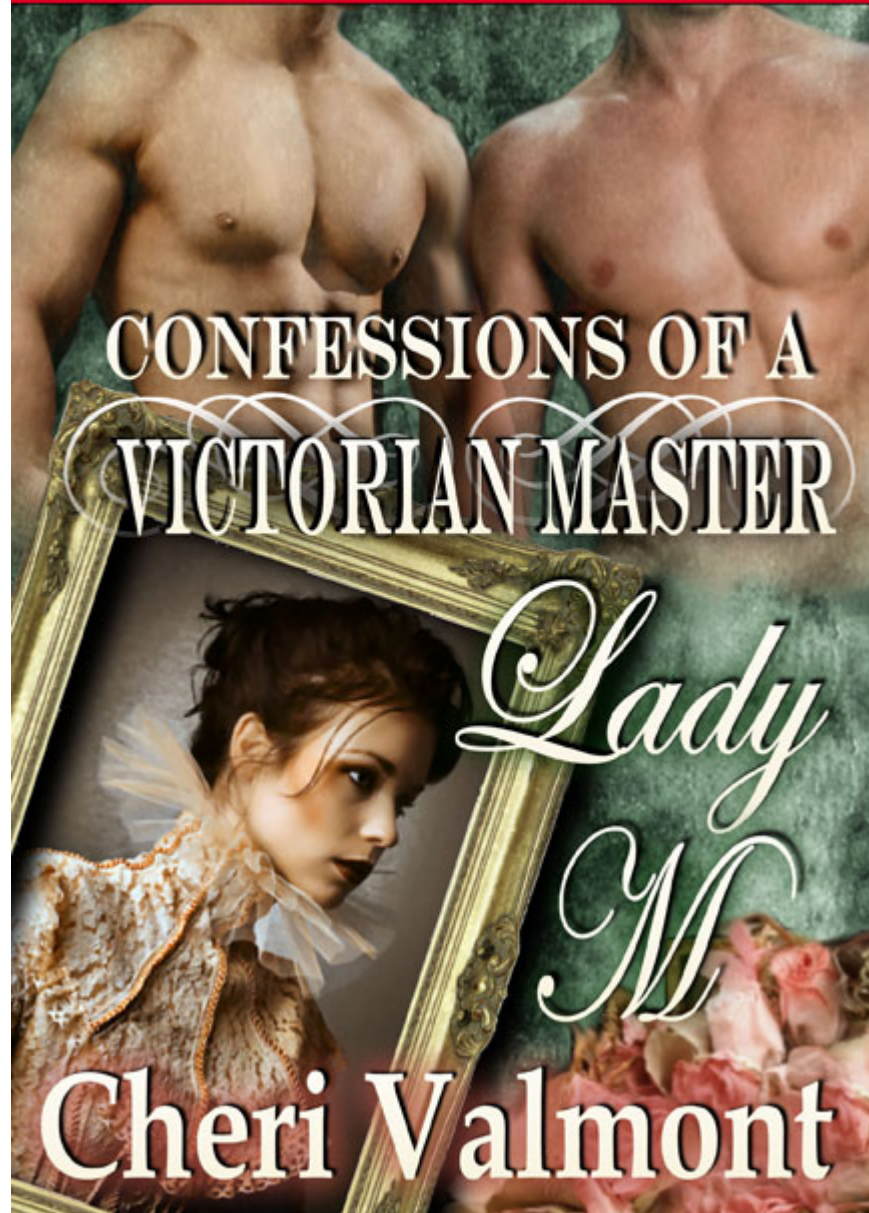


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# LADY M

## *Confessions of a Victorian Master 1*

**Cheri Valmont**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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# DEDICATION

To all those Victorian Erotica lovers out there: this one's for you.

# LADY M

## *Confessions of a Victorian Master 1*

CHERI VALMONT

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### Chapter 1

“I’m in need of your expertise, my good man.” Lord M.’s pleading request had indeed surprised Jason Featherington—not that it should have. Jason was well known in elite London circles for his abilities in the discipline of the fairer sex. His accomplishments were what kept him in expensive starched cravats and luxurious rigs fit for a king. “My young wife has shown an uncommon knowledge of the...um...sexual arts for one still a virgin when I took her to wife. When I questioned her, she...ah...was very,” cough, “forthcoming about it.”

“And the problem would be?” Jason encouraged as he stared across his large desk toward his visitor. The man did not seem homely or so unattractive that it would cause a young wife’s disgust. The man’s well-groomed hair appeared as black as the wing of a raven. He possessed dark eyes that Jason suspected could be expressive if not as guarded as they were presently. Jason noted Lord M.’s symmetrical features, handsome features, he could admit, if not for the man’s slightly drawn facial expression, leaving him wondering what had caused this gentleman’s distress.

Unless the lady was in love with someone else?

As Jason watched, Lord M. swallowed with difficulty, the red of shame sweeping up into his light olive complexioned face. He averted his eyes, staring with contrived interest at Jason's well-stocked bookcase.

Good heavens. What could be wrong with this man's bride to cause him such a reaction?

"I can assure you of the utmost discretion, my lord." This was one of the reasons Jason never thought about his clients by their last names, even to himself, on the off chance he might mistakenly mention them in front of his servants, including his most trusted manservant, Henry. "If you've had a recommendation from one of my prior clients, they will have told you I am the soul of such. Now, please tell me what has you in such a state of anxiety." Jason leaned back, stretching his legs before him, resting his steepled hands across his belly. He wanted the man relaxed. Only then would he get the information he needed.

Lord M. looked toward him again, his dark eyes lit with uncertainty. With his impeccably dressed form leaning forward as if about to impart a secret destined to ruin him, he began, "My wife...she...eh..."

Jason had to admit this situation intrigued him now. Obviously the lady had her husband shaken up. "Out with it, my lord. Your wife what?"

Blushing again, the young lordling burst out with, "She seems unable to find release in the normal fashion!"

What? What the devil was the man blathering about? "In the normal fashion? Are you saying she cannot find her release with copulation?"

Now the raven-haired man looked ready to sink through the floorboards of Jason's warmly furnished study. "Not normal copulation," Lord M. insisted. As if unable to help himself, he rose, pacing before Jason's desk with enough briskness to wear a hole in his imported Chinese rug.

Jason's eyes widened as he came to the sudden realization of what the man intimated. With a quirk of an inquiring brow, he asked, "Are you telling me she can only find completion if you are...eh...making use of her...bottom?" There seemed to be no delicate way to phrase that question, so he might as well be blunt about it.

Stopping short before one floor-to-ceiling oak bookcase, Lord M. cringed at Jason's conclusion. Avoiding Jason's interested gaze, the man hurried to assure him, "It's not that I don't...eh...enjoy doing that with her." Without a doubt, the man looked forward to this conversation with as much enthusiasm as he looked forward to a painful tooth extraction. "She has a delicious bottom. In truth, had I not a worry to getting her with my heir, I would not be troubling you. The lady is a delight to my senses," Lord M. continued, as if *this* was a subject closer to his heart, "and her mouth, sweet heavens." The man looked to the heavens as he said the words, as if completely in awe of his lady's expertise in fellatio. "She...ah...umm." He looked back at Jason as he realized he was gushing about his wife's sexual talents, and with a flushed face, he moved to sit upon the wing-backed chair he vacated earlier.

"I see," Jason said, and he did. The man wanted to get his wife with child, but her obvious partiality to having her husband fuck her bottom and mouth had caused somewhat of a dilemma for the poor man.

"I have discussed it with her. And she has done her best to be an obedient wife, but because of her desire for," he coughed again, "other things, before I know what's happening, I'm giving her what she desires. Her utter ecstasy is as addictive to me as opium." With that heartfelt declaration, Lord M. slouched into the chair, looking defeated.

"Have you asked her why she enjoys this so much?" Now Jason *really* wanted to know what had the lady so captivated with that aspect of sexuality.



Lord M. nodded reluctantly. “My wife is an honest person, Mr. Featherington. She would not hide anything from me. She loves me. But it seems her widowed mother married a widower with a son several years older than my Elizabeth. It seems the two of them struck up a close bond very quickly. And in her words, though the attraction was mutual, he realized his father would never let them marry. So to prevent ruining her for a good match, her stepbrother showed her other ways they might enjoy each other.”

Hmm, what a predicament. “So now it seems she equates these things with love.”

“I’m afraid so.”

“Do you love her, my lord?”

Lord M. nodded his head with conviction, the worry seeming to slip from his eyes, as he looked beyond Jason’s shoulder, his gaze unfocused. “Aye, sir. I’d been staying with cousins who insisted I accompany them to an afternoon engagement to which they’d been invited. From the moment I met her at that country party, I could not take my eyes from her. It was not as though she was a raving beauty. She was even well beyond the schoolroom, in truth.” A small smile lifted the corners of his mouth as if he could see clearly the day he met his wife. “My cousins confessed to me that they expected she would remain a spinster. I could not give credence to such a thing. To me, she exuded such raw sensuality and grace, I could not fathom that any and every male would not want her for his own.” Then as if the man realized he’d revealed extremely intimate details, he turned his face away, leaving Jason staring at his profile.

