

Red Cloak of Abandon

By Shirl Anders



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Chapter One

The door suddenly burst open to Affinity's bedchamber, causing her quill pen to slide dark ink across the letter she was writing to her brother James.

"I didn't do it!" Anne Fotts, the Redgrift house chambermaid cried. Affinity sat back quite taken by surprise at Anne's unusual theatrics and uncommon entrance to her room. "I swear, Miss Affinity, on my dead mum's grave. I did not do it!"

Affinity watched Anne sail toward her like a battleship stalwart on its course. The little maid, embroiled in her histrionics was not going to stop, Affinity realized as she dropped the quill pen. The bouncing pen left another large blot on her letter, right upon the part where she had been explaining to James about the new Brown Bess marksman rifles, then she turned in her chair hastily, apparently thinking to catch the maid. How unusual, Affinity thought, she could not remember the last time she had embraced anyone.

Affinity was really quite grateful a moment later when Anne fell to her knees instead of hysterically embracing her. Anne's dramatic supplication came to a halt at Affinity's feet, with Anne clutching her skirts, while tears streamed down her normally pleasant face. Not knowing what else to do in her concern, Affinity patted one of Anne's white knuckled hands gripping her skirts. She peeped over her writing spectacles at Aunt Fuchsia to see what effect this was having on her, but of course Aunt Fuchsia was lost to the events happening around her as she hummed softly while rocking in a chair by the window. Aunt Fuchsia could barely hear any longer and her mind wandered lately to her own fanciful world of events. Yet, Affinity thought surely Aunt Fuchsia would hear Anne's crying screech.

"You cannot let Lord Redgrift fire me, Miss Affinity. I'd never steal! I swear it!"

Ah oh. Affinity patted Anne's hand more vigorously. She'd never believe Anne of stealing. Anne was as loyal as they came, and that was implying a lot for a maid that was employed by her uncle, the frugal and waspish Lord Redgrift. However, Affinity understood sadly that she held absolutely no sway whatsoever over her crotchety old uncle in a domestic matter such as this, or truths be told, in any other matters.

Yet, with her spine straight as she normally confronted life, she did offer her loyalty. "I will never believe you stole a crumb of bread, dear Anne. How could this come about?"

"It was *John* Hanson," Anne sniffled with imploring eyes and a red nose. "I would not take his advances and the evil bastard done this to me. Lied, he did! So spiteful he was, saying I stole Lord Redgrift's war medal!"

Affinity gasped, stealing herself as though her uncles' vengeful wrath were present in the room. John Hanson was more than merely spiteful, if this were true, he was abominable. There was no greater prize in all Lord Redgrift's memorabilia than that medal. The entire household would pay dearly for this act of malice, and poor Anne the worst.

"I demand that strumpet thief out of the household at once!"

Affinity flinched at her uncle's bellowing coming from the foyer, as Anne cried. "This will ruin me! I will never work again. I do not know what I will do!"

Suddenly, tromping feet sounded in the hallway, and two of the Redgrift footmen appeared, coming purposely through the open doorway. Affinity acutely felt the invasion arrow down her spine as Anne stood and she stood with her. The fact that she had to do something raced through Affinity's thoughts, yet the way to do so eluded her overturned mind.

Then suddenly, she dragged the small opal ring she wore from her third finger, snatching Anne's hand just as the footmen took hold of poor Anne on either side. Affinity managed to close Anne's fingers around the ring just before the footmen began to escort the sobbing Anne from the room. It was her mother's ring, one of only two pieces she had of her mother's legacy. But, she had so little herself to give, as she gasped, too late for Anne to hear, "I am so sorry!"

Early the next morning, Affinity was ashamed of herself as she paced the oiled oak floorboards in her bedchamber. "I should have but tried!" It mattered not that she had given dearly of what little she owned, because she understood Anne's dire fate. If only Anne had some family of her own to fall back on. "And if only this were not so unfairly a man's world!" Affinity muttered.

Men controlled *every* event, every action and every woman in one form or another. Too *no* good at all. It could be said that she was biased with the horrible uncle that she was sacked with. However, at all turns in her life it seemed that men thwarted her desired pursuits. For goodness sakes, because of her gender, she was not allowed to read the very public London newspaper. It was considered unseemly and unladylike that she should even have the desire to do so. A lady, or any woman for that matter, less prostitutes, she imagined, were not allowed to approach any man of her interest in this partisan world.

"*How* in the world will they know that I am interested in them, if I am not *even* allowed to approach them?" The answer, of course, was to

wait for them to approach you, which was never going to happen as far as she could tell from her first disastrous half season in London so far. “And I really question how men ever won the first war, the ninnies!”

“My lady, I have gotten the address.”

“Mrs. Todd that is excellent,” Affinity said, turning to the Redgrift cook standing in the open doorway to her bedchamber.

Mrs. Todd was a thin and pinched looking woman of undeterminable age, but with a secret heart of gold. “Yes, my lady, and I sent the note along for Anne to meet you in the park by the statue of Admiral Nelson.”

Affinity clapped her hands together, then reached for her gloves. “Then, I shall go straight away, I will not want to miss her. I know I will be able to find her a position with one of my friends soon. She must have heart and I will relay that to her. Thank you, Mrs. Todd!”

Mrs. Todd’s gaze darted down the hallway, then back to Affinity, as her voice lowered. “I have a small packet of food, Miss Affinity.”

Affinity whispered also. “Of course, Mrs. Todd, as much as you can and should Aunt Fuchsia ask, just say that I am napping.”

Chapter Two

Affinity entered St. James Park at a brisk walk, adjusting the veil pulled down from her jaunty walking hat beneath her chin more firmly. It was not quite proper for her to be unescorted anywhere, much less the park. However, for her mission it was necessary, and she really bristled on the bits of societies constraints continually hemming her in. Therefore, this was not the first time, nor would it be the last time that she would move about unescorted as she wished. This being true, she strove for the upright and confident carriage of a married lady about town. She felt quite lucky to have an absentminded chaperone like Aunt Fuchsia. It allowed her all types of liberties other young ladies never hoped to entertain.

Yet, her stolid friends, Brevity, Caprice, and Diversity all seemed to manage clandestine freedom from their various families when needed. They were all young ladies, having met and formed a closely bound group of friendship, while attending Lady Whitmore's Academy for Young Ladies. They had all received their letters of graduation from the academy at the same time, and this year found them ensconced in their first London season.

"Not that it is doing *one* of us any blasted good in finding husband material!" Affinity muttered as she came in sight of the rather pompous bronzed statue of Lord Nelson atop a stallion.

Suddenly, the sounds of a dog's sharp yelping came from Affinity's left, stopping her forward motion as she turned her gaze toward the hurtful sound. She saw a gentleman, in great agitation, whipping the quirk he carried down upon an apparently loose Gordon setter with a lush coat of russet. Affinity yelped at the same moment that the dog did upon receiving another cruel blow from the quirk, then she hastily found her voice. "I say there! Is that *your* dog?" she cried, somewhat shrilly as she marched toward the pair. She immediately saw the loose leash dangling from the setter and realized the poor animal was backed into the bramble bushes and could not escape the angry nobleman.

"Away!" the elderly man shouted, raising his quirk again.

“Do *not* thrash him again!” Affinity cried, boldly running between the livid elderly nobleman and the setter.

“The beast is dangerous!” he shouted, yet just as the overturned patriarchal gentleman shouted his warning, Affinity heard a sharp whistle coming from behind them and to the left of where she and the setter stood. In her mind she was certain the agitated nobleman would not bring his quirk down upon her as she turned toward the setter’s answering bark of welcome.

Affinity’s gaze lifted and it was as though the normally overcast skies parted in a unique ray of sunlight to shine down on the obvious master of the setter. By her intervention, she had given the setter enough room to escape, and she watched the beautiful dog bound toward his master, some thirty paces away.

Black eyes as deep and ponderous as a sleeping volcano glanced at her beneath a widely-rimmed country top hat. The brim on the top hat was so sweeping that Affinity could not identify the color or shape of the gentleman’s hair. She could only see those depth-filled eyes, a square masculine nose, and a jaw line shadowed by the scraped bristles of what would be a darker beard if allowed to grow out.

The man appeared only slightly taller than her height as she stood in her walking boots. He wore a great coat with its charcoal-colored capes billowing out in the slight wind. He appeared rather majestic, yet somehow mysterious, Affinity thought, even as she was unsure where the conclusions came from. However, there was no mistaking the slight increase in her heartbeat; a reaction she knew instantly as attraction. *She found him appealing.* That was odd. Yet, that revelation could not be denied as the gentleman grasped the setter’s leash and turned to leave, his entire bearing was quite pleasant to gaze upon, with his high riding boots, tightly fitted tan-shaded buckskin breeches, and firm shoulders.

“Masculine and not foppish at all,” Affinity whispered, finding herself fighting the urge to follow the manly gentleman as she realized her attraction came from precisely the fact of his effervescent male bearing. So many of London’s fashionable and eligible bachelors ended up looking dandified with their frills, lace, buckled shoes, and curled hair. All of this was done for the belles of the balls of course, those young ladies’ most popular at all the London seasons events. Apparently, they wanted their men as such, because they tittered over them enough.

“But, not me,” Affinity whispered, taking one step toward the path where her masculine gentleman and the setter had disappeared down. Then, she brought herself to a reluctant stop, what she would not give to see more of this man, perhaps discover his name. But, she had to meet Anne and that was more important.

She was glad to see, when she turned back to her mission, that the dog beating nobleman had disappeared. It was only a short distance to the statue and Affinity could see that Anne had not arrived yet. Immediately, she began to worry over whether Anne would come at all.

“Of course she will,” Affinity muttered, arriving at the statue and circling it slowly with her eyes cast out into the park for a glimpse of Anne’s approach. She knew that her uncle’s angry dismissal of Anne, while labeling her a thief, left Anne with only the two choices. One of factory worker or two, prostitution and likely not the factory worker with the brand of thief upon her. It was unique that she should understand these sordid affairs, yet she was an avid student of life and the world around her was her class room. Many ladies of her station would be aghast that she wished to understand the realities of life. But they were fools for their compliancy and living only half a life with half the emotions that could be experienced.

Affinity caught glimpses of yellow out of the corner of her eye and she turned her gaze more fully to it. Anne’s bonnet was yellow, but the glimpse through the trees was gone. “No wait, there it is again.” Yet, Affinity could not decide if it were coming closer or moving further away. It was not far, so Affinity walked in the direction to obtain a closer look. It appeared as if the yellow swatches were bouncing amidst the clutter of green leaves, but also staying in one singular spot. Then abruptly, Affinity heard a woman’s cry that moved her forward hastily. She was instantly reminded of the setter just a short time ago, because the woman’s cry was certainly distressed. Then, just as soon as she broke through the leafy tree branches, she spied Anne.

“Oh my God!” Affinity exclaimed, halting suddenly, uncertain how to proceed. *How* to rescue Anne? “Anne!” she cried realizing instantly that her cry was foolish, because it was Anne who was being accosted by a thick, short-set, greasy-haired ruffian.

Anne and the man struggled beside a little used path with the ruffian obviously accosting Anne in a sexual nature. One of his dirt-stained hands was pawing Anne’s breasts through her linen gown, while his other arm was gripped around her waist. Affinity gathered her courage, even though her limbs were shaking, and she started forward, because her exclamation had not stopped his advances at all.

“*Come* on ye sassy bird! I got a halfpence here for ye to *suck* me pud.”

Affinity gasped at the scoundrel’s lewd language and meaning, as Anne cried. “I am not a bird! I am *no* prostitute! Let me go!”

Just then, Affinity swung her carrying bag at the scrappy ruffian’s thick head with all the force she could muster. It was the only weapon she could conceive of, and it did hold a rather hefty book. However, the weight of the lift and the swing were more feeble than she hoped for, and the bag only thumped against the scoundrel’s shoulder, as she exclaimed, “Release her at once! She is my maid and I will call a Bow Street runner . . . *Oh hh!*” Affinity cried out as the awful smelling ruffian swung his arm around knocking her backward.

Over the din, severe barking sounded as Affinity tottered, then she thankfully regained her balance, just as the barking turned into a threat-

ening growl with what sounded like the word, "Attack!" Swiping her falling bonnet upright, Affinity was able to lift her gaze and she saw the Gordon setter attacking the lecherous villain.

"Go, Beauty!" Affinity cried enthusiastically, quite surprising herself. But then Anne, who was released from the villain's clutches by the setter's intervention, began cheering also. The man who was overturned and overpowered, leaped back to flee with the setter after him.

"Oh no!" Affinity exclaimed, when she saw that the setter meant to give chase. Affinity hastily glanced around not seeing the setter's master and she knew the brave setter could be lost in the chase if someone did not restrain him. Then without really considering it, because events were transpiring so quickly, she simply rushed forward after the setter in the heat of the moment. She did not know the setter's name, so she called him Beauty as she excitedly tried to call him back.

It was quite unseemly for a lady to run as she was, but she had to admit it felt extremely good and enormously freeing. Her young limbs stretched and her breath labored as she gave her full effort to the task. She was never one to do anything halfheartedly. However, she would not have caught the setter, except the villain leaped a short wrought-iron fence enclosing the edges of the park. He did it so clumsily that he snagged his leg and tore his brown-stained breeches, while she cheered at his discomfort. But, she also cheered the fact that the setter was unable to pass the barrier of the fence, and she was able to halt her running a short distance away from him. Then, really without meaning to do so and with her breath catching, Affinity sank to her knees.

She had to find a soothing voice to coax the setter to her, however her breathing was such she could not manage it for long moments. But by then, the setter had come to her side nuzzling her happily as though they were old comrades together. Affinity supposed that by now they were as she petted him fondly, wishing heartily that she could undo her corset.

But that was a lady's lot in life, to be so constrained and tied up tightly in the misguided guise of attractiveness and morality.

"Oh but I have run, Beauty!" Affinity exclaimed to the setter, petting him faithfully with one hand, while she grasped his leash with the other. "I might never have a chance to do this again. It was glorious!"

Affinity stood then, looking around the park to see if any were aghast at her display. Surely seeing her catch the setter would relieve any censure, and while she noticed that most people were about their business, her gaze did halt on two ladies sitting on a bench across the park.

"Oh no," Affinity muttered, turning her gaze immediately away from them.

It was Lady Jane Strickland and Lady Anna Pommel. How could they possibly be up this early in the morning? Both those young ladies were pampered and beautiful snobs of the worst kind. They lived their lives looking down their classically perfect noses at others while pro-

nouncing judgments and maligning them with vicious gossip. Only the truly popular and beloved of London's society could do *that*, and they were the ringleaders of the group of ladies that were Affinity's nemesis. She and her three friends, Brevity, Caprice, and Diversity had somehow, within the first two events of this season, been found undesirable or lacking. Nonetheless, she was intelligent enough to realize this must happen every season. The natural law of human nature proclaimed there would always be the most popular, the midrange popular, and then the wallflowers.

"Yet it is *so* unfair," Affinity muttered, turning with the leash in her hand to walk back and hopefully find Anne. "The gentlemen do not seem to have these same rules." Gentlemen were popular no matter what their appearance or demeanor, but especially popular depending on their income and title. "But now," Affinity grumbled, "I have given Lady Jane and Lady Anna more fuel to lower me into the already deep pit that I reside in. Hell!"

Oh yes, and they would use it gleefully. As if they did not have enough handsome suitors swarming around them already that they needed to ensure every last one remained attentively beside their most glorious and beautiful refinement.

"*Pffft*," Affinity scoffed. "I would not want one of those gentlemen if they find such women attractive and desirable."

But Affinity knew it was an empty bit of *bravado* exclaimed by every girl in her position in London society before her. And she also knew, that she, and every misfortunate girl before her, dreamed of just one dance with a gentleman, or just one stolen kiss in the garden, or simply a small bit of attention.

Affinity frowned because she knew how cruel Lady Jane and Lady Anne could be and now she would have to make certain at the next soiree to remain invisible. Nevertheless, it was not as if that was difficult to do, as designated wallflowers, she and her friends spent many hours being invisible. What she would not give just one time to stir things up! Do something outrageously and set everyone aghast at her original boldness. Not necessarily for the attention she might yearn for, but to break the mold of society's strict etiquette. She did not imagine that most ladies, having never been in her position, ever yearn to ask a gentleman to dance.

"My Lady Affinity! Oh my goodness, are you all right?"

Affinity's head lifted from her musing as she hurried toward Anne. This time she did not hold back her feelings of affection and relief. "Yes, yes, Anne, I am fine," she said embracing Anne.

"Oh thank goodness, my lady. That bellswagger pimp thought that he would force me into the bird trade he did. But, *look, look*, Miss Affinity, I have been saved! It is the Benefactor, my lady. The Benefactor of women!"

Affinity's gaze turned down to the card clutched in Anne's hand. It was pristine white and the size of a gentleman's calling card, yet what

arrested her attention was the symbol embellished in gold stamped upon the card. *The Benefactor*, my god, she had heard of it.

Of him? Of them? No one knew for certain if it was a group or a single individual, yet all of the working class or lower knew of this symbol and name. The symbol was a circle with a cross directly beneath it. Some proclaimed it was a symbol for women, and others just shook in relief at the chances of being saved from the life of prostitution, just as Anne was with her face glowing in hope.

"I cannot say more about it," Anne said. "I know you understand, Miss Affinity, but I had to tell you. To let you know that I will be all right."

Affinity nodded mutely, embracing Anne once again. Part of the Benefactor's price was secrecy. The woman being so sponsored, such as Anne, must not speak of the details, and as much as Affinity wanted to ask Anne who, a man or a woman, had given her the card, she did not. She also realized that she might never know what would become of Anne and that was the hardest part. However, many before had trusted the Benefactor and she did as well, realizing this was in effect saving dear Anne's life.

"Be well," Affinity said, with feeling and a few tears. "You will be in my thoughts and prayers, dear Anne."

"Oh, Miss," Anne sniffled. "Oh and here, my lady," Anne said as she stepped back from their embrace, then she pulled a hand linen from her pocket, opening it. "The ring, Miss, I won't be needing it now."

"Oh, Anne!" Affinity exclaimed at the clear evidence of Anne's honesty. "Are you sure, Anne, it is yours you know? Perhaps, you should keep it a while, just in case. You can always return it to me if you do not need to use it."

Anne kept the ring and they said their rather tearful goodbyes, then Affinity watched Anne leave from her sight, before she looked down at the setter. "Well, Beauty, so many adventures this morning, and all that turned out well."

The setter's expressive brown eyes looked exactly as though he agreed as he sat patiently by her side. Then, a whistle sounded off in the distance and the setter immediately rose and pounced to the end of his leash. It was the setter's master calling him, Affinity knew, as her heartbeat quickened unaccountably. She could take the setter to him personally, it might not be stretching etiquette too far, if they were to be introduced that way for the first time. Nevertheless, she hesitated, something inside her unsure and speaking to her that this was much too important to leave to chance. She had been on the receiving end of chance for far to long now and it had not once gotten her a gentleman caller or even asked to dance. Somehow, she needed to be in more control. Perhaps, she needed to try to shape events herself?

Affinity let go of the setter's leash, watching him bound through the trees, then the large meadow further on. She immediately started forward

at a brisk walk this time and not a run as she wondered briefly at the timing of the setter's master calling him back. Well, to begin with, the setter providentially coming to the rescue was rather odd. The setter's master did not appear to be the type of man to lose his dog's leash twice. Then, Affinity saw him, well truthfully just the outline of him in the distance as he and the setter were reunited once again. Affinity moved closer, yet not near enough to be seen, as she watched the gentleman turn to leave the park with the setter.

Affinity quickly followed at a discreet distance. She was determined to find out the gentleman's name and rank, in this her first foray into shaping events. Yes, she really did like the sound of that, "shaping events to her desires."

Chapter Three

His name was Lawrence Fabier and he was a duke. Affinity had heard little about him before. He was the Duke of St. Martin and in hushed tones people spoke of him being rather reclusive and mysterious. She had caught the topic twice being speculated on in quiet tones by a few mothers noting his marriageable eligibility and his candid absence at all the seasons events.

The aura of his mystic behavior livened her immediately, while at the same moment the title he carried of duke served to make her feel daunted. That was surprising to her and very irritating. *What?* Did she believe she was not worthy enough for an exalted duke? My-My the difficulties of this London season and the undesirable category that they had slotted her into had taken more of a toll on her than she had realized.

It was probably her anger then that set her onto her next course of indescribably bold action. Affinity saw what looked to be a pantry maid leaving the duke's well-maintained townhouse. The maid was very young and possibly on her way to the market for the cook, because she carried a basket. Affinity fell into step behind the maid. She was quite determined that she was going to bribe the Duke of St. Martin's pantry maid for information about her employer.

Oh, and it had worked! Hours later, Affinity could not believe her brashness as she unpinned her veiled bonnet and tossed it on the bed in her bedchamber. She immediately took to pacing briskly across her room, unable to contain her excitement. It felt wondrous, this thrum of excitement. It felt as though she finally had a small piece of her life back in her hands and she was controlling it.

"Oh and I *want* more," Affinity exclaimed.

She had successfully bribed the Duke of St. Martin's pantry maid and the young woman had been a wealth of information. The pantry maid's name was Nell and she had seemed at once worldly for all her youthful appearance. However, Nell was not completely disloyal to her

employer, there were certain things she would not discuss, such as the timing of the duke's comings and goings.

"It wouldn't be proper to tell you that," Nell had exclaimed. "But, a nice lady such as yourself wanting to know if he is married, that's another thing all together."

So, Nell had told her that the Duke of St. Martin was not married, and they all, meaning the household staff, really thought he should be. It was here that Affinity realized that Nell, and it seemed all of the duke's staff, adored him. Nell spoke of the duke with the fondness of a family member and not an employer, and Affinity instantly felt drawn closer to him in spirit. It was also revealed that "Law" as Affinity had secretly been calling him, did not have a mistress, nor the presence of any steady lady friends that he called upon. He was a bachelor living alone with only one elderly aunt still living, but she resided in the country.

