



HIS DUCHESS'S LOVERS BOOK ONE
SHORT VICTORIAN EROTIC ROMANCE

Prepared
FOR
HER PLEASURE

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Victorian Erotic Romance (His Duchess's Lovers Book 1)

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First edition

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Chapter 1

L *ondon, 1880*

“We have been wed fifteen years and I’ve given you four children, including your heir and spare. I now plan to experience *la petite mort*.”

Laurence Richard Mauduit Balistarius, Duke of Astwell, looked up from his wife’s breakfast tray, where he’d been studying his new sideburns in the mirrored surface of the egg spoon.

“I beg your pardon?” he asked.

“I have done my duty by the title,” she said. “I now plan to take lovers. I understand that is done — discreetly — by women of our class.”

Julia Balistarius, Duchess of Astwell, smoothed the pristine linens that surrounded her. The vast bed was like an ocean, but she planned to chart her own course in this and all beds henceforth.

“A wife of my own class wouldn’t announce such a thing to her husband,” said Laurence.

“No, she would let him learn of her activities via whispers at the club or in the House of Lords. I had hoped to spare you the surprise,” she said.

“Never let it be said that my wife doesn’t keep a clean balance sheet,” he said.

“Yes, such is the habit of those who made their money in trade, as you like to remind me,” said the Duchess, who was born mere Julia Duke to a northern industrialist that was only reluctantly invited to the seat at Astwell when other guests weren’t expected. As one might imagine, her surname was the cause of giggles among the old families of the *ton*, who fought their waning influence and draining coffers by protecting the capital they did possess: bloodlines and snobbery.

“Do you not find yourself occupied with the raising of your children?” asked Laurence. “I’d hate for them to be neglected because their mother decided to take up with any number of gentlemen.”

Julia maintained the composure that had served her well in her debut season and subsequent triumphant marriage to the Duke of Astwell. Despite managing homes throughout the United Kingdom, including their sparkling townhouse on Grosvenor Square, and overseeing the upbringing of their four children, her brow remained

unincreased, and her expression serene. Below the placid expression was a will of steel forged in the industrial blast furnaces that made her obscene dowry.

“Richard is thriving at Harrow, as you well know,” she said. “Mariona is getting on well with her new governess. Thomas is already reading independently and receiving good marks from his tutor. And little Emilia will be weaning soon,” she said, shifting to cover her straining nightgown.

“Is this retribution for failing to give you access to the Astwell jewels?” he asked, prepared to lay a card or two in hopes of discovering what his wife really wanted.

“The Astwell jewels?” she asked. “I had assumed they’d been sold off some time ago. The diamonds in the portraits at Astwell? You’ve had them all this time?”

“If it’s not the jewels, is this some sort of delayed punishment for my own liaisons? Out of respect for you and the children, I’ve kept my affairs quiet,” he said.

“As will I,” said Julia, who had known of his extramarital activities since early in their union, when she’d fallen pregnant the first time. “I do not begrudge you your needs.”

“So you wish to be tuppied,” he said. “That’s news to me. In that case, toss off those blankets and let’s get down to it.”

He moved closer to where the breakfast tray balanced on her lap and made a show of going for his waistband.

“You’ve had fifteen years to give me pleasure,” she said, brandishing the butter knife at him. “It didn’t happen, and I’m not about to let you get me with child again just to

prevent me from quietly enjoying the company of a gentleman that can give me euphoric release.”

“You think I got you pregnant to prevent you from having affairs?” he asked. “We have a duty to the dukedom, and I am not such a monster that I don’t enjoy rogering my wife.”

“I’m glad you’ve enjoyed it,” she said. “I’d been resolved to this course of action prior to conceiving Emilia, but I wavered. I plan to see this through now.”

“I have important legislation coming up in Lords,” he said. “I won’t be made a laughingstock and see it fail.”

“I have no intention of making a spectacle of myself,” she said. “I’ll be just as discreet as you’ve always been.”

“I could take you to Bath. We could enjoy a seaside holiday,” he bargained. “Take the children.”

“I am amenable,” she said. “I can just as easily conduct an affair in Bath as London.”

“So you do not have a gentleman in mind?” he asked.

“I had hoped to seek references from ladies of the first houses in whom I have every trust,” she said. “I will not be casting about publicly for a beau.”

“Oh, you silly goose,” he said, sitting on the bed. “You’re...thirty-two years of age now? You might find that interest in matrons does not mirror interest in virginal debutantes with industrial-size dowries.”

“And yet I am willing to experience some crushed hopes and humiliation should it mean that I also experience an orgasm,” she said resolutely.

“You say all the words of a jaded woman prepared to embark on affairs, yet you lack the training,” he said.

“And whose fault is that?” she asked, her patience finally cracking under the onslaught of her dismissive husband. “Did you fail to pleasure and train the women you took to your love nest on Half Moon Street?”

He reared back, surprised that she knew this detail.

“I have given you and the dukedom everything since I was seventeen years of age. At this point, I would merely like to experience sexual paroxysm,” she said.

“I see that I have been remiss in my treatment of you, Julia,” he said. “But I don’t want you flailing about as you did with the first ball you hosted.”

Julia flushed, memory of the debacle causing her skin to prickle with shame even now.

"I asked you to never discuss that night again," she said.

"I only mention it so that you realize the consequences of failure," he said.

Silence.

"I could teach you," he said.

"I've had fifteen years of your tutelage. I'm ready for another master," said Julia.

"Not that. I could teach you how to be the perfect, discreet seductress," said Laurence. "I certainly know the male mind and can spare you the humiliation that's sure to occur if you take this on by yourself."

"Are you so certain that I'll be unpopular and scorned by your fellow men?" she asked.

"I only wish to spare your feelings," he said. "Best to have a guide in these things. I can be the Virgil to your Dante."

"Under no circumstances are you to engage in relations with me yourself," she said. "No begging, no dramatics."

Laurence held back a laugh at her presumption. As if he'd beg to fuck his own wife of more than a decade! London was full of sophisticated women desperate to open their legs for him. Poor girl, she'd be lost without him.

"Oh wife, I wouldn't dream of troubling you," he said.

Chapter 2

“We should undergo a series of preparations,” said Laurence that evening. They were in the carriage on the way home from a card party. Julia sat in the forward-facing seat and looked up from her notes on who attended, who needed to be called upon tomorrow, and which ladies to thank for their hospitality.

“Preparations?” she asked.

“Yes. If you were in the carriage right now with one of your lovers, would you be prepared to hike up your skirts and take a cock?” he asked.

“There’s no need to be crude, Laurence,” she said, shifting on the seat. “And I hardly think that the carriage is an appropriate place to conduct a love affair.”

“And yet on that very bench I brought a lady to paroxysm, as you say, just last month,” he said.

Julia looked at the bench dubiously. “You claim to be discreet, but the staff must surely know of your activities.”

“They are well remunerated for keeping their eyes and ears on the road,” he said. “And for cleaning the seats.”

She shuddered slightly at the thought of sitting on a bench that required cleaning after a rendezvous.

“Think of the preparations like the training you did before your first season,” said Laurence. “If you’re half as successful at launching your career as a lover as you were at landing me, you shall have no shortage of cocks at your disposal.”

“Do you use this language to dissuade me from my chosen course of action?” she asked, offended at the turn the uneventful ride had taken.

“I don’t want to see you made a laughingstock, old girl,” he said. “Nor do I want to become the topic du jour. The only thing more humiliating to a man than discovering that his wife’s indiscretions are widely known to all but him is finding that other gents

are now speculating as to how he could have managed to get four children on such a cold, unresponsive fish.”

“This line of conversation seems to have brought forth a vein of heretofore unknown cruelty in you, Laurence,” she said. “I am deeply sorry if I have offended you.”

“Offend me,” he said, whacking the brim of his top hat against his thigh. “I told you that I fucked Lady Atkynsone on that bench to her great satisfaction, I am not one to

be offended. I am only thinking of launching you to your cisisbeo in a manner befitting a duchess.”

“What would you have me do?” she asked.

Laurence leaned into the light from the lamp. “First, you need to make the goods more appealing to a man that does not value you first as a mother and wife,” he said. “Some grooming is in order as well as fashions to play up your matronly charms.”

“I have already made an appointment with my dressmaker,” she said.

“Cancel it,” he responded. “I’ll introduce you to mine.”

“Why Laurence, I had no idea you were so fond of dresses,” she said teasingly, knowing perfectly well that he’d been clothing mistresses.

“The right cut does catch my attention,” he said. “And that won’t be all that’s cut.”

Julia’s hand flew to her luxuriant hair, which she’d been growing since childhood.

“Not there,” he said while smiling wolfishly. “While we’re at it, we should invite Doctor Riddle for a visit to confirm that you can even experience this orgasm that you claim to be missing.”

“I would be happy to see him again,” she said. “I’ll never forget his kindness when I was struggling to deliver Mariona.”

“Yes, and he will know the best method for preventing pregnancy. If he doesn’t, there are some apothecaries that will be all too happy to help you avoid a cuckoo in the nest,” he said.

“I have no intention of getting pregnant.”

“That’s good because the last thing I need is for you to be carrying another man’s child, distracted from our legitimate issue,” he said. “Mooning over some beau, forgetting your role as duchess and mother.”

“I will never shortchange our children,” she said, her eyes finally turning steely.

At last, he sat back on his bench, satisfied that he’d provoked his eternally placid, unfeeling wife into anger. How alive she looked, her bosom heaving and her cheeks pink as they’d been all those years ago on the dancefloor.

“Shall we begin tomorrow then?” he asked.

“I should like nothing better,” she replied.

Chapter 3

At ten o'clock the next morning, Laurence knocked on the door that connected their rooms.

He entered, much as he had the day before, with an even more decidedly careless air about him. But this time, he was accompanied by his valet.

"Stanehouse, you know my lady wife?" asked Laurence.

The man looked askance at his employer for referring to Julia — beloved by the servants downstairs for her calm and fair dealings with all household staff — so casually.

"I am pleased to see you again, Your Grace," he said, bowing to Julia.

"And I you," she said, still abed with a breakfast tray in her lap.

"Stanehouse, I wonder if you might be so kind as to shave my wife. She has expressed admiration for your work on my whiskers, and it seems only right that we should extend the same services to her," said Laurence.

"I beg your pardon, but Her Grace has no need of a face shave," said Stanehouse, deeply affronted on the Duchess's behalf.

"No, she does not need your attentions directed at her face," said Laurence, preparing to throw the room into chaos. "I was referring to shaving her cunt."

Julia flinched and caused the breakfast tray to rattle.

Stanehouse put a hand to his heart and began to back away from the bed in horror.

"I know this is unorthodox, but my wife has recently informed me that she plans to take up with lovers. If that's the case, she will be showing her cunt to any number of men. We should ensure that the honor of the family is upheld and she's shown to her best advantage," said Laurence.

He continued, "And since she's going to be spreading her favors around, what's one more man seeing and touching her?"

"Laurence, you—" said Julia, incensed at her husband's stunt. He claimed to be fully supportive of her quietly stepping out on him, but his needling since yesterday morning said otherwise. Fine, she would play along and make him regret his

machinations.

“Stanehouse, would you be willing to wait just an hour so I might feed Emilia and prepare myself?” she asked.

“Of course, Your Grace,” he said, “if you are certain that...”

“I am most certain that you will groom me to the standard required of an Astwell,” she said. “As my husband stated so eloquently, you’ll be far from the last man to see my

nether parts, so unless you are troubled by the additional duties, I see no reason to not proceed.”

* * *

When Laurence and Stanehouse returned to the Duchess’s bedroom one hour later, she was nursing baby Emilia on a chaise longue while wrapped in a silk dressing gown.

The gown framed her shoulders and was pulled back so both breasts were exposed. Emilia lazily sucked and dozed at one while the other lush breast was open to their perusal, her nipple gathered tight.

“Never let it be said that my children don’t know what’s good for them,” said Laurence, startling Julia from her daydreaming.

“Daisy, please take Emilia to the nursery,” she said. “And tell the other children to moderate their voices while she sleeps. I’ll be unable to come and soothe her for a bit.”

The nursemaid rushed over to collect the sleeping baby from Julia’s arms and exited the room.

“So you intend to shave me,” she said.

“We could begin with a leg if you’d like to observe the process,” said Laurence.

“I watched Stanehouse’s predecessor shave you early in our marriage,” she said. “There will be no need to introduce me to the concept.”

“When was that?” he asked. “I don’t remember you entering my chambers for years.”

“I watched through the gap in the door,” she said smiling, thinking of how she’d watch his preparations for bed then race for her own on nights he came to her room.

“In that case, best to show Stanehouse the goods, old girl?” said Laurence, his voice louder than necessary.

Julia slowly unwrapped the dressing gown from her legs, not bothering to cover her breasts. The gown lay open on the chaise like an abandoned fruit peel, her naked skin entirely exposed.

Stanehouse pressed his lips between his teeth and pushed the shaving cart forward.

“If I might be permitted to apply a hot towel to the area that will be shaved?” he asked.

“Of course, Stanehouse,” said Julia, allowing the tension between her thighs to ease slightly.

“Now, that’s no way to work with staff, is it, Julia?” said Laurence. “How is Stanehouse supposed to do his usual fine work if you’re fighting to keep your legs closed. Spread them.”

“You seem to delight in being crass these days, Laurence,” she said, slowly lowering her legs on either side of the chaise and allowing her thighs to open.

“There you are, someone needs to tell you these things, dear,” he said. “I did promise to be your guide.”

Stanehouse carefully, with utmost respect, applied a steaming towel to Julia’s nether region after assiduously testing the heat level.

She leaned back. “It feels good,” she said, sighing as she relaxed a bit for the first time in days.

Stanehouse moderated his breathing while turning back to the cart, where he whipped soap into a lather a bit more rigorously than he did most mornings with Laurence.

“I’ll need you to get every bit of hair, even if it requires my wife to change positions to something less dignified than a Venus in repose,” said Laurence.

“Of course, Your Grace,” said Stanehouse, stropping the blade.

“Is that the blade you use on my face?” asked Laurence abruptly.

“I just purchased a new shaving set for use on Her Grace,” said Stanehouse.

“Very good,” said Laurence. “Please proceed.”

“If you will permit, I will now apply soap to one half of the area to be shaved,” said Stanehouse.

She opened her thighs wider in invitation.

“That’s the spirit,” said Laurence heartily, clapping his valet on the shoulder. Stanehouse merely looked troubled and warm as he settled in to commence the shaving.

“I’ll just remove the hot towel,” he said, focused on his work.

“Feel free to take a seat if that’s easier, Stanehouse,” said Julia. “There’s room on the chaise.”

He lowered to the chaise, between her spread legs, scrupulously avoiding any contact with her body.

Stanehouse moved his hands to the towel and waited until Julia gave a nod before peeling one side back to reveal her body.

“That pussy birthed four children,” said Laurence, attempting jocularly. “You’d think she’d be less shy about getting it out by now.”

“Four *living* children,” said Julia.

"I never forget the others," he said, taking her hand in his. "I simply don't wish to inflict pain upon you when we're having a perfectly fine morning preparing you for your career as an adulteress."

Her head snapped to his, his gentle reassurance ruined by his characterization of her quest for sexual fulfillment.

"And there I've angered you," he said, kissing her hand. "Fifteen years married and I still can't get it right."

Stanehouse applied foamy soap to her hair with a brush, resolutely ignoring the conversation between his master and mistress.

"I think you're upsetting me on purpose," she said. "You know exactly what you're doing and saying, and it won't stop me."

"I wouldn't dream of stopping you any more than I'd step before a steam-powered locomotive in an attempt to halt it," he said. "The result would be the same."

Stanehouse sighed quietly and took up the razor, the scritch of the blade announcing that the hair removal had begun.

"Don't be shy about it," said Laurence. "I know that you need to pull and turn to get me smooth, don't resist the urge to touch her to achieve the same effect."

Stanehouse gulped as he shaved his mistress's vulva. He started at her mons, and faltered when it was time to work lower.

"Pull her lips this way and that, she's going to need a clean shave if she's to take London's cocks by storm," said Laurence.

Stanehouse worked carefully, terrified of accidentally nicking Julia's nether parts while assigned this burdensome task.

"Do you suppose she's getting wet, Stanehouse? You keep that towel placed so carefully for her modesty, but she's angling for pleasure these days and you may have a chance with her," said Laurence.

"Get out, Laurence!" said Julia, finally snapping. "You've been a right beast since I shared my plans, and I won't have you in my ear as I'm getting fixed up like a prize poodle based on your specifications. Stanehouse has been a gentleman despite the task you've assigned him, which is more than I can say for you."

"You take offense to a few little words, Julia, but what will you do when you're being rudely rogered by a cock?" said Laurence. "I've been nothing but mindful of your

position and delicate sensibilities since you were but a bride, and I see that I took the wrong approach.”

Stanehouse switched to the other side, refolding the towel to keep Julia warm and partially covered.

“Remove that towel,” said Laurence.

Stanehouse looked to Julia for her assent. She gave a weary blink.

He removed the cloth and returned to his labors, working faster now.

“Look at you, Julia: your cunt is flushed and wet, swollen, blooming, and ready for a cock. But who got you so hot? Was it Stanehouse preparing you for your first affair or do you actually enjoy my words?” asked Laurence.

Julia moved her hands to her breasts, ostensibly to cover them.

“Don’t get modest now, my wife,” he said. “Or is it that you like the attention of two men? Does the thought of two men riding you hard get your pussy blushing?”

Julia’s fingers covered her nipples and lightly pinched them almost unconsciously.

“Get on your knees,” said Laurence.

“But you said—”

“Not for that,” he said, “I wouldn’t dream of forcing my wife to fuck me, not after yesterday morning. I mean for Stanehouse to get every bit of hair from your sexual

organs. And the arse, now that you've decided to take up with men who aren't your husband, is about to be a sexual organ."

Julia started, catching a drop of milk that had escaped her nipple between two fingers.

"Have I shocked you?" he said. "Did you clench at the thought of someone taking your sweet virgin arse?"

Julia repositioned herself silently, on hands and knees.

"Drop your shoulders and head so that your cheeks spread," said Laurence. "Stanehouse is doing yeoman's work, but you're making things hard for him at every step."

Julia rested her cheek against the dressing gown spread on the chaise.

Laurence stood behind her like a surveyor, commenting all the time.

"Look at how open she is for us," said Laurence to his valet. "It's astonishing to discover fifteen years into marriage that one's wife has a pussy."

"Laurence, I hope your dick falls off," she said. "I'm surprised it hasn't after all of your affairs."

"Oh, so you have thoughts on my extramarital activities after all, do you?" he asked.

Stanehouse worked quickly to remove the few hairs that remained, praying he'd conclude his work before the Duke and Duchess launched themselves at each other, whether in anger or lust, he couldn't predict.

"I am in no position to deny you the relief all men seem to need," she said.

Stanehouse gathered his tools and began arranging them on the shaving cart.

"That's only too true, my dear," said Laurence, staring fixedly on her open cunt. He placed his hands on her arse cheeks and pulled them slightly open.

"Laurence!" she said, scrambling to sit down.

"How did you know it wasn't Stanehouse," he asked, laughing while giving a nod to dismiss his valet.

"Once you've felt the proprietary touch of a man that owns all he sees, it is not forgotten," she said.

Laurence helped her pull the dressing gown back on and tied the belt for her. He held on to the belt despite finishing the task.

"Other men may fuck you, but only I own your pussy," he said.

"It's odd that after years of allowing this land to lay mostly fallow, you only now enforce your ownership rights," she said.

"If you orchestrated this to capture my attention, it has worked," he said.

"I commenced this plan with no ulterior motives, Laurence," she said, a bit sadly.

He pulled on her robe belt. "Did Madame Eugénie take your measurements?"

Julia felt herself drift closer to Laurence. "She's coming to the house today, after the doctor."

"I have some notes for her," said Laurence. "Show me your tits."

"I hardly think my breasts are anything new to you," she said.

"I need to see them as they are now, study the coloring, the look," he said, stepping back to take her in.

She pulled back the dressing gown to expose her full breasts.

"Walk to the dressing room," he said.

She pulled the dressing gown back on.

"No, leave it down," said Laurence. "I need to see how you move when unrestrained by a corset."

Julia walked uncertainly from the dressing room to her husband, who studied her from head to toe, but looked especially at her bosom.

"Black corset, laced tight," he said. "I'll make notes for Eugénie. You'll want something to lift and hold in your matronly bounty. Few men will be aroused by the thought of fucking a mother, so you should take care to tuck away your breasts and keep them contained since you're still nursing Emilia."

"Do you really think all men are so disgusted by the thought of an affair with a nursing mother?" she asked, an eyebrow raised.

"I don't doubt that there are some men given to niche interests," he said doubtfully, "but most men are interested in a tight, virgin pussy and high, firm breasts. I say this not to insult you, but just so that you'll not be shocked by how men react."

Julia patted his shoulder and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Always looking out for me," she said, before opening the door to his room as a signal that he should leave.

Chapter 4

S ometime between their conversation and when the doctor arrived, the connecting door between the Duke's and the Duchess's rooms disappeared.

"You mean to tell me that the door vanished?" asked Julia, attired in just her underthings and a dressing gown.

"I have not seen the door since you opened it this morning," said Laurence, studying his buffed nails.

"You didn't order the door removed?" she asked doubtfully.

"Does that seem like the sort of thing your husband of fifteen years would do?" he asked. "Likely this means I'll hear you snoring now that there's no door between us. I too would like it reinstated."

"Laurence, you know that I do not snore," said Julia sternly.

"I wouldn't know," he said, letting his eyes drift over the contents of her bedroom. "And yet I suspect."

She'd redecorated a few years ago, but he hadn't noticed the new colors and flounces as his efficient trips to and from her bed were only accomplished in the dark.

"The door couldn't have walked off," she said quietly, looking at Laurence with some suspicion.

"Your Grace, the doctor has arrived," said Makeblythe, Julia's lady's maid.

"Send him up," interjected Laurence.

"You plan to attend the examination?" asked Julia.

"Given that this scheme of yours hatched because you claim not to have experienced an orgasm within our marriage, I am most curious to see if a trained medical man can coax one out of you," he said. "He might find you deficient."

"And here's the truth at last: one of us must be deficient if my claims are true, and you've decided that it's actually me," she said. "How like Henry VIII you are, minus the wife murder, of course."

"I've had but one wife, my dear, and a content situation until now," he said.

“Your Grace, how well you look!” boomed Doctor Riddle. He was tall, and that, coupled with his luxuriant whiskers, made him one of the most easy men to spot on the town. Which was beneficial, since servants were constantly searching him out to raise the alarm about impending deliveries by their aristocratic mistresses.

“Doctor Riddle, how good to see you again,” said Julia, taking his hands in hers. “You know my husband.”

“Your Grace, how good to see you well,” he said. “Made a proud papa many times over.”

“That I am,” said Laurence, suddenly feeling chastened for some reason unknown to him.

“Thank you again for sending that fine venison at Christmas last year. It had the pride of place at our table for the holiday,” said the doctor.

“I wouldn’t think of forgetting your kindness to me,” said Julia shyly.

Laurence sniffed. Was she already setting her cap at a bed partner, the very doctor that delivered her of her babies?

“Don’t tell me that there’s another Balistarius on the way?” he said, smiling at Julia.

“Oh, we are not to be so blessed,” she said, her cheeks burning.

“Do you have a health concern?” he asked, his face growing serious.

“Julia plans to fuck other men because she claims that I haven’t given her an orgasm,” said Laurence, hoping to spare the man another second of concern. “I’d like you to verify that she’s capable of having one.”

Makeblythe, Julia’s lady’s maid, jolted from where she was standing by for orders of a tea tray or hot water. Laurence had forgotten her existence.

The doctor hovered uncertainly.

“I could,” he said, shifting his medical bag, “give Your Grace some instruction on female anatomy and we might allow nature to take its course.”

“I have well traveled the female body in my time,” said Laurence. “I would like to assess whether my wife even has the ability to reach climax since no other lady of my intimate acquaintance has made such a claim. Perhaps she is frigid and unable to reach paroxysm due to some biological defect, that is, of course, not her fault.”

“Having assisted Her Grace with the delivery of your children, I must tell you that at no point did I suspect that her anatomy varies from that possessed by most other

women," said the Doctor. "This is a dangerous course you set for us, if I may be so bold."

"You are a man of science, are you not?" asked Laurence. "I merely wish you to perform an experiment: can Her Grace, the Duchess of Astwell achieve an orgasm?"

The doctor turned to Julia, boldly ignoring Laurence for a moment. "And you consent to this course of action?" he asked.

"I don't do this to shame my husband," she said quietly. "My mother died when she was but thirty-three, one year older than me. The idea of going to my grave without experiencing some portion of what women dream of became unbearable."

"You are a Duchess," interrupted Laurence, "Do women not dream of that?"

"That was my father's dream," said Julia. "I had very different hopes when I was traveling to London for my debut."

"So women lounge about the domestic sphere all day, dreaming of what?" asked Laurence. "Being railed by men that aren't their husbands?"

"You would know better than I, having been that man for many ladies," she said, her face expressionless, her voice devoid of color.

"I have failed her," announced Laurence. "I have failed her and apparently insulted her, and I only discover this after fifteen years, when she feels that she is free to cast about for a lover."

He turned to Julia.

"You take your little notes to send thank yous and venison, and all this time I didn't know that you took notes on me, too."

"I am quite reconciled to your activities, Astwell," she said. "Shall we proceed?"

The doctor gulped at witnessing the domestic disturbance unfolding in Her Grace's rooms, but opened his case and began to rummage about, in part to give his employers time to come to their senses and dismiss him.

No such luck.

Julia reclined on the bed, the dressing gown pulled tight around her.

"To perform the examination and experiment, I'll need Her Grace to be fully undressed," said the doctor. "I would be happy to wait in the hall while your maid assists you."

"There's no need for modesty now," said Laurence, summoning Julia's lady's maid Makeblythe to the bed. "My wife's maid can assist her while we watch. This won't be the last time men watch her undress if she follows her chosen course of action."

The doctor nodded sadly, but allowed Laurence to show him to a chair by the fire.

“If you’ll permit me to say...” started Doctor Riddle. “Yours is not the first wife to seek satisfaction outside of her marriage.”

“I well know that ladies often seek out bedspout when the required children have been produced,” said Laurence, not looking for a lecture on husbandly forbearance.

Julia stood patiently while Makeblythe unlaced her corset and untangled its strings from her long hair.

“What I mean to say is that husbands sometimes treat their wives as untouchable paragons and only mothers, when they might enjoy a less respectful approach to bedroom activities,” said Doctor Riddle.

“I now see that,” said Laurence through gritted teeth. “But my wife has requested that I do not apply for admission to her bed, and I find that I must respect her wishes, as a man of honor.”

“I am not without hope that the state of affairs will be very different the next time I call,” said the doctor.

“Her Grace has disrobed,” announced Makeblythe.

They rose and came to the bed, where Julia reclined on a pile of pillows.

“I propose that I conduct a brief examination of your anatomy and then attempt to bring you to sexual paroxysm,” said the doctor.

Julia nodded, tucking her braid into the pillows so it would be out of their way.

“If you would open your legs for me,” said Doctor Riddle, settling next to her on the bed.

“You’re certainly doing that a lot these days,” said Laurence from over his shoulder.

“At your instigation,” she replied.

“Just a bit wider,” said the doctor, his hand on her inner thigh to assist.

Julia spread her legs fully and opened herself to his gaze.

The doctor leaned in to view her cunt more closely.

“If you might permit me?” he asked

“Of course,” she said.

Doctor Riddle felt her labia, testing each fold and feeling the skin. He then used his thumbs to spread her vagina and observe it from the outside. Finally, he gently ran a

finger over her clitoris, which caused her abdominal muscles to contract reflexively.

“You’re doing well. Just a bit more before the experiment,” he said. “Makeblythe, would you mind fetching my bag?”

The lady’s maid brought over the black leather satchel, which he opened. From it, he withdrew a metal instrument that resembled nothing so much as a torture device.

“Good god, what is that?” asked Laurence.

“I see this is your first gynecological exam,” said the doctor, the skin around his eyes creasing in silent laughter. “Speculum. Used since Roman times to see inside of a lady.”