Gazing at him thoughtfully, Jason considered the situation for a moment. He wanted to help the man. And Lord M.’s expression of his perception of his wife sealed the decision, as far as Jason was concerned.

Jason had fallen into his unconventional lifestyle and vocation after his father’s financial ruin and subsequent suicide. Barely an adult, Jason had been forced to find some means to support himself

and his older sister, Penelope, who had been engaged until her intended discovered her family's shame. By happenstance, Penelope's best friend's father approached him with an unexpected request. The man had wanted to pull his hair out of his head at his daughter's stubbornness. She had been betrothed to a man, wealthy beyond belief, but too shy to avert his will on the headstrong chit, so the girl was running her young swain a merry chase. The girl's father had noted the girl's propensity to hang on Jason's every word. So he proposed that Jason use his influence to make the girl honor her duty to marry her betrothed and settle down. By whatever means. He'd offered Jason a handsome reward, one that could help him recover from the desperate situation he and his sister suddenly found themselves in. But Jason had insisted he would do so only after he spoke to the girl's betrothed. Instinctively he'd realized, without working with both of them, his intervention could be doomed to failure.

This assistance, he soon learned, came easily from him. With his tall, blond, blue-eyed good looks, females fluttered toward him like moths to a flame. And his no-nonsense approach seemed to cause their instinctive submission to his will. But Jason also discovered he had this same affect on men, who more times than not fell in with his plans without a protest, as if they realized his efforts were for their best benefit. They in turn held him in high esteem for his innate abilities where the female sex was concerned. So with luck and to his eternal relief, he'd succeeded in his mission, and the girl's grateful father had given him enough blunt to set his sister up in a good situation and led to many other lucrative opportunities for him.

Opportunities such as this one. But Jason knew he should do one thing first. With the lady's husband's permission, of course, he would observe her with her stepbrother. "I know this might sound somewhat farfetched, but would you be opposed to me bringing your wife's stepbrother and her here for observation?"

“I don’t have to be here, do I?” Lord M. glanced toward him again, a look on his handsome face that told Jason he might have a hard time watching his wife with another man.

Jason shook his head. “Not if you do not want, my lord. Have you ever thought of bringing in another man?”

Obviously not. Lord M. looked shocked at the suggestion. “What?”

“Another man. One who might join you and your wife, to assist in helping you with your present dilemma?”

“I...I...” Lord M. sputtered. “My lady would never agree to such a thing!”

“Perhaps not. Shall I find out?”

“Well...” Despite himself, it looked like Lord M. might not be completely averse to the possibility.

Jason would just let Lord M. mull over the suggestion for a while. Until then, Jason would concentrate on the discovery of the origination of Lady M.’s fascination. And that would begin by becoming acquainted with the man who introduced her to her sexual proclivities—her stepbrother.

“First, a few questions. Has your wife ever showed any preoccupation during relations?”

Lord M. blinked rapidly. Certainly he seemed surprised at Jason’s line of questioning. “No, never. When we are together it is as though I’m the only man on earth to her.”

Smiling slightly, Jason continued to watch the gentleman’s demeanor while he spoke about his wife. “Very good. Does she ever refuse your advances?”

“Are these intimate questions really necessary, Mr. Featherington?” Lord M. demanded a little uncertainly.

“If you desire assistance in your present dilemma, I would say yes. It is important that I discover if there are any extenuating circumstances causing your problems.”

“Such as?”

“Is there any possibility your wife could be having an affair of which you are unaware?”

“What?” Lord M. nearly shouted, so insulted was he. “She would never do such a thing!”

“If you are so sure, then please answer my questions.”

Lord M. had nearly bolted upright in his chair at Jason’s previous question. Looking directly at Jason this time, his posture eased a little before he said, “Fine then, never. She never refuses my advances. Should I desire her during the day or night, during a carriage ride, whatever. I could not ask for a more responsive woman.”

“I have to say I’m pleased to hear that fact, my lord. You are a very lucky man.”

“I’ve never had any doubt about that, Mr. Featherington. That is one reason I’m here for your help.”

“So the thought of setting her aside has never occurred to you?” This was something Jason had to know.

“No indeed not. I adore my wife. I treasure her amiability and honesty, the ease with which she expresses her love for me. She would never betray me. That I can believe as surely as I believe the sun will rise tomorrow.”

“What if what is needed to help you with your problem means her having to do a few unexpected things?”

“As long as she has no objection, nor will I.”

“Without exception?”

Lord M. hesitated, but then nodded with renewed resolution. “Yes, without exception.”

“Before we begin, I must have your permission and that of your wife to do what is necessary to help her.”

Lord M. grimaced, but then nodded his head. “Yes, do what you must. I’ll do whatever it takes, Mr. Featherington. If you succeed in finding a way to help us, I can promise you a very hefty commission.”

Jason smiled. Even without the man’s words, he did not doubt Lord M. adored his wife and wanted a child and would be very

grateful for his assistance in reaching that end. But who knew? Perhaps the man and his wife might become open-minded to a few other things.

## Chapter 2

Although he was upstairs in his specially made room in his London townhouse, Jason heard the knock on the entrance door, when it came. This would be his first meeting with Mr. Roger P., Lady M.'s stepbrother. Actually, since she would soon be arriving, it would be the first time he saw her, also. After asking Lord M. a few more probing questions the day prior, he'd decided his plan of action. Once he questioned his first visitor about the lady's fascinations, then he would set about doing what needed to be done to help her accept other aspects of regular lovemaking.

Soon a knock came on the door to his special room. He'd instructed his manservant, Henry, to show his guest directly to this chamber.

Henry responded to his direction to enter by opening the door. "Mr. P. is here, Master."

"Thank you, Henry. That will be all for now. You know what to do when our other guest arrives." The servant bowed and retreated, leaving Roger P. gazing at the contents of the room with admiration. Given the possibility that his visitor might be unused to wealth, Jason could understand the man's first impression of the room.

It could pass for a normal parlor, with its chaises and chairs, an overlarge hearth and expansive mantel with an Ormolu clock prominently displayed upon it and matching miniature statues carved out of rosewood flanking it on either side. But it also included high ceilings with intricately designed cornices and gothic-style arched windows with dark crimson drapes drawn for maximum privacy. Several imported rugs in sedate colors of muted browns, beiges, and

greens warmed the wooden floors. There could be no doubt that the room belonged to a male. But only Jason and his manservant Henry would know of the hidden things that might turn it into a haven of sexual delight.

“How very glad I am that you accepted my invitation, Mr. P.,” Jason told him as he stood to greet the man.

“Please, Mr. Featherington, call me Roger, I insist.” Roger was an attractive male, by most standards. One might have mistaken him for a lord with his aristocratic features, patrician nose, strong angular jaw, and a tilting reddish brow that went along with his auburn hair. Certainly he was a man under whose spell a young lady could easily fall.

“Very well, Roger. Have you any idea why I’ve invited you here today?” Jason noted the man’s smile melt into an uncertain frown.

“Not exactly. I hope I haven’t done anything to offend you, sir. If I have, I’m heartily sorry. Beg pardon.” Roger must know who he was, and that he had many friends who would do anything to stay in Jason’s good graces. Good. Maybe he’d be more likely to be receptive to Jason’s suggestions.

“No, Roger, you’ve done nothing,” Jason assured him, as he motioned the man to have a seat opposite of him on the very wide, backless, ivory upholstered chaise.

Roger complied directly. Not much shorter than Jason, possibly 6 feet, the man only had a hair advantage over Lord M. He was dressed in the fashion of the day, minus the hat and usual cane most men carried. His fawn-colored trousers and dark-brown frock coat looked freshly laundered and well kept, but showed beginning signs of wear. Possibly the man might have come upon hard times. Jason would soon find out what he needed to know about Lady M.’s stepbrother. After the successful completion of this project, Jason might even suggest a way the man could assist Lord M. and himself at the same time.

“So Roger, I understand you have a stepsister?”

Roger looked shocked. “What?” The man sat up straight again, obviously nervous.

Jason shrugged, trying not to agitate the man too much, nonchalantly picking at an imaginary thread on his dark trousers. “Have you heard of me, Roger?”

“Umm, yes, I have an old friend who used your services once. He spouted you helped him tremendously. With what, he didn’t delve into. I assumed it was something financial.” Roger seemed eager to be in his good graces, and if he thought blunt was involved he would be more than happy to assist him.

Jason would be sorry to disappoint him. But Lord M. might possibly offer Roger a small recompense if he willingly helped with the couple’s predicament.

“Well, Roger, I do help people, but not usually with their finances.”

Roger’s frown returned. Actually he looked disappointed as Jason suspected he would. But perhaps not for long.