Affinity sorely wondered what the mysterious Duke of St. Martin did with his time. However, on these subjects Nell was vague or mute and that only fueled Affinity's curiosity. She was smart enough to realize that Nell gave out this information to a lady she perceived as interested in the duke.

In fact, Affinity considered, given Law's apparent semi-reclusiveness, other ladies might have inquired after him in this same fashion. The thought of that left Affinity feeling slightly deflated. She did not wish to be one among many, because that had already proven unsuccessful. No, if she were to set her sights on Lawrence Fabier, the Duke of St. Martin, she would have to be much more original and aggressive.

So, she wondered, how did a woman, a creative, intelligent, and witty woman, catch a man? Certainly not the way the ladies of the ton went about it. She must think outside the normal. Affinity wondered if the question were, could she do it or was she brave enough to do it?

†

"The young lady's name was Lady Affinity Redgrift, your grace."

Law gazed at Nell thoughtfully. "Did she have straight long hair, pulled back, yet falling to her waist? Brown hair with red highlights in the sunlight."

"Could have been her," Nell paused expectantly.

"Did she possess rather large . . . ?" Law found his hands mimicking mounds on his chest and he quickly dropped them, as Nell exclaimed,

"Boobies! Yes she did, your grace, and she wore a plum colored walking dress like the ladies wear. So you've met her then?"

Law nodded absently. "I have seen her."

"Well the young miss did not realize how much she told me of herself you see. But, I'm positive she was a real lady and not a prostitute pretending to be one. That one could not lie well if she tried."

That should be the end of it, Law thought. He shouldn't have further reason to ask anymore questions or be curious. This Lady Affinity was not a prostitute seeking his help. He had no need to inquire further on her behalf. However, the image of her in the park had not left his thoughts.

That was odd.

He had barely been able to see her, veiled as she was, only her long hair and the constrained outline of those breasts. He remembered thinking upon seeing the shape of those healthy mounds, that they were certainly held back by a corset or such and they would be that much larger if freed. The thought had not startled him overly, because he had fleeting lustful thoughts most days. He would catch sight of something that would strike him, then set his mind turning. A ripe peach in the marketplace, a glimpse of a lady's bare ankle as she stepped up into her coach, or a mare that was sleek and sweating after a long gallop.

But Lady Affinity had asked after him . . . And she was *not* a prostitute. "I would not care for her to find out my secret profession, Nell."

"Oh, I would never tell, your grace. You know that."

"I could not do what I do, if they found out . . . you understand?"

"I only told her that you weren't married."

"She asked such a thing?" Law was immediately surprised, even as he wondered, just what it was he thought she had asked Nell then. Ladies, he had assumed, did not really ask after gentlemen, except in social circles.

"Yes, it was her first question, your grace."

He really should let this go. "And, her second question, Nell?"

"Did ye have a mistress or a lady friend?"

Law swiveled in his study chair to look directly at Nell, because he had been gazing out the windows into the gardens at the rear of his property.

"Aye, your grace, interesting isn't it," Nell pronounced with a gregarious smile that showed a few missing teeth.

That was an understatement, Law thought. A lady asking intimate questions about him was singularly unique. He strictly stayed out of social gatherings just because of his glaring eligibility. His mission in life was not to find a wife. He knew to well he did not deserve that. However, he could not help longing for the touch of a woman and he wondered if he was damned from ever having the pleasure again. So Lady Affinity's curiosity and interest excited him slightly and he took his pleasures, small as they were, wherever he could savor them.

He had been out of touch too long and he had not realized that young ladies had become so emboldened. Of course with what he now knew about womens natures, he should not be at all surprised. He had long pondered that some ladies must have the feelings of a prostitute beneath their soft veneers, and that was either his long-felt and foolish hope or possibly a truth.

“If she should approach you again, Nell, please tell her that you have spoken to me, out of your undying loyalty.”

Nell snorted, bobbing her short black hair. “Undying loyalty is it, gov’? I *would* go to hell for you.”

“Well then say that,” Law replied quietly. “And I would for you also, Nell.”

“Yer bating her, I see!” Nell grinned. “ Oh I like that, yer grace.”

Chapter Four

Affinity nibbled at her bottom lip and her one crooked front tooth made the effort more rewarding, and she supposed because of it that she did it more often than most. She knew that she did it especially industriously when she was worried or anxious as she was now.

It was eight o'clock in the evening and dark outside. A moonless night that she specifically picked for the absence of the moon. Aunt Fuchsia had long since gone to bed after hearing Affinity was not feeling well and would be spending the evening in her room. *A small white lie*, Affinity thought looking at her attire in the full length mirror once more. It was an odd menagerie of clothing that she had managed to piece together.

She wore brown twill breeches. They were the darkest color she could find, when she had rummaged through her uncle's old clothing in the attic. They were surely from his younger days, being slimmer now than his portly weight. However, she still had to take them in considerably, and the buttoned up, square-pocketed, front of the breeches were unique to her. Of course, she had seen them before, but certainly never had them on to see them work. It made that unique place between a man's legs seem that much more mysterious, and it made her feel strangely heated to know that a few buttons undone in the front and her sex would be exposed.

Of course she had seen a male organ twice in her life. One time when her uncle had been ill and circumstances left her, in one instant, the only one available at the precisely urgent moment to help him. It had been a fleeting glimpse and it had shocked her. She had been a young girl then, nearly the age of fifteen, and when she had imagined such things, somehow they were vaguely majestic and commanding. Certainly not withered and red looking. Up until that time she had no idea of the size, shape, position, or the condition of that area between a man's legs. She was quite disappointed, but that was until she had seen Bartley, who was the Redgrift's head groom. She had been innocently passing by the stables in her seventeenth year, when a swatch of color had caught her eye through a wider slat on the side of the stable building. Immediately

curious that she could see it, she had stopped and leaned forward to peek. That was when she had seen Bartley peeing in the hay or more precisely she had seen his organ, a long healthy pink-skinned organ. What a revelation that had been to enliven her.

Since that day and through many whispered conversations with her best of friends Brevity, Caprice, and Diversity, she had a vague understanding of the look and function of the male organ, this pocketed front concealed in a man's breeches. She was certain that most of the function they imagined was vastly fanciful, gleaned from bits and pieces the girls had been able to pick up along the way. They would take these bits of information, not enough to obtain a truly clear picture, and they would twist them around in their talks, until they seemed to fit logically. Of course, that meant it really was only fictional imagery. It was sad that such sexual things were kept so secret. Of course, it also fueled their desires to know the truth of it.

All of them had learned the art of touching themselves to climatic conclusion. Never together of course, but they had spoken about it as true friends do when revealing secrets. They spoke, giggling of stroking between their legs to relieve the insistent aches that built there upon odd occasions. *Such as the one that was beginning to happen between her thighs now*, Affinity thought, looking at the dark woolen sweater she wore.

She could not wear a corset with this attire and it left her breasts free flowing beneath a light chemise and the sweater. She could feel the wool grazing her nipple tips with each shift of her body, and she was surprised, but had to admit wearing the outfit alone was arousing her.

"Of course, it cannot be that I intend to sneak into Law's home," Affinity declared as she grabbed her veiled bonnet and stuffed it on top of her head. It did not fit well because she had piled her hair in a large bun on the top of her head. The bonnet and veil also looked quite ridiculous with the rest of her clandestine outfit. However, she felt the need to be masked and this was the best she could come up with.

Affinity assured herself that the entire objective was that no one was to see her, so it mattered little what she actually looked like. She was even going so far as to walk to Law's home, rather than hiring a hackney. She would stealthily keep to the alleyways and the shadows. So, she picked up the last bit of her furtive costume, a small black billy club that she had found in the attic. She could not go out alone through the back alleys without protection.

This week, she had watched Law's home nearly every day until as late in the evening as she could manage. What she had learned was that none of his servants stayed in residence overnight, which was very odd. But, she had also learned today quite by chance of overhearing Law's groom say that the carriage needed to be brought out because his grace was going to a boxing event.

Affinity had quickly left then to check the times of this boxing event. Luckily there was only one boxing match that it could be and that left the

field open if she was brave enough to raise the game she wanted to play higher.

Really, curiosity drove her common sense in this matter entirely astray. She had already admitted to herself that she had a complete and overblown crush on the Duke of St. Martin. She had never experienced one before and it was quite breathtaking. Brevity had once had a crush over a mature and refined school master at Lady Whitmore's Academy for Young Ladies. The crush had been quite dramatic and Affinity now understood why. The feelings inside her had no real logic to them. They were simply bold and nearly overpowering. They created this momentous desire inside her to discover more about the object of her affection.

But she was not doing this completely because of her amorous urges. She had a plan. The infancy of a plan at least. She would learn all that she could about Law, in the process making certain he was worthy of her amorous intent, and then she would use the knowledge to entice Law's mind and soul. She would be all that he desired. In fact, she would seduce him if that were possible.

So determinedly, Affinity managed to make good time and was not seen as she made her way to Law's home some five blocks away. She approached his townhouse from the rear, having to physically climb a stone wall to do so. It was quite an event for her, and she resolved that she was physically weak for all the effort it cost her. Luckily, the stone wall had shifted and become uneven over time, allowing her to find handholds and footholds to lift herself and draw her cumbersome body over the top.

She resolved, as she sat atop the stone fence, puffing hard breaths, that she was immediately going to start a physical regiment to overcome this irritating weakness.

"Women just sit on their posteriors too long," she muttered, looking for a way to lower herself down the inside of the stone wall.

What she spied was the low hanging branch of a tree next to the wall. So very daring, she used this with a small leap and managed to catch the branch in her hands, which dangled her feet closer to the ground below. Then, she let go and it was only a short distance to land on her feet. She smiled vividly, realizing how brave and determined she was in her goal. It felt glorious to take charge like this, and the hum of excitement filling her body was like an aphrodisiac.

Carefully and silently, Affinity picked her way through the garden to the back of Law's townhouse. There were a few lights burning, yet they appeared dim and they did not overly worry her because many people left a few lights on for their return. Now came the tricky part. How to get inside? She had thought this over and as of yet, had not come up with many good answers. She could only hope that some part of the townhouse had been left open.

So with this hope, she began to systemically try every window and door as quietly as she could. She was down on her hands and knees trying

a lowercase window outside what appeared to be Law's study, when suddenly a face loomed before her on the other side of the window pane. Affinity yelped, rearing back and clamping a hand over her mouth to contain any further sounds, with her gaze leaping from a short distance unfocused, to a longer distance focused.

"Beauty," she whispered through her fingers, looking at Law's russet setter gazing back at her eagerly through the window pane. "Oh, *shh shh*," she added quickly, hoping he would not bark at her.

But Beauty just sat there gazing at her hopefully with his tail wagging. Still, he looked as though he could start barking at her at any moment, so she backed away slowly. It would be better to try the other rooms windows where Beauty was not perched, she decided as she moved back into the shadows. Next, she tried the dining room windows and she was standing on her tiptoes, industriously intent on a side window, when something poked her on her bottom.

"Oh my God!" Affinity squealed, jumping and turning and tripping all in what felt like the same motion. Then, she found herself landing on her posterior in the flower patch under the window. A large shape loomed over her and before she could think, the next thing that happened made her laugh outright. It was Beauty's wet tongue licking her cheek.

"*Oh* you!" Affinity gushed fondly, grasping Beauty in a hug, then raised herself to sit beside him. "You scared the devil out of me," Affinity scolded him as she thoroughly petted him, to his happily wagging tail. It took her a few minutes to catch her breath and her wits, when she finally realized . . . "How did you get outside, Beauty?"

Immediately, Beauty trotted away as though he understood her question and Affinity got to her feet to follow, hoping this did not mean someone had *let* Beauty outdoors. But, what Beauty led her to was a small door within a door. "How clever," Affinity whispered, watching Beauty push through the small door that moved inward with his nudge. This door was obviously built specially for Beauty to let him in and out of the gardens whenever he wished.

If she had been a man or just inches wider, she would not have made it through the door. However, she just fit sideways with only a few scrapes. Once inside, she found herself in a darkened pantry, and as she got to her feet, dusting herself off, she patted Beauty's head. "Well I have gone and done it now," Affinity whispered, looking down into Beauty's loyal brown eyes.

She stood still for several minutes listening silently to the quiet house. There were no noises at all and she felt certain with some inner sense added that she was alone. Her goal in this search was to find some of Law's interests and likes, as in the boxing that she now knew he favored. By the time she met him, she would know all there was to know about boxing. Wouldn't that surprise any gentleman? A lady knowing how to converse intelligently about any sport, and not just her next embroidering projects? These ideas that kept coming to her had such

merit! A man and a woman could have true companionship, if they had things in common. It was so much better to have things in common, than relying upon appearance and social standings. *Yes*, Affinity thought, these thoughts bolstered her. It was much different planning to do something as opposed to actually doing it—as in right now.

She started out very timidly, but quickly her curiosity and interest overcame her hesitations and she was quite enjoying herself. And, *that* was when she found the journal. She had looked through Law's library finding a great many clues to his nature there. He was currently reading *Mystery Island* by Jules Vern set on a table by a comfortable reading chair that appeared well used. The library shelves held a great many books about military history and warfare, making her wonder if he had ever been to war. There was a chess set opened on the table, so she assumed that he liked chess. The room itself smelled wonderful also, like smoky cherries, pine, and books. The smoky cherry flavor in the air had her wondering, until she found a box of cigarillos, which were small thin cigars. *Oh* she had heard of these. They were not a usual "find" in England and it took a lot of her will power not to pocket one and later perhaps daringly try a puff. Then, as much to keep herself from taking a cigarillo, as to further her explorations, she moved from Law's library to his study.

She had come directly to his desk, naturally looking down, and spied what appeared to be a private journal set on top of the oak-inlaid desk. She fingered the brackish-brown and worn tooled leather on the outside cover of the journal, thinking that she had not yet decided whether or not she would actually explore closed drawers or closets, which felt more like an invasion, just as opening this journal would be perhaps. The journal could simply be his household bookkeeping, but the look and feel of it spoke of being more special than that. And yet, she fully intended to look at his bedchamber. She could not come so far and not see the most intriguing part. That was *very* personal . . . a person's bedchamber, and if she could do that?

"Of course I'm *fooling* myself," Affinity muttered, suddenly snatching up the journal. "I certainly intend to look!" The solace in the back of her mind was that no one would ever know of this event—and that made it better. Didn't it? "Well, of course," she muttered, opening the journal to the first page.

It was prefaced by a short prologue.

. . . All that I do now, I do in memory of Magdalena. Please forgive my human frailties before a true courageous heart . . .

Affinity found herself sincerely hoping that Magdalena was a relative of the Duke of St. Martin, as she turned to the next page.

. . . The one named Molly with her red hair and a buxom build confided the sensitive nature of her breasts to me. The nipples to be exact.

I never requested these confessions, they came unbidden in the language of the streets that few of my station have ever entertained, I understand.

I wonder often if the confessions are pride on the ladies part or perhaps a cleansing to the new life that I beg them to consider. Yet oft times, I fear they simply see the need in my gaze. I must let it through to convince them. To show them my demons also and therefore our commonality.

Then I wonder also, if my nipples could be as sensitive if touched. They have risen and hardened upon occasion. Occasions of cold . . . or perhaps arousal. I wonder why women never conceive to touch a manly nipple. To perhaps take it to their lips and suckle upon it. I have never considered requesting a woman to do so. I imagine that I fear her repulsion or confusion at such a request. Yet in the same consideration, I have never been asked expressly from a woman to caress her nipples. I have simply yearned to do so and therefore have done it. I ponder in my masculinity, whether I would be brave enough to touch my own nipples and see what reaction I would find.

Molly of the delicate nipples has found herself as a grand cook at a modest household and married now to the huntsman there with one sweetly faced daughter to their credit. Whenever I chance by to sample a cobbler, Molly always praises her blessing in being found by the Benefactor . . .

“Oh my God.” Affinity fumbled for the chair behind the desk and sat down, nearly falling into it with a hard plop. The intimacy and the honesty of Law’s words overwhelmed her, heaped immediately upon the discovery that *he* was the elusive and compassionate “Benefactor.” “Oh my God,” she muttered senselessly again.

No one thought that the Benefactor was a nobleman by any means. Also this meant that it was *he* that would help Anne. She had the proof of it in her hand, and she’d had the proof of it that day Law was in the park. He *had* set Beauty to help them, then he had privately given Anne the card. The Benefactor’s secrecy now made so much more sense. The nobles across the breath of England would be aghast should it be known that one within their ranks helped common street prostitutes. Law could never keep doing what he was doing if this were known.

But why did he do it? Were there others that helped him? It was obvious this Molly he wrote of was a prostitute that he had helped—sponsored to a better life as his moniker suggested. Yet all the unanswered questions and revelations seemed to become muted beneath Affinity’s thoughts about the discovery of a man’s sexual yearnings. It was so tangible, so raw, it drew her like a child to the seductive sweetness of candy.

. . . Young Nell with her black mop of hair and wide nearly toothless grin, has claimed to be the best knob sucker in all of London. I note that

she started out being the best in the lower east end of the city and expanded with her slightly gaping grin. As with any great craftsman the details that Nell gives are prided in the finer points of her craft. And, I must admit here to myself, that upon hearing the accounting, I was unable to keep my own cock from responding with more than simple interest. Duly noted by Nell of course, and I gather she enjoyed the response as though she had snuck a part of me, therefore, allowing me to sponsor her from the squaller life that she had been driven to.

But, I must admit that I was stunned to hear the verbal description of this art. It served to excite me beyond anything I have yet to feel. I have never had a woman's mouth pressed to my cock before and have to believe that it would be everyman's dream. Of course I had heard rumors of such a thing. Vague names called out that left much to the imagination and less to knowledge. Names such as cock sucking, mouth fucking, pecker blowing, cob sucking, or the delightful gobble the sausage. Yet any man knows these nearly forbidden sexual acts will only be entertained by a woman paid for the effort. And, somehow in my mind before, I envisioned performed by the lowliest of creatures driven to such pursuits by poverty, like a slave.

Nonetheless, after listening to Nell, my perspective has changed tenfold and my yearning has increased as much. Would that I could set my own mouth to the project to relieve my enticement, curiosity, and anxieties. The wonders of the descriptions Nell revealed are not to be denied. Her tongue laid upon the cockhead lovingly, then caressed through the slit with vigor. Then, her soft lips pressed tightly to the rim, encasing the knobbed head compactly in her mouth and against the caress of her tongue. The wetness that she gives from her mouth to the cock that she proclaims most important. How she would grip the shaft firmly with one hand pumping the base of the shaft as her lips clench around the head while vigorously sucking.

. . . Even writing this, I am heated beyond what I could ever before imagine.

Then, Nell describes the art of mouth fucking and taking as much of the cock into her mouth as she is able. Rapid movements of her mouth up and down the shaft. In one mouth suction taking the cock deeper, and on the next taking it shallowly. But, always and I quote here, "Sucking that fine stiff pud with all yer heart."

Ah, my heart beats rapidly at such a wonder, yet then Nell paid me back for what little I will offer her in help, by telling me of the swallowing of a man's seed. One of the most intimate pursuits I could imagine to this date.

And while I blessed Nell for the fantastical knowledge I now possess. Knowledge that I took freely. I also find myself silently cursing the knowledge, because I am set as the Benefactor and as such completely honor-bound never to take advantage.

Therefore, from the ladies of the night that I seek to help, I must always remain respectable and above reproach, leaving me with the certainty that I will never have a chance to feel such delights.

But Magdalena's suffering and death, caused by me, was so much worse. I am lowly to even envision regrets. Oh but if there was one lady out there that would consider freely pressing her lips to my cock . . .

Affinity felt her heart palpitating as though she were running, as her fingers curled over the worn pages within Law's journal. She vaguely realized that each of the pages worn appearance meant that it had been read many times over. Yet, she was senseless, she had to admit, completely stunned. Never in her life had she heard or conceived of such a thing between a man and a woman. However, more amazing than this was that she was completely and thoroughly aroused.

She was shivering and flushed all at the same moment over what must be a pagan act. Why even her mouth watered strangely, *and* her sex. Affinity glanced down at the pocketed front of her breeches where her sex insistently ached more strongly than she had ever felt before. A heated vapor seemed to rise from between her legs with a clinging scent filling her nostrils that instantly enlivened the aching thrum in her sex to new heights. Abruptly, she clamped her legs together with her body shuddering.

"*Nell,*" she stated, stubbornly trying to turn her thoughts from the overpowering images dancing in her mind. She needed a little more space to breathe or surely she would faint. "*This Nell is my Nell!*" she muttered, still breathless.

Creak . . . Slam

Affinity nearly fell out of the chair as the sounds of the front door opening and closing walloped her hearing. *Thank God*, she did not cry out as she moved with more speed than she *ever* knew she possessed.

Chapter Five

How in the world could a boxing match be erotic, Law pondered, setting his top hat and evening jacket to the coat rack in the entryway? He loved women, not men. He desired women, *never* men. Yet tonight he found eroticism in boxing. Two men stripped to their breeches, one with a dark hairy chest and arms and the other with a smooth chest. Both men were intent upon winning and were strong of limbs with pronounced muscular definition. It was not arousing at first, yet as they fought more and the sweat began to glisten upon their straining bodies, it became riveting.

Law strode to his study for a brandy and contemplation. Warrior, his faithful dog greeted him as he entered the study and he stopped to pet the russet colored setter as he continued to contemplate his feelings. Truthfully, it had been as though the dark-complected boxer was the hunter and the smooth-chested boxer was the prey. The prey had held his own for longer than the crowd had thought possible, yet in the end he had succumbed to the hunter. No matter where the prey turned the hunter was there. And somewhere during the middle to the end of the fight, visions of a veiled woman with long flowing brown hair had come to Law. *A woman that asked after him.*

“Really, I am writing *too* deeply in my journal,” Law muttered beneath his breath as he lifted his hand from Warrior and went in search of that fortifying brandy. Still, he found himself unbuttoning his shirt before he grasped the glass of brandy and went to sprawl nearly disgustingly in a chair by the fire.