“It won’t hurt her?” he asked skeptically.

“Just a bit cold,” said the doctor, sliding the bill into Julia’s vagina.

“Oh,” she said, sightlessly feeling for Laurence’s hand. He caught it and handed her off to Makeblythe, then returned to his position at the end of the bed, watching the examination.

“You’ve healed well from bringing Emilia into the world,” said the doctor, removing the instrument after looking inside of her. “Now I’ll feel inside to make sure all parts are as they should be.”

Julia nodded her assent, still holding on to Makeblythe.

The doctor slid two fingers into Julia’s vagina, then pressed down on her abdomen. He felt from side to side, and withdrew his fingers.

“Your anatomy is exactly as it should be,” said the doctor. “Should you wish to have another child, I can only surmise that your body would carry to term.”

“And what of her ability to achieve sexual release?” asked Laurence.

The doctor surveyed Julia’s body grimly. “With your permission, Your Grace, I’ll now attempt to bring you to paroxysm.”

Julia nodded, still clinging to Makeblythe’s hand for support.

The doctor reinserted two fingers into her vagina, but this time he moved them slowly in and out, pumping them until her cunt was so wet that everyone in the room could hear the effect his ministrations were having.

Julia moved her free hand to her collarbone, desperately wishing she could squeeze her breast or tweak her nipple.

“You’re doing well,” the doctor said reassuringly. “Everything is as it should be. Should you feel the urge to touch yourself, please do not restrain your movements.”

Julia nodded, cradling her swollen tit and manipulating the nipple until a few drops of milk appeared.

“Your canal is tight but welcoming,” said the doctor. “Any man would enjoy penetrating you.”

Julia nodded, panting a bit as she felt the urge to bounce on his fingers.

“I’m going to touch the front of your vaginal canal now and draw forth some deeper feelings of satisfaction,” said the doctor, crooking his fingers to press into her swollen, spongy core.

“Ohh,” said Julia, suddenly throwing back her head as the sensation of deep, pleasurable pressure rocked through her.

“I can feel your sheath contracting around me, trying to squeeze a male member to completion,” said the doctor.

Julia twisted and turned on the bed, chasing a delicious release. Laurence steadied himself on the enormous oak post that ran up to the canopy over Julia’s bed.

“I’ll now stimulate the clitoris in hopes of releasing you,” he said. “Should you feel anything pleasurable, give yourself over to it and allow it to happen.”

The doctor rested his knuckles against Julia’s mons and gently applied his thumb to her clitoris. She jolted in response.

“That’s all right, you’ll get used to being touched here,” he said. “I’ll just add lubrication from inside of your body to the clitoris, see, and you’re slick again.”

Julia’s breasts were now heaving, bouncing as she rode the doctor’s hands. Laurence pressed his fattening cock into the wood bedpost to try to contain his response to seeing his wife wet and open for another man. He couldn’t be right. He was fucked in the head for imagining her plowed by the doctor that had delivered her children.

“You’re pulsing around me. Good girl,” said the doctor, “you’re so close. I’ll just speed up the motions—”

Julia screamed, her back flatted straight by the muscles involved in her orgasm.

“Oh, oh god,” she moaned, continuing to ride the doctor’s hands as she contracted around him for long seconds after the initial, devastating explosion.

“That’s it, keep coming,” said the doctor softly.

“Oh,” she moaned, arching her back as the sensations became too much.

The doctor removed his fingers and placed an approving hand on Julia’s head, as he had each time she labored, no matter the outcome. Laurence saw that his wet thumb

left a damp spot on her forehead and wondered if he should clean it with his handkerchief.

“You’ve done well,” said the doctor softly, “and thank you for assisting Her Grace, Makeblythe. You’ll further assist the Duchess with the items I’m going to have delivered later today?”

“Of course, Doctor,” said Makeblythe, curtsying.

“Then I’ll take my leave now so that the patient can take a well-deserved rest. Good day, Your Grace,” he said to Laurence before heading out.

Makeblythe followed him out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Laurence studied his wife’s splayed body from the end of the bed, from which he’d not moved since the examination began. Her soft thighs were open, her shaved cunt ruddy, her pussy lips puffy from friction, wet from pleasure.

Her breasts were full and one drop of milk ran down her skin from the nipple she’d been stimulating. The lips of her mouth had a blush to them and they looked fuller than usual, as if ready to receive a cock.

She said nothing, vanquished and triumphant. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to be sleeping.

Laurence could think of no quip or complaint, and found himself merely leaning over the bed to kiss her on the forehead where the doctor’s thumb had deposited a taste of her suddenly delectable cunt.

Chapter 5

Laurence had returned from his club in the late afternoon when a commotion in his wife's room caught his attention.

He wandered in through the conveniently open doorway and surveyed the footmen stacking boxes on all available surfaces.

"Togs from Madame Eugénie?" he asked Makeblythe, who was supervising the delivery.

"Yes, Your Grace," she said. She was a pretty enough girl, elevated to lady's maid following the retirement of the dragon that had once served his mother and then Julia for the first years of her marriage. Makeblythe was not very chatty, at least not to him.

"And where is your mistress?" he asked.

"She dashed into the dressing room because she was in a state of dishabille when the delivery arrived," said Makeblythe.

"A duchess doesn't need to run for cover," said Laurence, rolling his eyes. "She could make the footmen wait outside."

"Her Grace is very thoughtful of her staff," said Makeblythe.

And he was not. Laurence could hear the unspoken message in her words.

"I'll just pop into the dressing room and have a word with my wife," he said, sauntering into the large room.

"Oh!" shrieked Julia, covering herself in the corner. "Oh, it's just you."

"Yes, it's just me," said Laurence, wandering over to where she was taking tea in a decorative corset, frilly drawers, and silk stockings. "What's got you all tarted up, not that I'm complaining?"

"Who," she said. "Madam Eugénie heard your dictates loud and clear, and my whole wardrobe has been renovated."

"Don't complain about having to look like a prize pony if you want to attract a rider," he said, flicking through her gowns.

"What has brought you to my side of the castle today?" asked Julia, tired of his conversation and hoping to enjoy her biscuit in peace.

"It was, in fact, the racket made by all the packages coming in from Eugénie's," he said. "I have been busy all day at my club and—"

"I do apologize for the noise, Laurence," she said. "They'll be done soon."

Laurence looked into her eyes, truly looked, for the first time in years. He began to exit the room, but turned back at the door.

"Have I disappointed you, wife?" he asked.

"I am most pleased with Madam Eugénie's services," she said.

"No, no, I mean on a grand scale. As a husband, have I disappointed you?"

Julia looked up from the teacup.

"Of course not," she said reassuringly. "I entered this...with no expectations, so there were no hopes to disappoint."

"You said you once had hopes, when you were on the way to London for your season," he said. "Where did they go?"

Julia looked at him a bit pityingly. "A rich debutante does not enter into a marriage with a Duke in need of funds and expect some grand passion or even fidelity. I left

those hopes like a wilted bunch of violets at my first ball. The die was cast when you showed interest in me.”

She stood, walking toward him in a way that was suddenly alluring, the garments forcing her to almost slink.

“I know you despised me for years,” she said.

“I never—”

“You didn’t need to say or do anything,” she said. “I knew. We’ve done well given the positions we were born into, and I have no regrets, not with our nursery full.”

“You’ve given me fine children,” he said, reaching for her hand to kiss it. She used that hand to open the door wider so that he might leave.

“They have been a great comfort to me,” she said before closing the door.

* * *

Later that night, it was the sound of giggling that drew Laurence to the doorway connecting his rooms with those of Julia’s suite.

The sound resembled church bells, a cleansing peal.

At first, he’d assumed that the sound came from Makeblythe since he’d never heard such noise from his wife before. But as he stepped into her room, he realized that Julia

was laughing almost hysterically as her lady's maid unlaced the new corset while Julia held her own hair aloft.

Laurence wandered in and took hold of Julia's thick braids, now released from the elaborate hairstyle that served as the Duchess's signature.

She stopped laughing immediately, placing her hand before her mouth as if to cover her excellent teeth.

"Continue," he said. "Continue as if I'm not here."

"But you are here," she said, gesturing to his hand in her hair.

"Once you no longer have need of my hair-holding services, I'll retire to that chair by the fire," he said, nodding to an armchair that looked almost unused.

"What do you want, Laurence?" she asked, her eyes narrow.

"To watch you," he said. "With Makeblythe, to see you with someone that makes you comfortable and happy."

"I haven't invited you to observe my toilette," she said. "We have some preparations tonight that are of an intimate nature."

"Well then, as your tutor I must insist on being kept apprised," he said.

"We could send you a memorandum," said Julia drily.

"I am a most conscientious teacher," he said.

The corset slipped from her body, revealing a fine shift underneath it.

"Then take your seat," said Julia. "And remain silent; we have important work to do tonight and I don't want to be distracted."

Laurence made a motion of pressing his lips together and flopped in the chair, one long leg crossed over the other.

Julia allowed Makeblythe to remove the shift, leaving her bare, save her drawers.

"The lanolin tonight, I think, Makeblythe," said Julia to her maid.

Julia walked to the bed and pulled her drawers down and off. The action caused her to bend at the waist, giving Laurence a beguiling view of her arse and a hint of her bare

slit. He leaned forward in the chair for a moment before catching himself and sitting back.

Makeblythe returned to the bedroom with a jar in her hand. "Shall we proceed?"

"Please, Makeblythe," said Julia, lying back on the bed.

Laurence craned his neck to see what was happening. Makeblythe dipped her fingers into the jar, removed them, and delicately dabbed the ointment on Julia's areolae.

"They've been dry all day," sighed Julia, pressing her head back into the pillows.

"You don't think the ducts are becoming clogged again, do you?" asked Makeblythe, gently rubbing the lanolin into Julia's nipples.

"I hope not," she groaned. "Emilia is starting on some solid foods and my supply is outstripping demand, I fear."

"Shall I perform a mammary massage?" asked Makeblythe.

Julia's eyes flicked to Laurence, and she wavered. "Yes, I suppose I'd rather attend to the problem now than face another duct debacle."

"I've prepared a lavender compress for your eyes if it would help you to relax?" asked Makeblythe.

Julia accepted the warm compress and attempted to relax, which was difficult due to Laurence looming in the background.

"I'll begin the massage now," said Makeblythe.

Julia braced, but found herself easing as her lady's maid gently massaged her aching breasts with the same lanolin that prevented her nipples from cracking.

"You're quite full," said Makeblythe, gently tucking a cloth over her nipples to collect any milk that flowed out due to the stimulation. "But it does create a beautiful effect on your necklines. You look soft and bountiful."

Laurence recrossed his legs, feeling like a lout for intruding on such a tender moment of caretaking, but not feeling like such a lout that he was inspired to return to his

chambers and pass on seeing his wife touched so intimately by another woman — and a rather fetching one, at that.

Julia stretched her back, her breasts rising while she wiggled her legs due to the pleasure of finally feeling some of the tension ease.

“You’re leaking considerably, Your Grace,” said Makeblythe. “Shall I attempt to remove some of the liquid?”

Laurence looked up. There was no way his wife’s lady’s maid...intended to suck milk from her tits? Is this what they’d been getting up to over here all this time, frolicking like erotic shepherdesses in her bed? What a minx was his Julia, a sensual fox in sheep’s clothes!

Julia jolted at the idea, aroused and sore and all too aware of her husband’s presence.

“If you could, Makeblythe, that might save me considerable anguish,” said Julia, her chest rising as she began to enjoy the feeling of being watched. “Should it prove more comfortable, please lie beside me on the bed. There’s no need to maintain a strict distance since the angle might be troublesome. I’d hate for you to hurt your neck.”

Makeblythe settled in beside her mistress on the bed and leaned over until she could take one cherry-tipped nipple into her mouth.

“Oh, Makeblythe,” said Julia, playing up her pleasure, but genuinely enjoying the sensation of having her comely, young maid sucking on her breast.

Laurence stood from the chair to observe his wife’s pleasure at having her engorged breast sucked by another woman. Her pelvis tilted slightly and she occasionally kicked her legs. She ran a delicate hand into Makeblythe’s hair at the nape of her neck to direct and encourage her movements.

“Have you felt my wife’s bare pussy, Makeblythe?” asked Laurence, no longer content to sit silently. “I can only surmise that she’s open and wet due to your ministrations.”

Julia moaned at the sound of her husband’s voice, which seemed a bit tighter than usual. Good, he could benefit from a bit of suffering.

Makeblythe drew off the nipple with a pop. “I have not,” she said. “If Her Grace is aroused, that will prove useful for our next set of preparations.”

Good god, Julia’s bed was like a bower of sapphic pleasures, the two women — one entirely naked and the other clothed in her maid’s uniform — pressed together. Laurence willed his cock to settle.

“What preparations are those?” asked Laurence in a voice that was becoming ever more ragged.

Makeblythe trapped Julia’s nipple between two fingers while Julia writhed with her eyes covered by the lavender compress. “With the medical supplies delivered by

Doctor Riddle this afternoon, Your Grace” she said.

“Where are these supplies now?” asked Laurence.

“Dressing room,” said Makeblythe, forgetting his title in her rush to suck Julia’s neglected, engorged other breast.

Laurence walked into the room, now packed with new frocks and boxes, and found a leather case. It opened to reveal a whole tray of anal dilators, ranging from not much more than a finger to an absolute monster-girthed terror. He hastily removed the tray to look below. Vaginal dilettoes of all sizes, made of smooth, pristine glass. Below that, there were seeds and herbs and condoms of all kinds along with some discs he

couldn't identify. He packed the trays all back into the case and carried it to the bedroom.

In the time since he'd gone into the dressing room, Julia's thighs had flopped apart and she was writhing more quickly on the bed, clearly anxious for additional stimulation.

"I brought you a treat," said Laurence.

"Not that," she responded flatly.

Laurence shielded his cock from her disinterest, patting it to reassure it that it was wanted elsewhere.

"From Doctor Riddle, a whole toy box of delights to help you graciously accept your new friends' cocks," he said, depositing the case on her bedside table. "I recommend starting small. Despite motherhood, your cunt has a tendency to try to strangle me."

"Why Laurence," said Julia, "is that a compliment?"

"I suppose it is, wife, despite my intentions," said Laurence. "Shall I select one for Makeblythe to use on you?"

"I suppose," said Julia, surprised that he hadn't grown bored and returned to his own suite.

"Shall I feel to see if you're sufficiently prepared?" asked Makeblythe.

"Yes," Julia and Laurence answered together.

Makeblythe trailed her hand down Julia's belly, keeping one nipple sucked in her mouth.

"Touch me," whispered Julia.

Makeblythe allowed her hand to drift lower until she was at the apex of Julia's nether lips. She gently slid a finger between them and both women moaned.

"It's slick," said Makeblythe with wonder.

"Wouldn't you like to give it a taste?" asked Laurence, thoroughly invested in the scene on the bed.

"May I?" asked Makeblythe, her voice breathy.

"A taste?" asked Julia, her legs opening so that Makeblythe could do as she wished.

"Makeblythe is going to lick your cunny," said Laurence. "Would you like that?"

"I don't know. You've never done that to me before," she said.

“Would you like that?” he asked, avidly watching Makeblythe parting his wife’s delicate folds. “Would you like it if your husband, Duke of Astwell, ran his tongue over

your clitoris, teased your entrance, and sucked on your wet pussy until you exploded in pleasure?”

Julia writhed on the bed, the sensation of Makeblythe’s tongue licking over her clitoris combining with Laurence’s words to wind her tight.

“Look at you, split open by your devoted maid,” he said, “she’s really sucking on your clitoris. Are you sure she hasn’t done this to you before?”

Julia gasped at the accusation, but it aroused her to think of Makeblythe secretly tending to all of her needs this whole time.

“I bet your cunt is drooling for a cock,” said Laurence, adjusting his own rigid member in his trousers. “Give her a finger in that sweet, wet hole.”

Makeblythe slid one thin finger into Julia’s spasming cunt.

“Oh god,” said Julia, starting to reach for her own breasts, but holding back.

“Do you need some nipple stimulation, wife?” asked Laurence. “Do it, touch yourself.”

Julia plucked at her own nipples after pulling off the lavender compress so she could watch Makeblythe’s head bob between her thighs.

“Are you ready to train your holes for other cocks, my dear?” asked Laurence.

Julia grunted in response and he drew forth the smallest of the anal dilators.

“Run this one through her cunt a few times to pick up the juices so it slides in without a problem,” he told Makeblythe.

The lady’s maid took the black plug by the flared base and worked it easily in and out of Julia’s cunt, which kept attempting to pull it deeper in pursuit of her release.

“Do you feel that?” asked Laurence. “It’s nothing, but you’ve had nothing shoved in your virgin arse, so we’ll start slow so that some other man can break you in without breaking you.”

“I didn’t realize I had another virginity to give,” said Julia, squeezing on the dilator in hopes of release.

“As a thoughtful husband that respects his lady wife, I sought to spare you the lust we men feel. I see my mistake now, and I only hope the man that rogers your ass will be gentle. The first time, at least. Put it in her, Makeblythe.”

Makeblythe withdrew the plug and gently fit it against her mistress’s rosebud.

“Bear down a bit, it will help it go in,” said Laurence.

Julia followed his commands and the small bulb slowly entered her.

“There you are, that’s seated now,” said Laurence. “How do you feel?”

“Strange? Strange and empty in some ways, full in others,” said Julia.

“We’ll fix that feeling. You’ve still a glass cock to take,” said Laurence.

“Both?” she asked. “At the same time?”

Laurence chuckled. “The things you’ll learn,” he said. “Some women enjoy taking two cocks at the same time. Would you like that? Being shared by two men simultaneously?”

“Oh,” said Julia, pausing the stimulation of her nipples. “That sounds like so much.”

“You’d be spread and stuffed like a little roast capon,” said Laurence. “All those strange men eating your little body right up.”

“Would you watch, Laurence?” she asked. “I’d be scared to take them, but I know you wouldn’t let anyone do anything to hurt me.”

Laurence Richard Mauduit Balistarius, Duke of Astwell, faced an internal crisis as he discreetly angled himself so that he could drive his solid cock into the wood bedpost that had served him so well during Dr Riddle’s examination. He was so hard that he feared he might spontaneously come in his trousers unless the hard surface brought him back to reason.

He’d had the same response to the doctor fingering Julia until she exploded on the bed for the first time. Did he long to wear the horns, be a cuckold, a state feared and loathed by men with any pride? What was wrong with him? And how was he going to

make it through this preparatory session with his wife and her lady's maid without losing control of his cock?

"Select one to put in me," sighed Julia, now thoroughly used to Makeblythe's tongue on her pussy.

"How about this one, a bit bigger than me," he said. "We have to make sure you're prepared to receive men of all sizes."

The glass diletto was a beautiful, smooth instrument of pleasure, a bit girthy and nicely long, a prize cock any man would wish to see when surveying his kingdom.

"Do you really think...?" asked Julia.

"You can take it," he said. "You'll stretch."

"Laurence, go gently," she said.

"You're permitting me entrée to your pussy?" he asked, genuinely surprised.

"A diletto is not the same as..."

"As my cock," said Laurence, fitting the smooth tip to the notch of her entrance.

"This could be any cock at all," she said. "Yours, the Doctor's, a man from your club's, a tradesman's member. I close my eyes and I can imagine any man attached to it."

Laurence slid the diletto into her pussy, watching as her lips spread around the girth.

"How does that feel?" he asked.

"Full," said Julia, arching her back and holding her breasts.

Laurence encountered resistance, so he worked the diletto in and out.

"This glass went in pristine and it's now covered in your juices," he said. "Makeblythe got you properly worked up."

Laurence placed a hand at Makeblythe's nape. "Thank you for taking care of the Duchess."

Makeblythe moaned at the praise while continuing to stimulate Julia's clitoris.

"I'm going to work this dilator in and out now, and I want you to relax and accept this false cock like a good little adulteress," he said.

Julia bit back a moan.

"Oh, you like that, do you?" he asked. "You want some degrading insults hurled your way?"

She nodded shyly, unable to voice her wishes.

“Let’s properly open this cunt so you can take all of London’s cocks like a prize whore,” he said.

“Laurence,” she whimpered, “yes, yes, keep—”

“We’ll get this pussy warmed up so you can slut it up,” he said.

“Yes, I love it, I’m so close,” she said.

“You’re going to get every hole filled, aren’t you? The debauched duchess, servicing all and sundry with her wet, open pussy and arse.”

Julia erupted at his lewd speech, her cunt trying to grip the smooth surface of the dildo while her arse contracted around the plug. Makeblythe kept licking her through the orgasm until Julia gently directed her head away due to overstimulation.

“Oh,” said Julia, sweaty and tangled in the bedclothes, her holes still speared by the dilators provided by the doctor.

Oh, thought Laurence, hurrying to his room without a word of farewell, where he was most decidedly not going to masturbate, not going to order an ice bath, and not going to think of his wife’s body. Or the growing realization that he might want nothing more than to see other men use her roughly while he could only watch.

TO BE CONTINUED in *Trained by Her Husband’s Best Friend*.

* * *

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Thank you for reading this book. If you feel comfortable leaving a rating, that can really help fellow book lovers know where to spend their precious reading time.

Elizabeth

About the Author

Elizabeth Roubaix could share 1066 reasons why you wouldn't want to live in the past, but would rather write super steamy, historical erotic romance. Combining tender love stories, scorching sex scenes, and an ahistorical amount of bathing, her short tales are perfect for when you want a quick and spicy trip back in time.

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Also by Elizabeth Roubaix

Prepared for Her Pleasure is the 10,000-word first story in the five-part *His Duchess's Lovers* series. The stories can be enjoyed individually, but we recommend reading the books in order to enjoy the full HEA for the Duke and Duchess of Astwell.

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Other books from Elizabeth Roubaix:

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Over the course of an increasingly erotic evening, Laurence witnesses Hugh pleasuring his wife in a bordello, kneeling to service her in the ducal carriage, and filling her deeply in the bed Laurence rarely visits. Far from dejected, Laurence's passion grows until he quietly avails himself of his wife's bare foot and grants his wife oral pleasure for the first time — while she's also being serviced by the Earl.

As the evidence mounts, Laurence is forced to contend with a shocking reality: he likes nothing better than watching other men use his wife — especially if he can assist them in bringing her to paroxysm.

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Ravishing the Cesspit Countess

When widower Augustus Warne saved a waif from drowning in his neighbor's cesspit, he never expected to find May, the lass who would heal his heart and unlock his most erotic desires.

May begs the stern, older Earl to make demands of her body, take her deep and firm, and make her sensual Sleeping Beauty dreams come true. Can he find a way to both spoil his slightly bratty rescued darling and be the commanding aristocrat that she so desires?

Amazon: [elizabethroubaix.com/ravishing](https://www.amazon.com/Elizabeth-Roubaix-Ravishing-ebook/dp/B000000000)

The background of the book cover is a photograph of a woman's bare torso from the neck down to the waist. She is wearing a dark red corset with a white floral or paisley pattern. The corset has black lace-up details at the bust and waist. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body.

HIS DUCHESS'S LOVERS BOOK TWO
SHORT VICTORIAN EROTIC ROMANCE

Trained

BY

HER HUSBAND'S
BEST FRIEND

ELIZABETH ROUBAIX

Elizabeth Roubaix

Trained by Her Husband's Best Friend

Victorian Erotic Romance (His Duchess's Lovers Book 2)

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[Also by Elizabeth Roubaix](#)

Chapter 1

L *ondon, 1880*

“My wife of 15 years informed me that she plans to start taking lovers,” said Laurence Balistarius, Duke of Astwell, over the dinner table.

A soup spoon clattered.

“I’m right here, Laurence,” said Julia Balistarius, Duchess of Astwell, the lover-seeking wife in question.

Fortunately, as Laurence and Julia were well aware, they were dining *en-famille* without the assistance of their servants. They were joined by Laurence’s friend and longtime mentor in the House of Lords, Hugh Carnifex, Earl Carnifex.

He was a handsome widower about a decade older than Laurence’s own 39 years of age, and he took the news in stride with the grace that made him a celebrated politician.

“I wish you luck with your endeavors, my dear?” he said to Julia, his eyes crinkling. At last, he thought, the girl was seizing some measure of happiness and refusing to be bowed by her sometimes insensitive husband and his august titles.

“As Richard’s godfather, I thought you should know,” said Laurence, suddenly adhering to propriety after a bachelorhood of raking and a marriage characterized by impregnating his wife periodically and conducting discreet affairs continuously.

“And how is the boy?” asked Hugh, settling in with his wine, carefully observing the couple for signs that marital rupture was near.

Julia proudly reported on the lad’s installation at Harrow. She’d been a green girl when Laurence had captured her and her industrial-sized dowry at the first ball of her debut season. Now in her early thirties, Hugh estimated, she seemed to have regained some

of the light that had dimmed over the course of several pregnancies and Laurence's indifference.

What had put the roses back in her cheeks? Had she already begun taking lovers?

After Julia had shared news of Richard's election to head boy of his dormitory, Laurence interjected: "I was heading to Madame H el ene's tonight, would you both like to join the party?"

"You intend to take your wife *there*, Laurence?" asked Hugh, finally shocked by the Balistariusus.

"What is Madame H el ene's, Laurence?" asked Julia, her voice light despite the slight tremor of her knife that Hugh spotted only due to decades in politics and at gambling tables with deep play.

"A bordello of the finest sort, dear wife. As your tutor in debauchery, I think it's time for you to observe how the best in the game tups," he said.

Hugh studied the fine weave of the tablecloth. Oh, this was going to be a fiasco of the first order. If Laurence wanted to fling his marriage off a cliff, Hugh could imagine no better way.

"Are you sure—" asked Hugh.

"I've made a solemn promise to Julia to tutor her in discreet affair-making," said Laurence, placing his hand over his wife's limp one. "If one wants to be the best student, it is necessary to attend the best * cole*."

Chapter 2

The carriage ride to Madame Hélène's was quiet, with the gentlemen facing backwards so that Julia could face the front, alone on her own bench.

She wore one of her new gowns from Madame Eugénie. She reflected that perhaps the fastest way to shed her matronly demeanor and reputation was simply to affix "Madame" to her name and frenchify it.

Madame Juliette would be a lady of discretion, sailing through ballrooms and salons, her heart never broken and her after-hours dance card always full. Julia resolved to be

Madame Juliette tonight, impervious to insult and open to the pleasures life had to offer.

She shifted slightly, unused to the silk underthings that barely clothed her sex.

“Anxious to see the games begin?” asked Laurence, not missing a single thing from his shadowed seat across from her. He ran his cane up her silk stockinged leg, and used the tip to toss her skirts a bit. They quickly floated down.

“No need for your charms to be hidden from Hugh, he’s an old family friend,” said Laurence.

“Astwell, if you continue to needle your wife thus, you’ll find yourself in a very bad position indeed,” said Hugh, losing his temper.

“I intend to be in many positions tonight, none of them bad,” said Laurence.

Julia adjusted the lace on her gloves, determined to show no emotion nor rise to his baiting.

Soon they arrived at the brothel, which operated within a very ordinary-looking townhouse without the ostentatious decoration Julia had assumed would mark such a place of business.

Laurence was greeted as an old friend, to Julia’s growing shame. She, meanwhile, was introduced as a guest of Earl Carnifex to protect her reputation.

They were soon whisked away to “The Blue Room,” a chamber that was actually red and resulted in several raised eyebrow from the staff that delivered champagne on ice and cigars to them.

“What is the meaning of this?” seethed Carnifex, feeling himself ensnared in a plot in which he wanted no part.

“Julia needs to see how mistresses are expected to behave in bed...and outside of it,” said Laurence. “What better way to teach her than here at the *école*?”

“So we’re all to sit here and watch a show?” asked Hugh.

“You and my wife will observe the proceedings,” said Hugh. “I’ll be taking part.”

Julia realized that she’d be confronting the full reality of her husband’s extramarital activities for the first time. She pressed her lips together, then stared straight ahead at the draped glass in front of her.

“You’re playing too deep, Astwell,” said Hugh. “No decent husband would force his wife to watch him cavort with a harlot.”