“Tell me about your stepsister.”

“Lizzie? What does she have to do with why you wanted to see me?” Roger looked suspicious now, his auburn brows furrowing.

Jason leaned forward in his tufted chair, his elbows and forearms resting lightly on his knees. It was imperative that Roger trust him. “I’ll get right to the point, Roger. I know about your relationship with your stepsister.”

“It’s a bloody lie! I don’t care what anyone says!” Bloody hell! Roger jumped to his feet as if ready to bolt.

Observing the other male’s response thoughtfully, Jason leaned back, rubbing his right thumb and forefinger along either side of his jaw line. “No one is accusing you of anything, Roger. I heard about the relationship from your sister’s husband.”

“What?” The man looked bewildered now. “I don’t understand.” Turning, he began to pace back and forth in front of the chaise, a frown marring his face. “Arthur knows about us?”



"I admit that he does. But the man holds no ill will toward you, Roger," Jason assured him. "It seems you instilled in the girl the love of certain sexual things. Many of which he enjoys, but one thing in particular is causing him some difficulty." Jason hoped his instinctive understanding of this man was accurate and he would be willing to help Lord M., since, for all intents and purposes, Roger *had* caused the man's present dilemma.

"What things?" Roger asked as he stopped his pacing and turned to look at Jason, his expression mildly curious.

"The man must beget an heir, Roger, and Lady M. seems to enjoy things other than ordinary copulation, if you understand my meaning."

Jason watched as realization seemed to sink in, and Roger grimaced and sat back down on the chaise. "Damn it all, I honestly didn't think it would cause the girl a problem. Or Lord M. for that matter." Roger easily fell in with Jason's practice of using the first initial of his client's last name. "I did think he would enjoy some of the things I taught her."

"He does, he does, but since you instilled the lady with the love of that, we need to teach her the joy of other ways as well."

"We?" Roger asked with a croak.

"Are you telling me you never wanted her in that way?" Jason didn't really need to ask. He saw his answer in Roger's face.

Roger nodded his head vigorously. "Of course, I wanted her in that way, but I knew my father would kill me if he found out I'd ruined the girl for a good marriage." The situation was just as Lord M. had intimated.

"Well then, the girl *has* made a good marriage. But now it's time for you to help her overcome her hesitancy in other areas of lovemaking. Do you agree to help?"

Roger's head bent as if in shame, his elbows on his knees, raking his hands through his auburn locks in frustration, before looking back up at Jason with pleading in his intense hazel eyes. "I'll do whatever

necessary. I've only ever loved the girl. Had I had better prospects, I would have offered for her myself."

"I'm sorry things did not turn out as you hoped, Roger. But now you must wish the lady happy in her life, and once you have assisted her, both of you can move on with your lives. Shall we begin? Can you be honest with me and tell me how your relationship with your stepsister began?"

The man's lip twisted a bit, as if he were still unsure of whether or not he should trust Jason with something so very personal in his mind. "I...um..."

Trying to retain his usual patience, Jason motioned with his right hand to encourage the man to continue. "Well? Did your other friend not tell you of my assistance? I'm the soul of discretion, Mr. P. Were I not, my reputation would not be what it is today. When helping people with such delicate matters, it is of utmost importance for the clients to know their deepest, darkest secrets will never be discovered by society." Leaning against the arm of the chaise he presently occupied, Jason relaxed his posture, hoping to get a reciprocal response from Roger. Since time was of the essence, he wanted to obtain the information he needed before his other guest arrived. "So tell me, Roger, how did your intimate relationship with your stepsister begin?"

Roger's gaze now searched his face. Jason was certain he was still deciding if he could be trusted. With an effort, Jason kept his expression neutral. He was an expert at not appearing eager for information he needed. This decision, most assuredly, would be Roger's to make.

Roger began his story, his eyes becoming unfocused as if visualizing the first day he had met her. "Although I had met her before our parents married, it wasn't until after she and her mother moved into our family home that I began to know her better. She certainly should have been married and raising a family of her own by that age."

“Was the attraction instantaneous?” Jason wanted to know.

Roger nodded. “Yes, I found her attractive from our first meeting, but I kept that fact hidden. I knew what pitfalls would be ahead if I decided to pursue such taboo feelings.” Even as he said the words, Roger shifted uneasily on the chaise he sat upon. “I also felt a hint of pity, I must admit.” Focusing again on Jason’s face, he admitted, “My stepmother is a nice enough woman, but she and Lizzie are as different physically as night and day. Whereas my stepmother is petite and fragile appearing, the kind most men would want to take care of, Lizzie is a robust girl, with lush curves, and exuding a raw sensuality that could scare some men looking for a sensible wife.”

It did not surprise Jason that his body responded instantly to Roger’s vivid description of the unknown Lizzie. She sounded exactly the type of woman that had always attracted him most. Now he really *was* eager to hear more about her. “And this caused a problem?”

“For Lizzie, yes,” Roger informed him. “Her mother always watched her like a hawk, reminding her to beware of eating too much—”

“So the girl was plump?” Jason couldn’t help interrupting.

“Not overly so,” Roger conceded defensively, with a frown erupting on his face. “That wasn’t all. Her mother always pointedly reminded her about her appearance, her posture. Had I been the girl, I could imagine having any number of self-doubts about myself and my worth. I heard on several occasion, her mother complaining that if she didn’t reform, she’d never find a man who would have her.”

“I can only guess at the emotions going on in the girl because of this.” Jason agreed wholeheartedly with Roger’s assessment of the situation.

“Too right,” Roger agreed. “By this time, I knew I had to do something to help Lizzie. I could tell by her expression during this last prodding by her mother that she felt disheartened and a bit worthless. So when Lizzie left the room, I waited a respectable interval and followed her.”

“Very sound decision.” Jason nodded his approval.

“I think this time it had finally become overwhelming for her. I could hear her weeping in her room, so I knocked lightly on her door that I might get her attention without anyone being the wiser. When she came to the door, she looked disheveled and to me, completely adorable. Wordlessly, I took her hand and led her to my rooms. When I closed the door and locked it, she looked a little apprehensive, so I told her I wanted to speak to her privately.” Roger rose from his seat, almost as if truly reliving that day so long ago. “I escorted her to the full-length mirror in the corner of my room. Standing behind her, I said, ‘Do not let your mother’s opinion make you doubt yourself, Lizzie.’”

“‘But it is true that no man wants me,’ she insisted. ‘Why else have I received no offers yet?’ Her abject unhappiness moved me as nothing else ever had to that point in my life. So I told her, ‘I believe there are other circumstances that have played a role, my dear.’ After which she looked at my face reflected in the mirror, her eyes big with uncertainty, and asked, ‘You do not just think it’s because I’m a fat, clumsy girl?’ ‘Most assuredly not,’ I told her firmly, then added, ‘your mother is not taking into consideration that most young swains on the marriage mart are trained to always have their eye out for females who will increase their fortunes or connections.’ ‘So it is not just my personal appearance putting men off?’ she asked me.

“At that point I decided she needed to be convinced of the matter. ‘Shall I prove it?’ I whispered in her ear as I caught her gaze in the mirror. She gulped, but did not try to stop me as I began to relieve her of her clothing.”

Now Jason was all attention as his guest’s movements matched his story, his hands moving as if he were presently doing as he said he had done. “Lizzie is tall for a girl, so my head rested easily against hers. When she stood naked except for garters and hose, I moved behind her again, so she could watch everything I did in the reflection of the mirror. ‘There now,’ I told her and with her hands entwined

with mine, I spread her arms outward, and let my hands glide downward, caressing her as I went. ‘What red-blooded male would not adore these glorious mounds of yours, my sweet?’ And they are glorious,” Roger admitted with a slight grumble of a groan easily heard from where Jason sat. “So I began fondling her delicious looking breasts, pinching and tweaking her nipples, until I had her writhing against me. She was so exquisitely responsive that I became hard instantly. But this encounter was not about me. I’d determined that I must prove to her how utterly desirable she truly was to me.”

Jason easily noticed even now the profound effect Lizzie had on Roger, because there was no hiding the man’s erection in response to his reenactment of his first time being intimate with his stepsister.

“‘Truly, what man could resist...’ I assured her, before moving around her so I might enjoy suckling her. And by God, I did enjoy it. So, as I felt her running her fingers reverently through my hair, I sucked on those sweet bobbies, reveling in her accompanying moans and undulations. Before long of course, my urges got the better of me and I guided her over to my bed, positioning her just so.” Roger spread his hands wide and looked down as if he could clearly see the girl’s out-spread thighs before him.

“She had a plump cunny and her folds glistened with her woman’s dew. I was excited to see her undeniable response to my lovemaking. When I looked up at her face, I noted she looked a little anxious, possibly thinking that I now meant to ravish her, but I assured her, ‘Do not fret, Lizzie dear. I only mean to show you how lovely and sensual you are to me.’ As I knelt before her, her big eyes got even bigger, as she watched me begin to kiss her sex softly and then harder, before I shocked her completely using my tongue to stimulate her desire.

