough to bring about a second orgasm inside her elastic passage. But this time Lord Michael made sure that Lady Charlotte came with him, his fingers pleasuring her, an ivory dildo between her thighs to fill her with two thick weapons at once until she climaxed in mutual satisfaction.

He slept soundly that night with Lady Charlotte, waking up in the morning, his prick rock hard, stroking her lovely bottom until she stirred beneath his touch. He mounted her again, Lady Charlotte doing nothing to discourage him, accepting his prick in her once virgin backside as if it were the most natural act in her life.

All of the women of the House of Philbrook were taught the pleasures of sodomy, none more energetic than Anna, thrusting her bottom up and down to accept the prick of Lord Roger with enthusiasm, impaling his thick prick into the far reaches of her bowels, cumming with him as he rode her hard to climax.

EPILOGUE

It was the grandest of all weddings in the county, the triple wedding of Lady Charlotte, Lady Anna and Lady Jenna. All of society turned out to witness the affair, none more than the secret members of the Flagellation Society, all of them remembering the naked flesh of the lovely girls now in wedding dresses standing in front of the church.

Lady Anna was the first to be of child, giving Lord Roger the son he desperately wanted, two more gracing their marriage in the future. Lady Anna relished her role with her husband, especially when he tied her up and had his way with her, the rod urging her to comply as she played reluctant to enhance her husband's pleasure.

Lady Jenna had a girl, then two more before she finally succumbed to Lord William a handsome son that would rival his father with the women. Lord William would have to wield the whip and crop to keep the spirited Lady Jenna in line, but both relished their roles.

Lady Charlotte and Lord Michael moved to his home, a lush castle that had been in his family for centuries, Lady Charlotte wanting to start their new life free of her past. Lord Michael showed her the rooms in the cellars of the castle that housed the past sins that the family had put behind them. Lady Charlotte spent her time restoring the rooms to their glory, volunteering to be the innocent prisoner that was brought in for heresy, her naked bound body tortured beneath the powerful Lord of the manor, Lord Michael, crying out in

Lady in Bondage
by Powerone

ecstasy as he lashed her naked, spread body, spending under the torment of the leather whip.

THE END

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