“But that’s why you’re here, Hugh,” said Laurence. “Should she need distraction or relief, I give you leave to be of service to her.”

“Being of service to a lady is offering a handkerchief at a picnic!” erupted Hugh.

“Perhaps she wants something from inside your trousers rather than from inside your coat pocket,” said Laurence.

Julia gripped the fabric of her dress. “Go, Laurence, do what you were going to do anyway.”

Laurence took his wife’s fidgeting hands in his own.

“I can dress you up like a fancy piece, but the moment you flop on the bed like a freshly slaughtered lamb, the jig will be up,” he said. “It’s best that you learn how to fuck now, and not after multiple embarrassing failed attempts. Take a seat and enjoy the show.”

He dropped a perfunctory kiss on Julia’s forehead and departed with great energy.

“I can take you home,” said Hugh, his voice flat as he sat on a banquette beside her.

Julia sighed. “I should see what he’s so desperate for me to witness.”

“Do you mean to divorce him?” asked Carnifex.

Julia looked up abruptly. “No, not at all.”

“I’m sorry that your marriage has proven unhappy,” said Hugh.

“My marriage has provided me with a good deal of happiness,” said Julia. “The children are a source of constant joy.”

“But the marriage itself...”

“Even at seventeen, I knew not to ask for the stars,” said Julia, smiling sadly.

“He does care for you, you know.”

“I’m sure he does, in his own way,” said Julia. “Laurence had the misfortune of becoming lord of all that he surveyed very early in life. Had things been different, perhaps his character might have developed differently.”

“He is a force in Lords,” said Hugh.

“I have no doubt that he takes great care with his political work,” said Julia. But he did not take great care with his wife.

The curtains covering the glass in front of them opened. Before them was an empty blue room with a purple velvet chaise longue in the center. The gas lights were

positioned so as to highlight the furniture, surely where the spectacle would take place.

“Say the word, Julia, at any point,” said Hugh.

She placed her hand in his and squeezed. He placed his other hand on top and held it. This would be a tragedy and he’d need to do anything possible to save the Balistarius from a disaster of their own making.

A sound came from inside the blue room as Laurence entered and took a seat on the chaise. He sat casually, not paying attention to the glass that allowed Julia and Hugh to observe him.

In the doorway, a feather duster appeared.

Hugh groaned, sinking in his seat.

“Is something the matter, Hugh?” asked Julia.

“Of all the unimaginative...”

Julia looked up and saw a woman in a maid costume enter the room. Her dress was so scandalously short that if she leaned over, her bottom would be on display. Her ample bosom spilled out of the low-cut bodice. She looked back and winked at the audience.

“Oh,” said Julia, seeming to get smaller.

“It’s a cheap pantomime,” said Hugh, reassuring her. “Just a stock fantasy, nothing meant by it.”

“But he did take up with a maid while I was pregnant with Marion,” said Julia quietly. “I caught them. Not *in the act*, but I caught them all the same.”

Hugh brought his hand to Julia’s head and directed it to rest against his shoulder, trying to convince her to look away.

“Julia, please,” said Hugh. “Say the word.”

“He selected this entertainment for me,” she said, allowing tears to escape. “He did this, knowing...”

Hugh swallowed down his rage and impulse to walk into the other room and call Laurence out like they lived in the last century, when such lawless behavior might have been somewhat tolerated among members of their class.

The harlot playacting a maid made her way to the chaise and began using her feather duster on the fabric.

“That doesn’t even make sense,” said Julia, sufficiently aware of the practicalities of household management to realize that the chaise needed a different treatment for the

removal of dust.

“These scenes are often nonsensical, dear,” said Hugh, stroking her elaborate braided hair. He pulled a pin from it. “Perhaps you’ll feel better if I take your hair down and massage your neck?”

She murmured her assent and relaxed into his shoulder.

In the tableau before them, Laurence yanked the feather duster to draw the maid nearer. She minced her way to him, causing her breasts to jiggle.

“She’s a pretty girl,” said Julia. “Don’t you think so?”

Hugh looked down at her, watching her watch the debauchery before them. “Yes.”

She looked up and was caught in Hugh’s eyes.

He returned to removing the pins from her hair, bringing down the braids, which he released until he had a skein of thick, dark, long hair, which he wrapped around his hand.

“You could forbid me from watching simply by yanking my head away,” she said, smiling at last.

He gave the slightest tug. “Would you like that?” he asked.

She looked into the room before her, where Laurence had the harlot-maid half out of her dress, and was playing with her breasts.

“Do men like bobbies that look like that?” she asked, not answering Hugh’s question.

“If they do, I don’t think they’ll find your breasts lacking,” said Hugh, his voice tight as he surveyed her neckline.

“Oh, mine are like this because I’m still nursing,” she said. “They’re usually quite ordinary, but I’m swollen with milk these days because of the baby.”

Hugh drew in a long, slow breath to calm his heated blood.

“I don’t think a single man on earth would find that disappointing,” said Hugh.

In front of them, Laurence was flicking his tongue over the maid’s nipple.

“I’m surprised you can’t smell it on me,” said Julia, babbling in an attempt to distract herself. “It practically leaks out these days.”

Hugh could no longer resist and dropped his nose to Julia’s neck where he inhaled deeply. He used the hand in her hair to bend her neck to the side. He stayed there, drinking in her scent.

“Hugh...” said Julia, her voice breathy.

"I'm sorry," said Hugh, planting a gentle kiss on her collarbone. What he apologized for was unclear: was it Laurence's behavior or his own? Julia didn't pause to consider it, she only reveled in the sensation of a lover's kiss on her heated skin.

"There's nothing to apologize for," she said. "I want your touch."

"And I want to peel this dress off," said Hugh, groaning and trailing kisses lower on her chest. "Can I see them?"

Julia paused and looked in his eyes. "You want to see my breasts?" she said.

"And suck on them," he replied, watching her eyes flick to the room where Laurence had his hand between the maid's legs.

"Yes," she said, tugging at her bodice to expose her bountiful décolletage.

Julia's new corset hoisted her bosom high, and Hugh ran his fingers over the exposed bounty before him. Her areolae were nearly visible, the briefest hint of rose peeked over the top of the boning.

"Look at your pretty titties. Such a lovely girl," he said into her neck.

"I feel like a towering aspic these days," said Julia.

"No wonder I want to eat you up," he said, reaching into the corset with one hand to withdraw a breast.

"Hugh, oh," she said, leaning back as he took her hard nipple into his mouth.

"You're dripping, Julia," said Hugh, briefly pausing in his desperate sucking of her full breast.

Before them, Laurence rolled a rubber on his cock and tossed up the maid's negligible short skirt before plunging into her while she leaned over the chaise with her tits on full display.

Distracted, Julia motioned to the scene: "Is that what men want? To take a woman in that way?"

Hugh was initially disoriented, forgetting Laurence's little tableau due to the pleasure afforded by the man's wife. "From behind?" asked Hugh.

"Yes, I suppose people could do it that way," she said. "I hadn't considered."

Hugh latched on to her other, full breast and hummed.

She ran her fingers through his thick hair and contorted herself to make him comfortable.

“No, don’t twist yourself for my pleasure,” he said, laying her down on the banquette and coming down on top of her to reclaim her nipple.

“Hugh, I’m so wet everywhere,” she said, arching her back to rub against his firm abdomen.

“You are being a naughty girl tonight, Julia,” said Hugh. “Your husband is in the next room and you’re telling me about your wet cunt, aren’t you?”

“My husband has his manhood buried in a harlot,” said Julia, her voice soft. “And he gave you leave to be of service to me.”

“I think he meant for me to give you a shoulder to lean on when he caused you to cry, not plant my cock in your pussy,” said Hugh, grinding his bulge into the apex of her thighs.

Julia shifted her legs apart to better cradle him.

“The mother of my eldest godson, *the* Duchess of Astwell, fifteen years out from your debut and I would wager that you have the tightest, hottest little snatch in London,” he growled into her neck. “You need breaking in like the greenest virgin.”

“Hugh, I want it,” she said, trying to draw up her gown’s hem despite his body trapping the fabric.

“When I finally touch your cunt, are you going to be soaking for me?” he asked. “Will you pulse and gush on my fingers?”

“Please,” she whimpered.

“You beautiful temptress, you’re going to have half of our fair city slaving for a taste of your slit,” he said.

“Would you, Hugh?” she asked.

He pressed his clothed cock into her. “What does it feel like?” he asked.

“You could take it out and put it in me,” she said. “Just the tip. You could get it wet before Laurence would ever know.”

Hugh laughed and wound her hair around his wrist once again. “You are more tempting than Eve,” he said.

On the other side of the glass, Laurence pumped away into the harlot-maid, now on her back with her legs in the air. Hugh and Julia glanced over at him periodically, but mostly to determine when he would return to their room.

“Do you use the girls here like that?” asked Julia.

“At Madame Hélène’s?” asked Hugh. “I’m an old man these days and don’t wish to train a regular rotation of new girls. Since a few years after my wife died, I’ve kept a mistress.”

“You don’t feel old,” she said, cupping his cock. “Do men become faithful as they mature?”

“Some of us do,” he said, a look of sadness crossing his features as he looked into her hopeful face. She wasn’t still hoping to secure her husband’s heart and fidelity after all this time, was she?

“Would your mistress begrudge you a night with me?” she asked.

“My mistress recently left my employ and married a barrister,” he said. “A love match. I gave them a wedding gift of five hundred pounds and the house I purchased for her when we began our alliance.”

Julia smoothed the hair back from his temples. “You’re a good man, Hugh Carnifex,” she said. “I’d almost think you weren’t an aristocrat.”

He laughed and then kissed her square on the lips.

She froze, unused to the sensation of a grown man’s lips on her own.

“More than anything, perhaps this is what you need,” he said, cupping her neck to help direct her movements.

He sucked her lower lip between his own and showed her how to gently tease her tongue on his.

She seemed to release all tension below him and melt into the banquette. He covered her, nuzzling into her hair and then deepening the kiss.

He trailed his hand back down to her breast and tweaked her nipple in coordination with his kisses.

She shifted her legs further apart, forever seeking more stimulation.

“I’m not going to put it in you here,” he whispered into her ear. “You’re not a harlot bound to service at Madam Hélène’s, you deserve to be stretched out in a capacious ducal bed and properly loved upon.”

“I’d take whatever you have to give, wherever you’ll give it to me,” she said, babbling and truthful.

“You don’t have to accept scraps. You’re a duchess. You’re Julia,” he said. “I need you to start asking for more.”

She twisted below him. “Is that true?” she asked.

He nodded yes before nipping at her lips.

“Then I want something of yours inside of me, Hugh, right now,” she said. “It doesn’t need to be your cock, but I’m empty inside and I’ve been empty for so long. Fill me before Laurence returns from his stunt in the other room.”

“What I wouldn’t give to drive my cock into you this moment,” Hugh growled, pulling at her dress to find the hem. “But we’ll both have to settle for my fingers inside your sweet cunt. Is that sufficient for now, my darling girl?”

Julia began to breathe faster and helped him toss up her skirts. “Yes. Now,” she said, yanking at the silk drawers that barely concealed her pussy from his hungry sight.

Hugh paused, holding her hand for a moment. “Let me take this in. That scrap of fabric, wet and straining against your hot cunt,” he said, running a knuckle over her clothed seam.

“Hurry,” she urged, “there’s no way Laurence will last much longer.”

Hugh paused. “What makes you think that, my dear?”

“He usually concludes our marital activities quickly,” she said. “Is this not the way of all men?”

Hugh drew the silk drawers down her hips and legs, thinking of how to break the news to Julia that her husband was a lout. He considered the options and merely chose to say: “I’ll give you a very different experience, if you wish.”

“Here?” she asked, her eyes bright, quickly glancing at the other room where Laurence continued to pound into the harlot-maid, now joined in the room by her fellow employee, who fondled Laurence’s sac.

“At your townhouse,” he said. “Or mine. Tonight.”

“Yes, yes,” she said. “In the meantime, make me feel less empty inside.”

“I will, if you allow me to keep these,” he said, brandishing the drawers.

“But what shall I wear on the ride home?” she said.

“Ideally, my face,” diving in for a filthy open-mouthed kiss before she could question what he meant.

He drew his hand up her warm, smooth thigh.

“I’m going to use my fingers to part your folds now,” he said. “Do you know what I mean?”

She looked deep into his eyes, a bit hazy from pleasure. “My nether parts?”

“Here,” he said, using his fingers to open her outer labia and stroke her wet inner lips.

Julia shook as sexual need consumed her. “Hugh, I need you, now.”

“I’ve got you,” sliding his large index finger into her grasping channel.

“My son’s godfather is inside of me,” she said with wonder.

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” he said, pumping the finger roughly to her mounting satisfaction.

“It feels so good,” she mewled, taking him all the way into her body.

“You feel so good,” he murmured. “Are you always this wet?”

“Almost never,” she said, laughing. “We’ve had quite an evening together.”

He ran the flat of his tongue over her exposed, pebbled nipple. “We’ve only just begun.”

Julia looked over to the other room anxiously, worried that she’d miss out on a climax if Laurence finished before they concluded. “He’s picking up speed,” said Julia. “Usually that means…”

“I’m going to add another finger to your hot little greedy pussy,” said Hugh, fitting his middle finger into her vagina confidently like a man that had been satisfying women since early in Queen Victoria’s reign. He dragged his fingers in and out, hitting the spots on the front of her channel that had her bouncing, ascending to completion.

“Look at you swallowing me up. Did you shave these puffy, pouting little lips for me?” he asked.

“Laurence has his valet do it. We now have a schedule,” she said.

Hugh glanced into the room where Laurence was still hammering away at a harlot while feasting on the tits of another and felt what must have been the hundredth stab

of annoyance that night. To expose his lady wife's nether bits to their own male staff! He deserved every bit of pain and suffering that would soon come to him.

"You're a good girl, Julia, and I want to feel your shaved skin on my own," he said, pressing his cheek against hers.

"Hugh, I'm so close," she said. "I've never had an orgasm, save the ones that happened due to my doctor's medical examination and some stretching toys he sent. Would you give me my first?"

"You've never?" he asked. "But you have Richard and Mariona and..."

"It never happened in the course of our marital activities, no," she said quietly. "Can you try to make it happen for me?"

Hugh saw that Laurence was making faces of ecstasy and judged that his time with Julia was running short. He wedged a third finger into her grasping cunt, which both welcomed and fought him, to the growing pain of his unspent cock.

"You want to come?" he asked roughly, emphasizing his question with driving thrusts. "Shall we discuss what I want? I want to drive my leaking cock into this delicious little pussy and give my godson a new sibling."

"Oh god," moaned Julia, holding her breasts as they jiggled due to the force of his thrusts.

"Would you like that, Duchess? To have your belly swell with my baby? To have your tits stay leaking because I gave you my seed?"

"Your husband has wrapped up his little game next door," said Hugh, "and he's going to come in and discover that you've been a naughty girl indeed, begging for another man's cock."

"Hugh, please!" cried Julia, winding ever closer to release.

"Laurence is coming down the hall and he's going to see you break apart, isn't he?" asked Hugh. "You're going to let him see how well you can spend."

Julia involuntarily gripped his fingers harder and felt her body contract all at once.

"Hugh, Hugh, keep—"

"I've got you, let it happen," he said.

Julia exploded around him, shaking as her orgasm took control of her body.

Laurence walked into the Blue Room with a smile on his face while whistling a tune. He paused in the doorway.

"I suppose I did give you leave to be of service to her," drawled Laurence. "Though I expected that you'd take a different approach given your protestations."

Hugh softly thrust his fingers into the Duchess, prolonging her pleasure despite her husband's looming presence.

"I changed my mind after seeing your little show," said Hugh, studying Julia's face for signs of discomfort.

"Have you enjoyed the use of my wife's cunny?" asked Laurence, sitting on an armchair facing the banquette where Julia and Hugh had nearly made love.

"Did you enjoy the ministrations of H el ene's ladies?" fired back Hugh.

"Most certainly," said Laurence, adjusting his recovering cock in his trousers. "Shall we take the old girl home now? For one that always wants to leave routs and balls as soon as possible, she certainly isn't rushing to exit this house of pleasure."

"Perhaps because she finally experienced it," said Hugh.

"I'm amenable to departing," said Julia, dazed and raising her head from the plush cushion.

Hugh set her skirts to rights, helped her to a sitting position, and whispered into her ear, "I'm keeping your drawers."

Julia blushed and said nothing, pleased and a little overwhelmed by her first flirtation.

Chapter 3

“I’ve ordered the carriage brought round,” said Laurence, anxious to depart now that he’d experienced his own pleasure, which was very much in keeping with how he operated.

Hugh helped Julia stand, a hand on her lower back to steady her. He escorted her down to the carriage and helped her in before swinging up and taking the seat beside her.

She looked up at Hugh, but he merely used a hand to direct her head onto his shoulder.

“You looked tired, and I won’t sit staring at you as I did on the way here, leaving you without support,” he said.

Laurence entered after that, pausing when he saw them huddled together on the forward-facing bench. He slowly lowered to his own rear-facing seat and hit the roof to signal that the carriage should move.

“Shall I tell George to drop you at your townhouse?” asked Laurence.

Hugh glanced down. “With Julia’s permission, I’ll drop in at your home before returning to my own.”

Julia looked up into his eyes, her pupils wide and dark. “Yes.”

“So you mean to fuck my wife in truth,” said Laurence.

“I do,” said Hugh, seeing no use in denying it. “She’s a beautiful woman, and if she’ll have me in her bed, who am I to refuse?”

“So you use my own words against me,” said Laurence. “Which lady did I say that about last year? There have been so many that I find it difficult to remember.”

“It hardly signifies now,” said Hugh, taking Julia’s gloved hand and kissing it.

“I told Julia about fucking Lady Atkynsone on that very bench and she was skeptical of the mechanics,” said Laurence.

“No doubt you folded the lady like a locked letter,” said Hugh disinterestedly.

“She screamed so loudly the coachmen had to reassure a patrolman that she wasn’t being harmed,” said Laurence.

"It all sounds very exciting and plausible," said Hugh, his voice flat as he felt the fabric covering Julia's knee.

"I'm surprised that you're stopping by our townhouse," said Laurence. "I'd have thought you'd have had your fill of my wife's pussy by now."

"I've yet to fill her, but I mean to," said Hugh solemnly while watching her reaction.

"Does that get you hot, wife?" asked Laurence. "Your beau announcing his intentions before your husband?"

Julia kept her head bowed, hoping to avoid a row that could upend her plans for the evening.

"You've made quite an impression on Hugh," said Laurence. "One little foray into your matronly snatch and he's ready to carry your dress train."

"That's right," said Hugh, "you've a delectable wife at home that you've been neglecting, but I won't make the same mistake."

"Easily said by a man that hasn't been married this decade," said Laurence affably.

Hugh froze. He'd been widowed some time ago, yes, but the pain of Clarissa's loss still smarted all these years later, as he thought his friend knew.

"Would you like to walk home, Laurence?" asked Julia, picking up on his disastrous and hurtful misstep.

"What I'd like is for you two to stop canoodling and get down to fucking," spit out Laurence. "Why wait until ensconced in the Duchess's bed. The carriage offers as good an opportunity as anywhere else for rogering."

"I won't deny you the chance to see your Duchess come," said Hugh, "since you don't seem to have witnessed such an event on account of your own ministrations."

He got up from the bench and lowered himself to the floor in front of Julia's skirts. Laurence was forced to spread his legs further apart to give Hugh room to crouch.

"With your permission, Your Grace?"

Julia nodded, unsure of what to say, but unable to refuse whatever he proposed due to a martial gleam in his eye.

He pulled the yards of fabric comprising her skirt up until she had a pile of it in her lap.

"Dashed difficult angle for fucking, from the floor, but I admire your creativity," said Laurence blithely.

"I'll fuck Julia, all right, but it won't be with my cock, at least not in your carriage," said Hugh.

"Darling, where are your drawers?" said Laurence.

"Lost them at Madame Hélène's," said Julia, breathing faster.

Laurence adjusted the gas lamp so that it better illuminated his wife's bared body.

"You certainly have enjoyed this evening's festivities," said Laurence, surveying her spread thighs.

Julia said nothing. She had, over time, become almost impervious to his caddish quips. Now, with the rush of pleasure she was experiencing at Hugh's hands, his words barely clanged when they hit her stalwart defenses.

"Do you plan to merely stare at and smell my wife?" asked Laurence of his friend.

"That would be enough for me," said Hugh, palming the bulge in his pants.

Julia leaned just a bit back, exposing more of her body to him.

"You could have more," she said, her voice low and seductive.

Hugh dragged his cheek up her inner thigh until he hovered over Julia's wet cunt.

"Can I kiss it?" he asked.

Julia nodded yes, bringing her hand to his nape to pull him closer.

"You certainly have become an expert at taking your lovers in hand, wife," said Laurence, watching avidly from the opposite bench.

"Perhaps that is what you needed all this time, a guiding hand?" she asked.

In truth, Laurence wasn't sure what Julia could have done to snare and keep his attention. He'd written Julia Duke off as a solution to a dukedom-sized problem years ago, and never altered his view. Since insisting on her orgasm, she'd certainly given

him new views indeed, and it was having an impact on everything he thought he knew about her.

Julia grasped one of the carriage hand holds for support as Hugh dragged his nose through her slit and inhaled.

Her eyes drifted shut as she focused on the intense pleasure.

That would never do, thought Laurence. His wife could take all the lovers she wanted, but ignoring him as he sat across from her with a leaking cock was a bridge too far.

“Wouldn’t your tits feel better if they were out?” asked Laurence, suddenly wishing to see her breasts bouncing in time with the carriage.

“I’m quite well, Laurence,” she said, her face contracting as Hugh put the tip of his tongue on her clitoris.

“Take them out, Julia,” said Laurence. “I’ve been very patient, and I want to see them.”

Julia opened her eyes and studied her husband. He’d never expressed any sort of particular interest in her body before. She wondered if this was a ruse, but thought to

humor him since he was sitting in a carriage with his legs spread wide so that his friend could lick her slit. She pulled down her bodice.

Hugh hiked one of Julia's slim legs onto his broad shoulder so that she'd further open to him while her thighs covered his ears. Her leg bounced as the carriage moved, causing her foot to lightly knock against Laurence's knee.

She froze, expecting some caustic remark at least.

Instead, he grabbed her foot and began removing her slipper.

"What are you—"

"Shh," he said. "You owe me an orgasm."

Her eyes flew open as he ripped her silk stocking to reveal her bare foot.

"That was a new stocking," she whispered.

"We're aristocrats," he said, raising a brow. "We don't need to keep inventory of such things or resist buying more."

Hugh pressed his face against her core and opened his mouth to run his tongue all over her wet cunt. Julia writhed against him.

On the bench facing them, Laurence pulled Julia's bare foot to the bulge in his trousers. He held her foot there and thrust against it. She looked up to see what he was doing and curled her foot around him reflexively.

"That's it, my girl," said Laurence lowly, grinding his clothed cock into her arch.

Rutting against his wife's foot, of all things, was proving to be one of the most exciting sexual experiences of his life, easily surpassing his frolic with the two experienced girls tonight at Madame Hélène's. He studied her small foot, struggling to understand if he had suddenly developed an interest in arches and toes, but found it was the setting that excited him: he was somewhat secretly grinding his cock into his wife while she was being taken by another man, his closest friend at that.

Laurence looked down at Hugh, feasting on Julia's pussy as *he* never bothered to do. Hugh was unaware that he was about to explode thanks to Julia's ministrations. His spine tingled at how wrong it felt, like when he had read dirty books during chapel at school. So few things at this point of his life still managed to reach the part of him that longed to feel like a deviant.

Laurence raised a finger to his lips to signal quiet and opened the front placket of his trousers. His balls were drawing tight at the delicious wrongness of it. He withdrew his cock from his drawers and guided Julia's foot to his shaft.

Cold. Despite handling her for several minutes, she was cold against his overheated dick, the painful sensation only heightening his spiral toward release. Laurence leaned

back, thrusting up against Julia's arch as Hugh penetrated her cunt with a thumb.

Laurence gestured to Julia's tits, which wobbled with the sway of the carriage. He pantomimed rubbing on them.

She raised a tentative hand to her exposed nipple and lightly pinched. She bit her lower lip as pleasure briefly streaked through her body.

"That's it, grip me," said Hugh.

Julia suddenly looked down, remembering that he was there.

Laurence then thrust up into her curled foot again, bringing her attention back to him as he raced towards release. They had to be nearing home, and Julia felt that they'd need to bar the doors to the carriage if it stopped before the Balistarius had reached their mutual orgasms.

Her husband suddenly looked up and whispered, "Julia," as he erupted against her foot, the seed from his cock shooting against her skin and running between her toes. It was hot and unexpected and caused Julia to throw her head back as she orgasmed against Hugh's tongue and thumb.

Chapter 4

Entering the house had been a fiasco. Hugh had swiftly scooped Julia into his arms after she made a face when pulling on her slipper. The cause was not a small stone lodged in her shoe, as she claimed, but the sensation of her husband's wet spend on her foot.

The staff immediately assumed that something had gone wrong, a sprained ankle at the very least, and Laurence wasted precious minutes smoothing feathers while also warning the staff away from their chambers.

By the time he entered the Duchess's apartment, Hugh had Julia on his lap in Laurence's chair by the fire. He was toying with her earrings and whispering sweet nothings in her ear. Laurence fumed at the sight of his chair in use, though it had only recently become *his* chair.

He walked back into his own rooms. He'd had the connecting door removed several days ago after Julia declared her intention of taking lovers, and he rather liked the ability to sail in and out of her innermost sanctuary without making a racket or facing the possibility of being locked out.

Pulling off his necktie, he reflected on the state of affairs. Well, primarily the affair that was currently being conducted next door. He had a strong reaction to seeing Hugh sitting in his chair. Was that some sort of displaced emotion due to him romancing Laurence's wife?

He wasn't ready to crack the geode open right now and study the craggy, ancient interior, but he thought he rather liked seeing his wife with other men. And women, if Julia's sapphic interlude with her lady's maid Makeblythe was any indication.

She'd been a dull necessity for fifteen years, with only her uncomplaining acceptance of his quips and affairs to recommend her. Now that she was free of his attentions due to popping out a string of babies, she saw fit to cinch her waist tighter, muss her hair more, and avail herself of some tarted up new gowns. And new underthings, Laurence reminded himself.

It was a lowering thought, mused Laurence: now that she didn't need to service his needs, she'd unexpectedly bloomed. Yet he couldn't summon the indignant rage he'd seen so many cuckolded men spew when confronted with their wives' indiscretions.

Perhaps he was handling the turn of events so well because she was, in fact, rather discreet.

Some memory tickled at the back of his brain. He was transported back to playing with some cousin or family friend at a young age and seeing them suddenly take his toy soldier away. And not just any of the metal toy soldiers: the child snatched up the prize specimen that Laurence called Wellington.

Now, for most children, this would have set off hysterics and negotiations between nurses on the scale of the Treaty of Paris. But Laurence was no ordinary child, of course: he was a Duke. He held the Astwell title from the age of three, on account of the death of his aged father. The dukedom was hardly flush, but the little boy at the center of it was afforded every luxury, every toy, every bit of attention.

Back in the land of toy soldiers, a bolt of longing had pinned him to his place on the floor, where he'd had to watch the other child examine Wellington lovingly and experiment with how he could move. Suddenly, life was not so easy, suddenly, his heart squeezed with want. It was exhilarating, something like the first gasp of air when he'd been rescued from nearly drowning in the Astwell estate's trout pond.

Now, Laurence walked carefully to the decanters on a sideboard in his own chamber. This posed a problem. Potentially. For he'd felt surprisingly excited by the seizure of his toy soldier in the moment — but he'd ultimately recovered it. And when he recovered it, it became his favorite plaything, to the point that Wellington sat in his study at Astwell to this day. He'd nearly forgotten why the object was allowed to sit alongside his account books and some dirty volumes acquired on his Grand Tour, but now it all came back to him.

Laurence drank his glass of brandy with a steadied hand. Then he walked back through the doorway to Julia's bedroom, the geode he'd promised himself would stay whole unsettlingly cracked open.