“She learned quick and before long she demanded, ‘I want to feel your skin against mine. Take off your clothes.’ I happily complied with her wishes, of course. When I eagerly settled between her thighs, despite my urges and knowing my father would kill me if I took

Lizzie's virginity for my own selfish desire, I had to come up with a means of slaking my needs without ruining Lizzie's chances for a future marriage. So for the rest of our afternoon in my locked room, I introduced her to all the ways we could be together without truly consummating our physical relationship."

"This is when you first fucked her bottom?" Jason asked as he watched Roger resume his seat opposite.

He nodded. "Yes, and it was I who showed her how much pleasure could be had with oral stimulation. From that point on, we explored each other and enjoyed role-playing games that reinforced our bond." Roger smiled indulgently. "And Lizzie blossomed under my devoted tutelage."

"How could she help it?" Jason wondered aloud. "It sounds like she had a wonderful initiation to physical pleasure from you."

Roger's face heated. "I didn't mean to sound like a braggart."

"No, of course not. Do not fear, Roger. It is obvious you cared about the girl and her feelings."

"That I did. Despite my burning desire for her, I never allowed myself to compromise her completely or irretrievably."

"So I know you would be willing to do whatever necessary to help her move on with her life and find happiness, wouldn't you?"

"Deed, I'll do whatever it takes."

"Good. Lady M. should be here momentarily. She knows she is coming here for me to help her, but she doesn't know how," he told Roger, motioning his head toward a door located to his right. "I'll be behind that wall. Remember, I can observe everything the two of you do on that chaise." Roger glanced down at the piece of furniture he sat upon. "Let everything happen as it normally did when the two of you were together."

Roger glanced back at him. "But what if she wants to stay true to her husband and refuses me?"

"Did anything happen to cause a rift between you before she married?"

Shaking his head, Roger said, “No, I did not cause her any guilty feelings or anger when I had to release her. She must have known how I felt, though. The girl caused feelings in me that I’ve never recovered from.” His lips thinned into a hard line. “I hate the thought that she would accept me because she feels guilty.”

“Do not ponder on that. Just accept what she gives you willingly. I must warn you, though; I will be joining you. You must take her as you’ve always longed to take her; I will only be here to assist. But let her expend as much of herself as she desires.” Jason stood, tossing several packets beside Roger, before moving toward the door on the right. He turned and watched as Roger grabbed the packets of French letters Jason had supplied. Roger frowned down at the objects he held in his hands, before looking up at Jason. “We want no doubts,” Jason told him, and then continued. “How long has it been since you and she were together?”

As a knock sounded on the door, Roger bolted upright.

“Ah, uh...since the night of her engagement to Lord M. It was her way of bidding me farewell.”

“All I can say is savor this time, Roger.” After which Roger swallowed hard, and Jason felt the man’s gaze follow him through the door.

## Chapter 3

Jason sat in a chair situated behind the wall next to his chamber of discipline, as he liked to refer to it. He had an opening disguised by a tapestry that hung on the other side.

He gazed intently as he heard Henry announce the girl. Roger had jumped to his feet and gazed toward the opening door. Even in profile, Jason observed that his tense expression and body carriage could not hide his nervousness at the prospect of seeing the female who'd meant so much to him once again.

A tall woman, with hair the color of chestnuts infused with streaks of honey peeking out from beneath her bonnet, walked slowly into the room, her movements innately graceful. Her full, bright green skirt swished lightly against her pale green shoes before settling. She came to an abrupt halt when she saw the sole occupant of the room. As instructed, Henry slipped out of the room and closed the door, quickly, leaving Lady M. with Jason's male guest.

She looked around frantically, nervous fingers grasping her pale green reticule, as if searching for some means of escape. "Roger? Where is Mr. Featherington? I thought I was here to discuss...eh...something with him."

The girl was striking, with warm, golden, almond-shaped brown eyes, a creamy complexion, her curves voluptuous. No scrawny heiress here. Jason happily observed Roger had not lied about her charms. It was only thanks to the fact that she gazed toward her stepbrother that he could note her facial features beneath her pale green bonnet. The bright green of her gown suited her. The long-waisted flow of the material nicely emphasized her shape. The



ruching around her neckline drew attention to the smoothness of her silken skin. Two flounces, decorated with fine lace, ringed the bottom of her skirt. That she was in the newest fashion confirmed her husband's devotion to her pleasure. His rod twitched in response to his dedicated perusal of the female. Although he always did what his job entailed, he was partial to a woman with rounded curves and large breasts, and Lady M. fit the vision of his ideal.

Roger moved hesitantly toward his stepsister. "Ah, yes, Lizzie, he's been called away suddenly, but will return in an hour or so."

Elizabeth looked a bit wary now, as if she knew her own weakness in regards to Roger. "Well, maybe I should come back later," she suggested, before looking at her stepbrother. "I didn't know you knew Mr. Featherington, Roger. Tell me your impression of him."

The girl's features mesmerized Jason. They were soft, and very feminine, with full, luscious lips and a tip-tilted nose. From Roger's description of the girl earlier, Jason had been expecting someone a little sturdier perhaps. But he spoke true that she did not appear fragile or in need of a man to take care of her.

Perhaps she meant to keep their conversation on banal topics? Jason wondered if Roger would accommodate her.

"I just recently made his acquaintance," Roger explained, with a smile destined to disarm her. "He is definitely a man who knows his mind, possibly the mind of those around him as well. It is easily understandable why others bow to his suggestions."

With satisfaction, Jason noticed her look of curiosity deepen, obviously diverted by Roger's words.

"Why so?"

Roger gave her an indulgent smile. "Because, my dear Lizzie, besides his very authoritative manner, he's a handsome brute. He's a good one to two hands taller than myself, with that blond hair, blue-eyed combination that seems to appeal to most ladies. And those fine

clothes he wears do not disguise the athletic build beneath, I assure you.”

The man could not have made Jason sound more appealing, even if he had paid him.

“Really?”

“Do not seem so surprised that I would describe him so, my dear. Despite being a male, I have spent years sizing up other men and their attraction to the fairer sex. How else can I out maneuver the competition?”

“Do you consider him competition for something?”

Roger shook his head with resolution. “Do not put words in my mouth, Lizzie,” he advised her. Then as if he’d had enough of that particular conversation, he went on, “You are looking well sister.”

For the first time since Lady M. came into the room, she smiled somewhat uncertainly, as if not knowing how to respond in this new situation with her stepbrother. “I *am* well, Roger.”

Roger motioned with his hands to the chaise he had recently vacated. “Will you not sit for a moment, Lizzie? It has been a long time since we’ve seen each other.”

Lizzie frowned at him but moved to do as he bid. “It is your own fault, brother. Arthur and I have invited you many times with *Mama* and *Papa*, but you give one excuse after another.”

When Lizzie sat down, Roger sat right next to her, not allowing much room between them. If Jason’s instincts were correct, Roger was tempted to push his lovely stepsister down and ravage her right there. But impressively, the man kept his base impulses hidden. Of a sudden, Lizzie’s hand fluttered to her décolletage. Jason noted a faint sheen of moisture glistening on her face.

“You are right, sweet. I’ve been a heel not coming for a visit. Was I mistaken to think it better I stay away? I’ve only ever wanted your happiness, Lizzie.”

Jason smiled when he noted the harsh swallow Lizzie gave, followed by a small shudder. She’d responded famously to her

stepbrother's gently prodding words. Obviously, Roger noted her reaction himself, for he slipped his left arm behind her, edging it toward the other side of her hips.

"Are you cold, dear? Or are you warm?"

Roger's nearness flustered the lady. "I...ah...I'm not sure."

Roger grinned with roguish charm. No wonder the girl succumbed to his seduction. He may have appeared unsure when Jason first spoke about Roger's relationship with the lady, but in her presence he appeared self-assured and adept at seducing her. "Shall we decide on warm, Lizzie? Here let me help." Roger proceeded to relieve her of her reticule, before beginning to remove her short white gloves and dropping all her items lightly to the floor.

"Roger, what are you doing?" Lizzie complained with uncertain pique, watching him strip her personal things from her. Roger's movements were slow, methodical, and seemingly innocent in intent, but somehow looked highly erotic to Jason. "What if Mr. Featherington comes back before he predicted? He'll be scandalized."

Helplessly mesmerized, Lizzie watched as Roger disregarded her protests and continued his actions, sliding her shawl from her tensed, but delectable, shoulders.

"I do doubt that somehow, love. Come on, Lizzie. For old time's sake."

Lizzie pulled her shawl from his grasp. "For old time's sake, what?"

"Do I have to put it into words?"

"I...ah...what are you talking about!" Lizzie moved away from Roger, so that his thigh no longer touched the side of her gown.