Law knew what was going to happen at the same time he wondered why he dreaded it. *Why dread?* He was in his own home. No one could see him. Damnation, he had needs, didn’t he? He was a healthy man. A young healthy man, who had made one tragic mistake, one inexperienced miscalculation, *damn he would not think of that now!*

Law shook his head, throwing off his memories to attack him relentlessly later as they always did. But now he would relieve himself, or exorcize a vision, or just be a man. He did not know which, but he did

know he would not use his willpower to stop it and he wondered why he would want to.

Then, he purposely tilted his head back and set his mind to a vision. The woman was faceless, but her gown was split open with her large flowing bare breasts exposed. They were pale fleshed, dripping with sweat as they bounced heavily with her movements around the inner sanctum of the boxing ring. Her long chestnut colored hair with strands of deeper red and honey colors swayed and flowed around her petite height as she moved, while her nipples jutted outward like small defying lances. This was not a boxing fight with fists raised. This was a sexual dance where she challenged him to see all that she was and capture it, seduce it, and claim it.

Affinity clutched Law's journal to her breasts, standing nearly on her tiptoes as she peered around the open doorway into the almost completely dark study. Her heart was hammering in her chest at nearly being caught sneaking around Law's house like a thief by his unexpected swift return. Suddenly there was a resounding bong sound down the hallway from her and Affinity started, darting her gaze in that direction. It was only the grand clock in the hallway ringing the time of midnight. *Midnight?* Heavens, had she been prying through Law's home that long? It had been hours, but then of course she had found Law's personal journal . . . a personal *sexual* journal, and reading it had engrossed her immediately. For hours it appeared.

A journal that she needed desperately to return to the study where Law now moved about in. The only light was from the fire which Law now went over to stir, adding another piece of wood and making the flames dance higher. The golden reds of the fire in the room illuminated the side of Law's face and caught the dark highlights in the thick strands of his brownish-blond hair, while the ever-present dark shadow on his jaw seemed chiseled at sharper angles in the firelight.

Affinity's heartbeat fluttered erratically and it was not because she had broken into Law's home and wantonly rifled through his things. It was because when Law straightened and turned away from the fire, she saw that since entering the study, he had completely unbuttoned his shirt.

. . . I ponder in my masculinity whether I would be brave enough to touch my male nipples . . .

That passage from Law's journal flitted through Affinity's thoughts unexpectedly and took on new meaning as she gazed at Law's chest. She found herself foolishly praying that wherever he moved inside the room, it would afford her a clear view of his tight-muscled and lightly hairy chest. The pangs of pleasure that had been throbbing ever higher in her sex, *in her clit*, while reading Law's intimate journal, now took up intense bites that nipped into her core. It rooted her to the spot and whitened her fingers gripping the journal to her oversensitive breasts.

That grip of her fingers was fighting the urge to rush her hand lower and rub deeply between her thighs at the aches bouncing in her pussy. Then, her gaze widened and a second later her eyelids lowered as though a husky purr had run through her mind at the sight of Law sprawling in a wing chair. The angle of the blue-tufted chair gave her an unfettered view of Law, relaxed into its folds, yet with some unnamed tension about him.

Perhaps that tension was the intensity of her gaze clinging to the sight of Law with his shirt fallen open, showing the rippled muscles of his belly. My god, nothing she had seen in her young life had looked as utterly masculine and divine as Law's body, chipped and lean with his sinew tautly defined. He held a glass of liquor in one hand, yet it was his other hand that mesmerized her gaze. He was completely unaware of her presence. He was relaxing alone in his home, perhaps relaxing after helping another prostitute come-into-the-light this evening. The benefactor of another lady of the night, who might have told him other sexual feats that he could ponder in his private journal. And that was why his hand was slowly rubbing over the outline of his male organ beneath the black material of his breeches.

Affinity's core quivered as she watched him, trying fiercely to keep her breath from gasping. She should leave! She should set the journal on the hallway table and sneak away. Maybe he would never know. Perhaps he would always wonder how it got there. He might blame a servant. They could be fired for thievery. Touching something so private would make anyone furious. She *could* steal it, stuff it into her breeches now and flee. She wanted it. She never wanted to let it go. How could she wonder the rest of her life what else was written there?

Then, without realizing it, while her gaze was watching Law's hand with his strong lean fingers slowly caressing . . . She just did it! She stuffed the journal into the back of her breeches. It was held by the banded waist and covered by her wool sweater. To keep her hands free, she assured herself as a passage from Law's journal spirited unbidden through her mind.

. . . I have never had a woman's mouth pressed to my swollen cock before . . .

She could not leave. Nothing in her soul could make her take that first step. It might be a sin or damnation upon her soul, but she had to watch. It was a living breathing thing inside of her and the desire of it made her knees weak.

Then, Law's fingers began to unbutton the narrow pocketed front of his evening trousers. His head was tilted backward with his muscular throat bared and his male nipples hard. *Oh my god.* Affinity sucked in a climatic breath. Law's nipples were tan circles on his raised breastplates with the tips taut and poking outward. Just like hers would be pink, but

flushed to a deep rose, while lancing outward twice as far as Law's aroused nubs. The desire in her clit strained, gnawing deeply at her.

Then, it was as though a curtain flashed open before her eyes and Law's manly organ was lifted upward into naked view. Hastily, Affinity bit her bottom lip so hard she tasted blood as her fingers clenched over the open doorway molding. She was *shocked*, blinded, and stunned at the suddenness of a climax bursting inside her sex. The pleasure contorted repeatedly as her body shuddered in uncontrolled amazement, while her eyes glazed over the head of Law's bared organ.

It looked as though a large ruddy flesh-colored nut had been attached to the sleek shaft. The entire male cock was rigid and bowing upward into Law's hand, like a powerful lancing entity. It appeared, jutting out of the black material as it was, as though it might not be attached to Law's body at all.

But then, Law grasped the root of it, drawing his hand from the ponderous base to the red-swollen bullet-shaped head. His grip had to be so tight, so purposeful, because when he reached the rimmed head, he continued lifting his entire rigid organ upward toward his chest, and suddenly his full testicles sprang free from the folds of black material, two twin sacks, full and heavy.

The clashing of exotic pleasure thrashing through Affinity's pussy multiplied in throes that pinnacled . . . receded, then *pinnacled* again. She was nearly choking and feeling faint at the exquisite rapture bursting inside her sex, and some sound or movement must have escaped her because Law's gaze turned toward her at just that moment!

Affinity did not realize that Law's eyes were still closed as he stroked his male cock fiercely. In her passionately clouded vision she saw only discovery as she leaped backward away from it on legs too weak and shaky to hold her steady. That was when the sound reverberated in her mind like a hundred drums beating with a singular stroke. It was the solid thump of her spine hitting the wall in the silence.

"Oh no!" she gasped, forgetting to remain quiet in her panic; a panic that was stubbornly lethargic to her emanate needs, because of the last pangs of a climax thrashing through her body.

Law's head dropped forward from its tilted back position as a growl and half groan, scraped his throat tightly. The sound was arousal combined with challenge as his straining and heated body fought the backlash of interruption. There was a disassociated breach in his mind, when he clung to the imminent ejaculation of his cock at the same moment his instincts rose with alarm.

His heartbeat raced in his chest as his pumping hand stopped abruptly, then he squeezed his cock furiously to keep it from erupting. At the same moment, he was rushing to stand and meet the danger or challenge of that sound in his home, where no loud thumping sounds should be other than his suppressed groan of release.

His mind finally started to partially work, even as his body was meeting the unknown threat by pushing his strong limbs forward. *Was it an intruder?* Law's gaze quickly found Warrior stretched out calmly in front of the fireplace. His mind registered that as quite odd, just as he rushed into the hallway.

The apparition he found there let out a high-pitched and clearly frightened squeal at the sight of him. This person, he could not tell gender, had their small hands raised forward as though warding him off.

"*What* in the hell are you up to?" Law demanded, with a suppressed shout.

The sound of his shout made the apparition jerk as if slapped, then immediately the person began to spring forward down his hallway away from him. Law forgot his shirt hanging open and his bare cock jutting through the sagging vent of his trousers, as he gave chase in his anger and alarm. He grabbed the petite apparition quite roughly in his agitation, swinging the person around, then jostling that person up against the wall. He realized just then that the apparition wore the most ridiculous veiled bonnet, at the same moment his chest pitched into soft and overly large mounds of breasts. *Breasts!*

"My God!" Law exclaimed.

"Let me go!" His apparition's voice was shrill and indignant for all that she was an intruder in *his* home, Law thought just as indignantly. In his normal demeanor, he would have let her go immediately. He did not jostle around women, even the thief that she might be. However, his aggrieving predicament now was that his naked and very aroused cock was between her gaze and his body. And at the moment, pressed together as they were, she could not see it.

It rather infuriated him that he should have to worry over such a thing. Yet damn him, he did! His entire senses were centered on that one thing. Certainly she must feel it, so stiffly aroused as it was. Hell, even he could feel the beat of it and her breasts crushed into his chest. She smelled of violets.

"*Who* are you?" It was an inane question, useless, but the only rational thing that came into Law's lust-tinged mind, as he coarsely thought how easy it would be to strip this womanly apparition's sweater and rub his body against those breasts. Her head shook to his question as he knew it would. "What are you doing here? *What* do you want?"

"I-I," she stuttered with her breath coming hotly beneath his chin. "Please, let me go," she pleaded in a small feminine voice.

Lord, Law realized that she could be a prostitute looking for his help. They had shown up at his backdoor before, never inside though, that was highly irregular, only her voice was cultured and that did not fit. Then, there was this devilish voice rooting around loudly inside his head for the insane hope that she was not a prostitute. This was due to the fact that his body was pressed, quite tautly aroused, to her body, and the lengthy

celibacy that he had sustained up until this time was mocking him furiously.

He nearly sagged beneath his tension-filled arousal and now oncoming confusion. His body must have literally sagged a bit, because he felt his forehead lightly pressed to her's and he realized that she had her face tilted up to him.

"Are you all right?" The woman's question came whispered and soft, and the tones of caring in her voice could not be denied.

Law understood he could accuse her, interrogate her, or overpower her, but all his senses denied that. "Do you need money, little one? Or perhaps you came here looking for a benefactor. I would gladly give you either freely."

Oh my God, Affinity thought in bafflement, he thinks I'm a prostitute!

Of course he would, but her mind was so confused that she was hardly thinking clearly. In fact, her tottering mind was alternately focused on only two paramount events. The first was the warmth she could feel of Law's body pressed more intimately to her body than she had ever experienced before, and then more stunningly spectacular was the feel of his rigid organ pressed solidly into her belly. This bold impression was so near to the place of her recent climatic eruption, that the sensitivity there was tenfold and humming to life again, only this time in a different way that did not necessarily attract her clit as much, but lower in her woman's portal. A woman's portal which throbbed, as though beckoning the perfectly shaped organ lying heavily against her body. An organ that she could feel palpating.

Oh my God, the craving of it nearly made Affinity faint, while shivers ran down her inner thighs. Thighs that wanted to be lifted open and pressed wide somehow. A small moment of breathless pants escaped her and she realized that she had never come close to the fonts of physical desire before.

She should try to wrestle free. She should scream and yell at him, try to startle him, break free and run. She should do any number of things not to be discovered, yet her fingers were so close and her mind was not one she recognized at all.

. . . The wetness that she gives from her mouth to the cock that she proclaims most important. How she would grip the shaft tightly with one hand, pumping the base of the shaft as her sucking lips clenched around the head . .

"I am not myself!" Affinity gasped sharply, and then her fingertips were touching the incredibly soft head of Law's male organ. Law jerked toward her as though someone had punched him between the shoulder blades. The movement caught her hand tightly between their bodies and pressed her fingers into a snug circle around the knobbed head of Law's

rigid organ. The smooth flesh held heat enough to toast her fingertips as her head fell back inexplicably and Law's head fell forward, until their cheeks pressed together over her veil.

"What are you doing?" Law's voice groaned deeply, as though he were in torture.

"I am *not* myself," Affinity whispered tragically, sounding as tortured as he sounded. Then, she caressed one of her fingertips longingly through the slit, dabbing creamy heat on the tip of her finger.

"My God!" Law exclaimed, then he roughly shoved away from her. The movement was so abrupt and forceful that the open collar of Law's shirt snagged the veil on her bonnet. The bonnet was jerked off her head and sailed through the air, landing on the polished wood flooring between them.

Law's back hit the wall. He could go no further as his wild gaze took in the woman pressed to the wall across from him. There was a riotous battle waging inside of him between a ravenous need, denial, and morality. Yet his pitching gaze landed on the woman's hands clutched between her thighs and grasping her mound. He knew then, before even looking at her face that she was being consumed by uncontrollable temptations also. She was not just a cock tease in these events, but perhaps driven beyond normal constraints by lawless desire as he was.

Then, before he could raise his gaze to fully look upon her face, she sprang free from the wall with a strangled gasp and rushed down the hallway. All that he could glimpse in an unfocused offering was the side of her pale and delicate face. However, more amazing to him was watching the bun of hair on top of her head lose the law of gravity and spiral free into waves of long brown hair falling down her back. It was light brown hair, with strands of honey and russet intertwined.

And . . . he had seen it before. "She asked after you, your grace. She asked if ye be married."

The sound of Nell's voice filled Law's mind as he watched the lady scamper from his house. He had lost the choice to stop her moments ago, when he had broken away from her, instead of clinging to what she might offer. Damn his reasoning mind to hell! However, he knew he would appreciate it better later, when he could think more clearly, when he could think with his mind and not his cock. A cock still rigid with lust that he gingerly set back into his trousers, buttoning the fall front. Then, he strode forward grasping his top hat and coat as he strode out the open front doorway of his townhouse. He would not accost the lady or be accosted by her again, yet at the same time he would not allow her to travel home unattended. At least, he severely told himself these were his reasons for following hidden behind her, until she made it to her residence some five blocks away.

But of course, the fact still remained that he now knew where she lived.

Chapter Six

“I wish I were you!” Caprice declared, nodding her head so firmly that the lustrous black waves of her hair bounced around her pretty, yet plump oval face.

“It is sso daring,” Brevity lisped excitedly, with her pixie like beauty animated in the glow of her periwinkle blue eyes.

“So plucky,” Diversity proclaimed, while her six-foot tall hourglass figure paced with suppressed energy behind the settee Brevity and Caprice sat upon.

Affinity gazed hopefully at her friends from where she sat across from them in Brevity’s front parlor. She had not told her friends everything about her investigation of Law and the subsequent encounter with him. Some of the events were too intimate and too private. But, she needed their help.

“I am so completely jealous,” Caprice said.

“I sso envy you,” Brevity lisped wistfully.

“And, I wish I were half so brave,” Diversity declared, coming to halt in her pacing with her hands on her hips as though she were overseeing hard-pressed workers. “To take your life in hand, and to shape the events . . .”

“It is the thing to do!” Caprice exclaimed. “We cannot sit here on our behinds and all become old maids.”

“Which is what will happen if we do not do ssomething,” Brevity said anxiously

“Tell us more of these extraordinary ideas, Affinity,” Diversity said.

“Oh, do tell us more of what happened with the duke!” Caprice added, enthusiastically.

“I am desperate,” Affinity announced. “I am not going to lose what I have gained, *but* . . .”

“But, what?” Diversity asked, immediately prodding her.

“But . . . ,” Affinity hesitated again, chewing her bottom lip. A person had to be quite brave in all matters to take life into their hands, or they had to be mad. But she certainly had incentive now, where before it had only been a half-formed dream. So, she found herself blurting quite boldly, “*Sex*, ladies! I *desperately* need to know about sex before I advance.”

Affinity was certain that if she had been a sexual veteran, events would have turned out momentarily different than they had. She had no intention of being on the short end of sexual knowledge during the next meeting with Law. And, there would *be* another meeting! But right now there just had to be a way for a young lady to discover the practical applications of sexual play. The encounters, she had read about in Law's journal were explicit, but maddingly incomplete, and now she also knew with all her heart that sexual relations were of paramount importance between a man and a woman. Perhaps the most important, and certainly not her knowledge of boxing. Although, she had been studying boxing and teaching herself to play chess, while she read *Mystery Island*.

"Sex!" Caprice proclaimed, outright.

"SSex, Sex!" Brevity and Diversify both piped in right after Caprice, and Affinity knew that her friends did this *so* stalwartly and loudly to keep her from feeling embarrassed.

"*It* must be on the top of the list about how to seduce a man and completely capture his attention," Affinity said seriously.

"We need to form a group! A bold and forthright group, not afraid to dare anything in our quest to interest men," Diversity said.

"*Oh*, just like they call men rogues sometimes, they—," Caprice started, then was thoroughly interrupted by Brevity's squeal of excitement.

"Roguesss!" Brevity exclaimed, with a harder hiss to her lisp than normal in her excitement. "The Lady Roguess!"

"That is it!" Diversity nearly shouted. "Just like men have their groups for sometimes open reasons and sometimes nefarious reasons. We shall have ours!"

Then all three of Affinity's friends declared with three voices becoming one, "The Lady Rogues!" as they all looked at Affinity with hope and determination.

Well, why not, Affinity thought? This *was* just what they all needed, and she began nodding her head slowly. The plan had merit, four together would be stronger and more inventive than one.

Then, she looked up at all of them with more determination than joy, as she said decisively, "Yes!" Her three friends cheered as she stood and started to pace. "Now we must vow as one that there is nothing we will not consider doing, just this side of murder," she said.

They all nodded, then Caprice said, "We must vow to think and act outside of our normal social conformities."

"And, we must utilize our wit and our intelligence," Diversity added.

"And, we must be each others support in anything we do," Brevity said

"Exactly," Affinity announced. "And, that will be the start of the Lady Rogues motto until each one of us has found the man of our dreams and has him secured." Affinity dusted her hands together. "Now, ladies, our first mission is to become sexual experts like no woman of our social

standing would ever dare to do. It can only help each one of us in our quests, and I believe that it will give us all a momentous upper hand,” Affinity paused. “Now the larger question is how?”

“We do not want superficial knowledge. We already have that,” Caprice said.

“So asking older women of our acquaintance is out,” Diversity said. “I cannot imagine they are anything but stiff and suffering like martyrs.”

“Gentlemen, sshould know,” Brevity said. “Any man sshould, but I cannot ssee any of us finding one we could sspeak to about it.”

“A woman seems preferable.” Affinity said. “An older woman. I can only think of prostitutes or madames—.”

“Yes!” Diversity exclaimed, interrupting Affinity. “A madame would be perfect. Think of all that we could learn. Why, she would actually teach us the art of it.”

“But, how does one find a madame?” Brevity asked.

“Or approach a madame?” Caprice echoed.

“Hmm.” Affinity paused. “I do not think we could just go to her establishment. That would appear at first glance to be out of the question. However, we should not overlook it entirely. We *are* daring now,” Affinity said with positive tones.

“I could try to trick a name from my brother,” Caprice said. “I am certain he knows a name and I know that I could do it without him realizing.”

“A name is paramount,” Affinity agreed.

“And, we can use Able, my butler and all about man to deliver messages. You all know how loyal he is to me, ssince my parents died sso long ago,” Brevity said.

“If we send a forthright note stating clearly what we desire, in addition to the promise of a hefty fee if she agrees, that could do it,” Affinity said, looking around for agreement from all, which she received. “Well then, Lady Rogues, this shall be our first daring adventure!”

Chapter Seven

“I had my faithful Able deliver the message to Madame Vivian DeJonge just as we all agreed. I know Able must have wondered, but you all know how loyal he is to me,” Brevity said, to the three young ladies sitting nervously in her sitting room.

Affinity barely heard Brevity’s ever present lisping, it was so normal to her now. It was frightfully sad that the other ladies of London society, the younger and pompous ones especially, could not be so compassionate. Their ridicule of Brevity for her lisp and pixie like stature was a binding reason she was a member of their secretly conceived group the Lady Rogues. Brevity’s lisp, Caprice’s plump weight, and Diversity’s statuesque tallness were the beginnings of a long list that seemed to portray them as outcasts in this year or any year of the London season.

But we are not having it, Affinity reminded herself firmly. They were the Lady Rogues now and with that adventurous and bold name attached, they would outwit all of them. Between them, they had decided to treat Madame DeJonge with respect and equality, even to treat her a tad grandly. It could not hurt to start out on the high road as none of them had a clue how to treat a Madame, who was the procuress of ladies for the *sole* purpose of gentlemen’s pleasure and fornication.

And just the word fornication sent shivers down Affinity’s spine . . . all because she *had* held a stout and hot fornication rod in her hand. And, she vowed she would do so again!

So the formal tea was set before them as she and her friends nervously awaited the promised arrival of Madame DeJonge into Brevity’s luxuriant front parlor. At times Brevity’s parentless state and hefty wealth was an advantage. Although, all her friends knew that Brevity would trade all the money she inherited simply to have her parents by her side, or even one kindly relative at her young age.

Suddenly, all their heads came up at the sound of a carriage arriving outside. *This was it then*, Affinity thought, brushing nonexistent wrinkles out of the peacock-blue morning gown that she wore. It had been decided that she should be the principal spokesperson as she was the unofficial leader and the one with the most eminent need of knowledge. So she rose,

smiling brightly at her friends and went to the front door to take up the unusual position of greeting an expected guest. Able and all the other servants had been ordered away on lengthy tasks this afternoon.

The knocker sounded firmly and quick with no hesitations, so Affinity forced herself to react similarly. She placed a welcoming half-smile on her lips, and she tugged open the door decisively. Her smile immediately fell into disconcertion as she gazed upon a man and not a woman standing before her. He was tall and more dark-complected than anyone she had happened upon before. His brown eyes were at once seductive and held a depth that combined with his handsome features was totally compelling and exotic.

“Senorita Hope?”