She and Hugh were no longer in the chair together. He sat on the edge of her bed, unlacing her corset in a way that seemed very domestic. Julia held the front of the

corset in one hand and her long hair in the other, laughing at something Hugh had said.

“Do you need me to leave?” asked Hugh, noticing Laurence for the first time.

“You’re Julia’s guest,” said Laurence carelessly, flopping into his chair. It was still warm from the lovers’ bodies.

“Do you intend to watch the proceedings?” asked Hugh.

“You didn’t seem to have any trouble with me witnessing your activities in the carriage,” said Laurence. “Don’t tell me that you have doubts about your ability to perform before an audience.”

Hugh ran a finger down Julia’s spine, causing her to shiver.

“I have no concerns about my ability to make love to your wife,” said Hugh.

“Make love!” exclaimed Laurence. “Should I be concerned? I thought you were merely fucking.”

“A figure of speech,” said Hugh, massaging Julia’s nape. He pulled on the strings of her corset, bringing her to sit on his hard thigh.

“You’re a party to this, would you like me to make love to you?” Hugh asked Julia, rubbing his nose in her hair.

“Is there another option?” she asked.

He wrapped an arm around her waist.

“I could fuck you,” he said. “I could take you rough and deep, and let you feel the full brunt of my desire.”

Julia shifted on his thigh, placing her hand experimentally on the place where his trousers bulged.

“That,” she said, her voice a bit hoarse. “I want that.”

“Do you now?” Hugh said softly, thrusting up against her hand. “Your husband intends to watch. Are you amenable?”

“I’ve never attempted to control his actions,” said Julia.

Hugh settled Julia into his lap, arranging her legs so her knees rested outside of his own.

“I’ve got you spread open,” whispered Hugh. “Do you think he can see how wet I’ve got your cunt?”

“I doubt he cares,” Julia whispered back, enjoying their game of secrets.

“What are you two whispering about?” asked Laurence, suddenly feeling set aside.

“I was wondering if you were studying your wife’s body,” said Hugh.

“My wife of fifteen years? Hardly,” said Laurence. “Unless you’d like me to, Julia? I bet you’d like to have not one but two lords on your leash.”

“I’d never get a collar on you, Laurence, and I’ve never tried,” she said, her spine suddenly rigid.

Hugh pulled the corset loose from her body, the strings snapping and trailing as he tossed it on the floor. Now Julia was bare. Her skin had the light sheen of a woman pampered and oiled by her loving staff. Laurence suddenly wondered what her skin smelled like, and if he’d ever noticed her scent before.

“No discomposing my lover tonight, Laurence,” said Hugh. “I need her boneless and accepting of everything I have to give her.” He ground his cock into her backside.

“I suppose this is my cue to take my leave and give you privacy to fuck my wife? I think not. I rather would like to study her,” said Laurence, walking to the place Hugh sat with Julia on the bed.

“What are you doing Laurence?” asked Julia, wary of her husband’s intentions.

He walked directly in front of her and dropped to his knees. She tried to close her legs reflexively, but Hugh’s legs held hers open.

Laurence knelt before her body, gazing upon her cunt like a worshiper, though Julia knew better than to expect him to deify parts he’d used and discarded so many times before.

“Wider,” he said.

Hugh shifted to spread Julia further.

Laurence studied every fold and turn of her visible body, wondering what it felt like to touch it and penetrate it — though he knew very well what she’d felt like in the past.

Somehow, it was all new, and he was certain that everything from her scent to feel had changed the morning she'd brandished the butter knife at him.

He blew a puff of air in the direction of her clitoris. Julia jerked.

"You suddenly wish to play with your wife's body?" asked Hugh, glad to see his friend finally crumbling under the weight of his desire for his beautiful Duchess.

Laurence reached out his fingers as if in a trance.

"No," said Julia. "You're not to touch me."

Laurence sat back on his heels. Rather than feeling chastened, his body was suddenly alert, entirely focused on the thing he couldn't have.

"I could touch you if you don't want Laurence to do it," said Hugh.

"Please," moaned Julia as he used his fingers to spread her folds to Laurence's view.

"She's red like a cherry here," said Hugh to his friend. "Because I've made her come twice already tonight and she's preparing to take my cock."

Laurence gripped his trousers where they covered his thighs, narrowly keeping control of his desire to touch or suck his wife.

"She's very wet right now," said Hugh, pulling her folds to show how glossy they were. "My mouth and hands helped, but what you don't know is that she added her own

juices, too. She gave me a little something extra, a little squirt in the carriage to thank me for my efforts when she came.”

Laurence’s eyes met Julia’s and he was openly triumphant. She could claim he didn’t make her orgasm, but here was the unvarnished truth: he’d made her pussy gush without even touching it.

“You might not know this little knob here,” said Hugh, tapping Julia’s clitoris. “This is the center of female pleasure.”

Laurence scoffed. “One of them,” he said.

“You laugh, and yet you failed to locate it on your wife. I merely thought to assist,” said Hugh.

He really was being too much, thought Laurence, but this game was too delicious to end early, so he played along.

“I’m impressed that you can work her up for such a length of time,” said Laurence. “I’d have thought that your arthritis would present difficulties.”

Hugh chuckled and then plunged his index and middle finger into Julia’s cunt.

“I find myself impervious to pain when offered the chance to ravish such a beautiful woman,” said Hugh.

Laurence rolled his eyes. Carnifex was piling it on thick, but Julia was eating his words up, allowing her head to loll on his shoulder as he speared her.

“Do you hear that sound, Duke?” asked Hugh. “That’s the sound of your wife’s wet pussy, which I understand is something you haven’t heard before.”

Laurence was losing his patience. His knees felt creaky even against the plush carpet. He suspected his right leg was now asleep. And now his friend was taunting him for his supposed sexual inadequacy with his wife.

“This is the way you always should have been, Laurence, on your knees before your wife as a supplicant,” said Hugh. “I bet you’d trade away fortunes for a taste of her now.”

“And yet she doesn’t permit me to touch her, so I won’t dwell on it,” said Laurence.

“But I can touch her,” said Hugh, a little cruel and triumphant as he churned his fingers inside of Julia. “And I could give you a taste.”

Laurence froze, his heated brain struggling to process the meaning.

As if in slow motion, Hugh removed his drenched fingers from Julia, holding them in front of her cunt, before Laurence’s face. He smelled her delicious musk, truly smelled it for the first time, and surveyed the glossy liquid.

Hugh's fingers were thick and long, and not marked by arthritis at all, despite Laurence's claims.

Julia's eyes fluttered open and then widened at the sight of her husband transported by the look and smell of her intimate juices.

"You don't have to—" said Julia.

"No, you've been entirely fair, Duchess," said Carnifex. "If your husband wants a taste of his gorgeous wife's pussy, he can receive it from a secondary source."

She watched in horror as her proud husband, born of a line that extended back to the Conquest, drew closer to his best friend's wet fingers.

Without taking his eyes from Hugh's hand, Laurence asked, "Does this make your pussy hot, wife?"

She nodded yes while whispering "no" over and over.

Laurence licked his lips and held his jaw open until Hugh's fingers were deep inside. Then he closed his lips around them and sucked Julia's juices clean. Without

prompting, he cleaned between the fingers, pulling on the skin until Hugh bucked against Julia due to the pleasurable sensation.

“Very good,” said Hugh, withdrawing his hand and running his slick digits over Julia’s clitoris. “You’ve helped prepare your wife for my cock and my cock for your wife.”

“Are you ready to be filled, beautiful?” asked Hugh.

“Yes,” said Julia, watching Laurence’s reaction. He was sitting on his heels, mesmerized by the sight of his saliva lubricating her clitoris.

“And do you remember what I said at the brothel?” whispered Hugh. “About seeding you and giving my godson a brother?”

Julia panted with need, the filthy words having precisely their desired effect. “Yes,” she said, “I want that,” all while knowing that she had an entire medicine chest from Dr Riddle to prevent just such an occurrence.

“How about you get on the bed and spread your legs wide for me? I need to get in that cunt and fill it,” he said.

Julia scrambled onto the bed, her heart-shaped arse bouncing as she eagerly crawled to the middle of the four-poster and opened her legs so that Hugh could have his way with her.

Hugh shed his clothes next to where Laurence still kneeled.

“You could watch from the side of the bed,” said Hugh. “I wouldn’t begrudge you the sight of a real man pounding your wife’s pussy.”

As Laurence got to his feet, he knew he should have hated the taunting, but he was on fire. He walked around to the other side of the bed and sat at the end, his back against a thick wooden post.

“You see how ready she is,” said Hugh, gesturing to Julia’s open legs. “She’s been begging for this since Madame’s.”

“Are you sure you can satisfy her, old boy?” asked Laurence.

“I’m certain I can put in a better showing than you’ve been managing.”

Laurence huffed a laugh. Hugh was being outrageous, almost as bad as he’d been in the days they’d raked together.

Hugh tapped his bare cock against Julia’s cunt, drawing her attention from Laurence at the end of the bed.

“You want this?” asked Hugh. “You want this cock?”

Julia arched her back and tried to fit him against her greedy hole.

“Are you watching her take me?” asked Hugh, fitting the thick head of his dick against Julia’s opening. “I’m not even in yet and she’s straining around me.”

He pushed just a bit deeper, murmuring encouragingly, “that’s it, swallow it up.”

Running his hands over Julia’s lower stomach, he ground out, “I’ll give you another one,” for her ears only.

She contracted around him at the idea of being bred by her husband’s best friend while he watched. What would Laurence say if she suddenly swelled with a new baby after this debauched evening of pleasure?

“She’s running fast now,” said Hugh, smiling down on Julia’s responsive body. “She’s gripping me like a virgin taking her first rake.”

Julia began to bounce in time with Hugh’s thrusts, their bodies slapping together and her tits bouncing.

“Look at those things,” said Hugh, reaching down to pluck a nipple. “I want to see these stay filled.”

“Oh god, Hugh,” cried Julia.

“You want to make your wife come?” asked Hugh, glancing back at Laurence.

Laurence hung back, uncertain as to what Hugh was getting at.

“She’s about to gush all over my cock, so if you want to help make her come, this is the moment. Get over here,” said Hugh.

Laurence crawled up the bed until he was parallel with Julia’s open legs and spread cunt.

“Get on that clitoris and start sucking,” said Hugh. “You owe her over a decade of orgasms, so start working off your debt.”

Laurence lowered himself until he was just over Julia’s pussy, watching for a moment as his friend’s shaft disappeared into his wife. He was stretched on the bed now, and couldn’t resist the urge to grind his cock into the plush mattress.

“Get to work,” said Hugh, using his hand to direct Laurence’s head down to Julia’s clitoris.

Laurence opened his mouth and sucked her bud in. She immediately groaned at the additional stimulation.

“That’s it,” said Hugh, directing Julia’s hand to the back of Laurence’s head, where it joined his own to control his movements. “Get her nice and wet because I plan to use this pussy all night to make up for lost time.”

Laurence opened his mouth wide and let his tongue flow over her spread cunt, not retreating when he came in contact with Hugh's cock stretching Julia's channel.

Laurence ground against the bed in time with Hugh's thrusts, hoping that he could get Julia her orgasm before his balls erupted.

"Your husband is rubbing his dick raw against this bed because he's so hot for your delicious cunt," said Hugh, finding a way to drive himself deeper and harder. "I bet

he'd trade away his unentailed properties for just a chance to slide into your sweet, tight pussy right now."

Julia threw back her head and moaned, "Laurence."

He erupted, his cock shooting seed until it leaked past his drawers, causing a wet spot on the front of his trousers and even the bed.

Laurence toyed with the hood on his wife's clitoris until her stomach worked like a bellows.

"She's about to explode," said Hugh. "I'm glad you'll have a chance to see this up close for the first time."

Laurence groaned at the goading, but kept sucking Julia's lips until she pushed her head back where she wanted him.

"Julia," said Laurence, right into her core. "My wife."

She broke, shuddering from spread legs to her scalp.

"Fuck, she's milking me," said Hugh, straining to keep control so he could remain hard and keep thrusting. "That's a good pussy."

Laurence hummed in agreement against Julia's rapidly oversensitized clitoris. She pulled him closer to her face for a moment to see his lips glazed in her juices before directing his head away.

"Are you worn out?" Hugh asked Julia.

"No," she said, breathing hard.

"Then get on your knees and let me put this hard cock back into your cunt," he said, helping her get up from lying down despite her wobbling limbs.

Laurence took this as his cue to leave and allow the lovers to commence their night of rutting. He sensed that the hour he was to be unceremoniously ejected from his own wife's bed drew near. His pants felt tight and wet, and he was suddenly tired.

"Take care of her," said Laurence from the doorway connecting his bedroom with Julia's.

Hugh looked back from where he covered Julia on the bed, his hard cock splitting her entrance while she gripped the sheets in anticipation of a rough ride. He thrust in and reached down to hold her swaying breasts.

"I intend to," said Hugh with a nod.

Chapter 5

Laurence cleaned himself up and pulled on a banyan. He sipped some whiskey while listening to the muted slaps of skin and muffled cries from next door.

He was happy for Julia, truly. And for Hugh, who had certainly suffered in the years since the loss of Clarissa.

He was certain that he could live with giving his wife to his best friend until the grunts and soft shrieks turned to giggles.

He silently stood in the doorway, attempting to see what was happening in the Duchess's chamber.

There, on the bed, Hugh held Julia. He was lying behind her, facing the doorway but paying him no attention. Laurence could see that his best friend had Julia wrapped in his arms, one hand covering her belly possessively while he stroked up and down her thigh with the other.

They were talking. The fucking was over and their bodies temporarily sated, but now they were engaged in almost innocent lovemaking. Hugh nuzzled and smiled, and Julia giggled endlessly like a girl at his tickles and jokes. Her body was loose and relaxed,

her breasts looked swollen. Laurence worried for a moment that she might end up pained if it continued much longer, then realized that Hugh would see to it.

Hugh would see to it. Not Laurence.

He retreated into his apartments, then went off in search of Stanehouse. The thought of climbing into his own bed right now made him feel as empty as the lesser cathedrals he'd seen in Italy on his Grand Tour. Echoing, cold, silent.

When he found Stanehouse and explained what he needed, he was met with consternation. Stanehouse was impertinent, but Laurence's request *was* among the more outrageous things he'd cooked up for his valet.

The man finally nodded, took the coins he'd need to pave the way for this scheme, and walked off to orchestrate a heist.

When Makeblythe knocked softly at Laurence's door some forty minutes later, he answered it immediately. In her arms was Julia's dress from this evening, a bit rumpled, with laces undone.

"You could have the woman, too, if you wanted," said Makeblythe, giving him a pitying look.

"She didn't see you?" asked Laurence, not responding to the maid's flouting of conventions.

"She didn't. She was asleep. Lord Carnifex did, but he said nothing. I suppose he thought I was poorly trained and attempting to clean up."

Hugh would know exactly what was going on, the same way he read the political tea leaves. Damn and blast.

"Thank you, Makeblythe," said Laurence, closing the door, but not before he saw her surprised reaction to his thanks and recollection of her name.

Laurence placed the gown in his dressing room, but soon thought better. He moved it to a chair, where it faced his bed accusingly. Finally, he gave into temptation and

draped it on one side of his enormous four-poster, which matched the one in Julia's room.

He crawled into bed on the other side and just looked at the structured bodice and full skirts for a bit. Madame Eugénie really did good work.

Then he ran his hand over the velvet neckline and gathered the taffeta skirts. They rustled in that way ladies' gowns so often did, that sound that made his arm hairs stand on end when he started going to balls as a young buck.

"You looked beautiful tonight," he said, stroking the embellishments at the shoulders, letting a small feather run through his fingers.

* * *

The next morning, Laurence woke and heard nothing. Silence reigned at last.

He poked his head into Julia's room, but she and Hugh were gone. His stomach flipped at the idea of them having some plans together, outside the house and in the bright light of day.

He tucked Julia's gown in his dressing room and summoned Stanehouse.

The valet entered, pushing his shaving cart, warm water and sharp blade at the ready.

"For today, I'd like you to use on me the blade you use to shave my wife," said Laurence.

"The blade..." said Stanehouse.

"The blade you use on my wife's cunt. That one," said Laurence, not about to let shame at his erotic longings keep him from indulging them. "I'll use hers and she can use mine."

Stanehouse nodded his understanding and prepared for yet another day in the most topsy-turvy household on Grosvenor Square.

TO BE CONTINUED in *Taken by Her Groveling Husband*.

* * *

To my readers:

Thank you for reading this book. If you feel comfortable leaving a rating, that can really help fellow book lovers know where to spend their precious reading time.

Elizabeth

About the Author

Elizabeth Roubaix could share 1066 reasons why you wouldn't want to live in the past, but would rather write super steamy, historical erotic romance. Combining tender love stories, scorching sex scenes, and an ahistorical amount of bathing, her short tales are perfect for when you want a quick and spicy trip back in time.

To receive alerts when Elizabeth publishes new stories, please follow her on Amazon: [elizabethroubaix.com/amazon](https://www.amazon.com/ElizabethRoubaix).

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Also by Elizabeth Roubaix

Trained by Her Husband's Best Friend is the 10,000-word second story in the five-part *His Duchess's Lovers* series. The stories can be enjoyed individually, but we recommend reading the books in order to enjoy the full HEA for the Duke and Duchess of Astwell.

Follow Elizabeth on Amazon for alerts when new stories in the series are published: elizabethroubaix.com/amazon.

Other books from Elizabeth Roubaix:

Taken by Her Groveling Husband (His Duchess's Lovers Book 3)

Laurence Balistarius, Duke of Astwell, has reached his limit: he accepted his wife's declaration that she would take lovers and even helped her achieve release with his best friend. But to be left out of the festivities when she visits a mere Baron for an evening of debauchery? He's left sick in the bushes and resolves to make a change.

From erotic embraces in the carriage to performing cleanup on his wife's pleased body, and making emotional love at last in the ducal bed, Laurence is finally ready — after fifteen years — to give his wife the marriage she always wanted. But will it be enough now that they both crave her being used by other men?

Amazon: elizabethroubaix.com/duchess3

Prepared for Her Pleasure (His Duchess's Lovers Book 1)

"We have been wed fifteen years and I've given you four children. I now plan to experience an orgasm."

When Julia Balistarius, Duchess of Astwell, declared over breakfast that she planned to take lovers, her cad of a husband Laurence barely reacted — until he realized that an embarrassing public affair could threaten his political career. Laurence makes her an offer: he'll tutor his wife in how to be the perfect, discreet lover, and he'll do it while

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As the fifth son of a Duke, Bonnie’s small personal income wouldn’t support children. Can he abandon his aristocratic procreation strictures and fill the no-nonsense widow that has captured his heart — even if that means sharing her body with a stud who never fails to make heirs?

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May begs the stern, older Earl to make demands of her body, take her deep and firm, and make her sensual Sleeping Beauty dreams come true. Can he find a way to both spoil his slightly bratty rescued darling and be the commanding aristocrat that she so desires?

Amazon: [elizabethroubaix.com/ravishing](https://www.amazon.com/Elizabethroubaix/dp/B000000000)

A woman in a black corset and gloves, with her hand near her face. The background is a soft, light blue-grey.

HIS DUCHESS'S LOVERS BOOK THREE
SHORT VICTORIAN EROTIC ROMANCE

Taken

BY

HER GROVELING
HUSBAND

ELIZABETH ROUBAIX

Elizabeth Roubaix

Taken by Her Groveling Husband

Victorian Erotic Romance (His Duchess's Lovers Book 3)

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Chapter 1

L *ondon, 1880*

“I realize that it looks like I’m crying and abusing my manhood on a public sidewalk, but this is merely the effect of a poorly rolled cigar,” said a cloaked figure obscured by the deep shadows of a midwinter London night.

The passing police patrolman looked up in confusion.

“Beg your pardon, sir?” he asked. Upon seeing the large, handsome carriage with a crest behind the figure, who was definitely not crying and abusing his manhood on a public sidewalk, the patrolman amended it to, “Your Lordship.”

“Your Grace,” said Laurence Richard Mauduit Balistarius, Duke of Astwell, correcting the man and emerging from the hood of his cloak while walking into the scant light offered by the gas street lamp.

“No grace needed, Your Lordship, you seem to be a fine, upstanding gentleman... lordship going about his business in our fair city, same as anyone.”

“There’s no business I’m going about,” said Laurence. “I’m waiting for my wife.”

“Ahh, the ladies do love to linger when saying their goodbyes,” said the patrolman sympathetically.

“She’s having an affair,” said Laurence.

The patrolman paused, unsure of what to say. Was this lord admitting to wearing the horns before a lowly police officer? It didn’t seem like a poorly rolled cigar was to blame for his behavior, more like drink and lots of it.

“She’s had my children. Four of them living,” said Laurence. “My heir and spare, two pretty daughters, and two babies that didn’t survive birth. Fifteen years married, and she’s ready to pursue her pleasure.”

“Do you wish to lodge a complaint against her?” asked the patrolman, trying to understand why a toff was spilling his secrets on a quiet street in the dead of night to a man he’d just met.

“I have no complaints about my wife,” said Laurence. He lit a small cigar that looked perfectly rolled.

"I was thinking a complaint of criminal conversation," said the patrolman.

"A public, legal rebuke of my wife for infidelity?" asked Laurence. "I think not. I have no wish to divorce her."

"So you will allow her to continue having affairs?" asked the patrolman.

"I raised no objection when she shared her plans over breakfast some weeks ago," said Laurence.

"You knew your wife planned to step out on you?" asked the patrolman in horror.

"Oh yes, she was very clear," said Laurence. "Claimed I hadn't given her an...made her reach the heights of ecstasy that ladies seem to expect these days."

The patrolman murmured sympathetically. "Perhaps this affair will clear it from her system and she'll be back home in no time. Once is easy to forgive."

"This is not the first of her affairs," said Laurence, drawing on the cigar. "She took up with my best friend last week."

"Your best friend?" asked the shocked patrolman.

"Aye, and they made a fine pair as they were coupling," said Laurence. "He was so taken with her that he has since moved his household to Bath to clear his head. He was probably halfway in love with her by the time he took her from behind that night."

"Goodness, a man should be spared such knowledge if he is to be subjected to infidelity."

"I watched them all right," said Laurence. He glanced at the man, assessing. "In fact, I watched them very closely indeed."

"It seems cruel to force you to watch," said the patrolman, concerned about this strange man with good tailoring.

"And there's the rub: I enjoyed it," said Laurence. "I liked watching my Julia get pounded by another man. She's never been so alluring and alive as when she was..."

He trailed off, looking up at the townhouse on the quiet street where light glowed from a single window.

"It's difficult to be in love with a woman that's...difficult," said the patrolman.

"She's as easy as can be, has been for years," the mention of love seeming to slide by him. But it lodged in his brain like shrapnel from an exploded shell.

"Do you want me to knock at the door? Throw the household into a bit of chaos?"

Laurence clapped him on the shoulder like a friend. "I wouldn't want to add another sin to the list in my wife's account books."

The men stared up at the glowing window.

"He's a Baron," said Laurence finally. "Why is the villain always a Baron? He's not even that handsome or wealthy, but the ladies say he's a considerate lover. Carnifex — my best friend — him, I could understand. But Baron Nobody? It's lowering."

The patrolman's eyes widened. Lord Carnifex, one of the most powerful men in government and always in the hunt for Prime Minister, was romancing this man's wife? No wonder he was torn up.

"It would all be different if I could be in there," said Laurence.

"You wouldn't want that," reasoned the patrolman. "Having to see him defiling your wife? No, sir."

Laurence slumped against a tree. "That's just the thing: I want to see it. Not just with my best friend, but with any man. Many men. I seem to have been born twisted: I have no fear of the horns, in fact, I long to wear them provided that I can see exactly how these men are using my wife."

"It's not right," murmured the patrolman.

"It's not, but I find myself unable to fight it," said Laurence. "And what's even more not right is that I'm stuck down here, heaving my guts up and flogging my cock when the *Baron* is having my wife away from her husband's eyes."

Laurence ground the butt of his cigar into the sidewalk. "I wouldn't have interfered with their affair. I just wanted to watch," said Laurence, staring at the glowing window.

When he looked around, the patrolman was gone, if he'd ever been there at all in the first place.

Laurence kicked the remaining ashes from his cigar and headed back into the bushes, where he planned to continue hurling up his guts and contemplating his many errors in life.

Chapter 2

When Julia stepped into the carriage after her assignation with the Baron, she was surprised to find Laurence sitting on the forward-facing bench.

“My goodness, you gave me quite a shock,” she said. “Did Davis go home to collect you before returning for me?”

She moved to sit on the rear-facing bench, but Laurence grabbed her gloved hands.

“Sit with me,” he said.

She settled uneasily on the seat next to him, studying his face.

“I walked,” he said.

“You walked from Grosvenor Square?” she asked, shocked that he’d bother making such an effort.

“From my club,” he said. “You should know that I’ve had quite a bit to drink.”

“You don’t seem addlebrained,” she said, studying him.

“That’s likely due to voiding the contents of my stomach over the last hour in a hedge,” he said.

“Oh Laurence, you should have had a footman come and get me! Or had Davis take you home. There’s no need to wait for me, the Baron could have sent me in his own carriage.”

“The Baron,” said Laurence under his breath. “How was the Baron this evening?”

“Ted? He was grand,” she said, adjusting her gloves.

“Ted!” exclaimed Laurence. “You’re calling him by a nickname! I suppose that makes sense when one is a mere Baron.”

“I never thought I’d see the day when you were jealous, Laurence,” said Julia.

“Jealous of the Baron? I think not,” he said. “I just wanted to see if he survived a night with my hellcat wife. He’s not as young as he used to be.”

Julia’s face fell a bit at Laurence’s dismissal. That wouldn’t do.

“Come here,” said Laurence.

“Where?”

He opened his arms. “My lap,” he said.

She looked at him for signs that he’d truly lost his mind. When all seemed well, she gingerly sat on his lean thighs, though her spine remained rigid.

Laurence’s hand traveled beneath her cloak.

“What are you doing?” she asked, on the alert for subterfuge.

“Attempting to stroke your back, wife.”

“What makes you think I need that?” she said. “I am perfectly well.”

“Has not the Baron been putting you through the paces this evening? I see how he works his thoroughbreds. I bet he loved having a Duchess under his control for a night.”

“He was perfectly amiable,” she said, letting out a sigh.

Laurence took the opportunity to use his hand to direct her body against his. She uneasily leaned against his hard chest as the carriage slowly rolled towards their home in the heavy London traffic.

“Lud, wife, you’ve got your bobbies right in front of my face,” said Laurence.

Julia moved to lean away, but he held her in place.

“That wasn’t a complaint,” he said.

Laurence wrapped an arm around her waist when the carriage hit a pothole.

“Did the Baron avail himself of your dairy delights?” asked Laurence.

She shot him a look.

“What, can’t I ask what my wife got up to while she was away?” he asked.

“What’s your game, Laurence?” asked Julia.

“My game? I’d merely like a taste. To wash down the vomit I donated to a hedgerow,” he said.

“Why were you sick?” she asked, getting straight to the crux of the matter.

“It seems that regular food doesn’t agree with me these days.”

“And you suddenly want to sample breast milk. From *my* breasts,” she said.

“Well, if you’re offering, I wouldn’t say no.”

“Laurence, if you want to drink from me, you’re going to have to say it,” she said.

Laurence laid his head on his wife’s chest theatrically. “Oh, my beautiful wife, you’ve put me through hell tonight. Won’t you let me drink from your bountiful tits and heal my aching guts?”

She grabbed Laurence’s hair right at the top of his head and angled it back so she could look into his eyes.

“What has gotten into you tonight? Are you getting sick?”

“Probably. Followed by certain death,” he said piteously. “You’ll be a dowager Duchess soon.”

“You shouldn’t be in the carriage then,” she said. “I spend hours with the children daily and I can’t bring contagion to the nursery.”

“I’m not ill, Julia,” said Laurence.

She raised her brows.

“I’m jealous.”

Julia’s eyes dropped, unable to process such a revelation while staring at her husband.

“Not jealous exactly,” he said, which caused her to relax. “But unsettled. To know you’re being used by another man and I’m outside, unable to watch...”