Before she could get very far, Roger leaned toward her, sneaking his arms around her. A moan escaped her lips when Roger began kissing her with a desperation that struck a cord in Jason. Obviously, the man had strong feelings for his stepsister. When he moved to lay her upon the chaise, Jason watched her stiffen, doing her best to resist her stepbrother's advances. But when Roger bent to slip his large

hand beneath the lady's gown, Jason knew Roger's hand rested between her thighs, causing her to whimper in what could only be described as longing. In a flurry of activity and with expertise, Roger divested Lizzie of most of her garments, leaving her in only her transparent shift, her hose and garters.

When Roger undid the front of her shift, Lizzie gave a small protest, "Roger, we shouldn't...mmm...ah..." An agonized moan escaped her as Roger bared her large, wonderful breasts for him to kiss and suckle.

Damn! Jason pushed his straining rod with an impatient hand. He didn't want to miss a moment of what happened on the other side of the wall. He had to observe their interaction so he could help both Lizzie and her husband with their little problem.

After Roger sucked her distended nipples for a while and pushed her shift up so he could finger her moist folds, he murmured against her skin, "Shall we play one of our games, sweet?"

Lizzie raised her head, gazing at her stepbrother with unfocused eyes. "A game? You think we have time?" she asked with a whisper, suddenly panting.

"Always. What is the worst that can happen? Perhaps we'll ask Mr. Featherington to join us." After his lurid suggestion, Roger grinned unrepentantly, wagging an auburn brow at her.

Lizzie gave a little laugh and smiled, obviously sure Roger was having her on. After giving her a lingering kiss, Roger stood and moved away from his stepsister, leaving her flustered and pink with excitement. She pulled her finely embroidered shift closed in front and sat up.

After Roger moved away, he turned around and walked back toward her, limping this time. Lizzie grinned and then frowned an instant later, all concerned sister. "Oh, dear brother, what have you done to yourself now?"

"Blasted horse threw me!" he grouched. "I think I've been maimed!"

“You must take more care, dear! Come here. Let me have a look. You woke me from a sound sleep with all your racket,” Lizzie fussed at him.

Roger grimaced as if he had indeed woken his sister from a sound sleep. “Sorry, sister dear, I’ll make a note of that the next time a horse almost kills me.” And he watched as Lizzie stood to let him lay down on the chaise.

“Where are you hurt, dear?” Lizzie set about disrobing her ‘brother’, quickly and expertly as if she’d done it a thousand times before, which she probably had during the years.

Jason was getting acutely uncomfortable in his trousers. He might have to relieve his rigid member before he could join them at the opportune time. By the time Roger lay naked upon the chaise, Jason undid the placard of his trousers, releasing the raging beast within.

While beginning to pump his stiff erection, Jason watched as Lizzie began her ‘inspection’ of Roger’s ‘injury.’ To Jason’s delight, the girl straddled Roger’s thighs. Leaning forward, she asked, “Is it here?”

Roger grunted but shook his head. “Nay, dear, lower.”

Lizzie kissed and suckled her way down Roger’s body, until he undulated beneath her arousing mouth. And Jason had no doubt it aroused him. After the kissing and sucking Roger’s stepsister devoted to his male nipples, he groaned as if she were killing him.

“Here?” the lovely Lizzie murmured against the hard plane of Roger’s taut belly.

“Nay, sweet...” he groaned again. “Lower.”

Jason leaned forward eagerly, steadily pumping his prick, as Lizzie slid farther down, exposing Roger’s thrusting rod, which stood at attention for her.

Sweeping aside the long mane of hair that had escaped her coiffure, Lady M. grasped Roger’s rod in a firm grip. “Is it here, love?”

“Ah, ah, yes...sweet!” he cried out, gazing with desperate longing as Lizzie bent over him to take his straining length into her eager mouth.

Ah, sweet mother! As he watched Lizzie sucking Roger’s long cock, Jason’s hand increased its speed. The lady was truly a delight to behold. He’d yet to see a woman that enjoyed fellatio with quite as much enthusiasm as Lady M. did. How he wished it were *he* naked upon that chaise as she gave *him* that divine attention she was affording her stepbrother. With an expression of agonized joy, Roger bucked beneath Lizzie, and gem that she was, she accepted him as Jason watched, letting Roger’s hard length slide with ease down her throat, until her lips pressed against the nest of auburn curls at the base of her stepbrother’s rod.

Christ’s blood!

“God above, Lizzie!” Roger burst out. His hips lifted higher and his body tautened with his impending explosion, his arms grasping the chaise on either side of him, muscles straining.

Lizzie grasped Roger’s thighs holding herself in position. By this time, Jason could hold back no longer and began spurting his hot seed. He kept his eyes on Lizzie as she continued sucking Roger’s prick until the man gasped, jerking and writhing as he spent into her luscious mouth. Giving an agonized groan, Roger continued to pump into her mouth until he stiffened again and went into another orgasm.

Priceless! No wonder Lord M. would not even consider giving up the lady. Nor would he, if she belonged to him. But she didn’t. Nor did she belong to the man on the other side of the wall—the man who was presently pulling her up to hold her in his arms. Not that Jason doubted that the man wished she belonged to him with all his heart.

Soft, loving murmurs floated through the air as Roger slipped her shift from her body, kissing her all the while.

“Love me,” Jason heard Lizzie plead in a husky voice. Without any hesitation, Roger sheathed his rod in a French letter. Rising above Lizzie, Roger plunged his already hardened prick into his stepsister’s

heat. The usual way. The one he'd admitted to Jason he longed to do. Jason heard the sharp gasp Lizzie gave that accompanied Roger's rough penetration. "Not there," she began, but gasped again as Roger continued pounding into her sweet cunny, lifting her thighs to drape her legs over his shoulders, probably in the position she was used to when he'd fucked her bottom in the past.

Roger bent over to kiss her forcefully. "Yes, there," he insisted as he thrust into her body.

Before long, she was moaning, but had not yet climaxed. Now it was time for Jason. Disrobing, Jason sheathed his rod in a French letter. When he opened the door, Lizzie gasped as she saw him standing there naked. "What...what..."

Roger stopped pumping his hips, and looked toward Jason for whatever direction he had for him.

"Roger, move to her side, take her from the front, I'll take her from behind," Jason instructed him, as the speechless Lizzie moved with Roger until they lay on their sides facing each other.

She looked over her creamy white shoulder toward Jason. "I'm here to help you, dear lady," he told her as he moved behind her. Roger had resumed his thrusting into her sex. Jason reached between the cleft of her lovely rounded bottom. She was slick from her love juices, so with deft hands he positioned the swollen tip of his engorged rod at her tight pink anus. Slowly, he slid his length into her bottom, the cream of her desire making his passage much easier. While Roger kissed Lizzie and fucked her, Jason reached around to grab her tempting babbies, kneading and pinching them as he began pounding into her sweet bottom.

The girl was obviously enthralled at the prospect of having two men thrusting into her at once—not such a problem as Lord M. had expected. She twisted and moaned, as he and Roger fucked her in earnest, all three panting their pleasure as they drove closer and closer to their climaxes.

“Ah...please...” Lizzie cried. “Harder...harder...please...” She finished on a long protracted scream as her body clamped and convulsed around the pricks impaling her.

Both men had been holding out for her to finish, before thrusting harder into her comely body, Jason grasping her breasts and Roger grasping her hips as they shouted, pumping deeper with frenzied movements as they spent. Lizzie’s quivering, convulsing body wringing every last vestige of hot, spurting liquid both Roger and he could deliver.

“Ah, ah...God...sweet...” Roger moaned when he finished his climax, ignoring Jason, as he nuzzled Lizzie’s bare neck. Despite Jason’s temptation to leave the two alone, he knew that could well defeat his purpose. He gave the girl’s breasts a last squeeze causing her to moan again.

Jason disengaged his prick from Lizzie’s bottom. Before anything else happened it was important that they talk, because although he would let Roger take the girl again, it would not be alone. Well, maybe he’d allow them a short one.

“Roger, you and Lady M. may make use of the water behind the screen for your ablutions. I’ll retrieve my robe and rejoin you after I do my own ablutions.”

After moving to gather their strewn clothing, Roger pulled Lizzie behind him as he headed toward the screen. Jason went into the next room where he had a basin with water for his own use. He shrugged into his dressing gown without bothering to pull on anything else; he wouldn’t need it.

Quietly, he slipped back into the chamber. Moving over to the chair opposite the chaise, Jason sat, plainly able to make out the sounds of copulation coming from behind the screen. Just the sounds of it had Jason’s prick stirring beneath the silk of his robe.

“Spend for me, dearest,” Jason heard Roger whisper to his stepsister.



“Mmmm...” she moaned. Was the man doing as he hoped and fucking her in her cunny again?

“Do you enjoy this, sweeting?” Roger asked desperately. The noise increased, causing Jason to imagine Roger jamming his member into her.

“Ah...Roger...ah...yes!” She ended on a sharp cry.