Spanish? His dialect was saturated with Latin accents and the pieces of his longer black-tinged hair, curling on the ends, and his features fell into place.

“Yes?” Affinity answered to the false name she had used in the missives to Madame DeJonge.

“My mistress, requests funding, before she enters, my lady.”

Your mistress? Was *he* a prostitute? Did they have male lovers, of . . . *who—?* Women? Men?

“Your mistress is Madame DeJonge?” Affinity asked, watching him nod with his sensualistic brown eyes gazing into her very soul it seemed. “Ah . . . yes.” Affinity turned her head, trying to catch her thoughts, as she said, “Brevity, bring the packet please.”

Affinity thought that being paid first seemed logical, however, it did not seem intelligent to simply hand the entire packet of money promised over to this man and a waiting carriage beyond. When Brevity approached, the Spanish courier’s eyes turned directly to her and Affinity heard Brevity’s catch of breath. Affinity did not blame Brevity, because the Spaniard was a man that women had to adore looking upon. Affinity quickly took the packet from Brevity, but before she handed it to Madame DeJonge’s handsome-Spanish-courier-possible-male-prostitute, she quickly opened the packet and removed roughly half of the contents.

“Tell your mistress that we offer her half in good faith, and to please come in and join us for tea,” Affinity said firmly.

The handsome Spaniard took the money, with a respectful half bow, and then both she and Brevity watched his tall and well-made form stride back to the waiting carriage. His physical form was one to sigh upon, it was lean and muscular, yet not so well turned as Law’s, Affinity decided.

“A *man?*” both Diversity and Caprice exclaimed from their position standing at the entrance to the parlor.

Brevity turned to them nodding, as she conspiratorially whispered, “But, the madame is with him, waiting in the carriage . . . ?”

“*Here* she comes,” Affinity said quickly as she watched a somber dressed and completely veiled figure alight from the carriage. “At least she appears discreet,” Affinity added hopefully.

“Should I wait or go back?” Brevity asked, sounding as anxious as Affinity felt.

“Wait in the parlor with the others. I will bring her in if all proceeds well,” Affinity advised Brevity, but she did not turn to look at her, instead keeping her eyes on the approaching Madame DeJonge and the handsome Spaniard as they approached. It seemed they were to have two guests, and Affinity wondered frivolously if the Spanish courier could overtake her and her friends for nefarious reasons at the madame’s orders. He was likely brought for Madame DeJonge’s own protection, Affinity chided herself, and this was the *daring* part of being daring.

Madame DeJonge was a petite and well-rounded woman and as she drew near, Affinity saw that her gown was very expensively made in deep midnight purple and not black. Not knowing how to proceed, especially since ladies did not normally meet visitors on their doorstep, Affinity held out her hand in welcome. It was best to be forthright, she thought. “Madame DeJonge, I am Affinity and I want to welcome you.”

Madame DeJonge stopped before her with the handsome Spaniard at her side. Affinity could not make out much of Madame DeJonge’s features through the shadowy veil that she wore. However, her voice when she spoke was light and airy with a French accent. “Lady Affinity, I simply *had* to meet zee woman of zee most unusual request.”

Affinity nodded and said, “But sincere request, Madame DeJonge.”

“*Oh*, I think I like you,” Madame DeJonge declared, with her gloved hand reaching forward to take Affinity’s hand. “Perhaps honest, appearing sincere,” Madame DeJonge continued as though adding up a list of Affinity’s qualities. “Yet mature. All would be lost, if you were ziss silly girl, I would throw up my hands and leave. I must say I feared ziss.”

Affinity released Madame DeJonge’s hand. “I am honored for the compliment, madame. Would you like to come inside and have tea with my friends and me?”

“*Oh*, Sebastian, she has invited me to tea. How cultured you are *mon* Lady Affinity. Ziss ess good . . . all good.” Madame DeJonge proceeded through the door with the handsome Spaniard named Sebastian directly behind her, as she advised, “Sebastian will accompany me, *oui*?”

“Of course,” Affinity offered, feeling on the one hand that she did not wish to upset the “deal” as it were, however on the other hand wondering how forthright the discussion could become with a man present.

Affinity stared forward to guide Madame DeJonge and Sebastian toward the parlor, but it was then that she noticed that Sebastian was carrying a small leather satchel. How she had missed it in all the excitement, she did not know, and the sudden knowledge of it now made her very nervous. Thieves surely carried satchels such as this filled with the underhanded tools of their trade.

“Might I take that for you, Mr. Sebastian?” Affinity offered lamely, as she halted right before the parlor entryway.

“Non-Non, Lady Affinity,” Madame DeJonge said, sailing past Affinity as she was removing her veil and bonnet. “I must have zee satchel. These things we will be needing.”

Oh my. But Affinity lost her immediate concern for the next few moments over the possible nefarious reasons for the satchel’s presence, as more important events came to light, like the first view of Madame DeJonge’s face and the introduction to her friends. Madam DeJonge was an attractive older woman with rich auburn hair and dark eyebrows, perhaps wearing a bit too much lavender coloring over her eyes and red rouge on her slightly plump cheeks. But her smile appeared genuine and her manner was forthright. Introductions were made quickly, and Affinity’s friends all sent questioning looks at her, and then at the Spaniard.

Madame DeJonge broke the awkwardness, as she said, “*Mon* Lady Brevity, Lady Caprice, and Lady Diversity, this is Sebastian and he will be helping us in ziss most unusual instructions today.” Then, Madame DeJonge added, “Oh, you are all so *bravura!* I am impressed and I might try to convince you to come work for me as Sebastian does.”

The tea cup Affinity was handing to Madame DeJonge rattled noticeably, then Sebastian chuckled, sitting beside Madame DeJonge on the settee with the satchel at his feet. Brevity beside her, at the intimate sound coming from the handsome exotic, nearly spilled the tea out of the cup she was handing to Sebastian.

Madame DeJonge was clearly pleased at being served tea. “Ladies, there are none of zee parents about that would set zee Bow Street Runner on Madame DeJonge ess there?”

“No, none at all,” Affinity said, as they all shook their heads solemnly. “We are completely private.”

“Very good then,” Madame DeJonge said, sitting forward and setting her teacup and saucer on the table between them. “Now what ess it you young ladies wish to know from Madame DeJonge?”

The moment had arrived, and Affinity glanced uncomfortably at Sebastian. She had stated quite clearly in her missive to Madame DeJonge that they wished instruction to the fullest extent on intimate relations between a man and a woman. However, Affinity understood if this conversation were to be open and the least bit comfortable, it must begin now.

“We desire, Madame DeJonge, that you would share with us all things sexual,” Affinity stated briskly, with as unaffected manner as she was able. “Ah, from the very beginning that is,” she added

“And zee purpose, ladies?” Madame DeJonge paused expectantly. “You will tell me zee purpose.”

“*To* catch husbandsss,” Brevity blurted, with long edges to her lisp.

“Oh, how clever of you!” Madame DeJonge exclaimed. “And ziss sound that you have, Lady Brevity, when you speak, ess very seductive

and foreign. Men will love ziss. Just as Sebastian's and mine. It will, how you say, intrigue . . . *oui*, Sebastian?"

"Titillate, Madame DeJonge," Sebastian practically purred with his rolling tenor accent. "*Captura*, completely." Sebastian's suggestive gaze, filled with darkening brown heat was all for Brevity, whose cheeks washed pink beneath his scrutiny.

Every one of the Lady Rogues felt instantly relieved and then burgeoning with confidence that they had made the right choice, after Madame DeJonge's generous compliment of Brevity.

"*Oui*," Madame DeJonge agreed with Sebastian, then she turned her dark eyes on all of them. "And ziss ess why we have Sebastian with us today. Have any of you ladies seen zee male body before?" Madame DeJonge paused . . . then she said slowly. "Naked?"

"P-Perhaps parts," Affinity stuttered, reprimanding herself for her wavering words. The rest of her friends shifted in their seats trying to remain blasé in their appearance, however, the excited energy newly formed in the room could not be denied. Then, Sebastian stood suddenly, taking off his jacket as he did so, and Affinity lately thought to add, "But, we do not want sex here and now, just to learn about it."

Sebastian's answering chuckle shivered down all of their spines, as Madame DeJonge said, "I would not be, how do you say, a good business woman, if I did not offer zee services of zee handsome gentleman. So I say, that should any of you lovely ladies change your mind, Sebastian can be enjoyed intimately for another fee." By then, Sebastian had continued untying his shirt and had just pulled it off as Madame DeJonge added, "Even so, ladies, I think it ess best for you to become familiar with zee naked skin on a man."

All of them sat in varying degrees of appreciation, curiosity, and embarrassment, over the spectacular view of Sebastian's naked upper torso. A torso that was lean, but physically roped with muscle made of warmly browned flesh.

Yet they boldly kept their seats, every one of them, as the bare-chested Sebastian walked forward and paused in front of each of them, taking one hand and bowing over it for a moment, while he placed their hand briefly on his bare chest. Steadfastly, causing a bit of serious blushing among her friends. Affinity noticed that when Sebastian came to Brevity last, he added a kiss to her hand as well.

"Men desire to be touched as much as women. Ess ziss not so, Sebastian?" Madame DeJonge asked, as she looked at each of them. Sebastian responded with a sensuous grin, but said nothing. "They love for their lovers to be adventurous and playful. No pouts. Ziss ess most important, to not say 'no' to your man. There ess nothing a good man can do with his woman that she will not enjoy to try, *oui*."

Sebastian returned to Madame DeJonge's side and she reached up stroking her hand over the bronzed-skin and dark hair on his muscular chest. "They in turn appreciate a woman who ess open and receptive. She

must be willing to give zee pleasure as well as receive it. Have you ever given your body joy from the females lower lips?" Pausing, Madame DeJonge looked at them. "Ah, I see you *have* felt between your thighs. Have you touched ziss place and made it weep zee pleasure?"

Affinity was taken by surprise from watching Madame DeJonge's fingers lightly tracing over the mounded sinew on Sebastian's chest, and she, as all her friends found herself blurting out, "Yes."

"Excellent," Madame DeJonge said, "Then, all of you know how *you* want to be touched and caressed. Perhaps, you dream how you wish a man would put his breath on your skin, or his mouth, or zee lick of his tongue. Men have zee same pleasure and dreams. Do you see?" Madame DeJonge asked, as she stroked lower over the obvious bulge in Sebastian's breeches. "Just speaking of ziss has aroused our beautiful Sebastian."

Affinity saw Diversity waving her napkin in front of her face as she sucked in her own heated breath. The long outline beneath the black of Sebastian's breeches was impressive looking, and while Madame DeJonge stroked the projecting length, the tanned-skinned and lightly ridged muscles in Sebastian's belly tighten visibly to show six well-defined ribs of sinew.

"Ziss ess the essences, *mon* ladies. The shaft of a man's passion. A woman who worships ziss freely has her gentleman's desire captured. I instruct all my ladies to love ziss with abandon."

"But h-how?" Affinity asked, clearing her throat with a catch.

"I could do ziss now with Sebastian's lovely cock? Or I have another way. It ess important to *love* a man's cock, cherie. Zee woman must adore it with her hands, her lips, her mouth, her tongue, zee breath . . . her sex . . . and her bottom."

"It is called a *cock* then?" Diversify asked.

"It is called many-many things, zee cock, zee dick, zee penis, prick, or *en bitte* as they say in French," Madame DeJonge replied.

"A dong," Sebastian added suddenly, in his deep voice.

"*Oui*, your favorite, I am certain," Madame DeJonge said to Sebastian, obviously squeezing his personal "dong" to the flattening of Sebastian's lips. Then, Madame DeJonge's fingers patted his penis several times, as she said, "Now hand me zee satchel and sit beside me, Sebastian. I can see zee ladies are not quite ready for zee sight of your lovely cock."

Affinity tried to become alarmed again about the satchel, however, her senses were distracted by the undertow of arousal thrumming through her body. She watched Sebastian hand the satchel to Madame, and then Madame DeJonge's gloved fingers were opening it.

"Have any of you ladies heard of a *godemiché* before?" Madame DeJonge asked, reaching into the satchel. Affinity's laden mind tried to place the French phrase without any success as she watched Madame

DeJonge pulling a long black object out of the satchel. “Ziss means leather shaped, like zee penis, *oui*?”

They all gasped in varying degrees of wonder as Madame DeJonge stroked the leather padded and rather large penis-shaped object. “I have one of these for each of you at a small extra fee, *oui*?”

Affinity nodded rather stupidly, agreeing, she imagined. She had no idea anything like this existed, and if she had not seen Law’s real one, she would say the size and length of the *godemiché* was unbelievable.

“You will each take one of these, then and I will instruct you how to stroke it, *oui*?” Madame DeJonge said enticingly.

It could have been a comedy, four proper ladies, sitting in a front parlor, with a “real” madame, and each stroking *godemichés*. However, they were all quite serious about the need to learn, and then strangely the entire encounter was becoming arousing.

“Circle zee base firmly with your fingers snug around.” Madame DeJonge demonstrated with her own example. “Stroke zee cock to zee top, skimming over zee head like so.” All eyes were on her hand. “Now tightened your fingers and slide back down zee shaft.” As Madame DeJonge watched their attempts, she kept talking. “Now you must do ziss many times, and as you stroke your lover, zee cock, you will slowly begin to increase your stroking. You will start at zee small pace and move faster as your gentleman gets more excited.”

Sebastian shifted and his bent legs opened wider as though he could not hold them closed, with Madame DeJonge glancing sideways at him, patting his thigh. “*Oui*, Sebastian?” she asked.

“Spit,” he answered in a rather husky-roughened voice.

“*Oui*,” Madame DeJonge acknowledged, turning her gaze to their industrious stroking methods. “Men love earthy, *mon* ladies, zee sweat, *la blanc*, zee juices that flow from our bodies, and as Sebastian reminds me zee spit.” Madame DeJonge shifted slightly sideways in her seat so everyone had a good view. “You can wet your palm slowly with your tongue, enticing your gentleman as you do, *oui*. Then, take zee liquid back to zee cock and lubricate it . . . Another way ess to wet zee cock with your mouth and tongue and ziss brings us to another way to stroke a man . . . Zee male cock *sucking*, and ladies, I say ziss here, that your mamas would *never* tell you. Ziss ess a man’s *favorite* request at my salon and you must always take zee seed that is ejaculated into your mouth.”

“Swallow,” Sebastian added, in a near male purring.

Then, suddenly Brevity’s *godemiché* toppled out of her fingers landing with a clatter on the polished wood flooring at her feet.

“Senorita,” Sebastian said, immediately rising to go and pick up the leather penis. However, Brevity was bowing over and reaching forward for it at the same time, so that their heads knocked lightly. Sebastian grasped her hand, steadying her, as he brought the lengthy artificial penis up between them. “Let me help you, sweet,” he said lowly with his brown eyes shining.

“Is this the *true* ssize?” Brevity asked, seemingly caught in the moment with Sebastian kneeling before her.

“For some men, yes. For me, Senorita, it is—,” Sebastian paused, then he added quite by all their surprise, “Longer.”

“*Oui*, our Sebastian is *un étalon!*” Madame DeJonge, proclaimed. A *stallion*, Affinity translated the French word in her mind as Madame DeJonge continued on. “And most men are not ziss. Six or seven inches ess most common.”

“*How* on earth do you get that into your mouth?” Diversity, blurted.

Both Madame DeJonge and Sebastian laughed, and it was not an ungenerous sound of ridicule, but true delight. Then, Sebastian settled slowly onto the floor next to Brevity’s skirt-covered feet as he handed the *godemiché* fully into her small hands.

Madame DeJonge waved her gloved hand, “It can be done, cherie, but more often we pretend enthusiastically that we are taking more than we are.” Sebastian cleared his throat, raising a questioning glance at her and Madame DeJonge laughed, saying, “You are learning also *nes pas*, Sebastian?”

“Apparently so,” he said, nodding his dark head slightly.

Madame DeJonge countered. “Well, darling, can you remember any woman taking your full *en bitte* into their mouths, over and over on each stroke.” Sebastian started to answer, but Madame DeJonge raised her hand to him, and finished saying, “Or did you even care they might not be, because you were in such bliss, darling?”

Instead of looking at Madame DeJonge to answer, Sebastian looked up at Brevity and answered. “Bliss,” he said deeply. “I realize now through the bliss, I never noticed that not one has taken my entire dong into their mouths, stroke after stroke.”

Brevity gasped, of course they all did, each in varying degrees of rising sexual turmoil. Some of them confused that the very thought of taking a man’s cock into their mouth could be arousing in the first place. But not Affinity, she knew the thought was climatically arousing. She just needed to know how!

“Show us *please*, Madame DeJonge,” Affinity found herself pleading softly.

Madame DeJonge smiled at her. It was a knowing smile, but it had hints of kindness in it. “You have zee most need. I already felt ziss. You have someone in mind, *oui?*” Affinity nodded. “Then, cherie, take your *godemiché* and lick your tongue slowly over zee head in circles, while stroking zee base firmly.”

Affinity looked down at her *godemiché* with her mouth suddenly watering. Her need was so great that no perceived shame could over shadow it. She pretended in her mind that she might be alone for a moment to embolden herself. Then, she lapped her tongue outward and over the head.

“Feel for zee slit, then feel zee rim with your tongue, cherie,” Madame DeJonge encouraged.

“*Never* have I seen anything more erotic,” Sebastian said suddenly in a husky whisper.

Affinity barely heard Sebastian’s awe. She was too entranced with the feel of the *godemiché* beneath her tongue, with the shape of the wide bullet head and the smooth texture gliding beneath her tongue. Amazingly, the *godemiché* was anatomically correct. There was a slit embedded where she knew it to be and the rim had a notched V underneath. The feel of it stretching her lips and rubbing the tender inner reaches of her mouth, awoke new feelings inside her for more contact, more stretching, feeling and rubbing deep in her mouth.

Madame DeJonge’s instructions, sounded hushed, and seemed to come to her in slow motion. “Lick zee rim underneath. Press zee head in your mouth slowly. Suckle. Stroke ziss base. Faster. Deeper. *Oui, Oui*,” Madame DeJonge exclaimed, and clapped her hands, jolting Affinity out of her mesmerizing endeavor. “You see, and some of ziss strokes into your mouth you have taken zee cock to zee base and they never know it ess not each time.”

Affinity released the *godemiché* from her mouth, barely able to believe what she had done—and in the presences of others. But, bless her friends, and then especially Caprice for her empathy.

“*Oh*, and can we use the *godemiché* on ourselves?” Caprice asked excitedly, breaking Affinity’s embarrassed tension at her outlandish carnal display with a provocative question that fit the situation.

“Of course,” Madame DeJonge nodded. “But, if you are zee virgin, you will want to be very careful. You should not take zee *godemiché* more than three inches inside, or your mamas will be so very angry if you lose your precious virginity.”

Then, the afternoon wore on with intimate instructions of French kissing, clitoris and pussy licking, fortification and the different positions used. Their knowledge grew as their vocabulary expanded also, so that copulation became “fucking,” their sex was called pussy or cunt, and a male’s seed was called “come.” Such heady words, earthy sounding, but now they knew their actions. So much intimacy, so much extraordinary knowledge and frankly so much arousal, left all of them, save perhaps Madame DeJonge and Sebastian, dazed.

Madame DeJonge, who was ever the business woman, sold them the *godemiché*’s, and a creamy lubricant used for sexual purpose, and tins of French condoms. She also said discreetly, should any of their friends be interested in instructions such as this, she would be available for the same fee. Then, she also suggested that they could see *all* of Sebastian’s anatomy for a soaring fee and double that, they could practice their newly formed skills upon him . . . in privacy of course!

Affinity declined for all of them. Somehow, it seemed that paying for such intimacy made it feel involuntary, as though taking from Sebas-

tian something he would not give freely. Brevity in particular appeared quite relieved as she caressed a strand of Sebastian's hair without him realizing it.

Then, the most amazing afternoon was over and Madame DeJonge and Sebastian were taking their leave. "I might not have agreed had you not treated me with ziss generosity of spirit and respect that you did," Madame DeJonge said. "Zee tea was very beautiful."

Affinity thanked Madame DeJonge, while noticing Sebastian bowing over Brevity's hand, kissing it, and when he rose he leaned forward to whisper something in her ear. Then, Sebastian and Madame DeJonge were both gone, and the door shut firmly.

"*What* did he say?" Diversity and Affinity asked Brevity at the same time.

"He ssaid," Brevity answered, clutching her bosom with her skin flushing pink. "*Come* to me."

They all gasped, now they all knew the double entendre of the before seemingly innocent word "come."

Chapter Eight

Law stood beneath a droopy elm tree in front of Lady Affinity Redgrift's London abode. It was midnight, one week to the hour of their last encounter. He was angry and it was hard to contain, and he was intrigued and that was even more impossible to control. *She had touched his dick.* No lady did such a thing, but Affinity *was* a lady. A pure bred one. He had not been idle in learning all that he could about Lady Affinity Redgrift in his week of confusion and simmering anger.

Damnation, she had his journal. The seductive minx had his life in her hands. It was disconcerting to have his private sexual thoughts pried into, but more than that it was devastating that anyone of Affinity's station learn his secret . . . that he was the Benefactor. One wrong word from her petal soft lips, or one wrong excited tittering of gossip and his mission would be at an end. Then how could he atone, he thought, even as he knew there was no possible way he could ever right his wrong doing?

Law settled his shoulder against the roughened bark of the elm tree as he inhaled slowly on a cigarillo. The fog was dense enough that his darkly clothed figure became a shadow in the shifting mists. The fog condensed everything around him, holding the smoke from his cigarillo like a tangible thing, with the scent wafting strongly in his nostrils. The sudden image of Magdalena laughing as she coughed ridiculously after trying a puff of one of his cigarillos sprang into his mind. Thoughts of that time always seemed to haunt him more when he could smell the smoke the strongest.