“You *like* watching?” she asked.

“Aye,” he said, holding her closer reflexively.

“I hated it,” said Julia. She swallowed hard. “I hated watching you with other women, *hated it.*”

Tears welled in her eyes. Watching him cavort with two harlots in a brothel last week had tested her mettle.

“I can’t do that again. Promise me that you’ll never again make me watch you with another woman,” said Julia. “I can live with infidelity, but I can’t see it paraded in front of me.”

Laurence settled her closer and sunk his fingers into her hair.

“I won’t do that again,” he said, massaging the base of her neck.

“You say that now,” she responded. Julia was limp against him, all resistance had left her body.

Laurence shook her waist gently. "I've done a lot of things, but I've never lied to you," he said.

"I sometimes wish you would have," she said.

Laurence unhooked the clasp of her cape and let it slide to the seat and then down to the carriage floor.

"I'm sorry, wife," he said, his cheek against her bosom. Her breasts spilled over the top of the bodice and each of her inhales pressed the soft flesh against him.

He took in the scent of her skin and opened his lips just to be able to bring them closed again in something approximating a kiss.

"I'm sorry," he said, looking up at her.

"Why were you like that?" she asked softly.

"When?"

"When I first met you. You seemed to meet me and hate me in the same second," she said.

The carriage turned and Laurence held her closer when she started to shift due to the motion.

"I *resented* you before I even saw you," he said. "I was saddled with a failing agrarian dukedom and you sailed in with your industrial wealth. We were at odds due to the conflict of the modern age."

"I am not my dowry," she said.

"I am my dukedom, for better or for worse," he replied.

"You really do believe that, don't you?" she asked.

"There's no believing or unbelieving. It has been the case since I was in short pants."

He stroked his cheek along the top of her breast.

"Now how about you give this very sad, tragic aristocrat a taste of your sweet bobbies," he said, pouting.

Julia laughed and playfully whacked his arm. She froze, suddenly remembering that the man she was sitting on was, of all people, her husband.

Laurence blinked plaintively.

Julia slowly lifted one breast from the top of her corset, exposing it until a nipple jutted out from her bodice.

“Is that for me?” asked Laurence.

Julia nodded and let him draw nearer.

“Do you like the idea of nourishing your suffering husband at your breast like a saintly madonna?” he asked, running his fingers over her tight nipple.

“That doesn’t even make sense,” she said, breathing hard and shifting on his thigh.

“You smell like vanilla ice cream,” he said, inhaling deeply. “Cut grass. A hint of musk, likely due to adulterous sex.”

“Just do it,” she said, wishing he’d get on with latching.

“You need your husband to suck you?” asked Laurence, letting the tip of his tongue trace her nipple.

Julia gave in to temptation and used her hand behind Laurence’s head to press him to her breast. He chuckled, and took a moment to find her nipple, but gained his bearings and began sucking.

“If I don’t stop draining these things my supply will never go away. At some point, I’ll have to cut access so I dry up,” she said.

Laurence hummed his disapproval, which caused Julia to feel an intense pleasurable sensation through her entire core. He shifted Julia until she sat straddling him, one

thigh on either side of his hips. He brought his hands down to her clothed arse and held on.

Julia made a face, a slight suggestion that she might be sore.

Laurence released her nipple.

“Did he hurt you?”

“No, not at all,” said Julia, adjusting how she straddled his lap.

“But you’re in pain,” he said.

“I merely feel...well used,” she said.

“Tell me how he used you,” said Laurence.

“You don’t want to know that,” said Julia, offering up her other nipple to Laurence so he’d stop speaking nonsense.

He latched on, but opened his mouth to talk around her nipple before sucking. “Trust me, I want nothing more than to know every detail.”

She settled against him, remembering the evening.

“I walked into the townhouse and the entry was filled with roses,” she said.

“Less of the things ladies like, skip to the naughty bits,” he said.

Julia rolled her eyes. “I should recite the whole dinner menu in retaliation for that. What are the parts men like?”

“Start at the point you got your bits out,” he said.

“After dinner, the Baron suggested a drink in his private apartments. I knew that this was the moment we were to commence our affair, so I was quite nervous.”

Laurence hummed into her breast, prompting her to continue.

“He served me a drink, but I was so jittery that I was unable to finish it. He inquired if I’d like to join him on the divan, and I sat next to him. He played with my hair and began toying with the laces on my bodice.”

Laurence reached behind his wife and began playing with those same laces.

“My skin was so hot and my dress felt tight. I’d eaten too much at dinner due to nerves, and I began to worry that he’d find me rather ungainly,” she said.

“Never,” said Laurence.

“But you seemed to find my body less interesting after each pregnancy,” she said.

“That’s merely because you’re getting ever older, wife, while I remain just as I was at 25,” he said.

She groaned and pushed him from her breast by the forehead.

He pressed his lower half against her, letting her feel the solid response of his cock to her story and presence. “Does that feel like disinterest?”

She relaxed and let Laurence resume. “He unlaced me with ease and soon my bodice was on the floor.”

“That old roué knows his way around women’s fashions,” said Laurence, shaking his head in admiration.

“He had me down to my drawers and stockings, and he took the drawers off *with his teeth*, but asked that I keep the stockings on,” she said.

“That dirty old man would,” said Laurence. “Which stockings?”

“Some silk ones sent by Madame Eugénie,” said Julia.

“But what do they look like?” asked Laurence. “A man needs to be able to visualize these things.”

“Fortunately, you are able to visualize them personally,” she said.

Laurence locked eyes with his wife and began to draw up her skirts on one side. When he had a handful of fabric, he looked down and studied the stockings with their lace

tops and decorative garters. He placed a hand on Julia's thigh and ran his hand over the ornamental bits appreciatively.

He ground his firm ridge against her core before settling back in to hear the rest of her tale.

"He then asked me to sit at the end of the divan and spread my legs," she said.

Laurence drew a deep breath.

"Yes, that's what he did. He drew near and took a deep breath," she said.

"Sucking up the scent of my wife's pussy," he said.

"In that room, I was merely his lover."

"You have been *my* wife since the time you were 17," he replied.

"But now I'm something else, aren't I? I'm a woman in my own right," she said.

"Can't you be both?"

Julia hummed, mulling it over, but not certain of her answer.

"Did that old dog advance on you then?" asked Laurence, desperate to learn what happened next.

"The Baron is not an old dog," she said. "He approached me on the divan — are you sure you want to hear this?"

"Desperately," he said.

"He ran his hands up my legs and opened them further," she said, shifting on Laurence's lap. "Then he...he licked me!"

"Now, wife, let's not pretend that getting your pussy licked is a new experience," said Laurence, recalling well the feel of her under his own tongue.

"It's close enough to a new experience!" she said. "And he dove into it, almost trying to eat me from the inside out. It was overwhelming."

"In a good way?" he asked, fondling her nipple.

"I rather enjoyed myself," she said primly.

Laurence ran his nose between her breasts, inhaling deeply and enjoying the feel of being smothered by soft, supple flesh.

"Did he let you orgasm then?" he asked.

“There was no letting or not letting, it hit me so fast that I didn’t have a choice,” she said.

“I bet he liked that, *the Baron*.”

“Ted seems to have enjoyed it, yes,” said Julia with a touch of pride.

“So you were quivering and shivering, what did he do then?”

“He became quite excited,” she said, shifting in his lap to better face him and recount the story. “He moved my limbs this way and that until I was posed on the divan like a

barnyard animal with my backside in the air and he quickly whipped off his trousers and plunged into me with his...with his member!"

"No finesse from the old lech after all," said Laurence chuckling. "He didn't hurt you?"

"No, no, I was quite primed for intercourse due to his ministrations," she said. "It was quite sudden though, he could have warned me before plunging in!"

"Bad form indeed," said Laurence, returning to suckling her breast.

"After that, it was as one would expect: thrusts and groans and a loud finish," she said.

"That's it?" he asked. "That's the description you have for me?"

"Well, that's really all there was to it," she said. "The first time."

"Aha! And what about the second?" asked Laurence.

"After our hasty coupling on the divan, he carried me to his bed," she said.

"How romantic," said Laurence drily.

"It was, rather," she said. "There were rose petals spread all over and when he laid me against them, they bruised and released a delicious scent."

"How typical of a Baron," said Laurence. "He needs superfluous cliches to impress the ladies."

"By then, he'd removed all of his clothing, and he entered the bed next to me, holding me close against his body."

"The body of an old man," said Laurence.

"He is quite well-formed," said Julia diplomatically. "But if you prefer that I only take younger, more virile men to bed, I can see to it."

Laurence pulled her down against his crotch. "You see to it and I'll make sure I see it," he said, burying his face entirely between her breasts.

Julia giggled. "That tickles," she said.

"I can give you deeper tickles," he replied.

"It's strange that we aren't home yet, is Davis taking the long way?" she asked.

"Traffic is terrible tonight," said Laurence, sidestepping her inquiry. "Where were we? Ah, yes: the Baron ineffectually pleasuring you."

"Oh, but he was very effective," she said. "He pulled himself right behind me, lifted my leg, and plunged right back into my channel."

"I see that the Baron has but one style," said Laurence. "I expected more finesse from someone that spent so many years on the Continent as a diplomat."

"He does seem to get right down to business. But I have no complaints: he managed to hold me in a way and direct his member so that I felt him in places deep within me," she said.

"Would you like it if I slipped into your bed some night and took you from behind while holding you?" he asked.

"That hardly seems like something you'd enjoy," she said with a rueful smile.

"Fucking my wife from behind?" he asked.

"Holding me," she said.

He pulled her closer. "What am I doing right now?"

"Asking me about my day?"

Laurence laid his head against her exposed bosom. "The mistakes I've made with you, wife."

"I always thought that I *was* the mistake," she said.

"Who else would tolerate me?" he asked. "I'm a cad, a boor on my best days."

"Now you're just fishing for compliments," she said, wrapping her arms around his head so that he was surrounded by her delicious breasts.

"Let me die like this," he said from inside of her soft embrace. "Now I know why the children love you so."

"Do you think so?" she asked softly. "Do they?"

"The children? They only say so daily!" replied Laurence.

"Yes, but they can be coached by their nurses and tutors to say the things parents want to hear," said Julia.

"I was told to say such things to my mother, but never did because children are reluctant to lie," he said. "I can't believe you doubt their affection for you, their adoration."

"Over time, one wonders," she said.

"Don't wonder about that, Julia, of all the thoughts to weasel into that head, why that?"

She shrugged, unable to explain the origin of her insecurity.

“So the Baron gave you another quick pump from behind and then expired in blissful agony?” asked Laurence hopefully.

Julia laughed. “No, he just held me and slowly pushed and pulled. Eventually he moved his hand down and began playing with my...spot,” she said. Her thighs squeezed together as the memory of the Baron’s touch hit her.

“Oh you liked that,” said Laurence, cupping her mons over her clothes.

“I rather suppose I did,” she said, her freed breasts rising more noticeably now that she breathed faster.

“I don’t suppose you’d let me feel you under all of these clothes?” he asked.

“I’m afraid that I’m a bit messy,” she said.

Laurence froze.

“I used preventive measures,” she said, reassuring him that the Baron hadn’t planted his seed. “But I wasn’t quite able to wipe away all of the spend from tonight’s encounter. Encounters.”

Laurence groaned and hit the top of the carriage with his cane.

“Get your bodice sorted, we’re going home,” he said.

“Did I say something wrong?” she asked, tucking her breasts inside of her dress.

“Yes, you said something wrong: you told me that you’ve got a hot buttered little bun in the carriage, where I know the lamps are insufficiently bright to show it off to its full effect.”

“You want to *see* the effects of my evening with the Baron?” she asked.

“My cock is so hard that I might butter my own trousers if you move against me right now,” he said.

Julia shifted on his lap experimentally.

“Julia, Julia, you exist to torture me,” he moaned, his head thrown back.

“Does it hurt?” she asked.

“To the depths of my soul. My dukedom for the chance to bathe my cock in your warm river. The one the Baron has already defiled,” he said with a groan of pleasure.

Julia twitched the curtains aside. “We seem to be coming up to the house. You should do something about the state of your trousers,” she said, looking down at the bulge in his lap meaningfully.

"*You* should do something about the state of my trousers," he said.

"But we're so close to home and making you walk around unsatisfied is so," she raised a brow and smiled, "satisfying."

"My cruel wife," said Laurence, not letting her up from his lap despite the wheels slowing. "I like you a little mean, Julia. You might just be my match yet."

When the door to the carriage opened, Laurence set Julia on the bench beside him, but not before allowing the footmen to see that they'd been canoodling. He stepped down and extended a hand behind to help Julia descend from the carriage. She took a moment to emerge, having had to collect and fasten her cloak.

Laurence's randy thoughts allowed no time for delays — he wanted her legs spread as fast as could be. When Julia's slipper descended to the ground, Laurence leaned in and scooped her up, rushing into the house past the befuddled butler.

Chapter 3

“Are you taking cues from Hugh now?” she asked, recalling how the statesman carried her into the house just last week after another debauched carriage ride.

“Can’t a husband carry his wife over the doorstep without being reminded that he’s the second man to do it?” asked Laurence.

“I suppose you’re allowed to look and learn,” she said.

“I certainly hope so. I’m taking you into my office,” he said, smiling wolfishly. “As fast as I can.”

“Is that the name of your cave?” she asked, using her finger to push on his forehead in disapproval of his Neanderthal-like behavior.

“It rather is my cave,” he reflected. “Although the gas lamps are certainly an improvement over the torches the ancestors must have used.”

He pushed into the dark paneled office and shut the door behind him. He turned the lock. The bolt slammed home.

“Take off your clothing,” he said.

“You certainly have a way of getting down to business,” said Julia, removing her cloak.

Laurence tended to the fire so she’d be warm, and by the time he turned around, she’d made minimal progress.

“Reluctant, wife?” he asked.

“It’s just difficult to remove everything without the help of Makeblythe,” she said.

Laurence purred at the thought of Julia’s maid, who had turned out to be quite gifted at lavishing his wife with sapphic pleasures. “I could summon her.”

“I’m sure she’s asleep by now,” said Julia. “You can help me. Surely you know your way around lacing and petticoats by now.”

“No time for that,” he said, directing her to sit on the chaise longue near a bookcase. She sat down with a bounce, and Laurence tossed her skirts up while sinking to the floor.

Julia giggled when Laurence yanked at her drawers and she had to nearly hop on the chaise to free them from under her bottom. He slid them down unceremoniously, leaving her lovely stockings on, as had the Baron.

Laurence pulled Julia's evening slippers from her feet, kissing the arch of one foot before placing them both on the edge of the chaise.

"You're open to me, Julia," he said. "I can see the full evidence of your infidelity."

Julia looked down, trying to see over her gathered skirts.

Laurence palmed his clothed cock, breathing hard now.

"He buttered you good," said Laurence, opening his trousers and shoving his hand inside to work himself. "Between your weeping cunt and the Baron's spend, you're red and white and dripping."

"Just how hard did he use you?" asked Laurence, continuing. His strokes were slow and constrained by the fabric of his trousers. They were just enough to stimulate while prolonging the agonizing pleasure.

"I didn't tell you about the third time he took me," she said, leaning back and allowing her pelvis to tip so he could see her from another angle.

"Holding out on me, are you now?" he asked.

"Oh, I plan to tell you everything," she said, relishing the rare moment of control.

Laurence locked eyes with Julia, gripping the base of his cock to prevent his orgasm from happening too fast.

"He laid me on the bed, on my back. I expected that he'd want to sleep, but he rose once again to the occasion," she said.

"I underestimated that old rake," said Laurence approvingly.

"He directed my feet to his shoulders," she said, settling her stockinged feet on Laurence's own shoulders.

Laurence's strokes picked up involuntarily.

"He then found my channel between my legs and thrust into me," she said.

"He certainly has a preferred style," said Laurence. "So he gave you the old in and out and exploded in your sweet little passage and collapsed beside you?" asked Laurence.

"No!" said Julia. "He shocked me! He held my legs aloft and looked for a very long time between them. Then he closed my legs, with my ankles together, and looked again."

Laurence placed his hands on her feet to pantomime the Baron's actions. This angle he could understand: she was spread and open to him. He shifted to take her ankles in his hands and sought to see what had so fascinated the Baron.

He pushed her ankles forward and groaned when he saw how the movement exposed her swollen, wet cunt to his gaze.

"Julia, your pussy would devour a cock," he said, giving her nether lips a soft stroke.

"I certainly hope not!" she said.

"It's a compliment, darling. I would love to die with my cock smothered by these lips," he said, leaning down to kiss her there.

"After the Baron put me in this position, then he did the 'old in and out,' as you put it," she said.

"Ever consistent, the old Baron," said Laurence, still transfixed by her puffy cunt peeking out from between her thighs.

"You've been very good these days, Laurence," said Julia.

"Have I ever," replied Laurence, not removing his eyes from the prize he'd been forbidden from entering.

"You haven't asked me something important that I think you're curious to know," she said.

"What's that?" asked Laurence, almost seeming to enter a hypnotic state as he stared at her entrance.

"What it felt like to have the Baron pour his seed inside of me," she said. "Surely you can see the remnants of his spend even now."

Laurence held her ankles in one hand and bit the skin of his fist in the other. He'd removed his hands from his cock in an effort to delay orgasming.

"Julia..." said Laurence, the desire in his voice evident.

"Are the tops of my thighs sticky with it? Has it run down to my stockings?" she asked. "I felt him filling me and hoped I'd be able to save some for you since you seemed put out when you weren't invited to join me."

"You saved me a leftover?" he asked faintly.

"A little something from my night out," she said.

"Julia, Julia, I need to taste you. Will you let me?" he asked

"I thought you said you'd never beg for my favors," she responded.

“I was a younger, stupider man then,” said Laurence. “Julia, please.”

“I do love to hear you beg,” she said.

“You’re the only one who gets to hear that,” he said. “Now are you going to let me suck on your pussy or not?”

She opened her legs, giving him an invitation.

Laurence grabbed her hand and positioned it so that she held her own lips open, then dove in to commence licking and sucking on her cunt. He rushed to her channel,

where he dug his tongue inside of her, frantically tasting her and any remains of the Baron's seed.

"You're so swollen that your cunt is compressing my tongue," he said.

"Remind me to keep you like this always," she responded, using her hand to direct him up to her clitoris.

"You greedy girl, you haven't had enough tonight?" he asked.

"I'm making up for lost time," she said, directing him right back down to her clitoris.

"Can I dig my fingers into your wet cunt, wife?" asked Laurence, sitting back on his heels obediently.

Julia missed his touch and arched her back to call him back to her core.

"Is that a yes?" he asked.

"Yes!" she said, frustrated and ready to explode.

He returned to his spot between her legs gleefully and slid two fingers into her vagina. They both groaned.

"Do you like the feel of what your cock can't enter, what another man filled tonight?" asked Julia, ready to twist the knife after years of hoping for scraps of attention from her husband.

He moved a hand to attend to his cock, but she called out to him. "No, all of your attention is on me," she said. "I've allowed you to touch me. Leave your cock alone."

"But Julia," whined Laurence, getting hotter the meaner and more openly resentful she acted.

"Don't complain to me. This is a situation of your own making," she said. "Perhaps if you'd left your cock in your pants more often, you'd have given me the orgasms I deserve and would have spared me looking outside our marriage for them."

Laurence sucked more enthusiastically. His cock was leaking, but he let it drool on the orders of his ravishing wife.

"But maybe you can't satisfy me. Can you even make me orgasm without the assistance of another man?" she asked. "Do I need to send the carriage for the Baron so he can show you how to bring your wife to paroxysm?"

Laurence whimpered and curled his fingers so that Julia would feel the connection between the places he was pleasuring her.

"Am I even wet enough to take your fingers inside me?" she asked while her pussy and Laurence's fingers filled the room with the sounds of wet coupling. "Should I point to

exactly where my nub is located?”

Laurence hummed a yes, and she placed one finger over the button and tapped it.

Julia shuddered at the feeling of her own touch. Laurence took over, tapping and licking, while thrusting with enough force that she slid incrementally on the chaise.

“Oh Laurence,” she cried, orgasming around his fingers and against his open mouth. She shook as he gentled his thrusts and helped her through the waves of pleasure.

When he pulled his fingers out of her drenched cunt, they made a noise so wet and delicious that his control broke. His cock, which had been freed from his trousers, yet untouched since Julia’s command to unhand it, spurted seed as Laurence erupted from witnessing his wife’s orgasm alone.

He glanced down and saw his softening cock resting in the open fly of his trousers, his seed splattered on his fabric-covered legs. It was shameful and messy, and his scalp tingled at the thought that he might be able to do it someday again. With his wife.

With *his wife*. She was flat on her back like a model for drowned Ophelia, her eyes open and staring unfocused at the fresco on his office ceiling. Her lips were open and

she was at peace. He wished he could have her painted like this, like one of the debauched Greek goddesses that decorated the room.

He'd treated her as little more than decor for those fifteen years of their marriage, but all that time, inside her was a sensual feast for his libidinous cravings.

Laurence laid his head on Julia's belly. This got her attention.

"Don't tell me you plan to play the mooning suitor now?" she asked, laughing a bit at the idea.

He blew air towards her navel and watched her shiver.

"It's too late to play suitor," he said. "I've never been one, and I'll never be one."

"It's true, you didn't even try to win me over," she said.

"Maybe that was so that I could do it now," he said.

"Oh you plan to do that, do you?" she asked.

"If you'll let me," he said, turning his face to press into her soft skin.

"I had hoped you'd at least find your inner romantic by the time we reached our wedding night, but you were as cold as ice when bedding me for the first time," she said.

"It was your first time?" he asked.

"Of course it was!" she exclaimed. "I may not have bled significantly, but I was a sheltered miss barely out of the schoolroom."

"And how did I treat you?" he asked, watching his fingertips run over her belly.

"You weren't cruel, but you were efficient," she said. "It was almost done before I knew it had truly started."

"I had a virgin bride and I didn't even revel in my triumph," said Laurence, nodding his head.

"You've had a lot of things," she said. "Perhaps that's the problem."

"What did you wear that night?" he asked, unable to recall the specifics.

"Some flimsy thing from my trousseau made with Honiton lace. I doubt you even saw it because the room was so dark," she said, sinking her fingers into Laurence's hair at last.

His body felt like it was melting into her soft skin, her soft belly. He wanted to die pillowed by her soft breasts, and explode in her soft cunt. She was his, but he had to win her, now, at last.

"I still have the nightgown," she said.

"From the consummation of our marriage?" he asked.

"Yes. It's packed in a chest in my bedroom, wrapped in paper. Seems a silly thing to keep, but I'm silly like that," she said.

"I'd like to be silly with you," he said.

"That seems like quite a departure from our usual mode of being silly, but separately," she said.

"Can you make your way upstairs and drag out that nightgown?" he asked.

"The nightgown from our wedding night? I surely have more alluring gowns now that you've sent me to Madame Eugénie," she said.

"I want to see you in that one. Put it on for me."

Chapter 4

Julia tugged at the nightgown uncomfortably. She'd forgotten how slender she had been as a bride, having spent a season picking at food like a bird to appear suitable to aristocrats who would never think her suitable no matter how daintily she ate and how many times she'd selected the right fork.

She paced at the far end of her bedroom, far from the doorway with no door that connected her room to Laurence's. If she sat, she feared that the gauzy fabric might tear. Why that mattered, when the nightgown was fifteen years out of fashion and had already served its purpose, she didn't know.

She supposed pulling on the gown had transported her back to being the uncertain, green girl she'd been on her wedding night. Unsure of her body. Unaware of so much about pleasure.

The feeling that was missing, that had once bubbled just under the surface, was hope. As a bride, she'd hoped that time and concerted work towards being a good wife, a good Duchess would unite her and Laurence in friendship and perhaps — if she was very lucky — in love.

He'd been attentive, almost sweet lately. She was sure it was a passing fancy inspired by some sort of prideful jealousy and a good deal of boredom.

Yet here she was, dressed up in an old nightgown, drowning in sentiment, ready to play to his tune yet again. She blinked back tears, pulling her feelings from deep within the carved chest where her wedding clothes were wrapped in paper.

She'd been alone in love with Laurence since the moment he'd taken her hand to dance at that first ball. She wished with her whole heart that she could regard him with sophisticated detachment. She certainly tried to give him that impression.

Julia wanted to be an impervious Duchess like one of the dowagers dispensing barbs and wit during calling hours, but she was, to her eternal shame, still just Julia Duke, pitifully infatuated with a handsome rake. She'd insinuated that they were both unwilling victims of economics-driven matchmaking, but the truth was that her heart was set on Laurence from that first dance, and she had made it clear to her father that her dowry was to match the Duke's expectations.

And she'd got him all right, while never truly capturing anything of him. She supposed that a wiser woman would be satisfied that her nursery was bustling with his darling children, but she wasn't wise, and she was selfish enough to want something of him for

herself.

What was certain is that he could never know her shameful secret. He'd tease her endlessly, yes, but more importantly, these little glimpses of being in love *together* would disappear forever. She was torturing herself with the temporary fascination he had with her, but after fifteen years, the relief she wanted most was not from her unsatisfied sexual longings, but the pining that dragged at her heart.

She'd thought that announcing her intention to conduct affairs would unleash something ugly in Laurence that would make her finally fall out of love with him. Instead, she was drowning in feelings on par with those experienced in her debutante

days, now with the bittersweet edge of knowing how many times over she had been disappointed in love. She couldn't allow this to continue.

From the doorway, there was a movement. Laurence — wearing a threadbare banyan — stuck his head in, then walked over to her.

“My bride,” he said, taking her hands in his.

“Groom,” she said.

“Now, you know that Percy is the groom here in London. I believe the word you're looking for is *Duke*,” he said.

“Am I not *Duchess* then?” she asked.

“My Duchess and my bride,” he said, drawing nearer.

“Laurence, I can't do this,” she said.

Laurence leaned in so his chest was nearly against hers and he kissed her behind the ear.

“But you're all dressed up for me,” he said.

“It was a mistake,” she said, pulling at the fabric that covered her hips.

Laurence took her hands in his and began gently towing her to the doorway.

They'd nearly reached the threshold when she dug in her heels and made him stop.

“If we do this, you're going to need to grant me a boon. You won't like it, but you'll have no grounds to complain and you won't obstruct.”

Laurence studied her face and a serious expression descended. “You don't mean to ask for a divorce, do you?” he asked.

“No!” she said.

“Then I don't care,” he replied. “Come along.”

“Why are you so anxious to get me into your chambers, husband?” she asked. “You've never brought me there before.”

“Perhaps that's why,” he said quietly, as if confused about his own actions.

Laurence led her into his apartments, which mirrored her own. She'd never been barred from his chambers *per se*, but she rarely felt welcome in the lion's den.

His four-poster bed matched her own, but the colors of the wallpaper, furnishings, and bedclothes were dark, as Laurence's clothing tended to be.

“Welcome home, my bride,” he said softly.

Julia looked around the room she had wanted to enter for so long. It was just a room. It was just a bedroom, he was just a man, and she’d wasted so much time hovering just outside the walls of both.

She began to cry.

“Julia, what’s wrong?” asked Laurence, rushing to her side and casting about for a handkerchief.

“I can’t do this, I told you,” she said.

“Do you hate me so much?” he asked.

“I don’t hate you,” she said, unwilling to gut her own soft middle and allow it to spill out on the floor she’d rarely tread.

“I just want to play with you,” he said, swinging her limp arms back and forth.

“That’s precisely my concern,” she said, studying the cherubs on Laurence’s ceiling. Ironic, given that their babies had been made and delivered on her side of the ducal apartments.

Laurence drew near until she had no choice to look down to avoid eye contact. He was serious and a frown marred his brow.

“I’ve warped something in you that came to me in a pure state,” he said.

“Men always want to attribute some grand change in women to their cocks,” she said, scoffing. The angst and years of hurt bubbled in her throat and she feared that she could no longer contain it.

“I don’t refer to our wedding night and your virginity,” he said. “I’ve hurt your feelings, haven’t I?”

“After fifteen years, you just noticed?” she said.

“I’m sorry.”