To be joined by Roger’s, “That’s it, love, come for me. Ah!”

Sounds of movements returned. Soft murmurs accompanied the movement, some kissing, also. Was the man assisting her to wash? Then of a sudden he heard more frantic noises. Tempted though he might be to let them continue, he knew could not. They had other pressing matters to see to.

Jason stood and walked over to the screen, moving noiselessly around it. It was a lovely site. Lizzie’s enthralled body lay sprawled and bowed upon the generous tufted chair, Roger’s head buried between her outspread thighs, lapping at her juices, his arms over her legs holding them as wide apart as he could get them. Lizzie thrust her hands into Roger’s hair, holding his face to her sex as he licked and laved her plump, sweet looking nether lips.

He couldn’t stop them yet. While he watched, Roger kissed and sucked the pearl between her thighs, until her head flew back and she began bucking against his ravaging mouth. “Ah...yes...yes...Roger!” And the man did not relent until he sent her into back-to-back climaxes.

Actually, the hell with it! Jason was already rock hard again. So he moved in, grasping her hair, causing her eyes to open in surprise. When she saw what he held toward her mouth, she smiled and opened for him, while Roger continued the onslaught on her exposed slit. And watching Roger glance up, smile, and go down once again on his ladylove’s sex, Jason began pumping into Lizzie’s tempting mouth. He’d wanted this anyway. As soon as he saw her suck her lover’s prick, he knew he would have to feel it for himself before he sent her back to her husband and her marriage bed.

Ah, sweet mercy! Now that he'd experienced it for himself, he was quickly getting carried away. As if no restriction forbid it, he slid his length in and out of her warm, willing mouth. He watched with wonder as she accepted him completely, her luscious lips tickling the tuft of blond hair nestling his shaft, causing a shiver to ripple through his body.

She jerked and moaned as another climax racked her body, and Roger brought her to another explosion, causing her to suck Jason's rod deeper down her throat. His gut clenching, Jason closed his eyes as his body tautened and the pressure building finally cumulated forcefully. He groaned loudly as he spent on her velvet tongue. Lizzie and he panted and gasped for air as Jason pulled his spent prick from Lizzie's mouth. Roger moved over the girl, holding her face against his chest, placing soft loving kisses on her hair as she recovered from her multiple orgasms.

"Well done to both of you," Jason praised the two. "Now it's time we discuss the reason we are all here. After you two clean up, join me on the chaise." He stopped at the edge of the screen, and looked back over his shoulder. "No dawdling this time." But added a smile as he left them to their ablutions.

In no time, Roger and Lizzie joined him again. While she had only her shift on, Roger had just pulled on his trousers. Jason stood and the two of them sat down. Pacing in front of them, he began. "Roger, you already know why you're here. But Lizzie, do you know why *Roger* is here? Or why *you* are here?"

Lizzie shook her head, a light red of embarrassment staining her fair cheeks. "I can't say I know why Roger is here, unless—"

"Unless, what?"

"Umm, my husband has expressed a wish for us to...uh..." Embarrassed, she trailed off.

Jason continued his pacing, his arms behind his back, one hand held in the other, watching the two occupants of the chaise. He decided to help her. "Copulate in a usual fashion?"

Ducking her head, she mumbled, "Yes."

"It's my fault," Roger admitted as he turned to gather Lizzie into his arms.

"Your fault?" she inquired. "Why? Just because I like the way we showed our love to each other?"

Jason stopped before her. "*That*, dear lady, is the problem. Your husband expects an heir from you. How do you propose he do that if you continue tempting him to pleasure you as you desire?"

Now the lady *did* blush. "Oh, I know, he told me so. I do want to give Arthur an heir. Do you think he will be satisfied if I submit to his will and be an obedient wife?"

Giving Roger a stern look to stop him as he moved to kiss Lizzie's distress away, Jason asked her, "Do you love your husband, Lizzie?"

At first she seemed surprised to hear her stepbrother's pet name for her on his lips. But then she returned to the subject at hand. "Yes, of course, I love him."

"Next question. Do you desire your husband?"

She looked embarrassed to admit to such in front of Roger. "Ah, yes," she began, and then coughed delicately. "He is a very...eh...virile man."

When it looked like Roger meant to frown, Jason scowled at him, before turning back to Lizzie. "Very good, then. Today we have brought Roger here to prove to you that you do not always need a male fucking your bottom to climax. Did you not just have an orgasm as Roger fucked you behind that screen?"

She gulped at Jason's crude depiction of what she and Roger had engaged in a few moments before. Nodding, she admitted, "Yes."

Jason nodded. "Very good. Now for the next few hours, Roger and I will make love to you time and again, until we make you come so many times, you will be well used to it and loving it more than anything else. Understood?"

"Yes!" She nodded her head with eager assent.

“This evening, I have invited your husband to join you in this chamber. If you show him you can get as much pleasure from the normal mode of copulation, you will have said gentleman wrapped around your finger. Now,” he directed, motioning them to lie down, “let’s begin.”

Eagerly, Lizzie and Roger moved together to whip her shift off her body. After he let them begin the kissing, Jason moved to join them again. In no time, both men had Lizzie writhing and crying out between them. Jason certainly looked forward to teaching the girl that regular copulation could be as enjoyable as anything else.

## Chapter 4

After sending Roger on his way for the time being, Jason and Lady M. sat waiting for her husband to join them.

“Tell me, my lady, what do you truly desire for your life?”

“What?” Lady M. asked with surprise.

“Your true desire. I have observed you all afternoon with your stepbrother. Are you in love with him as well as your husband?”

Lizzie flushed pink. Obviously this direct question caused some distress. “I...eh...well...”

“You can be truthful with me, madam,” Jason assured her. “I am at your service and only wish to help you in your present dilemma. Possibly help you achieve long-term happiness.”

He watched as she held a trembling hand to her face. “Roger allowed me to grow and learn what it was to be a woman. He appreciated me for myself and did not put his own desires before my future. I am grateful for everything he taught me.”

“So there is not a small portion of your heart reserved for him?”

She hesitated and her hands moved down to grip her skirt, while she avoided looking directly at him. He even noted a slight trembling of her lower lip. “I...care for him...Yes, I would say I do...love him. Not more than my husband,” she went on to insist.

“Of course not. Tell me about your feelings for your husband.”

A smile flickered. “He is a wonderful man, Mr...eh...”

“Please, my lady, after all we’ve shared today, I think you might call me Jason.” An occurrence not something Jason allowed lightly, but for her he would do so. Most of his pupils called him Master, but

since this had been one of his easier cases, he had not had time to set the rule.

She pinkened again. “Yes, of course, mmm, Jason, yes, my husband. From the first time we met, he did not hide his attraction for me. His attentions flattered me, certainly, and as attracted to him as I might have seemed, I did not imagine him really serious in his intentions.” Her smile returned. Obviously, the lady relished this memory. “I had really come to believe that I had passed the age that any man would choose me for a wife.”

“It is my guess that your husband did not think so?”

Lizzie laughed softly, even covering her mouth with a hand to hide her mirth. “No, he pursued me in earnest from the very beginning. At first I thought he meant to offer to keep me as his mistress. As a lord, I knew he would want a wife with connections and possibly money and that certainly wasn’t me. But to my astonishment, he courted me as he would have any lady his equal.”

“So you did not believe yourself equal to him?”

“Not in station, certainly,” she told him with all the regalness of an aristocrat, which she was, now, thanks to her marriage. “But he refused to allow my retreat or my insistence that I would not be the right wife for him.”

“So despite having a man desire to make you his wife, you still doubted your desirability?”

She looked uncertainly at him. “Before Roger entered my life, I had never felt desired before. I thought that perhaps my desirability only appealed to him and no one else.”

“And that no other man could desire you?”

“I admit I thought so.”

Jason smiled at Lizzie’s self-doubt. “My dear lady, I can assure you there are many a male who would find you extremely attractive. Myself included.”

She blushed at the compliment he’d given her. “I’m...mmm...flattered, Jason. But I did not believe so when I met

Arthur. I also did not believe it could be true that he truly wanted me. Besides although not completely satisfied with the restrictions of my physical relationship with Roger, I eventually thought my stepfather would concede failure in finding me a husband and let the two of us marry.”

“Does that mean you did not greet your future husband’s interference wholeheartedly?”

She smiled with indulgence. “I did cause him a bit of frustration in his endeavor to make me his wife. But perhaps, in the end, it helped me to see that he had fallen in love with me and did desire me above all others. And once my stepfather learned of his intention he insisted that I consent to marry him.”

“Which means your thoughts concerning him ever allowing you and Roger to marry were dashed?”

She nodded with only a small hint of sadness. “Indeed yes. I do think Roger loved me, but not enough to fight his father for the right to claim me. Or maybe he just felt a bit guilty for introducing me to physical intimacies. Who knows? Roger and I never really explored our hearts to figure it out. But with Arthur, I soon realized he would move heaven and earth to make me his own. The more time we spent together the deeper I came to love him. Until I no longer had any reservations about accepting his proposal.”