He had seemed so young then, yet it had only been three years ago that he was a first captain in England's finest military. Then, he had been a second son and all second sons dutifully joined the military. His joining found him immediately embroiled in the Spanish War. A hellish action that no proper English gentleman would have fathomed in their wildest dreams. There was no way a man could prepare for the horror of war and the complete foreignness of a country so far away, and he knew that logically, yet one has to live it to understand the compelling strangeness of it all.

Nonetheless, that was no excuse for his inexperience and for his devastating naiveté. It had cost Magdalena her life. Magdalena, the beautiful whore who had saved his life, just as he had ended hers. He had berated himself a thousand times and in a thousand different hells for not realizing that an English officer's presence in a Spanish whore's adobe hut could get her killed.

But, she had to know, Law thought, tilting his head back against the tree, she had to know how dangerous it was. He had simply thought that if the Spanish found him, they would capture him as a prisoner. A truly naive Englishman's thinking. But, Spain was not England and war was not civilized, it was ugly and dirty.

He had been only two weeks off the ship, when in a horrible and bloody fight, in a dark, dank, and nearly impassible jungle, he had been injured and splintered from his main fighting regiment. He had alternately walked and hid for days without water with a piece of shot in his arm. By that time, he supposed he was hallucinating, when he stumbled into a fair sized Spanish town. However by then, if they took him as a prisoner, he might have counted it a blessing. But this town was far north of the fighting, and at first glance as he stumbled through what appeared to be the main dirt street, none of the people looked like the Mexican military, but like peasants and common folk.

That was where Magdalena found him crumpled against an adobe wall, nearly unconscious. He hoarsely begged her for water, then he passed out, and when he woke days later he was laying in her scarce adobe hut. She was young and kind, but poor beyond description, and the first thing she asked him for was money. He gave her his father's gold watch, and just that simple action brought such joy to her.

He had healed and basked in her youth, and they had become lovers. Many times she had asked about England, and he knew as one does, that part of her continued interest and kindness in him was with the hope he might take her there. Take her away from the squalor she lived in, and her firm young body, so sexually eager to please him, had thrilled his masculinity, but also obscured the horrors that he had seen. The ones that he knew it was his duty to return to.

Then, he made the fatal mistake. He felt so alive and he had seen so much death, the spirit of life inside him was unreasonable. He had left the adobe hut and wandered the village. He had been seen. Tragically, he had even been seen wearing his uniform. How mindless he was not to think that men from his country had killed brothers, husbands, and the loved ones of the people from the village.

He was never certain who it was, which man in the village or perhaps it was someone from the Mexican military. He never knew. He only knew that a trap must have been set to kill him, not simply capture him as he would so naively think, if he thought of it at all. And plans set with no thought to Magdalena's presence beside him. Magdalena must have heard about the plan somewhere, because she tried to stop it, and that is

when she had been killed in the shots fired on him. She had died in his arms, broken and bleeding, still begging him to take her to England.

He could still remember the blood, and the joy in Magdalena's dark eyes when he had said, "yes" he would take her with him. Then she had died, as he knew she would in that horrible moment, and nothing had ever devastated him as much as having a woman die in his arms. To die because of him. He had barely made it out alive after leaving Magdalena's bleeding body behind.

Law winced, grating his head against the tree. They said time healed and the memory did not bleed as badly as it once had. He had fought the rest of his term of service in a daze, surprised still that he had survived. It had seemed at times that he willed his death. Then, upon his return to England, he had found his own brother dead of a simple and foolish horse racing accident, leaving him now the Duke of St. Martin. Yet, he had been too fanatic in his grief. It had suffocated him, until in a drunken motley state he had come across a street walker being attacked. Her screams had jolted his drunken mind and without a second thought he had plowed into her attacker. The blackguard had fled, but the prostitute was injured by a knife wound to her chest.

Rosie was her name and she was as plump and pleasant as a tart cherry pie. He had saved her, and then suddenly he had found the pain of his existence eased. Rosie had lived and as she did, he found himself speaking to her of a different life. Each word he spoke seemed to heal him and make him more whole, and when she had agreed to finally take his help . . . he had smiled.

He had felt guilty about that smile immediately afterwards, yet twenty dozen smiles later in his life, he did not feel guilty any longer. He wondered now, as anger simmered inside him while looking up at Affinity Redgrift's bedchamber, if the time had not nearly come for him to forgive himself.

Law extinguished his cigarillo, then he turned and climbed the elm tree and followed the largest branch over to the balcony he knew to be outside Affinity Redgrift's bedchamber. What he was doing was completely out of his nature. He intended to get his journal back, that part was true, but he also intended to find a way to blackmail Affinity into not speaking of his hidden work.

Nevertheless, it was the other intentions inside him that he dared not look at too closely. Like the fact that he had never taken his cock in hand and relieved his arousal of that night or the fact of his intrigue about Affinity's intense curiosity over him and her seemingly unconventional methods of doing—. *What?*

All that he knew for certain was that he could still feel Affinity's body pressed to his and her finger sliding over the wet slit of his cock.

Chapter Nine

Affinity squinted at the page she was reading as she lay on top of her bed covers with her night gown pulled upward and bunched around her waist. The *godemiché* lay beside her on the bed as she read a passage in Law's journal.

. . . Mary, with her dusty blonde hair and her blush petal lips, so thin as to be emaciated, has revealed to me the greatest gift a man could possess. It is the art of cunt licking. And I must say here that I am invigorated. My dreams each night since hearing of this have been fulsome with images of women's bared pussy's that are wet, swollen, and rosy. Each dream-filled pussy is splayed and begging for my tongues caresses. The wonder that a man can give a woman such pleasure is emboldening.

I understood before, have witnessed it in fact, that a woman does receive pleasure from the thrust of a man's cock, but never with this method and to these heights as I now understand. Ah, and the method. Could the method be more enticing for a man to do? Taking your woman's sex into your mouth and tasting the heat of it. Feeling the pinpoint throbs and the deep inner flesh leaving wetness on your mouth from the musky lips or deeper.

To take a woman and hold her down so. To have her spread her thighs and raising her long soft limbs as though an altar for a man to worship upon. Then, the talent of it that Mary described. She instructed me to long slow licks of the tongue to start. She named the bud of every woman's pleasure as the clit, clitty, or love button. How a man should stroke this furrowed button with the tip of his tongue. In doing so it fills with passion and thrusts upward to meet his tongue pleading for more attention. Then, as the woman's excited moans quicken, the man's tongue should follow them in speed, circling, then licking . . .

I am uncertain if I can continue here, my senses are so heightened that my fingers tremble and my cock throbs stiffly between my thighs.

(Hours later . . . I could not stop myself, nor in my damnation did I want to. I took my insolent cock to my hand as my mind filled with dreams of a woman's pussy beneath my eager mouth. I am sated now, beyond understanding. My seed is spent. Yet, I promise myself to write again of this masturbation. I want to explore a man's masturbation and my deep feeling toward it . . .)

"Oh hh," Affinity moaned, clenching her eyes. Why could she not climax? What was holding her back? She sighed and tucked Laws' journal under the pillow beneath her head, then she lay staring at the canopy overhead. All she had to do was touch the throbbing place between her thighs, but something held her back. Some unseeable force made it seem less than fulfilling.

She had wanted to insert the *godemiché* partially inside herself to see how it felt. Dream more of Law, if she were honest. She needed a plan to see him again. Another scheme. He would be angry that she had his journal. *Oh yes*, he would be, and she needed to return it. But how could she intrigue him and try to seduce him, when she had committed this crime against him.

It was very complex. She had to come up with a brilliant scheme, first to override his anger, then to entice him. Perhaps, she could pretend to be a prostitute? He was so sympathetic toward them. If she just did not admit being a prostitute outright, but hinted at it, therefore not exactly lying to him, yet letting him assume.

Hmm, Affinity yawned, she needed to think on this very carefully. If her campaign for Law were to work at all, she needed to find ways to spend time in his company. Perhaps, she could blackmail him with her knowledge of his Benefactor's exploits. Surely some type of kindly blackmailing had possibilities? Affinity sighed again as her eyes closed and she let her thoughts float freely through her vivid imagination.

Click . . .

The French door was open, and the room beyond was dark, but not so dark that it only took a few moments for Law's eyes to adjust. His cock was hard and beating a heavy timbre in his skin-tight riding breeches. The erotic quality of the moment was whirling around him, nagging him incessantly. But he needed to act decisively, even though everything about this was horribly improper, nearly criminal. However, Affinity Redgrift had set the stage, not him, so he let his anger rise to the forefront, overriding his moral unrest, and then he strode forward to the bed and his victim.

He was unclear as to exactly what his next action would be. Perhaps to pounce, certainly to cover Affinity's mouth and capture her wrists, holding her prisoner to his voice and commands. However, he was instantly pulled up short, to a jerking halt in his stride at the end of her bed, by the sight that met him.

Lord, she was naked . . . naked splendor with her waist, hips, curving legs, and her *cunt* exposed. A tufted mound, bared to his view. Lady Affinity Redgrift lay tumbled on top of her bed, not beneath the covers, with a filmy white nightgown rustled upward and lying just underneath her breasts. Her lower half was nude and beside her lay a large black artificial penis. *Godemiché*, he had heard the prostitutes call them, and suddenly Law realized that his hand was stretched outward to her. His fingers reaching toward the moist pearly slit of her sex as his body was bending.

He nearly stopped himself for his folly, for the complete wrongness of what he wanted to do. That was only one split moment of sanity in the drenching lust pounding through his body. That devil-lust that said she was asking for it. She was not like other woman, but a sexual creature of need. No logic or sanity would serve him in this moment of avid need. She had touched his seeping tumid slit. She had dipped her finger in the seed oozing from that slit, and now he would finger her wet puffy cleft.

The pillowed tops of her cunt were outlined with soft brown-shaded ringlets. The curls were backdrops for the beckoning cleft, and his finger met the delicate hair, then the tender wet flesh beneath. *Wetness*.

Oh God, it clung to his finger as he traced the hot cleft of Affinity's cunt from deep below, up to the very top. Sweat beaded on his upper lip as the top of his gaze caught sight of the quivering satin flesh of Affinity's belly. Instantly, his gaze raised with his finger still seated on the tender lips of Affinity's pussy. Their gazes collided. He could not tell the color of her eyes other than the darkness and arousal clinging deeply within them.

"*Law*," she beckoned softly, not fearful or alarmed, but husky sounding with desire.

Then his cock made his finger move, dipping down once more and stroking over the quivering petals of her cunt. *Lord*, she was the most desirable thing he had ever envisioned and he watched her face, seeing it for the first time, as it molded in pleasure. A pleasure beyond her control, because she was a slave to it as he was. She was ready for him, laying needy and wanting. She must have fallen asleep that way, and his every finger petting of her cunt moved her body to his rhythm.

Her moans escaped, tripping from her throat in the dark shadows of the room. She was soft and helpless with need, and begging him with her gaze. Her hips undulated upward as her thighs quivered open, baring her soul to him. The carnal eroticism of the big black cock laying next to her pale woman's body raped his senses.

"Taking your woman's sex into your mouth and tasting the heat of it," Affinity murmured with enticement, command, and pleading all in her sensual purring.

"*Lord*, you wicked vixen," Law rasped with a husky growling in his voice. She used his own words to enslave him. But his fingers were prisoners in her cunt.

“Feeling the pinpoint throbs,” she moaned. “And the deep inner flesh leaving wetness on your mouth from the musky lips or deeper,” she moaned again, and it was to the lust throbbing in his body.

Then, Law did growl as the meaning of *his* words, but her voice, thrashed his senses and he came up onto the bed, gripping her thighs now and tugging them apart. He split her femininity open to his gaze. “I should *thrash* you,” he uttered harshly. “I should turn your ass up and whip it. Not . . . !”

“I am defenseless beneath you,” Affinity cried passionately. “I beg you. I will give you anything. I beg you!” she mewled with her body shaking in need.

The scent of her lust clung to his nostrils and wormed through his veins. The sight of her cunt forced open to his gaze, began leaking seed out of the slit of his cock in throbs, straining his breeches. Her clit jutted upward, swollen and rosy, and the words “love button” fevered his senses. His hands had wills of their own as they tugged her toward him bouncing her buttocks and breasts, while his head lowered. He was insane in that moment for even considering doing what he would do, what he *had to* do, and what the woman beneath him was begging him to do.

Affinity cried out, clutching Law’s thick hair sluicing between her fingers as the heat of his mouth branded her. His lips followed his hot breath, kissing her tender flesh as nothing had ever caressed her before.

She could believe nothing else. She could be nothing else, as her desire soared beyond any of her imaginings, and Law’s voice growled with a sound of triumph and pleasure against her pussy lips. Her hips bowed upward as she gasped, and then he rucked her legs up over his shoulders. His hands grasped the cheeks of her buttocks, groping each as his tongue lapped deeply, between her smoldering pussy lips.

She panted, nearly screaming as she stuffed her fist into her mouth, and then Law lapped her clitoris with the flat of his tongue. Her entire body jolted in bliss and Law growled again answering her reaction. He drank on her clitoris as if he were parched and her hips began to rock in a frantic rhythm. It was as though he wanted to smear her essence on his mouth, and the tip of his tongue tortured pleasure again and again over her clit.

He would never get enough of this. Never! It was the life blood of any male, licking his woman’s sex, readying her, taking her beneath him, smelling and tasting her desire for him. Law had to hold Affinity down to his licking, because her hips were so wildly wanting to move. But she was his in this moment. *Completely* his . . . and he had never felt such power. Then, he took her fully with his tongue, thrusting it deep inside her vagina, while his upper lip covered her clit. Her curving and plush body arced upward beneath him, sliding his tongue deeper into her hot sheath, a sheath that leaked musky juices on his face and clutched in quivers around his tongue.

Lord! Nothing had ever ravaged him this deeply before. This was perfection! This was ecstasy. This was blinding uncontrollable need. And he did it again. He lapped his tongue from her sheath, and then plunged it inward once more. Affinity jolted beneath him with an elongated moan that he knew was a scream muffled beneath her fist.

It was then that he felt on his tongue and mouth, what his cock had only felt before. *A woman's climax.* Affinity's thighs clamped against his face as her pussy throbbed ecstatically over his tongue. He could feel the bliss-filled torture of it and it ran through his body like wild fire. It hit his cock like a ram and suddenly out of nowhere he ejaculated. The rapture of it slammed into him, bowing his body as he voraciously drank Affinity's climax into his mouth and against his tongue. His cock bucked in his tight breeches and threw seed again, tearing a groan from his throat.

Still, he held Affinity's cunt to his mouth with his body rigid, lest he fall over, and he felt the last throes of her climax thrash against his mouth. He could barely breathe or think for several moments, but his first coherent thought was that he wanted to do it again.

How could a man ever be the same after something like this and for the first true time in his life, he understood the lure of prostitutes. Something as powerful as he had just experienced could obsess anyone into a lifetime pursuit. And, he did not think that proper English ladies, the married wives of noblemen, would ever consider anything so earthy in their beds. He now knew some of the reasons his fellow noblemen sought mistresses so heartily.

But Affinity had. Affinity, who had to be a virgin, she, a young miss in her first London season, husband hunting. He knew that because he had inquired about her, and all single young women within her age group were. But now, he was not thinking as much with his cock as he had all week, and his anger had never been abated, only side tracked. Law looked at Affinity's naked body with her legs thrown up over his shoulders and his mouth still seated to her pussy. Now was not the time for regrets or recrimination, because he had a vexing and completely unnatural woman, at her most vulnerable.

His tongue rasped leaving her sheath, then bringing her juices onto the roof of his mouth. He was marked with her scent and taste, and he was also vulnerable, however, he was stronger than she. She was soft and pliable, nearly fainted in the aftermath of pleasure, as he lowered her buttocks to the bed. Her legs fell down to the crook of his arms and the position brought them full-circle. He clothed, shielded now and stronger, while she lay naked and open before him. The trust in that tried to cool his anger and determination, yet he thrust that aside. Questions had to be answered and motives needed to be revealed.

"Your pleasure," Affinity whispered, clasping her hand over his hands where he held her bare hips. She started to lift her body upright with her words. "I want to give you as much pleasure as you have given me."

“I see. *Would* you like me to *take* your virginity so that you could plot to ensnare me into marriage?” Law accused her harshly, dragging Affinity down onto the bed again with his hands clamped over her wrists.

He tugged her wrists over her head with the weight of his body cradled between her bare thighs, as she cried softly, “No, that is not my intention!”

He glared down at her noticing her crooked front tooth and the light freckles across her nose. Lady Affinity Redgrift was a terrible liar, it shown straight through her hazel eyes sprinkled with gold flecks. Her long brown hair fanned out on the bed around them as she looked up at him seriously. “I would want no one that did not want me. I just—I just wanted to investigate the possibility.”

“These events are absurd for a lady,” Law accused.

Affinity huffed with telltale tears shining in her eyes. “I am original or trying to be and I would *never* try to ensnare you with the taking of my virginity!”

“And my proof lies here?” Law asked roughly, as he humped his hips against her.

“*Oh*,” Affinity gasped, and if it was from what he said or the feel, he was unsure. “I swear I would never *ensnare* you and I would put it to paper vowing it. I simply find you attractive, besides, I won’t let you take my virginity!”

Law snorted. The woman was completely mad, yet her voluptuous body moving beneath his was waking his cock again. Incredible! “So all this is simply because you find me attractive? You pry like a criminal into my life, break into my home, steal my possessions . . . And this is supposed to endear me to you?”

Affinity gasped, biting her bottom lip with that endearing crooked tooth of hers, and then she blurted, “Well you are here and-and, I want to do it again!”

“*Lord*,” Law swore, just as he pushed his body forcefully upward, releasing Affinity’s wrists. Then, he shoved upright off the bed. If he stayed in that position any longer he would be “doing it” again as Affinity put it.

Affinity came upright in the bed as he landed on his feet beside it and as she did so the nightgown’s exposure traded places. The filmy white material fell down over her hips, but the top with its loose collar slid down over her breasts baring them. Some buttons must have come undone surely, he thought, as he ogled her very large breasts. “Cover yourself!” he charged. It was furthest from what he really wanted, which was to play in the bounty of her tits for hours.

“No!” Affinity quipped “Don’t you like them?”

She came up on her knees on the bed letting the gown fall to her hips and upper arms as she thrust the large melons of her breasts at him. It was as though she challenged him and her nipples were rucked outward like twin bullets. He had never seen anything so extraordinary. His fingers

curled into his palms. "I ought to turn you over my knee," he accused harshly, turning his gaze away from those opulent breasts with a great deal of willpower.

"Is that exciting, Law?" Affinity asked with an eager voice. "In a sexual way?"

"Good Lord," Law swore with his gaze tracing back to her breasts. "Is that *all* you think of?"

"Yes," Affinity answered without hesitation, and while swaying those beautiful breasts before him. "With you, *about* you, it is all that I think about!"

He was rather stunned. She appeared so honest. It shown heatedly through her hazel eyes and he had to admit she was bared to him. He did not think that he had ever experienced being the object of another person's desire before. It was unsettling. Could that be all that this was? Could all these events that had transpired simply be because of Affinity's lust and interest in him? He was well read and knowledgeable about the fact that women were purporting to revel in the use of their sexual wiles to ensnare men in the great meanderings of fiction. Purposely, he began to move about the room, looking at Affinity's things, but mostly to keep his gaze from Affinity's compelling posture.

And added to that, he left her answer hanging a lonely death.

Oh no, he was not going to acknowledge her confession!

Affinity bit her bottom lip, watching Law's tall shape traverse her room. How could he ignore her enticing near nakedness? Everything that Madame DeJonge had said meant that Law should be on the bed with her with zee hard penis, not looking through her things. She really wished that he would quit doing that also. However, she imagined that he had the right to do it. But she was going to lose him! And, here she had him beside her without any scheme of her own and now she was going to lose him.

Then suddenly, Affinity's gaze focused on what Law held up in his hand. It was her diary! She bounced off the bed with her gown falling below her belly button. "Give that to me! That is mine!"

Affinity stopped at Law's back as he turned to face her with his hands and her diary behind his back. "And, this is *your* personal journal?" he asked, with his voice dripping in newfound slyness.

"It is mine!" Affinity exclaimed, trying to reach behind him, but each time his larger body turned blocking her reach. "Oh you cannot have that, give it back!"

"Where is *my* journal, Affinity?" Law asked firmly.

Affinity stopped bouncing around in front of Law and looked up into his dark eyes. *Of course, what an idiot she was!* Then abruptly she turned and ran back to the bed, diving under the pillow for Law's journal. Once her fingers curled around the leather binding she turned and rushed back to Law.

"I never should have taken this and I do so apologize! I had every intention of returning it!" Affinity exclaimed breathlessly, holding the journal up to Law, who snatched it from her immediately.

Affinity watched Law's journal disappear behind his back and when his hand returned it was empty. "But where is *my dairy*?" Affinity started to exclaim, however, she never got to finish, because suddenly Law's free arm was clamped over the small of her back. He tugged her up against his unmoving body, jostling her breasts highly, as the air jerked from her lungs. Then, Law's upper body pressed forward, further and further, until the buttons on his jacket were biting into the bare flesh of her breasts and she was dangling arched over his forearm.

Oh dear. Affinity clutched Law's broad shoulders on either side with her long hair dangling and pooling on the floor. Law's lips were a breath away, over the top of her lips. "I will *keep* both." His warm breath seared her lips. "*Kiss me,*" he commanded.

Then, in her heightened confusion and well . . . to be honest, her arousing excitement, Affinity only really registered the "kissing" part of Law's words. That compelled her, as her entire body and mind were already allured to do, into the kissing him in a most urgent fashion. However, if she started out the first to kiss, as Law commanded, within one second she was the one being kissed. Consumed was a better word. *Oh my God,* and she could smell the scent of her desire still clinging to him. She could taste herself on his mouth. A mouth that plucked her lips open, just before his tongue swept inside. She moaned senselessly beneath the deeply wild kiss, and she remembered only one instruction coherently from Madame DeJonge's edification on French kissing. *Suck.*

Lord, where had she learned that? He should not be surprised, Law thought as he plunged his tongue repeatedly into Affinity's sweetly hot mouth and she sucked his tongue with abandon. The feel of her dainty inner mouth suckled around his wider tongue nearly lost him again as he carried her back to the bed. Yet this time he kept his will stronger—barely, as he kissed Affinity senseless for long drugging moments. He knew that she was completely dazed, when he lifted his lips from hers, because he was nearly so himself.