Julia turned away, then rounded on him. “You’re sorry for what?” she asked. “Not realizing that you have a wife until she is done with your cock? I could have overlooked your affairs — which weren’t nearly as discreet as you seem to think — had you spared some scrap of affection for me. Given some thought to my enjoyment of the marriage bed. Indicated in some small way that you value me for something other than the dowry that rescued this *institution* from penury.”

“You didn’t realize the error of your ways independently,” she said, continuing. “I had to seek some gratification of my own for you to look at your choices and find them

wanting.”

“It’s true,” he said, his face, for once, serious.

“Of course it’s true,” she said, warming to the topic and starting to hiccup as she talked faster and more passionately.

“Julia, forgive me,” he said.

“What do you need to be forgiven for? Can you even enumerate the ways you’ve failed me as a husband?”

“I can’t begin to list them,” he said.

“And yet you expect me to agree to this cozy little pantomime as if our wedding night was happy for either of us,” she said.

Laurence stroked the thin material covering her back. He cheekily petted her lower and froze when he felt a difference in the texture of the fabric.

“What’s this?” he asked, rubbing the nightgown between his fingers. He knelt on the floor to look closer.

Then paused, suddenly serious.

“Julia, has this nightgown been preserved in the state we left it for fifteen years?” he asked.

“Of course,” she said.

“No, what I mean is: was it packed away after that night without washing?” he asked.

“Seems like a good way to prove the marriage was consummated,” she said.

“So are the children in our nursery. At any point, you could have discarded this, but you kept it just as we left it in your bed that first time together,” he said.

He seemed to be thinking hard.

“Julia…”

“Yes?”

“Are you…sentimental?” he asked, looking up from the floor, where he sat on his heels.

“Not particularly,” she said. “Except where the children are concerned. But you’ll have to forgive a mother for such flights of fancy.”

“Julia, I don’t know how to ask this,” he said, shaking his head. “And I must be wrong, so forgive me…”

Their eyes connected, hers blazing from above and his concerned as he surveyed his wife's face.

"Are you in love with me?" he asked.

"Wouldn't it be pathetic if I were?"

"Tell me you aren't. That you haven't been, all this time," he said.

"What a sad, lonely existence that would be," she said. "To be alone in love for fifteen years of marriage."

"Julia, *days* of being alone in love have nearly broken me," he said from his knees. "Tell me you haven't pined all that time, or even some of it. Promise me."

She regarded him with the pity and detachment that could only be won after exactly that sort of long-term suffering.

"How am I ever to make amends?" he said wonderingly.

"I don't expect that you'll try," she said, the years of suppressed anger and hurt surging to her placid-appearing surface. "And it's not required that love must be returned. You'll become accustomed to it."

"But I need you," he said. "I'm sorry for only now discovering how much I need you, but I can't imagine living like this for many more days, let alone years."

"It will be possible to shrink those feelings down and store them away in some part of yourself that you despise," she said, turning to walk towards her bedroom.

From the floor, Laurence caught her around the knees and brought her back in front of him, not letting go of his hold. He ran his face up her legs and buried it in her soft lower stomach, where she had carried his babies. Wrapping his arms around her waist,

he pressed himself into her body and hoped that some solution to this disaster would come to him.

“Julia, I love you,” he said. There, the truth.

“And I love you, but we’ve never been in love together, only in love alone,” she said.

He looked up at her, searching for some way to reach the bit of her love that hadn’t been jammed in some hated and forgotten corner of her mind.

“Let’s redo our wedding night,” he said.

“It wasn’t such a revelation to me that I’m in any rush to recreate it,” she said.

Laurence rubbed his face against her belly like a cat. “This time, we’re in love. That will change everything,” he said.

“But we’re not in love *together*,” she said. “I told you, these are very different things. You’re in love with some idea of me that’s suddenly appealing and I’ve been in love with a version of you that never existed, and we could be together every minute of the day and yet very alone indeed.”

Laurence pulled at the fabric of Julia’s nightgown to get her attention.

“You dare say that I’m in love with a you that doesn’t exist?” he said. “Come to my bed and let me enumerate the very real ways I’ve come to love you.”

Julia resignedly extricated herself from his arms and walked to his bed, dejected due to the knowledge that here she was again, dancing to his tune. She tossed back the bedclothes almost violently and moved to take off her nightgown.

“Leave that on,” he said. “Crawl into the bed as you did all those years ago.”

She drew up her hem and carefully climbed into her husband’s bed for the first time.

“You seem at home here,” he said, leaning against the thick post at the rear of the bed and watching her arrange her nightgown around her legs. “In my bed.”

“Then why is tonight the first time I’ve been invited into it?” she asked.

“Because it’s our wedding night,” he said, advancing on her. “And you’re a quivering virgin bride about to be deflowered.”

“You seemed quite amenable to allowing me to seek comfort outside of our marriage just days ago. I had thought our marriage bed decommissioned for good,” she said.

Laurence removed his banyan and climbed into the bed beside her.

“That was the banyan I wore on our wedding night,” he said. “I kept it, not due to sentiment about the consummation of our marriage, but because it reminded me of how dire the dukedom’s financial circumstances were before I happened upon little

Julia Duke at a ball.”

She regarded him with an unchanging expression, none of this moving her heart to accept him.

“My heart also remained in that threadbare state,” he said, kissing her limp hand. “Because I shut you out.”

Julia wiped at a tear that rolled down her cheek.

“This marriage isn’t over, Julia. And our marriage bed doesn’t need to be consigned to the attic unless you want it to be,” he said. “I like that you’ve demanded your pleasure

and I like watching you with other men. To an alarming degree. I don't intend to force a revision to our agreement."

She sniffed as emotions overtook her.

"Now sit on my face, you untried lass," he said.

Julia looked at him in surprise. "Sit?"

Laurence scooted in from the edge of the bed and helped draw up the hem of her nightgown. "I want you to drown me in your pussy and ride my mouth to completion. Straddle my face. Make your Duke fight for air as he gives you pleasure."

She hurriedly complied with his orders, holding her nightgown aloft as she placed her knees on either side of his head. He slid into position and said, "grab onto the headboard and don't hold back if you need release."

"I'm afraid I'm going to hurt you, Laurence."

"Do it. I want to die in this fine, virgin pussy," he said from between her legs before diving in and using his mouth to surround and suck her clitoris.

Julia jolted and tried to lift from Laurence's face for fear of harming him, but he wrapped his arms around her arse and settled her right back against his lips. She braced against the headboard and let him pleasure her.

From below, his arms began to move her body so that she rocked against his mouth.

"Oh, Laurence," she gasped. "I'm not hurting you?"

He responded with a light tap on her arse cheek, then dragged her down more roughly against his tongue.

"I feel like I'm so full," she said.

Laurence rubbed her thighs in encouragement.

"But I'm afraid to let go," she said.

Another swat to the arse.

She laughed and arched her back in compliance with her husband's bossy, but unspoken demands. They both groaned when an initial shudder ran through her.

Laurence, that ever resourceful husband and rake, ran his fingers down the crack of her arse and over the rosebud that Julia had been so diligently training with her maid.

He pressed into her perineum to see if she was sensitive there and then slid his fingers into her cunt.

“I’m so scared of letting go, Laurence,” she said, rocking her hips to control the placement of his mouth on her pussy.

“Do it,” he said.

Julia’s fingers wrapped around the headboard and she bounced slightly on her husband’s face as he sucked and tongued her clitoris that had been stimulated over and over that day.

“More,” she gasped, needing something that she couldn’t name to make the final ascent to orgasm.

Laurence dipped the index finger of his free hand into her stretched hole alongside the others, causing Julia to moan at the feeling of fullness. He removed it and began gently working it into her untried arse, easing it into her until she began to shake.

“That’s it, it’s, oh god—” she said, emitting a guttural groan as her body contracted in a violent orgasm. When the shudders finally ceased, she pulled away in shock due to overstimulation.

“Too much,” she said, trembling and rolling off of her husband’s face.

She stared at the top of the four-poster and caught her breath as Laurence hopped out of bed, presumably to clean himself.

When he returned, his face was dry, but the front of his hair was a bit wet.

“Did I do that?” she asked, pointing to his fringe.

“I wish you would,” he said, flashing her a crooked smile. He flopped down in the bed next to her on his side. “No, I was in such a rush to return to you that I splashed water everywhere.”

“Rushing to return to your wife, of all people?” she asked in mock horror.

He placed his hand over her belly and insinuated himself into her side.

“My wife,” he said contentedly.

“I suppose this is the moment we have to consummate the marriage?” she asked.

“You remember my words from all those years ago?” he asked, wincing at his callousness about their first night together.

“How could I forget?”

“Shall we make a new memory to replace it?” he asked.

Julia looked down at Laurence, contentedly snuggled under her arm.

“That’s not how memories work.”

Laurence drew up the hem of Julia’s nightgown and shifted to move between her thighs.

“My darling bride,” he said, lowering himself until his face rested over hers. “You look beautiful tonight.”

He dropped a kiss on her cheek, where a tear was rolling.

“This won’t be the last time I make you cry, I’m afraid. I’m going to be a terrible husband in so many ways, for so very long. And I’m sorry for that.”

Julia sniffed as more tears threatened to fall.

“For the next fifteen years, I’ll neglect your pleasure and take you for granted. I’m sorry, my love.”

He placed the head of his cock at Julia’s well-used entrance and paused, watching the emotions cross her face.

“I took something precious from you around the time of our marriage that had nothing to do with your virginity. I’m sorry, darling.”

She’d lost the battle to control her emotions. She shuddered and suspected that her nose was leaking. Julia moved to wipe her face.

Laurence caught her hand and drew forth a handkerchief from the table beside his bed.

“Where did that come from?” she asked.

“I suspected you’d need it, so I brought one over when I cleaned up.”

“But you never have a handkerchief when I need one.”

“That will also change,” he said. “If I make you cry, I plan to be the one to dry your tears.”

He gently pushed into her, continuing until he buried his shaft all the way.

“I’m going to pause for a moment so you can adjust to my size, love,” he said, kissing her temple.

Julia cried harder, now using the handkerchief to cover her mouth as she bawled.

“Do you need me to stop?”

She nodded her head no.

“You’ll tell me if it hurts?”

“Yes,” she said, her voice trembling.

But it hurt. Not in her roughly used body, which felt delicious as he pounded into her in ways she could have never handled as a virgin bride, but in her suddenly vulnerable heart.

He was considerate, giving her pleasure, and loving in ways she’d dreamed of for so long. What would happen when this flight of fancy was over and he returned to being the dismissive cad he’d always been?

“Oh, my Jules, my beautiful wife,” he said as he licked his thumb and pressed it to her swollen clitoris. “My Wellington, my Waterloo.”

She wondered if her emotional state would prevent her from reaching the crest of her orgasm.

Laurence leaned down and licked a tear from her face before uniting his lips with hers in a very rare kiss.

The orgasm seemed to come from the back of her skull, ripped from some place that mere connection of bodies could never reach. Her lips left his as she emitted a violent, unexpected scream and her body seemed to jolt as if struck by electrical current.

“Oh fuck, Julia,” said Laurence as he emptied himself inside her vise-like grip, nearly pained by the force of the orgasm that drove seed from his heavy balls.

“Fuck,” he repeated over her lips, his slightly trembling as he softly reconnected them.

It was the height of pleasure, the realization of dreams. Falling from such a summit would surely kill her, break her heart in ways he’d never initially managed.

Her chest seemed to contract as she became more certain of what she had to do, to protect herself, yes, but also Laurence and the children. They needed her whole and placid, able to carry out the duties associated with her role as Duchess.

She needed to put a quick end to Laurence’s talk of being in love with her. The cessation of those sentiments was inevitable and would loom in her mind until it

finally fell on her neck and broke her spirit for good. She needed to make him despise her and let her go.

“My love—” he began to say.

“I plan to apply to a group of men that pleasure women. Many men. At the same time.”

TO BE CONTINUED in *Shared by the Grand Bucks*.

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To my readers:

Thank you for reading this book. If you feel comfortable leaving a rating, that can really help fellow book lovers know where to spend their precious reading time.

Elizabeth

About the Author

Elizabeth Roubaix could share 1066 reasons why you wouldn't want to live in the past, but would rather write super steamy, historical erotic romance. Combining tender love stories, scorching sex scenes, and an ahistorical amount of bathing, her short tales are perfect for when you want a quick and spicy trip back in time.

To receive alerts when Elizabeth publishes new stories, please follow her on Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/author/elizabethroubaix>

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Also by Elizabeth Roubaix

Taken by Her Groveling Husband is the 10,000-word third story in the five-part *His Duchess's Lovers* series. The stories can be enjoyed individually, but we recommend reading the books in order to enjoy the full HEA for the Duke and Duchess of Astwell.

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Other books from Elizabeth Roubaix:

Prepared for Her Pleasure (His Duchess's Lovers Book 1)

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When Julia Balistarius, Duchess of Astwell, declared over breakfast that she planned to take lovers, her cad of a husband Laurence barely reacted – until he realized that an embarrassing public affair could threaten his political career. Laurence makes her an offer: he'll tutor his wife in how to be the perfect, discreet lover, and he'll do it while never making demands of her body. Julia masters every lesson he sets, but can Laurence maintain his longtime disinterest in pleasuring his wife?

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Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0DK43SJB5>



HIS DUCHESS'S LOVERS BOOK FOUR
SHORT VICTORIAN EROTIC ROMANCE

Shared

BY THE
GRAND BUCKS

ELIZABETH ROUBAIX

Elizabeth Roubaix

Shared by the Grand Bucks

Victorian Erotic Romance (His Duchess's Lovers Book 4)

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Chapter 1

“I plan to spend an evening being shared by the Grand Bucks.”

Before Julia Balistarius, Duchess of Astwell, had uttered those words, it never would have occurred to Laurence Richard Mauduit Balistarius, Duke of Astwell, that his demure wife even knew that the Grand Bucks existed.

She was a duchess, devoted mother, and patron of charitable causes. Meanwhile, the Grand Bucks were rakes of the first order that had apparently developed a reputation for sharing ladies from the finest families in the land. They’d emerged in the last century in imitation of the Freemasons, and while their society kept its reputation for secrecy, they’d clearly moved from group political activities to sexual ones.

After fifteen years tolerating her husband’s quips, affairs, and peccadillos, Julia had declared to Laurence over her breakfast tray three weeks ago that she planned to exercise the aristocratic privilege of engaging in discreet affairs now that she’d produced the heirs required for the continuation of his line. Far from being enraged or resigned, Laurence had fallen into fascination with his wife and currently fancied himself quite in love with her after so many years of indifference.

It was an alarming state of affairs to Julia, who had been unhappily alone in love since meeting Laurence at a ball when she was but seventeen — and a rare heiress possessing the sort of dowry that could restore a dukedom and ensure its survival.

Thus, Julia trembled a bit when Laurence helped her remove the dressing gown from her nude body as she prepared for her night with the Bucks.

Laurence dropped a kiss at Julia’s neck, and she shivered. Her nipples hardened, and she felt a deep need in her core. At this rate, she’d never make it to the Bucks.

“Are you ready for tonight?” he asked in a soft voice.

She’d flung the idea of serving as the featured entertainment for the Grand Bucks at her husband in a moment of desperation, when he’d been declaring his love for her, at long last, after years of neglect and sexual indifference. And now, she was about to go

through with the tossed-off claim — all to facilitate a quick end to his supposed love and protect her eternally trod-upon heart.

“I’ve never looked forward to something so much in my life,” she said, hiding her hands behind her back to control their trembling.

Laurence ran his nose down her shoulder. “You smell ready.”

Joining Laurence in her dressing room was Makeblythe, Julia’s lovely maid and confidante, who had just oiled her skin with attar of roses. “Shall I help you into your drawers, Your Grace?” asked Makeblythe.

Julia nodded and somehow moved her limbs so that her maid could pull the drawers into place. Makeblythe was on the floor, ensuring that they were properly situated, when Laurence said, “she’s been a good girl, hasn’t she? Why don’t you give her a kiss for good luck?”

Julia’s eyes connected with those of her maid, who was kneeling in front of her. Makeblythe rose and placed a gentle kiss on the front of Julia’s silk underthings, right over her core.

Julia sighed, her unbound breasts heaving.

Makeblythe rose to assemble the rest of Julia’s costume for the evening. Laurence took the spot in front of her on the floor.

“What are you doing down there?” she asked, alarmed to see him kneeling before her like a beau poised to propose marriage.

“I’ve assigned myself the task of pulling these on,” he said, wiggling her silk stockings. He unrolled one and bunched it up before fitting it over her toes. He ran the stocking up her smooth leg until it rested on the tops of her thighs, where he connected it to Julia’s garters.

“I never thought I’d see the day when you kneeled before me,” she said, thinking back to the past weeks where Laurence had willingly taken to the floor to make her fantasies come true.

He leaned forward and kissed Julia, right over the spot Makeblythe had kissed. He spoke into her silk-clad pussy, his breath hot, “We intend to deliver you to the Bucks wet and wanting.”

Julia reached out to steady herself using a shelf, unable to keep her balance while her body coursed with need. Makeblythe helped her into her chemise and then the scandalously low-cut corset designed by Laurence’s preferred couturier, Madame Eugénie.

While Julia’s clothes came together, Laurence exited the room. Julia fought the urge to feel disappointment, but she supposed it would be in keeping with his style to abscond

from the proceedings once her nudity had been covered.

From the door, there was movement. He'd returned. Laurence stood gazing at her admiringly, with a box in his hands.

"You look stunning," he said.

"Thank you," she responded shyly.

"But you're missing something."

Julia braced for a cutting remark about her failures as a woman, but he simply unhooked the latch on the battered-looking wooden box. The lid sprung open, and he walked forward.

"Aren't you going to ask me what's inside?"

"I fare best when I don't ask you for anything," she said.

Laurence cupped Julia's neck and kissed her forehead. "Those days are over."

He opened the box in front of her, and despite her reluctance, she looked down at the contents. Inside, there was a necklace dripping with diamonds.

"Are those...?"

"The Astwell jewels," he said. "Well, some of them."

For the entirety of her marriage, Julia had assumed that the Astwell jewels depicted in paintings of ancestors had been lost or sold. It was only upon proclaiming her plan to take lovers that Laurence disclosed that he'd simply never retrieved them from the bank safe deposit box and given them to her, as was her due as Duchess of Astwell.

"You retrieved them..."

"So you could wear them while men from other families fucked you, yes," he said, removing the heavy necklace. "I'm glad to let them enjoy your body tonight, but they should know that you are, in fact, mine."

He looped the necklace around and fastened it while Julia looked down and touched the diamonds.

"What of your concerns that my affairs might harm your political career?"

"Upon further reflection, I find I don't care," he said, suggesting that he'd willingly and suddenly tossed aside the ambitions that had defined the last decade of his life. He directed her towards a mirror so she could see the jewels, standing tall behind her with

his hand possessively on the side of her neck while she felt the front of the necklace in disbelief.

“I only care about making your fantasies come true. All of them,” he said. “But *I* mean to have you forever, body and soul, my wife.”

Chapter 2

When the carriage rolled up to the Bucks' longtime headquarters, Laurence handed Julia a mask.

"I hardly think this necessary, given that you've draped me in your jewels," she said.

"Your jewels. And the Bucks are gentlemen, despite the way they use women," he said. "If you wear a mask, they'll never disclose your identity."

On the bench next to him, Julia struggled with tying the ribbons. Laurence stayed her trembling hands and carefully tied the strings together in a way that didn't disarrange her beautiful hairstyle before pulling on his own mask.

"Do you feel ready?" he asked.

Julia's core clenched as she thought of the hours she'd spent with Laurence and her lady's maid preparing for this evening. They'd fit her arse with plugs, trained her throat to accept a cock, and stretched her cunt beyond the limits she believed possible.

A few nights ago, Laurence had gently pushed his cock into the ring of her arse and then rode her hard until they were both soaked and shaking with pleasure. Just yesterday morning, she'd kneeled under his enormous desk and serviced his cock with

her throat while he attended to his correspondence with the London estate manager. Oh, she was ready indeed.

"I think I'm as prepared as I can be," she said.

"What I wouldn't give to prepare you more," he replied, kissing her lips. He'd been gentle with her these past few days, taking her slowly in his bed and whispering sweet nothings in her ears while he believed her to be sleeping.

It was decadent, but she was ready to be used roughly.

"You took the herbs that Dr. Riddle left?" he asked, referring to the tea that would prevent conception. Laurence was beginning to accept that he enjoyed sharing his wife, but he drew the line at raising another man's baby in his own nursery.

"Seeds," she said. "I took them just before my bath."

Laurence placed his hand on her corseted waist and laid his cheek against hers.

"Good," he said. "Your womb is mine to fill."

Julia shuddered. She wasn't sure if it was with erotic longing or fear of being impregnated yet again.

"Are your holes wet and ready?" he asked. "That's what you are for these men: a collection of holes to be used for their pleasure."

Julia grabbed his hand as she stifled the need to touch herself. Her nails bit into Laurence's skin as she imagined being filled by a group of men.

"Yes, I'm ready," she said.

"Let me see your mouth. I'm not convinced we adequately trained you in that area."

Julia dropped her mouth open and let him peer inside, where she'd soon receive the Bucks' cocks. He used the handle of his cane to open her jaw wider and let her experience the degrading pleasure of being used without a care for her comfort.

"Open that throat," he said, seeing that she'd contracted in response to his testing.

She relaxed the muscles in her throat, and he nodded, satisfied that she'd survive the night without damage to her precious body.

"Julia, I—"

"We should go in now," she said, eager to exit the carriage to see what the Bucks had in store for her. If she was truthful with herself, she was running from her fear that, in

trying to protect her heart from her husband, she'd made a terrible mistake in seeking out the Bucks.

Laurence opened the door to the carriage and helped her down, sending the footmen away when they attempted to assist Julia.

They'd arrived at the back entrance to the house, which had a nearly enclosed portico so that aristocratic guests could arrive and depart discreetly. Should someone wish to watch the townhouse and make note of the crests on the carriages, the game would soon be revealed, but such actions were unworthy of gentlemen. The rules around secrecy had protected the Bucks from widespread notoriety for nearly two hundred years.

Julia walked up the steps, aided by Laurence. At the top of the steps, he placed a tender kiss on her lips while lifting the door knocker.

"We'll talk after you're done with the Bucks," he said.

The door opened, and just inside stood a man in evening dress wearing a papier-mâché stag's head.

Julia took a step back in horror, his full rack of twisted brown antlers making him look like something out of a nightmare.

"Yes, you should be scared, my little doe," the man said, then took Julia by the hand and led her inside the townhouse. Laurence followed and shut the door behind them.

"Thank you for bringing us this sacrifice," the Buck said to Laurence, still escorting Julia through the house.

"My pleasure," said Laurence, finding that he meant it.

Julia studied the man's brown deer mask as they walked. The snout protruding from the mask caught her attention, and she spotted black-rimmed holes in the underside, no doubt to aid breathing. The mask covered his entire face and head, only ending at the collar of his shirt. There was no way to see the color of the man's real hair, and even his eyes were difficult to see inside the mask's holes.

She could barely force herself to look at the elaborate antlers sprouting from the top of the mask. When she glanced up, she realized that some had broken but were left

unrepaired, meaning that she could see the hollow interior of the papier-mâché. The jagged traces of lost antler tips suggested violence.

Jolted from her study of the mask, Julia suddenly stopped walking when she heard music.

“Is that an orchestra?”

“Just a quintet,” said the Buck. “We find it helps with the performance of the ritual.”

“And they watch the proceedings?” Julia asked in fear.

“No, they’re behind a garden wall and sworn to secrecy. They understand that they’d be mauled if our identities and actions were made known.”

Given that the man’s face was entirely covered by the mask, it was impossible to gauge how seriously he meant those words.

“Now, for your husband, is he to serve as an honorary Buck tonight?” he asked.

Julia looked back at Laurence, unsure of how to answer.

“I’ll be observing,” he said without hesitation. “And then whisking my wife home when she has had her fill.”

The Buck looked Julia up and down. “And we intend to give you your fill tonight, madam.”

Julia drew in a deep breath, her corset suddenly feeling too restrictive.

“I see your garments are restraining you, my darling squirrel,” said the Buck. “Soon, they won’t pose a problem. We want you free to revel in all the forest has to offer.”

Julia trembled and feared that her hands were becoming quite sweaty under her gloves. Her mask felt tight against her cheekbones and the bridge of her nose.

“Lovely diamonds,” said the Buck. “I don’t think I’ve seen their like in some decades.”

Julia’s hand flew to the Astwell jewels, wondering if it had been wise to wear them tonight.

“My wife has been such a good girl lately,” said Laurence from behind. “Sadly, their sparkle can’t compare to hers.”

“I suspect your wife has been a very good girl for a very long time,” said the Buck, escorting Julia and Laurence to the entrance of a ballroom. “The forest will reward her for her forbearance.”

They entered the enormous arched doorway and came into a ballroom, but not just any ballroom; this massive chamber had been turned into an indoor re-creation of a forest. The tall trees were stripped of leaves so that they loomed over the room like

skeletons, but the floor was soft and covered with green silks and velvets that mimicked grass and moss.

Buckets of living flowers dotted the room. At the center, a reflecting pool and marble statue of an actual royal stag with twenty antler points drew the eye. Five green velvet-covered chairs faced the pool.

The Buck paused for a moment to grab a spindly chair of the sort favored by wallflowers during balls and placed it off to the side.

“Madam, perhaps you would like to prepare yourself in a powder room, just over there?” asked the Buck. The musical instruments seemed to play as if to suggest the sound of wind in the trees.

“Yes, of course,” she said, scurrying over to the room.

Laurence followed her and caught the door before she closed it.

“Do you require assistance?” he asked.

“I don’t know that I require it...”

“Would you like my help?”

“Yes,” she said, pulling him in. “What have I done? Are they going to eat me?”

Laurence laughed and helped Julia out of her cloak and gloves. “I hardly think the Bucks would still fuck today if they brought the full, violent forest experience to life. But they will use you most brutally. Are you sure you want this?”

“Yes,” said Julia as he unlaced her corset and she unhooked her skirts.

Soon, she was down to her mask, chemise, stockings, and drawers.

“I suppose these should go, too?” she asked him, biting her lip.

“Come now, Titania, queen of the fairies, embrace your natural state so that the Grand Bucks grant you untold pleasures,” said Laurence sardonically as he drew the chemise over her head.

When they exited the room, Julia was nude save for the glittering Astwell diamonds at her neck and the mask on her face. Her thick hair remained piled high as she walked carefully over the soft floor towards the center of the room.

Sitting on the chairs surrounding the reflecting pool now were five men, all bare except for their alarming buck masks.

“Come here, child,” said a booming voice.

Julia walked towards the men, her hand held in Laurence’s as if he was escorting her to the dancefloor at a ball.

The Bucks sat comfortably. Their demeanor was quite the opposite of her nervous flutters. Most sat with their thighs somewhat open, displaying thick cocks and hints of heavy sacks. Julia suspected she trembled so much that she might take flight like a real fairy queen.

“Who brings this sacrifice to the Bucks?” asked one of the masked men.

“I do,” said Laurence.

“Then leave her with us now to frolic. For your safety, do not leave the chair we have prepared for you,” the voice said, indicating the spindly chair to the side. “One does not always know where one’s...antlers are aiming.”

“Tonight, he wears the horns...while wearing none at all,” said another of the men.

The five chuckled ominously.

“And our beautiful queen of the forest,” said a man further down the line. “She comes to us from the city. I can smell her rich fragrance. She will need to be cleansed of such an abomination before we can enjoy her. The only scent acceptable to us is the smell of her musk, tears, and sweat.”

Julia glanced towards the reflecting pool.

“Into the water, child,” said the nearest man, spreading his thighs so that his heavy, thick cock dangled.

Julia tore her eyes from the sight and carefully approached the pool. She soon saw that there were steps leading into it, and she lowered into the lukewarm water before the Bucks.

At first, Julia thought that the Buck masks were painted slightly different colors of brown, but it turned out to be a trick of the light; all five masks were identical, save a few broken horns here and there. The men watched her, and she regarded them, occasionally seeing the flash of a human eye from within a mask. Their spindly antlers

cast shadows upon the reflecting pool and ran over her body as she bathed in front of them.