“Then you are telling me that although you still care for Roger, your husband is the love of your life?”

“Yes, most assuredly, he dotes on me, spoils me, would do anything for me.”

“As you would him?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“I’m very pleased to hear that, my lady. Perhaps this evening you may show him those sentiments for yourself.”

Lizzie grinned at him. “It will be my pleasure, Jason.”

\* \* \* \*

Jason stood as Henry escorted Lord M. into the chamber. Lizzie jumped to her feet, brushing her hands on her skirts, nervously trying to smooth the faint wrinkles barely noticeable from the events of the afternoon. Jason sensed she desperately wanted to please her husband and prove to him that he had made the right choice when he chose her for his wife.

Her eagerness to submit to her husband's will had been proven time and again as she accepted him and Roger numerous times, in the 'usual' way. Each bout of lovemaking cumulated in her crying out her pleasure as her body convulsed around their pricks. He'd felt it and he knew from Roger's heartfelt enjoyment, he'd felt it too.

Now the final test.

Lord Arthur M. seemed understandably uncertain as he first looked at his wife, as she sat demurely on the chaise that she and two men had spent the afternoon making love upon. Not that he would know that...yet. For all intents and purposes, having redonned her gown once again, Lizzie looked as pure as the first snow. Jason actually smiled when he thought about the inferno of desire that was Lord M.'s wife, something he hoped the man learned to appreciate to the fullest now. He even had a suggestion that might shock the man, once the evening ended.

"My lady." Lord M. bowed over his wife's extended hand, laying a soft kiss on her bare skin.

"My lord," Lizzie returned, a tiny frown marring her generously sweet mouth as she observed her husband's utter correctness of manner.

Jason frowned, also. What the devil did the man think he was doing? After coming to him to help salvage his love life and his marriage, he had better not ruin it. Perhaps it was his presence causing this forced politeness?

"Have you eaten, Lord M.?" Jason asked as he stood, motioning the man to sit beside his wife on the chaise.



“Indeed yes, Mr. Featherington.”

“Fine, since your wife and I dined earlier, I’ll leave you two alone.” As he said the words, he gave Lord M. a look meant to make the man understand the importance of the evening.

The man shrugged and looked somewhat sheepish, as a schoolboy might, being left with a girl for the first time.

Cursing under his breath, Jason moved to the door leading into his secret chamber, so he might watch the goings on between husband and wife. He would be furious if he had to intercede before the very end.

Jason made himself comfortable in his chair, watching keenly as Lizzie and Arthur made small talk about his day. Except for the heated gaze between the two, they made no move to embrace. As moments ticked by, he could feel his anger rising. Although he’d enjoyed the day of lovemaking with Lizzie and Roger, he was not in this situation for his health. If the experiment failed, Jason could expect nothing as recompense for his time and effort. Although he had various ventures, he made most of his blunt and extras by helping husbands and families with willful and, sometimes, unruly females.

Even as his thoughts grew darker by the moment, Jason noticed Lizzie putting her hand on her husband’s thigh, caressing him. He grinned when he saw Arthur gulp, his Adam’s apple bobbing, a muscle twitching in his strong jaw, and look down at her hand before looking back, his gaze meeting hers.

Ah, yes, here sat the minx who’d entranced two men all afternoon. Finally, Arthur smiled in pleasure, mumbling something to which Lizzie laughed softly. Lizzie turned her back to him, as if encouraging him to assist her, which he did eagerly. Jason glanced toward the mirror angled perfectly to let him see anything he could not see directly from his position. As she glanced over her shoulder at her husband, there could be no missing the heat of desire gracing Lizzie’s cheeks, that in itself would cause any young buck to come sniffing around her in a fever of lust.

As Arthur exposed each inch of bare flesh, he leaned forward to kiss every bit of it, causing a shudder to run through his wife's body. When he'd completed the task she set him, Arthur leaned back. Lizzie stood and turned to face him, gazing at her husband surreptitiously from beneath long lashes, letting her expensive gown flutter down her body to pool on the floor. Arthur watched every flirting, seductive movement his lovely wife made. She set about unfastening her shift, letting the edges gape open, exposing her bountiful globes for her husband's delectation.

Jason watched Arthur as he licked his lips in anticipation of sucking her tight peaks. Jason could feel his own arousal as he watched sweet Lizzie strip for her husband. She leaned over Arthur, deliberately letting the edges of her shift slide sensuously off her shoulders, baring her luscious breasts to him.

"Argh." He heard the groan Arthur gave as he reached for her with desperate hands. That the man adored this woman—not just her body was obvious.

"Ah...yes...Arthur..." Lizzie moaned in return as he began kneading her breasts with sensual abandon, pulling her to him by the swollen tips.

Once she lay upon the chaise, Arthur leaned over her, caressing her face and neck with unsteady hands, a look of adoration so obviously heartfelt it left Jason in awe. Arthur lowered his head, kissing her with relish, his mouth slanting over hers again and again. Jason had no doubt by Lord M.'s movements he was probably as stiff as a poker, because he began grinding his hips against his wife's bare thigh which he'd just exposed, by undoing and discarding her garters and hose.

With frantic hands, Lizzie set about stripping her husband's clothes from his body, a sensual hunger so exquisite filling her expression, and caressing the finely defined muscles with a rare desperation that could not be denied. The afternoon with Roger and Jason had been pure lust on Lizzie's part. The deep, desperate hunger

obvious between husband and wife could only be described as a loving passion so deep Jason was at a loss to describe it. Once Lord M. lay naked, Jason had to admit the man a prime specimen, with a toned body and muscular abdomen that proved that Arthur didn't waste all his time sitting in the House of Lords.

Things progressed nicely from then on. Soon, Jason had to release his rod to see to his own arousal caused by the thrashing, moaning couple in the next chamber. Together, they were a sight to behold. Arthur whipped his wife's shift from her body, leaving her bare and lovely. Overjoyed to see Arthur take the initiative in lovemaking, he watched with pleasure as Arthur ducked his head, sucking on his wife's peaked nipples, until he had her crying out her desire for him, their movements becoming more and more frenzied. Arthur slid down his wife's body, kissing and licking his way down to her plump cunny.

Leaning forward and listening closely, Jason could hear Arthur's words of loving praise as he spread open her nether lips and discovered her extreme wetness in response to his lovemaking.

"Ah, Arthur love!" she cried out as he set about sucking and licking on the sweet jewel he'd just exposed, her glorious hair thrashing about her shoulders wildly. "Ah, ah...yes!" she screamed as she began bucking beneath her husband's insistent mouth, and then demanded, "Take me, Arthur! Love me, please!"

"Patience, my love," Arthur soothed his wife, lifting his head after giving her clit a soft kiss.

Lizzie gazed down uncertainly at her husband's upturned face. "What?"

Slowly, Arthur climbed upward, rubbing his body against the quivering flesh of his wife as he went. When he lay on his side, leaning over Lizzie, her closest thigh trapped between his own, his long thick rod pointing toward the place Jason was sure it longed to be: her sweet sex. Jason had the perfect view of them through the mirror. That desire rode Lord M. was obvious in the expression on his

face and the pulsing hardness of his member, but for some reason he seemed to be exerting almost supernatural control.

Gazing into her eyes, Arthur nipped and kissed her lips, teasing her with his tongue. Lizzie whimpered and moaned when she attempted to suck his tongue into her mouth and Arthur pulled it back into his mouth, instead pressing a hard kiss and capturing her tongue for himself. Lady M. wrapped her arms around her husband's neck, her short manicured nails flexing into the rippling muscles of his bare back, causing said man to grunt and arch against her. Nor did it sound like a pained grunt, more like a thrilled one. Against his wife's trapped thigh, Arthur rubbed his rod. No doubt he wanted to grind himself against her, but still he maintained his iron will.

Jason had to admire the man's control.

With intense fascination, Jason observed as Lord M. left his wife's lips and kissed her closed eyes, her cheeks, moving downward, nipping and sucking her neck, the tiny pulse beating frantically in response to his lovemaking, across her collarbone, and ending at the tightly pointed peak of her right breast. He planted a chaste kiss on the distended tip, which elicited a plaintive moan and a desperate arch of his wife's upper body, as if she yearned for much, much more. Her hands grasped his hair, pulling him toward her.

With a shaky laugh, Arthur grabbed her wrists and pushed them up over her head, as he leaned up over her. "You want me to suckle you, dearest?"

Jason heard Lizzie's mewling response to her husband's coarse inquiry, with an accompanying nod of her head. Still holding her arms prisoner above her head, Arthur leaned down and sucked just her nipple into his mouth. Jason saw the flash of Lord M.'s smile as he nipped sharply on the tight tip.