"If you speak one word of my hidden work as the Benefactor, Affinity Redgrift, I will *publish* your dairy," Law said in a deep husky-roughened voice against Affinity's lips.

"W-What!" Affinity squeaked, trying to drag her mind into clearing her thoughts. She had heard the words published and dairy. *Publish, dairy?* Her eyes popped open, though lethargically.

"Law!" she exclaimed, but her voice was too husky to sound sharp, and she suddenly realized that Law was gone! She propped up on her elbows with a wobble, looking about the room and the open French door beyond. Law had seduced her with a kiss, and then he had stolen her diary!

Affinity's bottom lip quivered, and then she burst out laughing. *Oh* she should not be joyous, because it was terrible that Law now had her personal diary. But all she could truly think of in her befuddled and aroused state was that *this was going rather well!*

Chapter Ten

. . . My life changed today. It is amazing that it can happen as quickly as that. I have been warring against my existence for a long time. I know the anger inside me has been simmering with indignation for months since starting this first London season. Since I first realized that I have been marked as unwanted and undesired by London's finest.

What a large hole to crawl out of with my silly young dreams of simply wanting to dance with a gentleman. A dance I shall never have.

However, today I threw away those silly young girl dreams and became a woman instead. A woman that will dare to do or to try anything to create the possibilities that I so long for . . .

Law dipped his head looking at the toes of his boots with his legs stretched out in front of him and crossed at the ankles. He knew about dreams and longing. However, he wondered if he were truly as brave as Affinity? He thought not as he looked down at the open page of her diary. He had decided that he would not rifle through her entire life by reading the larger part of her written words. Nonetheless, he was compelled, well actually overpowered, to read her thoughts since they had first met. He consoled himself with the fact that it was now his right.

Simply dance, he thought. Magdalena had danced with him once, just a silly twirl around the room. They had known each other so briefly actually, one week all told, but for some unfathomable reason he knew that Magdalena would like Lady Affinity Redgrift. They both possessed true spirit of life and dauntless bravery to see it through. He realized now, they both possessed much more courage than he did. He who had hidden, afraid to try again, afraid to forgive himself. A forgiveness that Magdalena would have demanded of him if she were alive. Her life and spirit showed him that.

Law turned his gaze to the next passage in Affinity's diary and he saw his name written there.

. . . Lawrence Fabier St. Martin. How can one look . . . one feeling of a man's aura, enamor me so? Am I so desperate? Am I lost? . . .

"No," Law muttered. "No, Affinity."

. . . Yet, I will follow my heart. I will say that I deserve to, for if I am not brave enough to do this, then I am not worthy enough. But, oh, he attracts me so and each new thing that I learn about him makes my heartbeat flutter and my senses come more alive. Dare I say, even to myself, how much I long to be close to him? . . .

Law tilted his head back closing his eyes. Affinity was simply attracted to him. There was no other nefarious reason. She was simply a woman using her god given and sweetly turned wiles upon him. Should he be aghast at her audacity, taken back by her complete boldness, concerned about her unconventional methods or should he simply be flattered?

He chuckled then, unbidden, and the image of Affinity with her hair flowing about her and her breasts bared to his gaze, slipped through his mind. She had vowed passionately that she was not out to catch him by seducing him into taking her virginity, then crying foul. And now he believed her. What was it that he had written to himself in his journal . . . that he wondered if a woman ever thought to touch a man's nipple? Affinity would. Surely, she was a creature of passion. He began reading again

. . . I climaxed, just watching Law. With only my gaze upon him . . .

Law inhaled an instantly heated breath.

. . . The pleasure of it thrashed through my pussy like a tempest storm as I looked at Law's hard cock bared to my view . . .

My God, she had been watching him! Of course she had, yet he had never realized. Those moments, those events were obscured in his voracious arousal at the time. Now his cock was hard, now his cock was calling to her with the thought that she had secretly watched him so intimately and what her reaction to it had been. Then, he realized in his pondering that he had only scratched the surface of erotic nature. This, *here . . . them—that* was the stuff of full-bodied carnal making.

. . . The heat of Law touching my cheek, my throat, searing my skin. The feel of his chest compressing my breasts. The power of his body

encompassing me. His thighs so unyielding and his height over me. But then, I felt true desire . . . Law's rigid cock pressed into my belly. The feel of it flooded my pussy, making the sheath inside me ache and throb. Then, I touched him. I could not help myself. I had to! I touched the heated head of a man's cock this day. I caressed my finger through the slit and it became wet with his seed dripping there . . .

"Lord," Law swore, nearly tossing the diary aside as his cock pitched heavily in his breeches. If he kept reading Affinity's diary, he would easily find himself with his cock in his hand. So determinedly, he rose from his chair before the fire in his study, setting the diary aside to adjust his evening jacket. Then, he tugged gingerly on the narrow pocketed front of his breeches, adjusting his hard cock to a more comfortable tilt beneath. He had a feeling that the boxing match he was set to attend this evening would be at a loss of entertainment for him. His mind would be elsewhere . . . it already was elsewhere.

Where was she? It had been three days since he had visited Affinity's bedchamber in the dark of night. By his reckoning it was her turn for the next move. Law sighed and went to get his evening coat. He really needed to decide what he was going to do about Lady Affinity Redgrift. However, at this precise moment, all he could come up with was his desire to see her naked upon her bed again.

Chapter Eleven

“He wants me,” Affinity muttered as she continued to dress carefully for her planned adventure that evening. “A man does not give a woman heated and mind-bending cunnilingus, just to get his journal back. He could easily just have taken it.”

Her voice sounded certain, she just wished that she was certain, she thought as she adjusted the black lace corset beneath her breasts. It lifted the weight of her breasts to a pertly naked position, held by the corset beneath. Madame DeJonge had said that men wanted to look at their woman, the less dressed the better, but some scanty clothing was reported to be enticing.

Well, this was certainly scanty, Affinity thought looking at herself in the mirror. It was lucky that her mother had started her daughter’s trousseau before her death, because that allowed her to find this beautiful black corset, which she would never have been able to afford to buy now.

She wore the corset because she had to wear stockings, because she ultimately had to wear evening shoes, otherwise she might not wear anything at all beneath her red mink-lined cloak. The luxurious cloak was a gift from Brevity to all the Lady Rogues, along with the red high heeled slippers. It would be the Lady Rogues uniform of sorts and Affinity agreed with them in the fact that it fit their mission and design daringly. Her plan this evening, was to visit Law in a place that he least expected, while wearing nothing under her cloak but the black corset and stockings.

She could ruin her reputation just by going where she was going, a place that only gentlemen, their mistresses, and prostitutes attended. Yet did she really have a reputation to ruin to begin with? Still, she added a bonnet and veil to her ensemble. It was a good thing that she had Aunt Fuchsia and that her uncle paid so little attention to her. Although, Aunt Fuchsia had asked after her health this afternoon, when she had once again used the tried and true lie of not feeling well. Affinity grinned, she had never felt better. She was nervous, but it thrummed in her veins like a heady liqueur.

After she had snuck out of the house, Affinity took a rented hackney to the boxing match. She realized that her one sticking point in this adventure was that she did not have the funds to buy a ticket, nor was she certain how to go about doing so to get inside. That was why they called them adventures, she decided, never once considering what the other men attending the boxing event would be assuming about her presence there. Her thoughts were focused on only one man.

Affinity saw immediately that the location of the boxing match was in a lower-class section of London. Perhaps, she had been wholly wrong in her assumption of who attended these events, because there was a vast quantity of common folk milling about outside the large brick facade of the warehouse. As Affinity stepped down from the hackney, carefully holding the cloak together, she thought that this gathering held the appearance and atmosphere of a rowdy county fair, and her naked flesh shivered beneath her cloak in proportion to her rising alarm.

Too late she turned back to see her hackney already pulling away, then quite suddenly she had to sidestep a group of rambunctious men whose quarrel broke out into fisticuffs before her. Perhaps, this had not been such a winning plan after all, Affinity thought, biting her bottom lip. She could acutely feel her nakedness, and she defensively raised the closed parasol that she had thought to bring along at the last moment. Now she knew why, because somewhere in the back of her love besotted mind her common sense was still valiantly struggling with the idea that if she would do this idiotic thing she should carry some type of defense!

It did not take her long to confirm that she had made a very bad mistake coming here. All the men milling around her thought that she was a prostitute! Of course, ninny! Then what saved her was fear-inspired anger and her ability to use the point of her parasol to advantage. Her anger was a result of the realization that a lady could not walk unmolested in such a public forum. She really had wanted to *see* a boxing match. Nonetheless, Affinity was not sure her anger was going to help her now as she began backing up, nearly tripping at the awkward backward motion in her higher than normal high heeled shoes. Nor was the point of her parasol going to hold out long against the concentrated group of slipshod men trying to surround her.

“Come on with me, fancy, I got a twopence for ye!”

“Hey ya fancy-slut!”

“*Look* here, birdie, I’s got threepence.”

“You just blow me now for a half quid, girlie!”

“Give us a look! Lift them skirts!”

“*Show* us yer snatch!”

Affinity was assaulted by the lurid mens rabid jeers and catcalls. She refused to assess their meaning as she raised the hem of her red cloak readying to run. She jabbed the point of her frilly parasol into the ribs of the boldest villain trying to grab her. The pot-bellied ruffian screeched in surprise and Affinity did not hesitate, but quickly ran past him with a

shriek of her own. She ran as fast as her high heels would allow, while she could hear the men at her back shouting the most vile and embarrassing jibes. Panic overcame her, surely some decent soul would help her, and she drew a breath to scream, but suddenly she tripped!

Law froze in mid-step. He could not believe what his gaze was telling him was true. Yet with no time for second thoughts and with the instinct born through many battles, he pulled one of the two pistols he always carried from his cloak pocket and immediately shot it into the air.

“Unhand the lady!”

Law’s command carried the sharp directive of a military officer. He stood with his legs braced apart, ready for action as he sneered at the felons groping Affinity, who was sprawled on the ground. “*Now!*” he snarled

Affinity, at her first sight of him, cried out his name as she struggled fiercely to free herself from the man who still held her by her arms. The blackguard deftly tugged Affinity to her feet as though she were a mere doll and pulled her body in front of him, to use as a shield as the rest of the mob fell back, edging away from the threat of a pistol. Law took sight of Affinity’s disheveled state. Her bonnet was trampled into the ground at their feet and her hair flew around her like a shawl, while the blood-red cloak that she wore was wrenched off one of her pale shoulders, baring it to the top mound of her breast.

Swearing harshly beneath his breath, Law aimed his remaining loaded pistol at the man’s temple as the ruffian dragged Affinity backwards. “*I repeat!* Unhand the lady!”

“Easy now, gov’nr! You just take yer lady and I’ll be going! No harm done!”

Having shouted that, the bully pushed Affinity forward roughly and with enough force that Law had no choice but to lower his pistol to catch her before she fell. Law grasped Affinity, steadying her as he watched the last blackguard stumble through the crowd. Then, quite without thought, but with great emotion, he pulled Affinity’s trembling body into his embrace.

“*Are* you totally insane?” he exclaimed roughly. He could feel his body vibrating in total collapse of his usual staid demeanor. “Are you hurt, Affinity?” he asked, and he noticed that his voice was shaking as he glared over the top of Affinity’s head to assess any further dastardly attempts.

Affinity shook her head as she frantically burrowed her face into his chest, rubbing her cheek against his fine linen shirt. His hands moved up and down her spine, seeking assurance as he tightened his embrace and her disheveled silky brown hair tickled his throat. He turned them in a circle to surmise if there were any other louts about, and it was quickly apparent that none of the other passers by them had any inclination to tempt his pistol or his devilish scowl, for they all made a wide birth around them. Damnation, he thought his heart would collapse when he’d

seen Affinity, and here of all places, being molested by what he could only dub as a mob of ruffians.

Law could feel the fullness of Affinity's breasts pressed to his chest, and hotly on top of his alarm, a surge of sexual energy flooded his body. For moments, he allowed his body free reins, opening his stance and drawing Affinity closer between his legs, while his hands stopped their roaming over her spine and settled on her delicious bottom, which he cupped warmly. The motion pressed his erect cock into her belly like a waiting pillow.

"*I say, is that Lady Affinity Redgrift?*"

"Oh no!" Affinity gasped, instantly clutching him harder as her body shook more.

Swiftly, Law tugged Affinity forward, but she stumbled against his stride. Then, quickly he reached down, sweeping Affinity up into his arms to carry her as his gaze scanned the crowd for the owner of that voice. He could not tell which man had spoken, nor did he recognize that voice, but he did know this entire episode was a recipe for social disaster.

He did not stop his purposeful stride until he reached his carriage, calling out before him to his driver to turn the carriage about and get them out of the crush of carriages before and aft. Without waiting for an answer, Law threw open the carriage door and stepped up inside with Affinity still in his arms. He sat abruptly in the seat as the carriage jerked with the beginnings of maneuvering out of the tight space. His long arm reached outward and he grabbed the carriage door, slamming it shut. He took one quick look around to see if he could see any familiar face about, but all he saw were the drivers and footmen of different conveyances. Then, he tugged the green velvet curtain closed as he cursed lowly and crassly, while reaching over and closing the other curtain.

He had known before this time that Affinity's antics and his own were ghastly beyond societies norm. He assumed it was one of the reasons he had been so quickly enthralled. Yet, that ominous voice had recognized Affinity for one, and possibly him. It had been like a slap in the face. His anger for Affinity's protection and safety, *and* his sexual arousal, which was riding him hard, was all out of proportion. So much so that he was riding strangely high on his emotions and he found himself forcefully jostling Affinity around and turning her face down over his knee.

"*If you ever dare do this again,*" he hissed through his gritted teeth. "*You could have been raped by that mob!*"

"Law!" Affinity cried, as he clamped his forearm over the small of her back, while his other hand tossed the hem of her cloak upward.

The last thing Law expected to see was a naked ass! Yet, there it was. There was no gown with skirts beneath, but a plump and wriggling bare ass with stockings below and a black corset above. Why this infuriated him further, he had no clue, but his hand came down on those fat alabaster globes with a hearty smack!

“Ow!” Affinity squealed, thrashing her legs and bobbing her head.

“*What* in the hell are you wearing?” he demanded, as his hand lifted upward, then smacked her buttocks again. The woman was naked beneath her cloak . . . well nearly!

“Ow! Ow!” Affinity cried, as she tried to wiggle her small hands around to cover the bare and unprotected exposure of her buttocks. “I was coming to seduce you!”

Well hell, his hand was already descending and the flat of his palm spanked sharply against Affinity’s plump ass cheeks. “*You* will not sit for a week, thinking of your foolhardiness!” Law claimed.

It sounded perfectly rational to him, beside the fact that laying his hand smartly to Affinity’s naked and squirming buttocks was ridiculously arousing him further. Perhaps, it was her seesawing motion across his lap and therefore his rigid cock? It could be his position of dominance over her struggling near nakedness. The view itself was heatedly erotic. Then a lusty whim entered his mind. He wanted to see Affinity’s chubby wriggling ass cheeks stained a rosy pink color.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

“*Oh*, Law! Ouch, *ow* that hurts!” Affinity cried wrestling over Law’s hard thighs, trying to get away from his stinging palm. This was the most humiliating position and feeling, but then shockingly it was arousing her *completely*! “Ow! Ow!”

Law’s hand was so large and he had gotten very enthusiastic, until she could hear the spansks ringing in her ears. *Oh hh*, it burned, but she could not escape. She had no choice but to sprawl over Law’s thighs and take her punishment. Perhaps, that was the root of her thriving arousal. Law was so manly and this was *so* forceful. Somehow, some of the stinging on her bare buttocks became pleasure in her pussy. “*Oh hh hh*,” she moaned suddenly in arousal.

“*What?*” Law asked sharply with his hand stopping its energetic spanking to lay still on her bottom, cupping the cheeks of her bottom warmly.

Then another uncontrolled moan of arousal escaped her throat in tandem with her hips undulating sensually over Law’s lap and his turgidly presented penis beneath. She was passionately seeking more stimulation and pleasures dedicated to her pussy, and she gained leverage with one elbow on the seat allowing her to roll her mound over Law’s penis as she opened her thighs like any eager woman in heat. The cool night air flashed across her juices clinging there, and suddenly she leaped the barrier of longing into overpowering hunger with urgent need.

Chapter Twelve

Law squinted his eyes as his hand groped Affinity's naked ass and she rotated her pubic mound over his rock-hard dick. Somehow passion had sideswiped him by just the mere and thrilling sound of Affinity's arousal, that woman's sound of need and desire roused his senses tenfold, flaming his lust higher.

Then somehow Affinity found purchase, rising upward urgently to meet him with her searing lips covering his, while his hands found the tie to her cloak, pulling it open and tossing it aside, just as Affinity's tongue slid frantically against his tongue. She was forceful in her urgency, pushing him back against the seat as her hands tugged open his jacket, pulling it halfway down his arms. Then she jerked his shirt open, popping the buttons as she bared his chest, while kissing him wildly.

He could only raise his hands to amorously fondle and grope her nude buttocks and hips as she slathered his jaw with torrid kisses, moving down the side of his throat. When she passed his collarbone and reached the muscular left mound of his chest, she began to nibble, then kiss, then nibble. A groan was tossed from his throat as his fingertips caressed through the crack of her ass.

Affinity moaned against his chest, wriggling her ass higher as though begging for more, so he did it again, intimately thrilled, feeling the sultry heat around the pearl of her anus, and then he dipped his fingers a bit lower to the puffy bottom lips of her cunt. The wetness drooling there incited his ardor and he relished the knowledge that these juices readying her pussy was all for him.

Affinity swayed her ass for him as she latched onto one of his nipples with her lips and she sucked on the nub enthusiastically. His body tensed with the carnal sensation as he gritted his teeth in bliss. Then he realized that he was holding back his response from her knowledge and he groaned showing his appreciation. *No, Lord, more.* "God, yes, Affinity, bite it."

Affinity hummed in excitement against his nipple as he circled his finger over the yielding pearl of her ass, and then she bit the very tip of his nipple.

“Yes,” he hissed with unique pleasure thrashing through his gut, then lower spiking his cock. Yet Affinity was already there nibbling and licking his taut belly, wetting his flesh, as her fingers tugged on the buttons to the pocketed front of his breeches.

Yes, oh God, yes. His mind already knew where she was going and every fiber of his body strained for it, as his sexually enthusiastic nymph adjusted her body, coming down between his legs with her knees on the rocking carriage floor. He looked downward seeing the long strands of her hair trailing over his chest, belly, and thighs as she reached upward with one hand grasping the thickness of her hair into one handful.

“Hold it, Law, hold onto my hair,” she commanded hastily, while her other hand peeled back the pocketed front of his breeches and his turgid red-fleshed cock sprang free. It was tilted upward like a thick pole right before Affinity’s nose as he held her hair out of the way.

Affinity’s gaze of dark hazel desire turned up to him as she wet her curvy lips with her tongue, and said, “I *want* you, Law. I *want* your cock. I have only dreamed of this since reading your words. *Oh*, Law, they inflame me so.”

Lord! His free hand cupped the side of her cheek as she used both her small hands to grasp the base of his cock, bending it toward her mouth like a long stick of sugar candy.

He could stop her. He should stop her. He could not! *God*, he wanted this so badly, his body shook with the temptation, and then it was too late as he cried out with the feel of Affinity’s tongue wetting the head of his cock.

“*Oh, hm mm,*” Affinity gasped in her throat, as her naked tongue lapped over the bare head of Law’s hefty penis. It was hot and delicious and so smooth, it tempted her tongue to feel more of the shape, and the eroticism of having her mouth on Law’s sex quivered through her body. She could feel the hot blood pounding in the base, thickening and stiffening the shaft more, just then the cock head slid up her tongue and a pool of hot seed leaked out of the slit. This excited her so much that moans slid from her throat, and she lapped the seed back in her mouth to taste it.

“*Oh hh,*” she mewled in heavenly delight . . . it was so creamy and hot, and so intimate.

She tightly pumped her hands on the root of Law’s heavy male organ and grinned in happiness at Law pressuring her head and ultimately her mouth back down to his cock head. A sure sign of his carnal enjoyment!

She slid her lips over the head and it was so wide that her mouth stretched into a tight “O” around the width. It was like crowding something too large into her mouth and for unknown reasons it spiked her ardor higher, making her pussy flush hotly and her naked bottom wiggle

with abandon. The torrid heat of Law's thickset penis pressed against her tongue as the head pushed against the roof of her mouth. Then suddenly, Law's hand stopped pressing and turned to tugging her hair and dragging her mouth wetly back up the shaft.

Some of her mind returned from the completely erotic sensation overwhelming her, and she remembered to suck and move her hands tightly up and down the base. *Oh God*, it was the most exciting thing she had ever done, and her pussy leaked so badly in stimulation that it dribbled down her inner thighs.

"Mm, Mm, mm," she moaned around Law's rigid penis pumping in and out of her mouth, filling it, leaving and filling it again, as Law guided the motions faster by tugging on her hair.

"*Ah hh*, Lord, yes, sweetheart," Law groaned.

Sweetheart? Oh hh! "Mm, mm!" Affinity moaned excitedly with her body rocking and bounding to and fro as she sucked Law's big penis faster in her mouth.