“Are you clean?” asked one of the men.

“As well as I can manage.”

“We’ll be the judge of that.”

“And do you understand what the ritual is?” asked another man.

“I am to be sacrificed to the lust of the Grand Bucks so that spring might return?”

“You sound uncertain.”

“Merely scared,” she said.

“You should be scared,” the nearest of the Bucks said, holding his cock in one unmoving hand. When Julia stared at his thickening member, it jumped in response, and she jolted as well.

“I think she’s ready,” said the Buck in the middle. “I bet she’s dripping by now.”

“Out of the pool, fairy queen. You owe us the use of your holes.”

Julia rose from the water, resolved to see this night through. The water cascaded from her swollen breasts, and she made no move to cover any part of her luscious body.

“You should greet your overlords for the evening,” said one man, who had been silent until now.

Julia moved to walk towards the Bucks, but he interrupted. “On your knees.”

She dropped to the floor and crawled to the nearest Buck. Once before him, she nodded in greeting.

He held out his hand. “Come closer, little fawn, and kiss this horn I have for you,” he said.

Julia shuffled closer, between his thighs, and placed her lips upon the head of his thickening cock before retreating slightly.

The Buck used both of his hands to hold her head and flexed his arse and thighs to push his hardening member closer to her lips again.

“In it goes,” he said, rubbing her temples as she accepted the head of his cock into her mouth.

“Don’t monopolize our guest,” said the nearest Buck, rising from his throne and walking over for a better look.

He stroked his own cock while he watched Julia shallowly suck his fellow Buck. "Time to greet a new friend," he said, holding his shaft to keep his cock steady.

Julia turned and opened her mouth submissively as he fed his dick inside. The Buck behind her used his thighs to keep her in place and reached around to toy with her breasts.

She moaned in response, which caused the Buck before her to withdraw while holding the base of his cock. "Can't spend too early," he said. "We need to plant the seeds that will bring spring."

Another of the Bucks inserted himself and then another. Finally, the last of the men pushed his thick member between her lips to get his cock wet.

"Our doe is leaking from the teats," said the Buck behind her, playing with her breasts. "Fertile and blooming, just the sacrifice we need to bring about spring."

The Bucks gathered round to see the milky trails from her nipples. They touched her skin where the milk had run, then followed it to the source, where they experimented with pinching her nipples and palpating her heavy breasts. One after another, they anointed their cocks with her milk and stroked themselves to full hardness.

"This milk will feed our young," said one of the Bucks, taking some of the milk on his fingers and tasting it below his mask.

"Is all of you this wet, darling bunny rabbit?" asked a Buck.

Julia whimpered and nodded, squeezing her thighs together.

"We don't intend to keep you unsatisfied for long," said the man behind her. "Why don't you stand up now?"

Julia stood and allowed one of the Bucks to lead her to the statue of the stag that stood at the center of the room.

He examined her hands. "Such soft paws," he said, stroking her palm reassuringly. "They won't do you much good tonight."

Turning Julia to face the head of the deer statue, the Buck directed her hands to the lowest antlers and curled them around the horns. Her cheek rested against the cheek of the carved beast, and she shuddered in anticipation and shock because of the cold marble. What had she been thinking, volunteering to play with these strapping secret society men in front of her husband so that her heart wouldn't be forever broken?

Surely there was a simpler, less terrifying way to protect her feelings. But here she was, naked and wet, and there was no reversing her decision.

Her nude back was exposed to the five men, as well as her husband, nearby. She waited for what they had in store.

“You come to us claiming to wish to partake in the ritual, but you give us no welcome when we show you the wonders of the forest,” said one of the Bucks.

Julia panicked, unsure of what to do.

“Show us your garden, little fawn, so that we might plow it and plant our seeds,” said a Buck into her left ear.

She arched her back and widened her stance so that her cunt opened to their view. She heard a rumble of appreciation and knew that she’d done the right thing.

“A lovely furrow to be tilled,” said one Buck.

“Pulsing with life,” said another.

She felt hands grip her arse cheeks and pull them open so the men could survey her body.

“A sweet little rose that we can pluck,” said one Buck, running a finger over her puckered back entrance.

“A channel that we can test and fill,” said another as he inserted a finger into her dripping cunt at last.

“Is she ready for our cocks?” asked a Buck with a deep voice.

“I should think so,” said the man, currently grinding two thick fingers into her hole. “It feels like she’s been seeded already. Do you hear that wetness?”

A hand connected with her arse cheek. It took a few seconds to sting as she was stunned by the sudden movement. She bore down on the fingers inside of her cunt.

“Has our little deer been frolicking with other bucks before entering the forest?”

“No, no, I swear!” she said in a panic. “I was instructed to come unseeded so that we could properly perform the ritual.”

“And yet your cunt sings a different tune.”

“I’m simply so wet for you,” she said, tempted to cry. “I’ve been anticipating this moment and need your cocks.”

“Do you plan to accept what we give you without complaint and endeavor to bring about spring?”

“Yes,” she said. “Please.”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me,” she said, angling her arse up to better receive the fingers stretching her cunt.

The fingers withdrew, and Julia relaxed momentarily.

They were replaced with a wide cockhead suddenly fitted at her entrance.

“Yes,” said Julia. “That. I want that.”

The cock pushed in, spreading her lips and filling her core until it bottomed out and could go no further.

“Arch your back more and widen those legs,” said one of the Bucks. “My shaft isn’t fully inside of you, and we need to open this channel for my brothers to enjoy.”

Between her nether lips, she felt fingers rubbing at her clitoris. She sagged against the statue, relying on her shaking arms to hold her body upright.

“Already trembling like a leaf,” said a Buck with particularly terrifying antlers. “Will she withstand the onslaught of our plowing?”

“Yes,” she moaned in response.

Chapter 3

Back on his spindly chair, Laurence leaned forward to better see his wife surrounded and used by the Bucks. From his perspective, she looked well-used already, though he knew the ritual had only just begun. He gripped his fattening cock in appreciation as the Buck currently fucking his wife held her hips while thrusting into her.

It was difficult to see Julia through the forest of antlers, but her bare ass and legs came into view periodically, to his delight. Still, it was hardly ideal for a man who liked nothing more than to see his wife used hard by other men.

From the statue, a commotion.

Laurence stood from his chair, ignoring the prior warnings from the Buck that had welcomed them to the townhouse. The music from the quintet stopped; the musicians must have heard the disturbance.

“Is she well?” Laurence yelled across the room.

A Buck helped Julia to her feet.

One of the Grand Bucks walked over to Laurence. “She’s fine. Her hands merely slipped on the marble antlers.”

“I need to see her. I need my wife,” he said, his jaw tense. He was prepared to fight five big men to reclaim Julia.

The Bucks conferred, and they walked Julia over to him. It was a strange sight to see five naked men wearing masks that featured elaborate horns surrounding one dainty,

nude woman. Had he been less concerned about her safety, he'd have been in danger of releasing seed in his trousers.

Julia walked right up to him and took his hands in hers. "I am well," she reassured him, her eyes sparkling.

Laurence kissed her lips with abandon, letting his fingers tangle in her hair. "You want to continue?" he breathed into her ear.

"Yes," she said. "But I'm too weak to hold on to the statue. It must be my nerves. What am I to do? I can't stop my arms from shaking."

Laurence held her close and asked the Bucks, "is there another way to complete the ritual? My wife finds herself unable to remain holding the statue while receiving your seed."

"She is a delicate flower," rumbled one Buck.

"Perhaps she is too soft for the likes of the Bucks," said another.

"No!" she exclaimed. "I want it, I can take it!"

"Perhaps she could lie down to receive you," suggested Laurence.

The Bucks rumbled.

"As Bucks, we must mount our doe."

"Understood," said Laurence. "What if...what if I assisted my wife while she was mounted?"

Another rumble.

"We find that husbands often interfere during the ritual and end up gored on our antlers," said the deepest of the voices.

Laurence stroked Julia's neck and brought her to sit on his clothed thigh. "As a man who loves his wife dearly, I am prepared to do only what is needed to assist her in the ritual," he said.

The Bucks assembled, conferring so closely that antlers knocked against each other as they talked.

"You look beautiful," said Laurence while nibbling on Julia's ear. She shuddered in his arms and relaxed into his embrace.

"We accept," said one of the Bucks, coming forward. "But you'll need a stronger chair for what we have in mind. Take the throne of the Grandest Buck at center."

Laurence helped Julia up and escorted her to the one throne that he now realized had arms at the sides. He sat down and drew Julia into his lap before spreading her legs so

that the arms of the chair held her completely open.

“Is the sacrifice acceptable to you?” Laurence asked the Bucks.

He received a rumble in return, and two of the men moved towards Julia. The two men, with their paper-mâché masks, locked antlers delicately but continued to push until one gave way.

The man’s cock was harder than before, stiffened by the duel for the right to fill Julia. He held his member in his hand, stroked it once, then tapped it against her clitoris.

Julia’s back arched, and Laurence grabbed her full breasts to keep her steady. The Buck used his hand to open her nether lips and swiftly plunged his engorged head between them.

“Oh,” said Julia when he slid all the way inside, his balls tapping against her when he bottomed out.

The Bucks gathered round and watched the process of Julia taking the man’s cock. They held their members, only occasionally stroking them. Laurence couldn’t imagine having so much discipline when confronted with such an erotic sight.

Rather than exploding inside, the Buck withdrew and gestured for the man he’d bested in their approximation of a duel to take his place at Julia’s cunt. The man nodded and

slid in without ceremony, grunting when her core contracted around him. He pumped a few times and then made way for his brethren.

On it continued until Laurence's toying with Julia's breasts got more frantic, causing her to squeeze the Buck currently plowing her. He roared and thrust forward, emptying his balls.

The remaining Bucks rumbled, slapping the man on the shoulder and pointing him to a chair.

"We have but one nut to plant, and once it is released, we must make way for our brothers," explained one of the Bucks, still gathered round the chair where Laurence supported Julia.

That explained their patience and taking of turns, thought Laurence, who still found them unspeakably odd.

Another of the Bucks stepped up again to wet his cock in Julia's depths.

"Darling, what does it feel like?" Laurence asked her as she absorbed the man's thrusts.

"Full," she said with a small whine. "He's stretching me in every direction."

"Hurts?" asked Laurence.

"No, it feels heavenly. Just a little pain, but the good kind."

"Your little nub is swollen and sticking out," said Laurence, his cheek resting against hers as he held her, pointing to the apex of her thighs where she was spread open for the Bucks' pleasure. The Buck currently thrusting grabbed her arse to elevate her whole lower body for his unimpeded use. Laurence's lap suddenly felt cool now that she was no longer resting against him.

"Look at him using you hard," said Laurence. "Do you see that movement there in your lower belly?"

"Hmm?" asked Julia, already feeling exhausted.

Laurence trailed his hand down until it rested over Julia's stomach where the Buck's long, hard cock was thrusting so deep that her belly almost imperceptibly bulged with each stroke. He applied a bit of pressure and felt Julia arch her back in pleasure.

"Oh, you enjoy getting filled deep, do you?" asked Laurence. "This fine Buck is going to open you up properly."

Julia moaned and looked down to watch Laurence's hand on her belly and the man currently between her thighs driving his enormous cock into her over and over.

Laurence held on to her belly and used his other hand to tweak Julia's nipple. "Would that I could touch your little pussy," he said. "I guess I'll have to settle for blowing it a

kiss.”

He directed a puff of air at the apex of her thighs and watched as she shivered and clenched on the Buck railing her hole. The man, in response, drove harder, and soon Julia was breaking around him while shaking.

The Buck roared and poured his heavy balls in Julia’s cunt as the quintet’s strange melody grew louder from beyond the wall.

“And that leaves three,” said one of the Bucks that had maintained control of his cock despite the temptation to unload himself in the beautiful sacrifice offered for the ritual. The remaining men stomped their feet and closed in on Julia and Laurence.

“We’ll take that chair now,” said one of the Bucks.

Laurence helped Julia to her feet and kept her steady as he vacated the throne. The Bucks were saying something, but Laurence was fixated on the sight of seed running down Julia’s inner thighs. He licked his lips and willed his cock to settle.

“My brother will take the throne,” said one of the Bucks. “You will help your wife to receive us despite the depletion of her life force.”

“You have a goddess of spring in your house. You must feed her more so that she might bloom,” said the Buck assuming control of the throne.

“I have plenty of things I’d like to feed her,” said Laurence, stroking her lovely throat.

The Buck seated on the throne slapped his thighs. “Mount my cock like a good little doe,” he said to Julia.

She made her way to the chair, her hand in Laurence’s. The Buck gripped his cock to keep it upright and used his free hand to grab her waist and bring her near. She was to face him on the throne, her cunt speared by his thick member, and her arse facing out.

The cock slid into her pussy easily thanks to the previous Bucks’ loads. He brought her down swiftly on his cock, and she offered no resistance to the hard use.

“Our goddess is gobbling us right up now,” said the Buck heartily before gripping Julia’s arse and directing her up and down. She bounced against him like a rag doll.

Julia looked around and spotted Laurence nearby, observing her. She flashed him a smile when he blew her a kiss.

The Buck on the throne slowed his thrusts as another of the men moved in behind Julia.

“How does that arse look?” asked the Buck in the throne.

“Like it’s going to choke my cock,” said the man, who was gathering spent seed from Julia’s thighs and using it as lube to prepare her rosebud for opening. Another of the

men supplied a bottle that seemed to contain oil, and the Buck currently intent on Julia's arse coated his cock in it.

He tapped the head of his cock against her puckered opening. "You've been prepared?" he asked.

"I'm ready for you," she gasped out.

"Say no more," said the Buck before slowly plunging himself into the ring of Julia's arse.

"Ooh," moaned Julia, stuffed full of cocks and bouncing without rhythm as the two Bucks mercilessly used her holes.

The final Buck yet to spend moved into position beside the throne and mounted his bare foot upon an arm so that his cock was level with Julia's head.

"Every hole must be tilled to bring about spring flowers," said the man, as he held his cock out to Julia's mouth. She took it between her lips carefully while being jostled between the Bucks filling her from below.

"Into your throat, little dove," said the Buck as he held the back of her neck and fed his cock deeper inside.

Julia made a noise from the back of her throat, and the Buck fucking her mouth jolted deeper.

"Oh fuck, that's a tight little arse," said the man pounding her from behind. "You just made her clench around me."

"You give me ideas, brother," said the Buck easing himself into Julia's throat. "With our little doe's help, I bet I can reach the doubling of blessings."

"You'll not prevent me from taking my rightful place there," said the Buck while rutting Julia's arse harder.

"And what, may I ask, is the doubling of blessings?" said Laurence from his forgotten place on the side.

All the Bucks laughed then, even those seated because of coming early in the ritual.

"It is said that if you want to be sure of a good harvest, it is necessary to sow two seeds in a single hole," said a Buck nearby cryptically.

Julia heard this and bore down on the dicks pounding into her.

"You like the sound of that?" asked the man taking her from behind. "Of going home to your husband with a wrecked cunny?"

Julia shook with a mixture of fear and anticipation as she imagined what else the night could bring.

“She’s trembling like a falling leaf,” said one of the Bucks to Laurence. “Support her.”

Laurence carefully approached the Bucks. He advanced towards the throne from the opposite side of the Buck currently using Julia’s mouth.

“Doing well, darling?” asked Laurence, as if he were inquiring about the temperature of her afternoon tea.

Julia made a sound from her throat, which caused the Buck in her mouth to grunt and thrust harder.

“Hands on her head,” he said. “I need her steadied so I can open up that throat.”

Laurence looked into Julia’s eyes for signs that she needed a break but saw only her dreamlike, blissful gaze. She was the veriest minx, his Julia, and he was of a mind to reward her for it all the rest of his days. He was enraptured and certain that he couldn’t love a woman more than his darling Duchess.

He placed his hands on the sides of Julia’s head and helped her remain steady for the man’s cock while also being jostled from below.

The man fucking her throat got into a rhythm, and Julia’s mask grew wet with tears as she struggled to accept him.

Despite his wife receiving his cock like a seasoned girl at Madame Hélène’s, Laurence was impressed that the man had not exploded yet.

“Ahh, fuck, she’s choking me,” said the man rogering her arse enthusiastically.

“You going to come first?” asked the man sitting on the throne, currently thrusting up into Julia’s pussy.

“Can’t help it,” the man said, breaking off with a howl as he drove himself further into Laurence’s wife and released his seed. He pulled out and stumbled off to one of the open chairs while cupping his taxed balls in one hand.

“How does she look?” asked the man getting his knob polished in Julia’s mouth, directing the question at Laurence.

Laurence released Julia’s head and walked behind her to survey the progress. The Buck on the throne took pity on him and pulled Julia’s cheeks apart so he could see her puffy rim seeded with the departed man’s spend, as well as her cunt split by the Buck’s thick shaft, which was wet with seed.

Laurence nodded to himself, gripping his clothed cock as he took it all in. The Spring ritual pantomime was ridiculous in the extreme, but he couldn’t fault the men for their

performance in wrecking his beautiful wife.

“She looks well plowed,” said Laurence, breathing hard to calm himself.

“Brother, are you ready to ensure spring?” the Buck on the throne asked the man using Julia’s mouth.

“Turn our doe around and let’s seed her fields properly,” said the Buck in return.

They paused their movements and allowed Julia to fall into Laurence’s arms for a moment.

“Still faring well?” he asked.

“Mmm,” she replied.

“Do you have enough energy to complete the rest of the ritual?”

“Not long left,” said the Buck on the throne. “Just the final seeding and the watering of the field.”

“I can do it, love,” she said with a scratchy voice, not catching the term of endearment she directed at Laurence because of her exhaustion.

He held her head between his hands and kissed her with abandon, unconcerned about the two Bucks waiting to fuck his wife or the three others poised to watch.

“I’ll be here when you’re done, through the whole thing,” he said to her, tucking a piece of hair that had fallen from her elegant hairstyle back into place.

Julia closed her eyes and let her cheek drift to his. “Thank you. For everything.”

Laurence looped his hand around her waist and turned back to the Bucks. “And how would you like my wife?”

“He wears the horns, but not in the way we do,” said one of the seated men to the side.

“The human seems untroubled by the donation of his wife to the ritual,” said the man who had most recently been thrusting into Julia’s arse.

“The *husband* merely wishes to see his wife fulfilled,” said Laurence. He then added, “And the dawn of spring.”

The Bucks murmured appreciatively. “Spring will provide,” some of them said quietly. “The Bucks will provide,” responded the man seated on the throne.

The seated Buck extended his arms to Julia. “Sit upon your master.”

She tottered to him, somewhat uncertain now that she’d left Laurence’s arms, and allowed him to turn her so that she was facing out to all the men she’d fucked that night. And her husband.

The Buck on the throne whispered in her ear and held his cock while lowering her onto it until his thick, rigid staff impaled her. He agitated her body so that she bounced

on his cock a few times. Then he summoned the brother that had last been ravaging Julia's throat.

"We must test the limits of our doe and ensure that the field is properly planted."

The seated Buck wrapped his powerful arm around Julia's torso and drew her back against him until her pelvis tilted, fully revealing the place where the man's shaft had split her.

"Join us, my brother," said the Buck on the throne, grabbing the man's forearm in a friendly clasp and guiding him towards the spot where Julia's legs were spread open on the thighs of the Buck.

The second man handled his own hard cock while studying the place Julia was being impaled.

"Think you can fit in?" asked one of the Bucks to the side.

"I'll make it fit."

Julia visibly squeezed at the words, more turned on than ever before, just as she was about to face the ultimate test.

"Spit on it," said another of the Bucks. "We want the sounds of your fucking to be louder than that quintet behind the wall."

The Buck spat right onto the place where Julia was being stretched open by the seated man's cock. He stepped forward, his hard dick in hand.

"I can't," said Julia, nodding.

"But you can, sweet doe," said the Buck in the throne while running his hands over her breasts soothingly.

"I can't, I can't, you'll break me," she said.

"We'll split you open and allow spring to emerge. You're to be the mother of warm days and nights," the man said tenderly, while cupping her lower belly.

"It'll hurt," she said, shivering in his hold.

"He'll go slow, little doe, you are meant to be bred by Bucks."

Julia's chest heaved as the second man approached, his cock pointing towards her abused cunt as if drawn there by an invisible force.

"Hold your little lips open for my brother so he might watch himself spear you," said the seated man.

Julia reached down and let the v of her fingers pull back her labia and further expose her swollen pussy. The second Buck fitted his cock head at her entrance, watching as

her body fought to reject it, then slowly plunged in beside his brother.

“Ugh,” shuddered Julia, her back arching as she took in the second thick member.

The man plowing her from the front used his hand to help pin her back against his fellow Buck, since she was so limp and well used.

Laurence moved quickly to one side, which he did to catch Julia’s eye. She saw him and gave a wobbly smile before crying out as the men pummeled her cunt in tandem.

“We’ll return your doe well seeded,” said the seated Buck.

“And stretched beyond belief,” said the second man in Julia’s pussy.

Julia cried out at their degrading words, which only inflamed her passions more. The Buck seated on the throne wrapped his hand over her whole lower face to contain her moans and squeals.

“That’s a sloppy pussy, indeed,” said one of the Bucks off to the side.

“Her cuckold husband won’t know if he’s in or out,” said the man next to him with a chuckle. Laurence’s warning growl shut the men up, but, in fact, the humiliation turned him on beyond belief. The Duke and Duchess were leaders in society, lights of the *ton*, but here he was just a pathetic spouse watching his wife be stretched open by strange men who liked to wear identical masks.

It was lowering. And delicious.

“Gather round, brothers. The moment of crisis is near, and we must make sure the sacrifice is complete,” said the seated Buck.

The three men who had already come left their chairs and drew near. Two men toyed with Julia’s breasts and nipples, rubbing them enthusiastically. A third applied himself to working on her engorged clitoris.

“Good, yes,” said the man thrusting into Julia from a standing position. “She’s bearing down as pleasure mounts.”

“We need her to squeeze the seeds of spring from our cocks with her orgasm. Or the ritual might not take,” said a Buck currently working Julia’s right breast to Laurence. “Help her crest the mountain.”

Laurence reflected on the origin of this sexual exploration: Julia’s claim that he hadn’t given her an orgasm. He’d doubted her the first time he’d heard it, but now that he’d

seen her properly explode, there was no doubt that for over a decade, he'd denied her ecstatic release.

But how to trigger her orgasm now, with five decidedly strange masked men looking on, all surrounding her body? It seemed an insurmountable problem for one that had only recently learned how to give his wife pleasure.

He walked closer to the throne where Julia was being used and struggled to think of how to unleash her orgasm. She was almost in a hypnotic state as she took the Bucks' cocks, her hand reaching out as if to touch one of the men's antlers in innocent wonder. That wouldn't do. They seemed to take those damned masks seriously.

"My darling..." he said, faltering.

She looked at him, really stared into his eyes, and he knew how to unlock her orgasm. "I love you, my darling wife."

She cried out, her body bowing as she reached out for his hand and finally caught it. Meanwhile, her hips jerked, and the two Bucks grasped her body to keep themselves

inside of her. Laurence kissed her hand, and she exploded again, triggering yells from the men currently lodged in her channel.

“She’s choking it,” grunted the seated man.

“She’s going to force me out at this rate,” the standing Buck ground out.

“It’s time,” said the throned Buck. “Time to bring about spring.”

He held Julia tight and began working her limp body on his cock while his brother simultaneously thrust in alongside of him.

“Now,” roared the man, and the two Bucks threw back their antlers and jerked their hips up into the Duchess’s spent body.

Julia cried out as she rode their cocks and took the brunt of their thrusts while they poured their seed into her cunt.

As their movements slowed and the standing man started to pull out, she whimpered.

“Have no fear. We won’t allow the seeds of spring to escape,” said the seated Buck, holding her middle in a possessive way that finally riled Laurence despite having seen her penetrated all night by unknown men.

Julia leaned back against him, limp. Laurence was really going to have to do something about this.

“...your husband will help you keep our blessings,” the man said. Laurence only focused on their conversation when he heard a reference to himself.

“Is that not right? The cuckold husband will aid in the ritual?” asked a man that had come early.

Laurence grew more agitated all the time. Was this over? Could he bundle his wife into the carriage and head home, where he planned to spend the evening spoiling her?

“He could block the loss of our blessing, yes,” said another of the Bucks, their voices all blending together as he increasingly focused on how to escape this odd ballroom and these odd men.

“Will you keep our seed inside of your wife while we wait for the blessing to take?” asked the nearest Buck, kindly bringing him into the conversation.

“Keep your seed?”

“With your tongue. We need to ensure it stays in for several minutes before flowing back out.”

“Why didn’t I think of that,” said Laurence drily.

He approached the throne, where Julia had collapsed against the Buck currently holding her. Oh, this was too much.

“Shouldn’t my wife take the throne alone to better keep the blessing of your seed?” asked Laurence, searching for some way to pry his Julia from the man’s arms.

“She needs the warmth of the Buck’s body to incubate the shoots of spring,” said a nearby man with some pity as if all of this was terribly clear and Laurence was

struggling with cognitive impairment rather than dealing with some of the silliest men in London.

Laurence sighed audibly and got to his knees, shuffling up to where Julia's thighs were spread by the thick, hairy legs of the throned Buck. She looked down at him, her lids heavy.

"Jules," he whispered as their eyes connected. She raised her arm with what appeared to be the last of her strength and ran her hand through the side of Laurence's hair. He leaned into her loving touch and allowed her to direct his head to her core.

He loved it, allowing his Julia to demand her pleasure and direct his face until he was positioned right over her well-used cunt.

"Mmm," he said before diving in and lapping at the seed left by the Bucks.

The men rumbled behind him as they watched his performance.

"No, it must be held in," said one man.

Laurence paused his enthusiastic lapping and held the seed in with his flattened tongue.

The four Bucks that weren't currently caressing Julia's naked body circled the throne, assessing his attempts to hold in their seed and no doubt admiring their handiwork on Julia's body.

Finally, one man reached out and pushed Laurence's head until his tongue moved higher.

He jerked his head away from the man's grip, drawing the line at being controlled so degradingly.

"I think we're done here," said Laurence, sitting on his heels and backing away from Julia's body.

"Now it is time to water the fields," said the seated Buck.

"What now?" muttered Laurence, while getting to his feet and helping Julia up.

"Little doe, bathe yourself in the waters of the reflecting pool one more time, and we shall give you the fertilization needed to sprout every seed so that spring returns," said the Buck leading the way back to the reflecting pool.

"Are you amenable?" said Laurence while helping his wife walk across the soft green fabric floor back to the reflecting pool. He was prepared to snap a whole string of paper antlers if she declared herself ready to depart.

"I'm grand," she said with a tired yet happy smile. "You aren't disappointed in me, are you?"

“Only upset that we didn’t do this before now. Just a bit longer, I think,” he said, patting her hand as if they were at a poorly planned musicale and not a secret society’s ritualistic group sex act where his wife was the main attraction.

“Will you help me into the pool?” she asked, giving him a quick kiss.

He tasted something on her lips and dove in for a longer kiss, allowing their tongues to tangle. Ahh, it was the taste of musk from the man who had been fucking her throat.

He didn’t want to release her, but they came to the edge of the pool and he was forced to allow her to leave him.

Laurence watched her descend into the water once again, the diamonds at her throat throwing beams of light as high as the ceiling. One spray of diamond light hit his clothed chest, and a sense of having been pierced struck Laurence. His wife, so tired but alive, was frolicking alone before him in the water, but she was his. And he, despite every resistance he’d put up for fifteen years, was hers.

The Bucks gathered round the pool, their cocks once again in hand as they watched Julia play in the water like a nymph.

“We have planted our seeds deep inside of you, tilled your furrow, plowed your fertile fields, and with the blessings of the gods, the Grand Bucks will bring about spring once again in our fair land,” said one man as he worked his thick shaft while staring at Julia.

A Buck released a howl and loudly exclaimed, “Spring is upon you,” before releasing his seed into the pool.

She, meanwhile, was walking around the pool as she watched the men stroke their cocks. When one seemed to near climax, she raced to appear in front of him and

opened her mouth while displaying her breasts so that the splattering seed might hit some part of her.