"Ah," Lizzie undulated wildly beneath her husband's mouth, her eyes tightly shut, her hair thrashing around her head. She turned her lower body instinctively toward what she wanted. In the reflection of the mirror, Jason could see Arthur's prick poking out from between

his wife's closed thighs. For only a moment, Lord M. pumped his rod against her thigh, probably desperate to penetrate his wife's sweet cunny, but still he refrained. Gently, Arthur pushed Lizzie onto her back, kissing her lips softly, when she began to protest.

"Do you want me to fuck you, my dear?"

"Ah, yes...yes!" she cried out with desperation.

"You must do something for me," Arthur commanded her.

Lizzie's eyes slowly came open, gazing up with intense curiosity into her husband's handsome and aroused face. "Yes, my dear, I would do whatever you demand of me. Have I not proven that by coming here today?"

Lord M. gave a pleased smile and bent to give her a hard quick kiss on her lips. "That you have, love," he admitted, as he moved to rub his bare chest against her breasts.

"Mmmm," she moaned in response, moving sensuously beneath him.

A groan rumbled from deep within Arthur's chest, clearly audible, even from where Jason sat.

"I had thought I could not bear the thought of any other man touching you, loving you," Arthur admitted. Gazing into his wife's face, he pulled one hand down from where he'd been holding her hands above her head, so he might caress her face tenderly. The light of desire burned brightly in Lord M.'s dark eyes as he looked over her lovely flushed face. "But from the time I suspected you'd had time to reach this townhouse, my mind began to torment me. Not with revulsion or disdain as I would have suspected, but with yearning." With those words, Arthur gave her a savage kiss, slanting his mouth on Lizzie's again and again, until he had her writhing and moaning beneath him.

How very interesting, Jason thought. He continued his pumping hand, careful not to go too fast so he might savor the luscious sight of the couple upon the chaise. He was determined not to spend until after

they did. So the man might *have* enjoyed watching his lovely wife getting fucked by two men.

When the kiss transformed into a gentle caress, Arthur lifted his head and smiled down at Lizzie. "I could not even concentrate on my correspondence, sweet."

"You couldn't?" she gasped out and arched against his chest again.

With a grumble, Lord M. leaned down, but this time to kiss her right breast and suck lightly on the peak.

"Oh, mmm..." Lizzie moaned, her lids heavy, falling to half-mast, gazing at her husband through her long lashes.

As if provoked by her look, Arthur's ministrations took on a decidedly rough edge. He sucked her breast and nipple until she cried out in sexual agony. "Arthur, please..." she begged.

"Now do you understand how I felt today? A frenzy of wild need consumed me, my darling wife. Do you realize the thoughts of you with your stepbrother and Mr. Featherington drove me mad?"

"Sorry," she whispered, still panting shakily from the excitement of desire her husband had her in.

"No," he insisted, using both of his hands now to grab her large breasts, leaning forward so he could bury his face between the luscious mounds. He licked and sucked the quivering flesh, paying equal attention to both her sweet babbies, pinching and squeezing the neglected peak between his thumb and forefinger.

"Ah, Arthur," she screamed out in ecstasy, her movements frantic, yearning, seeking.

Still pinching and pulling on her nipples, Lord M. lifted his head to gaze at Lizzie's desperate face. Desperate for him. "When Mr. Featherington intimated I might want to attend the meeting, I cringed. I could not imagine wanting to see my loving wife with another man's prick pounding into her. But he'd planted a devious seed in my brain, one that has grown into an unexpectedly savage need." He leaned

down to plant a soft kiss on one of the nipples pinched between his fingers. "Tell me, love."

Lizzie's eyes flared wide as she realized what he wanted. "You want me to tell you what happened?" By her tone, Jason could tell she was not as scandalized as a gently bred lady should be. In truth, she smiled seductively, cupping her husband's face in her hands, lifting his face toward her so she could lean down to give him an excited kiss on his lips.

Step by step, Lizzie huskily recounted everything that happened between all three of them.

At the end of her description of what she'd done to her stepbrother, Arthur groaned out loud, grinding his stiff wick against the dark curls of her thatch. "I let his long shaft slide in and out of my mouth, taking him as deep into my throat as I love to do to you...ah..." She gasped out as her words incited him to knead her breasts with savage hands.

"Yes, love," he encouraged while shifting his hips to push between her legs, using his knees to open her thighs wide. He groaned as he slid his prick against his wife's sex. From his position, Jason could see the moist folds of Lizzie's cunny snuggling Arthur's long, stiff rod, her cream easing the friction of his skin against her skin.

As her husband began rubbing his erection against her heated flesh, he encouraged, "Go on," and bent to begin sucking her bubbies with relish as she panted out more of what had happened.

When she reached the part about the three of them, Jason thought Arthur would spend, but he pulled his hips back from her, holding his rod tightly as if trying to stop his crisis. Hearing his raspy breathing, Jason had no doubt the man's heart pounded with his excitement.

"Dear?" she asked uncertainly, as if not sure whether he was enjoying her tale or not. Writ plainly on Lord M.'s face: Acute sexual agony. Jason sensed the man's temptation to halt her words and drive into her sex. But he sucked in some calming breaths, then leaned

down to give his wife some short, soft kisses. Perhaps to let her know without words that he desired that she continue her lurid tale.

His panting picked up again as she finished up with the tale of Jason and Roger pounding into her cunny and bottom at the same time. Arthur still held his shaft in his hand, trying to stave off spending yet. But when her tale reached the part where Roger lapped at her juices and Jason fucked her mouth, a feeling of lust seemed to overwhelm Arthur. He moved down his wife's body quickly, burying his face between her outspread thighs.

Lizzie began panting in earnest at each lash of her husband's tongue against the tiny-jeweled bundle hidden there. He pulled away from her only long enough to gasp, "Continue," before burying his head between her thighs again.

"Ah...then as Roger...eh...licked and sucked my...cunny...Jason grabbed my hair and slid his prick down my throat, ah, yes!" she cried out and rubbed frantically against Arthur's insistent mouth. "Ah...ah..." Her hips lifted off the chaise as she got ever closer to her climax. "Then I...eh...spent on Roger's tongue," she panted and gasped, "and a feeling so pleasurable overwhelmed me that I took Jason deeper into my mouth than I've ever taken anyone—argh!" Lizzie screamed out as Arthur sucked and slurped her sex until she thrust her hips upward again and again, continuing to gasp and moan on a long protracted climax. "Please, I beg of you, Arthur...take me...love me."

As if in relief, Arthur drove upward, plowing her eager sex with his shaft, causing her to gasp in welcome shock at the violence and intensity of this coupling. Arthur grabbed her hands, pushing them over her head again as he continued to pound into her body, bending his head to kiss her lips in a kiss of pure dominance.

"Ah...ah..." she said with tiny pants of air in response to each savage thrust of her husband's hips. "Arthur, yes!" And as Jason pumped his own prick to spending, he watched Lizzie quiver and moan, her body convulsing in quite obviously an extraordinary,



heartrending climax. Only moments later, Arthur joined her, shouting as his release consumed him.

## Epilogue

Several months later, Jason sat contemplating the superb gift sent to him by Lord Arthur M. and his charming, and happily increasing wife, Lizzie. He did have to smile. An impressive set of ivory-handled dueling pistols lay snuggled within the cushioned velvet depths of a mahogany box, something he suspected Arthur might have been tempted to make use of after Jason made his outrageous suggestion. But after hearing Arthur's demands that his wife tell him everything, Jason had the feeling he would eventually agree.

He found out later the man had actually consented to his suggestion and quite obviously sowed the rewards. For when he met Arthur, Lizzie, and Roger at the theatre, he did not doubt the outcome had been a positive one. Arthur had taken Roger on as his personal secretary, with only Jason aware of what other position the man held in Lord M.'s household—as a third in what Jason suspected was a splendid ménage, engaging in frequent bouts of lovemaking. The three of them seemed to be very happy indeed. Lizzie looked to be a very pampered and beloved wife and lover, from the looks of things. When the group insisted he join them in their private box, he happily observed the tender looks and touches that neither man seemed able to resist giving her—nor did they try.

Grasping the handle of one of the pistols, he turned it to take in the intricate detailing. They were beautiful and not the only gifts he'd received as a sign of Lord and Lady M.'s appreciation. Hmm, another thought struck him, what he wouldn't give to be a fly on the wall of that particular bedchamber. He grinned again.

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cheri Valmont was born the youngest of 9 in a close-knit Cajun family in Southwest Louisiana. Her older sister introduced her to the romance genre at age 11. Of course, those were the sweet romances of yester year. But as she got older she realized the spicier the romance the better she liked it. So it should be no wonder she likes to write as spicy as she likes to read.

She dabbles in several sub-genres of romance, including Contemporary, Historical, Sci/Fi, BDSM, Ménage, Suspense, Paranormal, etc. She's lived in several different states along with her own hero husband of 25 years and a menagerie of beloved animals.

She and her husband now reside in the Lone Star state of Texas.



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