"*Ah, Ah*, Affinity. *Lord*. Oh, *sweet*, you are driving me wild," Law groaned, tossing his head as his hips humped up and down. "*Oh yes*." He pressed on Affinity's head, "Suck it, darling, *Ahhhhh!*"

Law's legs clamped against Affinity's sides, as his testicles flexed. *Lord*, the pleasure was gutting him. He could feel the wetness dripping down his cock and he could hear the slurping sounds of Affinity's mouth sucking rapidly on the largeness of his cock. Suddenly, he had to see her eyes. He had to know. He tugged her hair and rasped with a voice he could barely speak with.

"*Look at me*," he choked. He could feel the seed rising up his shaft. "*Oh God*, sweetheart, look at me!"

Affinity's passion-dark eyes riveted to him as he saw his cock plunging in and out of her red lips. *Ah Lord!* He strained his belly to the breaking point holding his seed back as he panted . . . "*I'm going to come!*" He needed her to take it, only if she willed it.

His turgid cock popped out of her mouth for one split second, as she cried excitedly, "In my mouth, darling. Fill my mouth!" *Hm mmm!*

Ah Lord! Law's hips bucked upward as his fingers curled into fists in Affinity's hair and he cried out, nearly like a wounded animal. *But*, it was rapture! It was pleasure so intense, it blinded his sight of Affinity's eyes as his seed ejaculated.

Law's seed hit the back of Affinity's throat and pooled so largely that she had to swallow around his big plunging organ. His penis flexed in her mouth and more seed splashed, but this time the creamy hot substance was not as much and it coated her mouth and his penis, as she sucked her mouth up and down the shaft. The moment was so stunning that she was completely lost in all the heady and carnal sensations. But then, a feeling of pride and intense closeness to Law began to seep through her body, as she slowed her mouth's movements over his still throbbing organ little by little.

She was aroused as never before, but overshadowing that was a feeling of sweet pleasure for giving Law such pleasure, and then the clinging intimacy of it all seemed to rise like a vaporish aura between them as she laid her cheek to Law's penis and sighed.

His fingers lightly stroked her hair and she finally became conscious of the carriages rocking movements. She was a woman that had just satisfied her man and the feeling was wonderful. She could overlook her own arousal and she strove to do so. Madame DeJonge had explained that men, after release, lost their interest in sexual activity for a while. However, she did say that after a proper amount of time, different with each man, they could be enticed again.

Affinity wondered what Law's proper amount of time was, but no, she chided herself silently, she had not come here for that. She had come here explicitly to please him and to give him something else that she had prepared. Both things were meant to hopefully bind him closer to her and entice him into seeing her again, and the glowing quality that she felt at the moment made her feel that they would see each other for a long time to come.

Law's hands moved slowly from her hair to her shoulders. "Sweetheart, come here."

Law was urging her upward with his endearment singing through her mind. He seemed purposely intent as he pulled her sideways into his lap, and then he began kissing her. "Let me taste myself on your mouth," he whispered with the blackness of his eyes gazing deeply into hers.

She smiled at him heatedly, wrapping her arms around his shoulders, and then his lips were kissing hers again. Perhaps, Madame DeJonge had been wrong, Affinity thought as Law swept his tongue through her mouth slowly and thoroughly.

Law lifted his lips from hers as she sighed deeply, and he said in a husky low voice, "Tit for tat, darling."

"Law," she purred, undulating on his lap, instantly thrilled.

"You look like a woman aroused, sweetheart." Law murmured, as his hand stroked sensual warmth over her thigh just above her stocking tops. "What is this you are wearing or not wearing I should say?"

Affinity giggled with a husky teasing sound, and then she drew back to arch over his lap in a sweeping pose. "Do you like it?" she asked. "I am *all* yours," she flourished playfully dramatic.

Law's hand brushed over every place he named, "Bared breasts, rosy nipples, a lacy black corset, a bare pussy covered only in silky curls, naked thighs, sheer black stockings, and ummm, let's see here . . ." Law lifted one ankle. "High heeled scarlet slippers. I would say, my lady, was set out to seduce someone."

Law's hand stroked back up her stocking clad leg toward her inner thigh, as she watched his face intently. "Is it working?" she whispered.

Law chuckled, just as his fingers cupped her pussy and he pulled her strongly back up to him. She squealed lightly at the swiftness. "You have the proof upon your lips."

Law's mouth covered hers with a soulful kiss of passion, while his hand kneaded her mound and pussy lips beneath in several slow-bodied squeezes and releases. She moaned arduously into his mouth as he slowly began to suck her tongue, and she felt his other hand at her breast lifting the weight upward and massaging the fullness.

"Law," she gasped against his mouth when his fingertips tweaked her nipples lightly.

"You like that?" he asked in a hush.

"Oh, yes," she moaned restlessly, undulating her hips.

"Lay back. Let me see you, sweetheart." Then, Law laid her back so that her spine arched over his lap and her head and feet came to rest on the seat. His hand stayed heatedly cupped over her mound and aching pussy beneath, while his other fingers traced her mouth and she licked the tip of one. "A feast," he murmured. "You are beautiful and flushed with arousal, my sweet."

The thrill of hearing Law calling her beautiful, stretched the contours of her body sensually over his thighs as she purred, "For you, Law, only for you, for your big cock caressing my mouth and filling it with your hot seed."

Law's fingers twitched over her pussy with one burrowing deeper between the crease where she was wet and needy. "Where do you learn such things, you lovely vixen? You are so sexual." Law's other fingertips began to feather over her breasts.

"It is a secret, Law, that you must convince me to tell you." Then, Affinity moaned on the last word as Law plucked one of her nipples.

"Ah, a challenge?" Law murmured. "You are all things that challenge me and are erotic. Tell me, have you ever had a man's cock in your sweet mouth before, Affinity?"

Affinity shook her head with her eyelids crimping in pleasure. She was unable to speak because Law's fingers stroked through her pussy lips and up over her clitoris, while his other fingers plucked her nipple again.

The expression on his face was lean and dark, like a bird of prey intently watching its captive, and his firm lips were reddened from their kisses with the top curve damp. His thick brownish-blond hair was tousled, hanging nearly down in his eyes. Eyes that were inky black and had a clear amorous purpose in mind. He looked, with his bare chest and shadowed jaw line, like everything a man should be, and he was solely intent on her. "I want to play with you. I want to make you writhe for me and cry my name, Affinity. I want to give you as much pleasure as you have given me."

"Law," Affinity gasped, as the pressure of his finger suddenly rotated with purpose over her clitoris. The pleasure seemed to snap in her sex over and over constantly rising higher. Her shaking knees bent

upward as her quivering thighs fell open and her back arched over his thighs.

"Lord, you are so hot and wet. I smell your desire."

"Oh hh," Affinity moaned, uncontrollably humping her hips to the rhythm of Law's finger rapidly circling her clitoris. His other hand fondled her breasts, tweaking both nipples, first one then the other. Her head fell from side to side as the pleasure twisted inside her and her mind became singularly riveted to the sensation of Law's hands and fingers, rubbing, fondling, and plucking. Then, his finger at her clitoris slid down to her sheath, circling the entrance with juicy sounds, before plunging inside. "Oh my God, Law!" she cried.

Her knees lifted upward toward her chest wantonly. The fullness of Law's finger inside her and the stiff rasp against her tender flesh threw chaotic pleasure bursting inside her sex. The absolutely stunning sensation of it humped her hips pleading for more.

"Yes, love," Law uttered roughly. "You are so passionate. You like my finger fucking you?"

Affinity could barely speak as the intense sensations flashed through her body. "Yes," she panted.

"Two." He promised gruffly.

"Oh God!" Affinity cried with her knees splitting impossibly wide as Law thrust two fingers repeatedly in and out of her torridly clutching sheath. There was a place inside her that she had never felt before, and each heated friction of Law's fingers plunging inside her burst pleasure in her core, until she was mewling senselessly.

"Three," Law uttered, at the same moment he raised his thumb to stroke Affinity's clit, while thrusting three fingers inside her tight sheath. His entire being was tuned into Affinity's emanate climax as he watched her breasts heave and her pussy undulate. What thrilled him most though, were her legs thrown open widely to him. The supplication that showed to the ardor he was able to reap over her, filled him deeply. His woman was impassionedly abandoned with him, holding none of herself back, and giving him everything she had to give. He took her erotic gift and unraveled it as he followed her passionately increasing mewls, bringing her higher and higher.

"Law! Law! *Ah hh Law!*" Affinity cried out with her entire body quaking.

Then he felt it, her climax on his fingers, but this time he saw it too, on her beautiful face twisted in pleasure. He kept his thumb rotating over her torrid love button and his fingers plunging into her grasping sheath, as he shifted his upper body over, swiftly bending down to shroud his mouth over her gasping lips. He swallowed the triumph of her climax into his mouth and it buried itself deep inside him. He had never held anything so precious.

Chapter Thirteen

Law was so intensely centered onto Affinity that he had not realized the carriage had stopped moving, when loud rappings sounded, banging through his hearing.

“Your grace, we have arrived.”

Ah, Lord, it was his footman. “Go away!” Law exclaimed, much more harsh than he intended because by then Affinity had become aware and she squealed in distress. Her hands shoved on his shoulders as her thighs clamped together strangling his hand. Panic was just on the edges of flashing across her face, and he was going to yell at her to calm down, when his footman added outside the closed carriage door.

“There is a lady here to see you, your grace. Asking for help. She’s with a child, hovering by the stables.”

The momentum of Affinity’s shove pushed him upright and she rolled off his lap. Then she scrambled to the other side of the carriage. She cowered in the corner with her legs curled beneath her and one hand clutched between her thighs, while her other arm shielded her breasts. Her eyes were wide as she looked rather frantically at him, then the door.

He could only imagine the state of her mind being so close off the edges of a climax. Still, he wanted to exclaim, “*What did you expect, we were dallying in a carriage!*” Instead, he called out to his footman saying, “Tell the lady that I will be right there.” Then, he looked at Affinity. “Calm yourself, sweetheart, they cannot see you nor will they. My footman would never just open the door. But I must see to this and I need you to remain calmly here,” he explained as he reached for Affinity’s cloak on the floor and handed it toward her.

She grasped the cloak quickly, looking confused as she mumbled, “Yes, Law.”

“You stay right there. I will only be a moment,” Law said once again firmly.

Affinity only nodded as he reached for the door handle blocking the view inside the carriage as he quickly got out and closed the door.

“Leave the carriage there,” Law said to his driver and footman as he turned toward the woman huddled against the side of the stables. He approached her slowly, but it was too dark under the stable eaves to tell much more than that she carried a small bundle against her chest.

“S-Sebastian sent me,” she managed through chattering teeth.

“He is a good man, a good friend, he was right to do so,” Law replied softly.

“Me bellswagger pimp wants to take me babe!” the woman cried, then nearly collapsing.

“That will *never* happen,” Law vowed as he reached forward to hold her upright.

In the carriage, Affinity hastily put her cloak back on, wrapping it around her tightly. She did not care at all for nearly getting caught in the midst of torrid sexual activity. Her entire body shivered with the thought, and she realized she was only so brave in these new sexual adventures.

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a paper she had there, then she unfolded it carefully and laid it on the seat opposite her. It was better for her seduction if she left now, she told herself, even though she did not want to. *Really*, she never wanted to leave Law again. But she had to act like a mature woman, not a besotted little girl and a mature woman would depart now, leaving the tantalization on the high road. She needed to withdraw to see if Law came to her next. If he came to her next for nothing more than to see her and not to retrieve anything like his journal as last time, then he came to her freely, just because he desired to.

“Yes, yes,” she mumbled, that was the way of it, so reluctantly, she opened the carriage door on the opposite side away from the view of the house and stables and she quietly got out of the carriage. Then she silently slipped away into the night.

Affinity snuck past the steaming carriage horses and out the open gate at the back of Law’s townhouse property. She clutched her cloak tight to her body, suddenly wishing for clothes beneath its folds. However, she walked briskly down the shadowy sides of the alleyways and that helped warm her. She continued quickly, until she reached the back of her uncle’s property where her footsteps faltered.

“Oh no,” Affinity muttered. The entire townhouse was lighted. This had never happened before, her uncle went out most evenings, but he always returned quietly to his study, then to bed. Affinity tried to tell herself there could be many occurrences for this display and that she need not be in any of them.

In the four years she had resided with her uncle, he had asked to see her only a handful of times during the daylight hours and never once at night. They could hardly be called close to each other. He barely tolerated her presence as a grudging part of his duty. Affinity had finally understood that her father, before his death, and his brother were bitter enemies and her uncle’s feelings carried onto his brother’s child.

Affinity bit her bottom lip looking up at the brightly lit townhouse, wondering how she could sneak in now without being caught. “Calm down,” she muttered, admonishing her alarm. “Think it through.”

Really, her uncle employed very few servants in the house and if she could sneak through the backdoor to the kitchen, then she could hurry to the back stairway to her room. She had to take the chance that the house being blazoned with light had nothing to do with her. Truly, her uncle would not show her that much notice if he found her missing. Still, some unsettling intuition made her stomach queasy as she stepped forward to sneak into the house. All Affinity could think of minutes later was that she might have made it, but that was before she realized it would not have mattered.

Bless Aunt Fuchsia and so late at night, she had been as startled as Affinity was when Affinity entered her bedchamber and found Aunt Fuchsia there. Of course, Affinity realized later that Aunt Fuchsia had been ordered to sit there for just that purpose. Then, just as Aunt Fuchsia exclaimed in a high-pitched voice at her entrance, Affinity heard.

“Is that slut there, Fuchsia? Get that whore down her immediately!”

Affinity gasped at her uncle’s bellowing voice and words as Aunt Fuchsia began weeping loudly. “Terrible, t-terrible,” Aunt Fuchsia tittered.

Affinity immediately heard the clomp of what she assumed was her uncle rushing up the stairs. All she could think of was that she was not wearing anything beneath her cloak, nothing else made sense, besides the rising panic of being in danger. Then, her uncle was there barging into her room, as she back away from him. His normally florid face was mottled even more bright red and he carried a long belt in his hand, while his gaze was livid.

“Selling yourself on the streets!” Uncle Redgrift shouted. “Like a common slut! I knew no better offspring would come from my bastard brother!”

Aunt Fuchsia wailed and scurried to the corner, as Affinity raised her hands to Uncle Redgrift as though to hold the force of his rage at bay. “What is it, uncle? What has happened?” Affinity cried, as her uncle marched forward snatching a wad of her cloak as he raised his hand holding the belt.

“No whore! No slut will live in this house! Do you understand me?” Redgrift bellowed, and when the belt came down across Affinity’s side, she did not yell out, she was too stunned. Her uncle swung her around, tugging harshly on her cloak, until the tie gave and it pulled free. She did cry out then, wailing in horror, as her uncle again bellowed.

“Slut!” He brought the belt down on her back making her scream in pain as she tried to cover her naked parts with her hands. “Out of my house! *You* are disowned!” Redgrift shouted.

Redgrift used the belt striking wickedly against her body to move her out of the room, down the hall, and down the stairs. Each lash of the

belt made her scream and her near nakedness in front of him, the servants, and her Aunt Fuchsia made her die inside with shame, as he struck her back, buttocks, and legs, until she stumbled into the entryway falling on her knees. It was then through her pain and tears that she heard the damning answer to all of this.

“Lord Hartley saw you with half a dozen men set to fornicate at the boxing match!”

Oh God. The voice outside the boxing match, Affinity thought, as her uncle whipped her body curled into a ball on the floor. Sometime later, her uncle must have stopped beating her and she must have lost some consciousness, because the next thing she knew she was being jerked upright by her hair. Her uncle dragged her through the open front doorway, and then he shoved her, releasing her hair as she fell down the front steps. She landed in a heap on the bottom, and then her red cloak plunked on top of her.

Her uncle was spewing so many horrible things that she blanked out most of them, but one thing she remembered clearly was his snarl, “*Never* come back here, you slut, or I will have you arrested as a whore!”

Chapter Fourteen

. . . I, Affinity Redgrift, do swear before the Lord Almighty that I freely entered into sexual congress with Lawrence Fabier. I swear that I am no longer a virgin having taken my maidenhead on my own to prove my free choice. I do not want, nor do I accept, any monetary or marriage conditions on our affair and this signed missive can stand as clear evidence to that, and said missive shall reside as proof in Lawrence Fabier's hands . . .

"By god, and she signed a legal paper attesting to it." Law chuckled fondly, yet what amazed him the most, was Affinity's choice to apparently freely breach her own maidenhead. He remembered seeing the *godemiché* on Affinity's bed that night. By God, she was astounding.

"Your grace, excuse me please."

Law looked up as he folded Affinity's note and he saw Nell. She appeared extremely upset and the hour was quite late. "Yes, Nell," he answered, sitting forward in his study chair.

"Mrs. Todd, just came to the backdoor very upset, sir. You remember her, she says you helped her years ago?"

"Yes, of course," Law answered expectantly. He knew Mrs. Todd was the cook for Lord Redgrift. He had received much of his information about Affinity from Mrs. Todd. And suddenly an uneasy feeling settled in his gut.

"I just knew you'd want to know that Lord Redgrift beat Lady Affinity terrible tonight with a belt! Then, he threw her from the house, never to come back!"

"Oh my God," Law exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

"You see, I saw her tonight, Lady Affinity, sneaking out of the carriage and Mrs. Todd knew you'd asked after her."

Law could barely think, he was that upset, but his servants and all the women and male prostitutes that he had helped in the past kept a close

network of information alive. It helped him immensely in his work and also in finding proper and safe placements for the ones that he helped.

“Beat her?” he asked tightly, he could barely breathe.

“Aye. Terrible like and she was near naked.”

Law nearly bellowed then, but somehow he managed to hold it inside himself.

“But Mrs. Todd cannot find Lady Affinity now. She snuck out front to gather the poor girl up and take her to her friends, but Lady Affinity was gone. Then, Mrs. Todd tried each of her friends, but she’s not there. She’s so worried about her being hurt and out on the streets.” Nell said.

“We *will* find her,” Law uttered. “Pass the word to all we know to look out for her, but especially send Bart to Sebastian. Sebastian can spread the word quickly.” Law strode forward as he issued his orders, then he entered the hallway and snagged his coat and hat hastily. “I go now to search, but have someone ask Lady Affinity’s friends if they have any clues to where she might be.”

“Aye, sir,” Nell replied.

Law grasped Nell’s hand. “Nell, you are so much more help to me here. Now you see how well.”

“I do feel it, yer grace, like I’m needed,” Nell said.

“And you are never to forget that. Oh and Nell, please check on the new lady and her child. We don’t want to lose her.”

Law nearly ran out of the townhouse then, as though the devil chased him. He was devastated, his heart was breaking and his past was trying to rise up and swallow him. This was too close to Magdalena, if he had just not dallied with a good woman, if only he had been stronger. He knew the consequences. Why is it that one always thought it would not happen to them? All his recriminations could not begin to overshadow the desperate concerns that tugged at his heart like fire. They had to find Affinity. They *had* to!

†

Affinity stumbled. She could barely stay upright her body hurt so badly and one of her heels was torn off. She had to hold onto the clammy stonewall of the building that she lurched beside. She could smell the sewage of London’s lower end around her. She could hear the rats scurrying. But it meant nothing. Her mind was twisted with pain, both mental and physical. *Was she really a whore?* She certainly had been acting like one, blindly covering it in farfetched fantasy, when the truth was, all she was being was sexually promiscuous. Her uncle snarling “slut” kept ringing in her mind, until she sobbed and fell against the wall, barely able to hold herself upright.

“Lady Affinity,” Sebastian called gently, but the woman did not appear to hear him as she leaned crumpled and sobbing against the

warehouse wall. Sebastian stepped closer, lifting his hand to lightly touch the woman's shoulder. Either way, he thought, it was a woman in need.

The woman gasped through her frantic weeping as she tried to turn away from him, but suddenly she just collapsed. Sebastian barely caught her before she slumped to the ground and when he lifted her up into his arms, he saw that it was indeed Lady Affinity. It did not bode well that he had found her here in the lower end. It spoke of her spirit being broken more than her body. He knew his intentions immediately and where he had to take her. Law was his friend, but Lady Affinity needed her friends more now.

"Senorita, we will go to the beautiful, Brevity. You must hold on to me," he murmured. It was interesting that his friend Lawrence Fabier knew Lady Affinity. It seemed the world moved in mysterious ways.

When Sebastian reached the steps of Lady Brevity's stylish townhouse carrying Lady Affinity, it was as though the lovely Brevity waited for him by some intuition, because Brevity threw open the door and rushed to meet him, before his foot reached the first step.

"Oh, SSebastian you have found her!" Brevity cried, with her endearing lisp. "Bring her inssside quickly."

†

"I received your message," Law said to Sebastian as Sebastian opened the door to Lady Brevity's townhouse. Law stepped inside, not waiting for Sebastian to move or invite him in.

Sebastian stepped back, with really no choice, saying, "She is with the doctor now."

Law started immediately for the stairs leading up to the top floor of the townhouse, but Sebastian grasped his arm. "You will *not* keep me away from her," Law said tersely. "But I am indebted to you for finding her."

Sebastian gripped his arm harder. "Do you know your intentions, before you go up there?" Sebastian asked.

Law stopped trying to pressure his arm from Sebastian's grasp. "No—yes," Law uttered, fighting the urge to see Affinity. Sebastian was right.

"I found her near the docks on the lower end," Sebastian said. "She fell unconscious in my arms. I hear that her uncle called her whore, and a slut, and worse he beat her."

"Bastard," Law snarled, slapping his hat against his thigh.

"A lady like she is . . .," Sebastian murmured, leaving the sentence hanging.

"Has been ruined," Law said, adding one of the many sureties in Affinity's life just for being attracted to him and loving him. Law lifted his head, staring intently at Sebastian. "Not if *this* man, this duke can help it," he said fiercely.

Sebastian nodded, patting Law's arm. "Then, go see your woman. But I am not sure my lovely Brevity will let you."

"*Your*, lovely Brevity?" Law questioned him. "How did you know to bring Affinity here in the first place?"

"That, my friend, is a long story," Sebastian replied with a humorous glint in his deep brown eyes. "And, I will only tell if the ladies allow me."

Chapter Fifteen

Two weeks later, Affinity knew that she was being courted and she was not sure how she felt about it. Her body had healed and Brevity had insisted that she could live with her for as long as she liked. Affinity had protested that it would taint Brevity's reputation, however, Brevity would hear none of it. Not one of her friends would. They visited her each day and they all said that the motto of the Lady Rogues was through thick and thin. However, Affinity considered that not one of them realized how thick it could get. And then there was Law . . . In the first days she had asked not to see him. But . . .

"Another love sonnet from the duke and another bouquet of fresh flowers," Brevity announced brightly, entering the sunroom where Affinity was sitting. Brevity carried a beautiful bouquet of flowers and set them on the table next to Affinity, then she handed Affinity the poem, hand written on lambskin paper. "Every single day for two weeks now, Affinity," Brevity sighed.

"Do you think he is doing it out of guilt, Brevity?" Affinity asked suddenly.

Brevity sat down carefully in a chair close to Affinity and took Affinity's hand. "That first night, Affinity, you regained consciousness, but the doctor gave you laudanum to sleep and the duke sat beside you all that day, even though I told him you would not wake, he insisted."

"He did?" Affinity asked in surprise.

"Yes, I was saving it to tell you at the right time." Brevity patted Affinity's hand. "And now, I also wanted to tell you that I must go out this evening. The trust lawyer of my parents estate always demand to see me regularly and I cannot put it off."

"Of course, Brevity," Affinity responded. "You need not worry about me, you are so kind to me already. I just pray it will not bring you ill."

"All things have a way of working out," Brevity said sagely.

Later that night, Affinity tossed and turned in her bed, then she finally realized what the problem was. *Music*. She could hear music. How strange and it sounded quite close. Why in fact, she thought, it sounded as if it were playing inside the house. Affinity rose slowly from her bed and tiptoed to her bedroom door, listening as the music became louder, and then she opened the door. It *was* softly floating music. A waltz?

“What?” Affinity murmured, but before she could take two steps she encountered a very happy dog at her feet. “Beauty!” Affinity exclaimed, reaching down to pet the eager setter.

“You call my dog, *Beauty*?” Law’s voice floated up from downstairs. “My fierce, brave dog named Warrior and you call him Beauty?”

Affinity could not catch her laugh. She was startled at Law’s presence, even though she could not see him. But, what he said *was* funny. Affinity inched toward the bannister and looked down. Her breath caught at Law’s handsome face looking up at her. He was dressed as though he were going to a ball, in superfine black pants and tailored jacket and he looked like everything that was masculine and pleasurable.

Affinity said tentatively, “I cannot believe you call him Warrior . . . this sweetheart, and he is beautiful.”

Law smiled, and her heart tripped a beat. “Well then, your Beauty has a message for you, if you will look on his collar,” Law said.

Affinity started slightly, moving back from the bannister to look down at Beauty. She saw right on his collar there was a card tied by a ribbon, and when she reached to untie the bow, she saw that it was a card depicting her dance card with Law’s name on it. Not only was Law’s name written on it once, but on every line of the card. Tears sprang instantly to her eyes.

“Have you read it then?” Law called up to her. Affinity tried to speak, but her throat clutched, then Beauty barked once. “Ah ha,” Law exclaimed. “Thank you, Warrior, I will take that as a yes, therefore, Lady Affinity Redgrift, may I have this dance?”

“Oh” Affinity gasped softly. Those words were as thrilling to hear as she had always thought they would be, and tenfold hearing them from Law. Beside herself, she rushed to the bannister looking down. “Yes!” she exclaimed breathless with a sprinkling of tears dotting her cheeks.

Law’s smile widened to joy before her eyes. “Then I would come up to you, if you allow me.”

“Oh yes, Law.”

Law did not wait or deport himself with decorum, he bound up the stairs eagerly as she watched, filling her gaze with his handsome strength. All her fears about her nature and her morality fell away, while she looked into Law’s face as he approached her. Love had no boundaries and what a man and woman did privately together could never be dirty or crass, and Law wanted her . . . in fact, she saw—.

Law gripped her by the waist twirling her into a waltz, while the music below, as if by magic, played louder. “My lady fair, your beauty

takes my breath away and your dancing lightens my soul,” Law whispered against her ear as he pulled her closer to him, circling them in the flowing motions of a waltz. “What a dream coming true this is, Affinity, dancing at midnight with you in a sheer nightgown.”

Law’s hand caressed and warmed the small of her back as she pressed her body intimately to his heat and strength. “I so wanted to dance, Law. This is a dream come true for me to be dancing with you.”

“I know,” he murmured. “I read the last pages of your diary.”

“Not all?” Affinity asked, looking up into his eyes as he gazed deeply down at her.

“I want to learn the rest from you,” he murmured as they floated to the strains of the waltz, melding their bodies in harmony together.

“Oh, Law, do you really mean it? Are you trying to woo me?” Affinity asked softly.

“*I am*. Is it working?” Law asked with a slow seductive smile on his firm lips.

“Yes!”

The answer left Affinity breathless as their lips touched, then melted together warmly. Her arms wrapped around Law’s broad shoulders as his hands cupped her buttocks, lifting her upward into the heated kissing of their lips, while the dance between them slowed to a halt.

Law broke the kiss as their sultry breaths mingled between them. “Then, my love, . . . and you are my love, Affinity. There is one question that I desire to ask you.”

Affinity held her breath, fully expecting Law to ask her to be his mistress. A question that she would shout yes to! “Lady Affinity Redgrift . . . would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

“Oh *my God*,” Affinity exclaimed, nearly swooning. She never expected this! Her reputation was ruined. They could not! She had accepted her fate as a fallen woman in society and she would bear it for her love for Law, but-.

“Law, my reputation is ruined by my own hand. You cannot marry me,” Affinity said with tears filling her eyes. “But I would be your mistress gladly.”

“My god, Affinity, how much I love you,” Law muttered, pulling her closer again and holding her tightly. “Do you trust me, sweet Affinity?”

“Yes of course, always and forever,” Affinity said against his chest.

“Then, you will trust me when I tell you what I know. I visited your uncle the morning after his deplorable behavior. It seems he and Lord Hartley have completely changed their positions and although I would not allow you to go back to his home, you would be welcome and no one will ever hear about the incident or accusations from those two gentlemen.”

“But, Law, how?” Affinity asked in amazement, stretching back in Law’s arms to gaze up at him with wide eyes.

“Did you ever wonder what your uncle is doing all those evenings that he leaves the townhouse?” Law asked.

“Well, I assumed he, umm, well-,” Affinity paused, finally she said, “Socialized?”

Law chuckled. “Yes, socialized could be a good word. He happens to enjoy women spanking him in a sexual way and-.”

“Law!” Affinity exclaimed.

“And,” Law emphasized, “Lord Hartley likes men.”

“Oh my,” Affinity gasped. “You-you!” She paused. “You black-mailed them?”

“Exactly!” Law replied, looking quite pleased.

“For me?” Affinity exclaimed, finishing after him.

“For us.” Law answered firmly. “And, you will not hear from any of the servants either. They are all loyal to you. It seems you were the only one that treated them with kindness. Except, John Hanson, Anne’s nemesis. He has already left Redgrift’s employ and London completely.”

Affinity nearly applauded at the news of John Hanson. It seemed there would be many things to learn about Law, and now a lifetime to do it. Then, Law continued. “And, my love, one more thing to sweeten the pot in my favor and to ply those ripe lips of yours with the answer that I desire.” Affinity’s throat bubbled with a laugh containing the sound and feeling of pure joy. “I insist that dear Aunt Fuchsia reside with us.”

“Oh Law!” Affinity exclaimed, practically leaping back into his arms, strangling him with a lush enthusiastic hug.

“Is that a yes?” he asked with a pleased chuckle.

“On *one* condition,” Affinity challenged him.

“And that is?” Law asked.

“That we consummate the marriage before we say the vows!” Affinity exclaimed.

Law swiftly bent down, lifting her up into his arms as he swung her around. “Then say yes, Affinity my love. Say you will marry me.”

“I will!” Affinity squealed in delight as Law twirled them in a circle and Beauty began to bark.

Law wasted no time after he received his answer. He carried Affinity straight for her bedchamber, where he turned and quite energetically kicked the door shut, because his hands were full of his luscious woman. Warrior barked once on the opposite side of the closed door as though announcing his encouragement.

Law strode to Affinity’s bed as he said, “Tell me all your wishes for your first time, all your dreams and desires, my love, and I will woo you now as you have wooed me.”

“Did I truly seduce you then?” Affinity asked.

“You seduced my body . . . and my mind, then soul completely. And, I want to know your deepest desires, Affinity, and we will write the verse together in our journal.”

“Oh, Law, . . . then I will tell you that I want *all* of you. Every inch of you to caress, love, taste, and fondle. I want to smell you, I want to feed on your seed, and have it be the only food sustaining my lust for you. I want the sweat of our bodies slick and sliding against each other, and I hunger for you to thrust your cock into my sheath, Law, then fill my begging mouth, then love my bottom.”

“Lord, woman!”

Affinity laughed, smiling at him proudly. He had his hands full, didn’t he? Someday he needed to find out the source of her virgin body’s worldly knowledge. “Consume you?” he asked deeply, laying her on the bed, then straddling her hips with his upper body raised as he looked down upon her. His hands reached for the collar of her night gown and he stripped it off her shoulders leaving them bare, as her hands massaged his thighs deeply.

“And let me consume you,” Affinity purred in a husky whisper. “Will you strip for me, Law? Will you entice me and seduce me with your body?”

Ping. Law felt his cock heave inside his breeches as he smiled slowly and heatedly, down on Affinity’s seductive gaze. “If you will also let me strip you for my pleasure.”

“*Oh mm,*” Affinity sighed ardently. “You are making me wet for you, darling.”

Law growled deep in his throat, feeling the challenge of their lustful parrying, as he energetically pulled off his evening coat and tossed it aside, then he tugged at his shirt pulling it up over his head as he backed off the bed. When he stood by the end of the bed, he stopped with his shirt pulled up to his head, leaving his bare chest, arms, and shoulders flexed upward. Then, he swayed his hips slowly once.

“*Oh yes, Law,*” Affinity sighed with deep sounding appreciation.

The thrill of Affinity’s admiration, of simply looking at him, swept through Law, urging him onto this most unique adventure. He palpated his belly muscles as he swayed his hips again and tossed his shirt off. He found the sight of Affinity kneeling on the bed with her rich hair flowing around her and her cheeks flushed with excitement and avid interest. The desire in her gold-flecked hazel eyes was bold.

He smiled his most seductive predatory smile at her, as he began to rub his hairy chest slowly, while swaying his hips a bit more. Then, suddenly one of his deepest desires attacked him, and he knew love in that moment as he had never known it before, because he had no embarrassment but only desire to do it for his woman. So he let his fingertips circle his nipples slowly.

“*Oh mm, yes, Law,*” Affinity moaned, licking her petal lips, as her eyelids grew heavy with arousal. Then, he plucked the tips of his nipples, groaning with pleasure as his hips humped nearly involuntarily. “*Oh yes, darling,*” Affinity gasped in encouragement. Law threw his head back

swaying his hips, then he plucked his nipples again. “*Oh hh, darling,*” Affinity squealed softly.

Affinity clutched a hand between her thighs, she had never seen anything more powerful than Law’s masculine body undulating with seduction just for her. His muscles rippled and flexed over his strong male physique and his lean hips swung with a primal seduction, while her fingers petted her pussy irresistibly.

Then, he turned slowly rotating his hips with a come-hither motion until his broad back, patched with lean ropes of sinew was facing her. She watched the compact shape of his ass avidly as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his pants. He looked over his shoulder at her with a burning gaze, suspending the moment and her anticipation to the breaking point. Then, his eyes silted in seduction as he looked at her fingers fondling her pussy through her nightgown, while he slowly pulled his pants down baring his buttocks, but he did not just bare the two twin muscular hams, he undulated his ass at her.

“*Baby,*” she gasped, thrilled and aroused at the enticement before her.

Law smiled at her squealed endearment of “baby” and he wiggled his tight ass at her some more. Then, zealously in her inflaming passion, she leaped to the edge of the bed reaching her hands toward Law’s tantalizing buttocks. But he moved just out of her reach as he arched his back, tilting his head back and running his hands slowly over his muscular behind as he swayed his hips.

Ohmygod. “Oh!” Affinity squealed in appreciation. She had created a sex god!

Then suddenly, Law flexed the rumps of his ass first one, then the other as he began turning to face her again, while her gaze transfixed to the sight she was more enthralled to see than any other! Law’s turgid cock lancing outward from between his lightly hairy thighs. The stiff bouncing of it with his balls hanging low was carnal opulence that reverberated intensely into her aching pussy, as her gaze caught sight of creamy seed glistening in the slit on the swollen head of his penis. The jutting tool of Law’s ponderous manhood, seemed to arrow toward her with a visual throb of demand that was in the length and weight, the rigid stiffness, and the ruddy-capped head oozing desire. *OhmyGod.*

She panted. And then, Law flexed something in his thighs and his stiff hefty dong bucked upward, then down again. “*Oh hh,*” Affinity mewled in surprise with her gaze leaping from Law’s face to his saluting penis, and back to his face.

“Now you,” he uttered, in a low commanding voice that made her feel as though he was going to plunder her. The depths to Law were unnumbered and she quivered in excitement at this newest one of an aroused male creature in the act of taking his female thoroughly.

Law moved toward her slowly in all his male beauty and her gaze and all her senses glazed over his male headiness. “You are mine,” he

said deeply, with his very words marking her mind, body, and soul as his. Then, he was in front of her grasping her waist and lifting her to stand before him. "And, I would drink of your lips, Affinity, suckle your tongue as if to make it apart of me, worship your breasts and wetly suck your nipples, feed on your pussy and the juices drizzling from your sheath, then make love to your ass with my mouth, tongue, and fingers."

"Law," Affinity gasped, clutching her fingers in his hair, as his hands caressed the silkiness of her nightgown over her hips, and his gaze filled with arousal burned into her gaze. "*I want you so,*" she whimpered, pulling his lips upward to her mouth.

The kiss was torrid and passionate, wet and hot, with their tongues fervently groping. The baking heat they forged between their mouths was like the building of flames, and the passionate wetness spread over their plucking and searching lips, discovering the rhythms of pleasure.

Law used the enticing soft material of her gown to rub sensuously over her body. First her bottom as he nibbled the tip of her tongue, then her spine as he lapped the roof of her mouth. Next, he rubbed the material over her breasts and nipple tips as he sucked her tongue deep into the hot cavern of his mouth, then finally her belly, pussy, and inner thighs as he moved her tongue in and out of his mouth as though he were mating it. The moans undulating from her throat were low and excited as Law slowly began lifting the gown up her thighs, over her belly, then her breasts, where he broke the kiss, and then he lifted the gown up over her head.

She expected him to come back to her lips or breasts or anywhere on her body, yet instead he stood back with his penis rigid and pointing at her as he tossed her night gown aside. "You are so beautiful. Show me," he murmured, and, she felt wholly beautiful and desirable beneath his ravenous gaze as she stretched her arms over her head showing him her female curves with slow undulations. "*Yes,*" Law encouraged her strongly and she swayed her hips as he had done, turning her flushed body before him, to flaunt her bare bottom to his heated gaze.

It seemed this was his undoing, because suddenly his hands were grasping her buttocks warmly, then startingly, his mouth was kissing the cheeks. "*Oh hh,*" she squeaked, even as her bottom rotated with enticements for him to do more. He must have felt her encouragement, because he pinched her ass.

"Law!" she squealed, reaching back to swat his hand playfully beneath his heated grin.

"I like that," he teased, moving his fingers forward in a pinching motion again. She laughed, trying to wriggle away, but he held her with his arm around her hip and his hand clasped over her mound. The pinch came and she jerked lightly at the sensation, with an unconvincing "ow" following.

"Hmm." He seemed to thoroughly contemplate her pale buttocks as his head lowered, then she felt his teeth nibbling her flesh as she came up

on her toes. But, his hand cupping her pussy held her body to his licks and nibbles, alternately wetting and stinging her flesh, which sent hot flashes straight into her core. Arousal saturated her, swaying her bottom ardently against his mouth as she bent more at the waist.

Then, Law's finger in front pressed between the lips of her pussy and rubbed her clitoris. A high-pitched moan leaped from her throat at the same moment Law used his free hand to lift one side of her buttocks open. Her hands found leverage on her knees or she might have toppled forward, yet a shock of pure bliss nearly did sprawl her forward at the feel of Law's tongue circling the entrance to her vagina.

"*Oh, Oh, Oh,*" she moaned with a sound near to dying in pleasure . . . because she was. She could feel the bristle on Law's chin grazing her inner thighs, as his hot breath shot over her lower pussy lips. *And, thennnnnnnnnnn.*

"*Oooooo,*"

Affinity's squeal of pleasure rushed through Law as he thrust his tongue into her vagina. She could not hold her footing as she went down onto her knees and he went with her to his knees on the floor beside the bed. He grasped her thighs, spreading her knees widely before him and splitting the lips of her sopping and ripe pussy to his gaze, just before he pressed his tongue into her vagina again.

Lord! Affinity squirmed on his tongue humping back against it and he growled in deep pleasure, beginning a regiment of stretching his tongue forward to lap her clit, then dragging his tongue back until it hit her vagina, where he plunged inside her again, to her thrilling squeals of abandon. Next, he drew his tongue out, then lapped back to her clit, to repeat the circle, while moving ever faster each time, until he had Affinity rocking to and fro against him, involved in a hearty and basely passionate tongue fucking.

My lord, he was in heaven, and Affinity was with him ardently bucking backward onto his tongue with cries of pleasure saying that her climax was nearly at its crest. That victorious knowledge spirited him forward, as he grasped her hips tighter and repeatedly plunged his stiff tongue into her searing vagina.

"*Oooooo, Law!*" Affinity screamed as a climax burst inside her sex, convulsing her pussy in rapturous waves. She panted and moaned, then panted again, as the bliss endured, lengthened, snapped, then convulsed again, until she fell down upon her elbows shuddering and barely able to breathe. But Law was there gathering her into his arms and pulling her on the bed beside him, wrapping his larger naked body around her with one of his hands cradling her pussy warmly as though it were his and his treasure.

The dream that Law was all hers, and that this was all theirs, wrapped around her and the reality of it sang in her heart as Law nibbled her ear and murmured, "My pleasure will always be that, Affinity, to have you come apart beneath my hands, my mouth, beneath my body.

That, my love, could sustain me forever and I want to do it again and again."

Affinity stroked his buttocks and wriggled her mound against his turgid penis. "I want to give you as much pleasure, Law."

Law chuckled. "A war of pleasure," he teased, as he tilted his head back to allow the nibbling and kissing of her lips upon his throat.

"Mmm," she hummed against the warm muscular tendons. "A battle of pleasure, where we both win."

"Yes!" Law exclaimed, then he turned her beneath him with his bare penis pressing lengthwise along the wet and still throbbing lips of her pussy. The feeling of their sexes pressed together nakedly, quickened her arousal anew with a flash of heat through her body. "But tonight it is all for you, my love, for your first time"

"Our first time," she challenged him. "I want you to come with me, Law"

"To feel my cock pressed deeply inside you, Affinity?" he asked in a mesmerizing whisper.

"Yes," she moaned undulating her pussy lips over his penis.

"To feel us joined?" he murmured, raising his hips and stroking her with the length of his penis.

"Yes, yes," she gasped, grinding against him.

"With my cock thrust inside you, Affinity, my cock thrust to your womb?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

Then, Affinity felt it, the impossibly wide the head of Law's penis pushing against her opening and the creaminess of his seed oozing there and wetting the edges. "Oh," she gasped, and her legs raised upward wrapping her heels around Law's tight thighs. The feeling of him pressing into her made her pant and toss her head back.

Lord, the way was so hot and Affinity's cunt hole burned the head of Law's cock as he grunted beneath the pleasure. She was too tight and she was going to strangle the head of his dick in bliss, but he gritted his teeth and forced himself to go slow. It lasted until the head of his cock was inside her and the outer entrance of her vagina snapped tightly around the rim.

"Ah hh," he groaned, with his body leaching sweat and tension. The feeling was incredible, and he dared himself to withdraw his cock out, and then push it in again.

"Ooo, yessss," Affinity mewled.

"Ah hh," Law groaned. *Lord*, he was never going to last, he thought, shaking his head and lifting his hips to do it again.

She *would* climax again before he took her, *she would*, he defied himself, as he tugged Affinity's legs up over his shoulders. The new position lifted her cunt upward to him like a prize to be taken by him . . . and he was, but just two inches of his cock and no more as he pressed her knees forward lifting her ass upward against his thighs.

Affinity's scrunched eyelids popped open and her gaze snapped into his. *Oh yes*, she liked that, and he gritted his teeth watching the contours of her passion exhilarated face as fucked her in and out two inches only at a time.

"Oo. Oo. Oo, God!" Affinity cried clutching his upper arms, then he felt it again, the tightening and quaking of her scorching cunt around the head of his cock. Affinity's head arched back as her lips opened in a scream of pleasure and just as she began to explode in a climax over the head of his cock, he plunged his dick deep inside her shuddering vagina.

"Lawwww!" Affinity cried.

"Ah hh, damn!" he bellowed, as his senses erupted and his cock heaved deeply inside her womb, then he lifted his cock out, and plunged in deep again, picking up a repeated and fast rhythm.

"Oooooo!" Affinity cried in long drawn out squeals of pleasure as he rode her in leaps and bounds feeling his cock bulge, then tighten, and then bulge again, and thennnnnn.

"Ah God!" he bellowed and half grunted, as his seed ejaculated deep inside his woman, while her continuing climax clutched in bliss around his throbbing cock.

A long time later, as he lay in Affinity's soft embrace, she whispered in his ear. "Darling, this is just the beginning of our abandon, my love."

The End

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