“Spring is upon you,” said a Buck with a loud moan before releasing his spend, some into Julia’s mouth and some onto the Astwell diamond necklace.

At last, the final Buck directed his seed at Julia’s breasts and chanted the bit about spring, to Laurence’s great relief. He was more of a winter man himself, and this experience was unlikely to change that.

As the men withdrew from around the pool, Julia stepped out, now shivering slightly. Laurence removed his jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders.

“You’ll get the seed of spring on your clothing, darling,” she said with some concern.

“I don’t care,” he said, hurrying her to the room where she’d undressed. He used the jacket as a towel to remove the drops of water from her body before helping her into her clothes, though she was hardly as well laced and groomed as when she’d walked in.

When they emerged from the room, the Bucks were nowhere to be found. The quintet had stopped playing. Their shoes echoed on the marble floor of the foyer as they moved to let themselves out.

“We could look around,” said Julia playfully.

“I want nothing more to do with these secret society oddballs,” said Laurence, his eyes darting to every dark corner while making for the front door.

Suddenly, before them loomed a Buck, now wearing clothes.

Laurence pulled Julia behind him, ready to die so that she might escape harm.

“What is the meaning of this?” asked Laurence, his hand reflexively moving to the pocket of his coat — which Julia currently wore over her gown.

“We bid you adieu, mistress of spring and her consort,” said the man. “Fields must not be overtaxed by the demands of spring. We will not see each other again, at least not in this form.”

“Small mercies,” said Laurence, pulling his wife towards the door before the evening could become any stranger.

Julia waved her goodbye and thanks with the last of her strength. Laurence helped her into the carriage and leaned her against him on the ride home, during which she fell asleep.

Chapter 4

They quietly crept upstairs so as not to disturb the children or servants. They only needed each other tonight.

Laurence drew up a warm bath in his chambers and helped Julia pull off her clothes.

“We seem to do this a lot,” she said.

“You’ll hear no complaints from me.”

He helped Julia step into the big tub after he tested the water.

“Will you wash my hair?”

“You trust me with your precious locks?” he asked in surprise.

“I suppose I rather do,” she said wonderingly.

“Scoot up,” said Laurence, pulling off his clothes in a rush.

Julia did, and he slid into the tub behind her. She turned back, studying his face and chest in the gaslight.

“There’s a first time for everything,” he said.

“I’m afraid you’ll find me quite filthy with other men’s spend.”

Laurence pulled her until her back was flush with his chest. “You think I’d object?”

She relaxed into his supportive torso. “I rather think you are the most open-minded husband in all of London,” she said. “Did tonight really happen?”

“If you let me near your cunt, we can confirm with certainty,” growled Laurence. He began gently pulling the hairpins from her coiffure, then unraveling the braids and twists. “My lovely treasure,” he murmured, painstakingly separating her hair before

wetting and lathering it. He poured handfuls of water into her hair, but it was slow work to remove the suds.

She turned in his arms and kissed him suddenly on the lips.

“What’s that unexpected kiss for, my love?” he asked.

“For being unexpected,” she responded. She slid down into the water between his legs and let her hair fan out as she rinsed it more efficiently. Laurence let her wiggle in the

water, just watching as his wife frolicked once again that evening. She emerged, her hair now a wet sheet.

“You’re tired,” he said. “After I help you out of the bath, I’ll snag a picnic from the kitchen. Don’t leave my room?”

She just smiled and kissed him again lazily.

* * *

When Laurence returned to his room a bit later, he heard soft singing. Julia sat at his writing desk, a mirror from her room on the flat top and a comb in her hand as she worked out the tangles in her hair.

Laurence placed the tray in front of her. “Eat,” he said, taking the comb from her hand and slowly working at the ends of her hair before moving up.

“How do you know the secret of detangling hair?” she asked while eating a piece of apple topped with a slice of cheddar.

“Misspent youth,” he said, smiling a bit sadly at her in the mirror.

She studied the tray and took up a chunk of bread.

“I’m no longer a young man,” said Laurence.

“So you admit it,” she said playfully.

“No...what I’m trying to say is...” He paused. “My misspent youth is over. I’m desperately sorry for what I’ve put you through. I mean to be the best of husbands henceforth.”

He placed his free hand on her shoulder. She reached up and squeezed it, unsure of what to say after such a declaration.

“Open the drawer, the one on the right,” he said.

She drew forth the inlaid wood drawer. Inside were two boxes, one old and made of wood and the other a pasteboard box.

“Open the wood box,” said Laurence.

Julia opened the hinged lid. Inside lay a magnificent diamond ring, the likes of which she’d never seen.

“Is this...?”

“It’s yours. Another of the Astwell diamonds,” he said. “Property of the Duchess of Astwell, and rightfully yours for the rest of your days.”

She touched the ring wonderingly. "I'm almost scared to put it on."

"Open the other box," he said.

"I hardly think more jewels are in order," she said with a giggle as she removed the lid. Inside lay a plain gold band.

"You might not recognize this ring," he said. "You only saw it once. On our wedding day."

"Your wedding ring?" she asked.

"Aye," he said, taking the ring from the box. "And I mean to wear it as a symbol of my love for you," he said, slipping it on his finger. "My love *and* my fidelity." He deftly slid

Julia's diamond ring on her corresponding finger until it clinked against the plain band she'd been wearing since they exchanged their vows.

Julia turned in her chair to look at him.

"Do you mean to break my heart?" she asked.

"No," he said, for once serious and grave.

"Take me to bed," she responded.

He connected his lips with hers while half carrying, half walking her to his bed. He didn't bother removing their dressing gowns, just pulled them aside and plunged into his well-used wife.

"How does it feel?" she asked, scratching her nails along Laurence's scalp as he nuzzled her breasts and slowly thrust into her wet channel.

"Sloppy," he said, grunting. "Just the way I like it, my little buttered bun. I'm not hurting you, am I?"

She tapped his thrusting arse in response to the question, as he had done to her not so long ago.

He laughed and kissed her lips.

"Lud, Julia, what I wouldn't give to put a baby inside of you again."

The words acted as oil poured on a fire. Julia broke apart when he took her ring-clad hand in his and kissed her palm.

TO BE CONTINUED in *Filled by the Stud*.

* * *

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Elizabeth

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Elizabeth Roubaix could share 1066 reasons why you wouldn't want to live in the past, but would rather write super steamy, historical erotic romance. Combining tender love stories, scorching sex scenes, and an ahistorical amount of bathing, her short tales are perfect for when you want a quick and spicy trip back in time.

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Also by Elizabeth Roubaix

Shared by the Grand Bucks is the 10,000-word fourth story in the five-part *His Duchess's Lovers* series. The stories can be enjoyed individually, but it's recommended to read them in order to enjoy the sweet and filthy HEA for the Duke and Duchess of Astwell.

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HIS DUCHESS'S LOVERS BOOK FIVE

SHORT VICTORIAN EROTIC ROMANCE

Filled

BY THE

STUD

ELIZABETH ROUBAIX

Elizabeth Roubaix

Filled by the Stud

Victorian Erotic Romance (His Duchess's Lovers Book 5)

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Chapter 1

L *ondon, 1880*

“What I wouldn’t give to put a baby inside of you again.”

Julia Balistarius, Duchess of Astwell, woke up remembering her husband’s provocative words last night. Did he really mean to say that?

She attempted to move, but groaned when her sore body protested.

“Stay in bed with me,” said Laurence, her husband of fifteen years, who had recently begun to fancy himself in love with her — after she’d resolved herself to seek pleasure outside of their marriage.

“I need to visit the children in the nursery, as I do every morning,” she said, not resisting when he draped his arm over her waist and hugged her close.

“I’ll go up with you,” he said. “After we luxuriate in a manner befitting a Duke and Duchess.”

As Duke of Astwell, Laurence Balistarius knew quite a bit about how to conduct himself with ducal splendor. His wife, who came to the marriage from the industrial class with a dowry large as any northern factory, was still learning from his example.

He reached for her hand and studied the enormous diamond ring, a prize piece from the legendary Astwell jewels, that he’d finally slipped on her finger last night.

“I didn’t even have to resize the band,” he said. “You fit me so perfectly.”

Julia rolled her eyes. “I fit you perfectly for a very long time,” she said, “and you seem to prefer a bit of friction.”

“Do I ever,” said Laurence, rolling her over in a way that he landed on top, between her legs.

“We are not doing that this morning,” she said, giving him a shove to the shoulder. “I’m sore. The children need me, and we are most certainly not having another baby.”

He let Julia slide from his bed. When her feet hit the floor, her body crumbled and she gripped the bedclothes for support as her aching muscles protested last night’s hard

use by the Grand Bucks, a secret society of men that gathered to wear masks and share women.

Laurence slid from the bed and extended a helping arm. "Darling, wouldn't it be better to stay in bed?"

"You claim to want another baby, but what of the ones we have?" she asked.

"They'll still be failing to learn their letters this afternoon," he said, waving a hand.

"They're doing very well with their letters, which you'd know if you set foot inside the nursery you profess to want to fill!" she exclaimed.

"Ahh, there's my huffy, heated little pigeon," said Laurence, squiring her to her dressing room and planting a kiss on her pursed lips. "I'm afraid I made a mess of your hair last night. I'll ring for Makeblythe and she'll sort you out."

He sailed off to attend to his own preparations for the day, leaving Julia in her dressing gown with a mountain of unresolved thoughts.

* * *

When Julia was finally ready to ascend the stairs to see the children, Laurence breezed through the doorway that connected their rooms, which coincidentally no longer had

a door separating their chambers. She suspected he had instigated that change, but he wasn't owning up to it.

"Shall we, my dear?" he asked, offering his arm.

She slipped her arm in his and they swept through the townhouse together, a handsome pair finally living in harmony. Almost.

"Laurence, what you said—"

"Let's see the children. We have time to forge swords into bassinets later, especially if it means that you'll get plowed," he said.

"I can't believe you're being so crude on the way to visit the children," she said, quiet since they were passing footmen in the hall.

"My crude thoughts led to the creation of those children," he said, stealing a kiss on her neck.

They soon entered the spacious nursery, where all but their oldest child spent their days playing and learning with their various nurses, governesses, and tutors.

"Baba," said their littlest, Emilia, with her shaky voice when they entered the room, her hands in the air.

Laurence swept her up in his arms and pressed a kiss to her ruddy cheek.

"Baba," she said again, very seriously. "Baba."

"See, even Emilia wants a younger sibling," murmured Laurence for Julia's ears only.

"She seems to know you well," said Julia, a look of surprise on her face.

"Oh, we're old friends," he said, carrying the baby over to where the two older children worked with their teachers.

"Papa," said Thomas, jumping up from his desk and running to his father's side despite nearing the age when he should have developed a distaste for his pater. The boy wrapped his arms around Laurence's waist and Emilia's little legs.

"You rarely come until later," said Thomas.

"I came with Mama this morning," he said.

"Will you still come later?" he asked, hugging him tighter.

"We can still have tea together," said Laurence, placing his hand on his son's head as if in benediction.

Julia glided through the room and greeted her precious Mariona, who had been reading quietly with her governess.

When Laurence rejoined Julia, she was all amazement.

“You’ve been secretly visiting the nursery all this time?” she asked.

“I hardly think it a secret when a duke visits his children,” said Laurence, shifting Emilia so he could be closer to his wife. “It’s likely such a regular occurrence that no staff or progeny thought to comment on it.”

“You arranged your visits to the nursery so as not to coincide with mine?” she asked.

“One does not wish to compete with the star attraction,” he said, sniffing.

“Yes, thank you for not overshadowing my visits,” she said.

“I mean you. The sprogs are merely surprised that I’m here outside of my normal visiting hours. Most days when I walk in, they want nothing more than to tell me of Mama,” he said.

“We should resume our tour of the house,” said Julia, signaling with her eyes that they needed to leave.

They bid their farewells and made it a few steps down the hall before Julia pulled Laurence into a spare room.

“Are you intent on showing me the new baby’s room?” Laurence drawled in amusement.

Julia shut the door firmly behind him and tugged at his shirt, disarranging his neckcloth.

“I’m so frustrated with you, Laurence!”

He let her crowd against him and vent her feelings on his splendid tailoring.

“And why is that, my darling?”

She plucked at the buttons on his chest, her brows drawn together.

“Because now I want you!” she exclaimed, the words erupting despite her instincts for self-preservation.

Laurence shrugged off his jacket and moved to pull off his braces. “Fortunately, that’s something you can order up on a tray at any time.”

Julia didn’t resist — thank the heavens or whatever remaining deity he’d not pissed off — and she hiked up her skirts with the efficiency of a can-can dancer looking for a new patron.

She tore at the front of his trousers and only paused her furious work when she heard a ripping sound.

“Darling, did you seek to tear off my pants?” asked Laurence with a delighted smile. “Are you so hot to make our new baby that you plan to rent my clothes?”

“Oh, you are impossible,” she said, reaching into her husband’s torn trousers to feel his heavy and interested cock within his drawers.

“Are you wearing underthings?” he asked, nipping at her earlobe.

“Of course I wore undergarments to visit the children,” she said. “We’re not all libertines!”

“Who is this *we* you speak of, my dear? For just last night I saw you take nearly half a dozen masked men’s cocks in your various holes—”

“Laurence,” she hissed, gripping his cock more firmly to shut him up.

“Oh, you think that will work? I happen to like a strong hold.”

She released him with a huff. “Get it out,” she said.

“But you were doing such a good job.”

“You reminded me that I need to get my drawers off. We must think of efficiency, as my ancestors did when starting their factories,” she said.

“Don’t be too efficient, Jules. Show me the progress your drawers make as they slide down your legs.”

Julia tossed her skirts up in the back, and Laurence caught them. She was leaning forward, her sweet arse on display, now clothed by the black silk drawers supplied

recently by Madame Eugénie. She grabbed one side and let the garment slide down her legs until she was leaning forward with a bare cunt on display.

“Grab the doorknob,” said Laurence, his voice suddenly rough.

Julia swung around and sought the knob, which steadied her as she bent at the waist.

“I’m going to feed my cock into you now,” he said. “If it’s too much or hurts after last night’s festivities, I need you to tell me.”

“Do it,” she said, arching her back more in anticipation of being filled.

He lined himself up behind Julia and slowly fed himself into her tight clasp.

“Funny that you should want to rip my cock violently from its warm nest when you’re reminded of the chief benefits of our coupling,” he said right into her ear as he bent over her and drove himself in and out.

“Orgasms?” she asked.

“You claimed those to be absent until just recently,” he responded. “I meant our delightful children.”

“Laurence, if you talk about the children while you’re inside of me, I’m going to work in my greenhouse and leave you here with a stiff cock.”

“Fair enough, darling, but what of our hypothetical future children?” he reached a hand around to support her lower belly.

“We are not rushing into making a baby!” she said, exasperated.

“Ahh, but I am very open to making a new baby very slowly indeed,” he said, slowing his strokes.

“You know that’s not what I meant.”

“A man can hope,” he said.

“I’ve been a woman hoping for years, and this sudden sea change is quite jarring.”

Laurence pulled out of his wife and turned her around so that her back rested against the door. He placed his hands on either side of her face and studied the haunted expression in her eyes that she’d tried to hide from him for so long.

He gathered her skirts and lifted one thigh so it rested over his, then drove himself home again, saying nothing as they adjusted to the intimacy of needing to hold each other while fucking.

“I don’t want to be one of those wives that succumbs to her husband’s pleading and pronouncements of fidelity only to find herself swollen with child yet again and forced to accept that he’s off conducting another affair,” she said, tears glimmering on

her lower lashes.

Laurence maintained his pace, but focused his efforts on holding and kissing Julia.

“Nothing that I can say will banish these fears,” he said, taking her hand in his before kissing her palm. “They’re the well-founded observations of a woman that has earned her skepticism.”

He picked up his pace, causing the door to rattle against the frame.

“But I mean to be true to you, Julia. And I see no reason to curtail your amorous activities, not when we both enjoy them so much.”

Her eyes locked with his.

“I mean to prove my devotion to you over time, no matter how long it takes,” he said. “And I think you’ll want a baby made from our blossoming love.”

A tear slipped from Julia’s eye, but she was tentatively smiling.

“No matter how long it takes,” he said before kissing her tenderly, then mercilessly. “I owe you all the time and orgasms in the world, and I plan to serve my time in your service with good cheer.”

Laurence applied his fingers at Julia’s throbbing clitoris and worked her nub in time with his thrusts.

“In the meantime, we can play with an expert in making babies. Would you like that, to pretend to be bred by a stud of the first order?”

Julia broke apart in his arms at his provocative words, her pussy wetter than ever before, as her husband told her what he had in mind.

Chapter 2

“We’re going to put a baby in my wife,” said Laurence conversationally to the man seated at his right.

“Play at putting a baby in me,” said Julia, exasperated as she sipped her champagne and surveyed the restaurant to make sure that they weren’t overheard.

“In that case, Julia, perhaps we should source some health-giving beef broth for you rather than champagne,” said Adam Chevestrer, a self-made mogul of the high street. Julia cast him a frown, which delighted him to no end. In one fraction of a lifetime, he’d gone from being unworthy of the notice of a duchess to close friends with the Astwells and others of their aristocratic class.

What most members of society didn’t know is that Adam raised the capital for his early ventures by serving as a stud for London’s elite in need of heirs. He raised fast capital, they happily raised his babies, and primogeniture lived to see another day. Adam was now one of the wealthiest men in Britain, but he occasionally found time to

play stud for the finest families in the land. Julia insisted that the emphasis today was on *play*.

“Julia doesn’t believe that I plan to be faithful to her now that we’ve declared our love for each other,” said Laurence, his voice rising at the end so that any patrons of the restaurant could hear him clearly.

Julia ducked her head in embarrassment.

“I dare say, is that the Duke of Astwell declaring his love for his wife at Verrey’s?” said Adam in an equally loud voice.

She groaned and gathered her skirts, making to leave the establishment.

“Now Julia, I know you’d like to rush home and get the baby started, but we still have the rest of our meal to consume,” said Laurence. “We must think of the health of the child.”

She huffed and sat. “There is no baby’s health to think of, and there will not be a baby if I toss you from the carriage on the way home.”

“You’d like to toss one off in the carriage on the way home?” asked Laurence, deliberately twisting her words. “I could be amenable to that. I just never thought you’d be the type of woman—”

Adam ran a hand up Julia’s forearm to calm her and protect the establishment’s crystal glasses from being lobbed at the Duke’s aquiline nose. He moved his hand up and down her arm, gentling her like one of his thoroughbreds.

He leaned closer to Julia’s ear. “This is how I’m going to stroke the inside of you when we *play* at breeding.”

“Adam, I don’t think that’s going to do much for me,” she said, watching his hand curiously.

“Figure of speech, my dear,” he said, giving her a friendly peck on the cheek. “What’s this new ring on your finger?”

Julia adjusted the enormous diamond ring from the Astwell jewels Laurence had recently given her as a sign of his regard.

“Just marking my wife,” said Laurence, cutting in. “Can’t have the gents she plays with getting the wrong idea about her husband’s claim.”

Julia twisted the ring on her finger.

“I say, she’s pleased by that, old boy,” said Adam, clapping his friend on the back. “Blushing cheeks, won’t meet our eyes: she likes the sound of that very much.”

Julia downed the rest of her champagne. "I could have taken Thomas and Mariona to this restaurant and had better company," she said. "You two are a fine pair."

"And won't you know it," said Laurence softly, while signaling for the check. "You're going to feel every bit of this pair tonight and as many nights as you need until you're once again making a new Astwell for my nursery."

"*Our* nursery," she replied, as possessive of her children as any mother in the animal kingdom.

The trio sallied forth from the restaurant into the waiting ducal carriage, where the men took seats side by side on the rear-facing bench. Julia sat alone, quiet, while they

shared tales of recent horse acquisitions and races. Was this supposed to get her hot and wanting? The results from Epsom Derby?

She huffed and adjusted her position on the bench. The men carried on with their chatter, leaving her feeling quite forgotten. She'd had enough of that!

Resolving to grab their attention come hell or high water, Julia hiked up her skirts.

They continued previewing the Royal Ascot and the chances of a British Thoroughbred named Bend Or. This would never do. Once they got into odds, she was never getting bent over or wet.

Julia slowly opened her thighs and let her hand rest on the place where the top of her stocking met bare skin.

The conversation stopped.

"Jules," said Laurence with a pained voice, "tell me you're wearing drawers under there."

Adam shifted on the seat next to him, letting his thighs spread open as his cock swelled in his trousers.

Lifting her silk dress slowly so that the sound of every rustle rolled over Laurence pleurably, Julia drew up her skirts.

"Is she...?" asked Adam.

"Shaved bare," said Laurence, palming his cock over his trousers. "My valet does it for us."

Adam bit the soft part of his hand between the thumb and index finger, not daring to put a hand to his cock.

"Julia, if you show us your pretty pussy so far from the house, how will we have any seed left for your womb?" asked Laurence.

"I suppose you'll just have to work very hard to maintain control of yourselves," she said, allowing her hand to drift to her core.

"Are you asking to be bred in the carriage, my love?" asked Laurence.

"I find I've rather come to enjoy your attention," she said. "So give it to me."

Laurence switched benches and slid next to his wife while nodding his head to show that Adam could take the space on the other side of her.

"Why don't you open your bodice a bit and show Adam those little marks I left on your bobbies," he said.

"You weren't supposed to make marks," she ground out.

“Yes, but I was feeling so possessive after seeing you with the Grand Bucks that I got carried away. Oops.”

“Infuriating man,” she said fondly. “How could you be possessive when you share so well?”

“A paradox that even I can’t explain,” he said, wrapping his hand around her face and pulling her in for a kiss.

Adam slid his kidskin-gloved hand into Julia’s opened bodice, where he proceeded to grope her breast roughly.

“What if I add marks of my own?” asked Adam, whispering into Julia’s ear. She shuddered in response, leaning against his solid chest.

“No marks,” said Laurence as he watched Adam palming Julia’s breast with interest.

“No marks, but you’ll let me put a baby in your wife? I like the way you operate, my friend,” said Adam good naturedly.

“Sadly, we’re only going to play at breeding my Duchess,” said Laurence.

“When you see what’s in store, I hardly think you’ll be sad,” said Adam.

As the carriage slowed in front of the ducal townhouse, Julia frantically rearranged her bodice and skirts before the door could open and expose her as a woman finally getting every need met.

She stepped out with the help of both Laurence and Adam — really, they were being too much — and she shook off their attempts to carry her in the house.

She led the way to the ducal apartments and paused outside the entrances, unsure of which side to enter.

“Yours, I think,” interjected Laurence. “My side is for us to enjoy alone.”

Her heart soared at his wish to keep some aspect of their lives private. What if they were falling in love together, after all?

Julia pushed the door open, and the men crowded in after her. Laurence pulled her towards his armchair near the fire and Adam brought up the rear, where he was already tossing up her skirts.

Laurence slid into the seat and directed his wife’s hands to the armchair, where he supported her as she bent over at Adam’s instigation.

“How does she look?” asked Laurence, smug and aware that Julia’s cunt from that angle, from any angle, was a rare treat to behold.

“Ungh,” said Adam, making a noise before diving in to suck Julia’s pussy from behind.

Julia cried out in surprise and pleasure while gripping the arms of the chair harder as Adam drove his tongue into her.

“You’re a good girl, Julia Balistarius, for letting a sad bachelor get a taste of your pretty cunny. We must think of the needs of those less fortunate than us.”

Julia laughed, and her eyes connected with Laurence’s soft gaze.

“You are a pretty little thing, aren’t you?” asked Laurence, running his thumb over her lips.

She opened her mouth and took Laurence’s thumb inside, sucking on it eagerly.

“You want something to suck on?” he asked, moving his hips to show off his hard cock.

“But I thought you were saving up your seed to put a baby in me?” she asked innocently.

Laurence groaned, reaching down to open his fly. “I’ll make more. Trust me, I can make more for you.”

Adam worked his tongue into Julia’s channel and she hung her head as pleasure washed over her.

“See, you’re drawn to it, getting closer all the time,” said Laurence, not pulling out his cock, just letting his trousers stay open suggestively near Julia’s face.

“I suppose I owe you a little lick for arranging today’s entertainment,” she said.

“Yes, a little lick, followed by a suck, and then a small trip into your thro—”

Julia withdrew his cock and sucked on it eagerly to curtail his babbling.

“Oh,” said Laurence, placing his arms over Julia’s where they gripped the chair.

From behind, Adam lifted Julia’s thigh slightly so he could work himself over her nub more effectively. She was balancing more on one leg than the other, and huffed little cries around Laurence’s cock as she bobbed in his lap.

Laurence smoothed the hairs that had dislodged from their debauchery and helped her set a delectable pace.

“Have I mentioned that you are a dream, wife?” asked Laurence.

Julia hummed in response.

“I need to unload in her,” reported Adam from the floor. “If it takes much longer, I won’t be able to control where that spend is headed.”

“Are you ready to be bred, my love?” asked Laurence.

Julia emitted a small growl, despite her mouth being filled.

Laurence laughed and helped direct her head up from his cock.

“Play at being bred,” he said, before kissing her sweetly on the lips.

Chapter 3

There was a scratch at the door.

Julia grabbed her bodice and her eyes flew to her husband's.

"I asked Makeblythe to come and assist with undressing you," he said.

Julia relaxed immediately. Her trusted lady's maid was the soul of discretion and would prevent bothersome rips to her bodice or stains of illicit origin on her skirts.

Makeblythe entered the room and rushed to Julia's side, ignoring the men as she sought to please her mistress. Adam and Laurence watched as the maid led Julia to the

center of the room. Once there, they quickly stripped her of her garments, leaving her only in her stockings.

“Leave those on,” said Laurence and Adam simultaneously when Makeblythe started to remove them.

They chuckled and clasped hands with each other, watching the women together like audience members at a show.

“Makeblythe and Julia sometimes like to play games,” said Laurence.

“What games?” responded Adam, cupping his clothed cock as he surveyed Julia’s naked form.

“Yes, Julia, what games?” asked Laurence, surveying the women.

“Makeblythe and I merely ensure that my body is prepared for any and all eventualities,” said Julia.

“Makeblythe sticks toys in Julia and licks her pussy,” translated Laurence.

“The items are not toys. They’re medical implements supplied by my doctor. And Makeblythe merely helps with the lubrication in the affected area.”

“She licks my wife’s pussy *a lot*,” said Laurence to his friend.

“Licking pussy? She puts her tongue on a cat. Do I have that right?” asked Adam loudly. “If I’m wrong, I’d certainly appreciate a demonstration.”

Makeblythe trailed her hand up Julia’s thigh and the women gathered close to exchange a few words.

Laurence reached out and put a hand on Adam’s forearm. “When they look at each other like that, we’re about to get quite a show.”

Makeblythe nodded and departed for the dressing room. When she returned, she held in her hand a glass implement of considerable size.

“Don’t tell me,” said Adam, groaning with pleasure.

“My wife has been working hard indeed. You’re in for quite a treat.”

“She’s about to be worked hard by that monster. What does it feel like sliding in after she’s been fucked by *that*?”

Laurence had to look away for fear of being overcome and soiling his trousers. “Closest thing to heaven. Feels like she’s been used by all and sundry. Wet, too, just a mess. God, I love that woman.”

Makeblythe had Julia spread out on the bed and was playing with her cunny lips while plying her with kitten licks to the nub periodically.

“How’s Julia going to take that big—”

“Oh, you’ll see,” said Laurence. “She’ll swallow it right up once she’s wet enough.”

Adam turned away from the scene on the bed to collect himself. Makeblythe the maid had a plump, comely figure, and her full bum was wiggling in the air as she worked on the Duchess. She reminded Adam of the women he’d encountered in service who had

strong, hale bodies and lusty appetites to match. What he wouldn't give to toss up her skirts and roger her senseless.

"Laur," moaned Julia from the bed, causing her husband to rush to her side. He clasped her hand.

"What is it, my love? Are you unwell?"

"I just wanted you to supervise the insertion of the glass medical implement," she said.

"Nothing would please me more, Jules," he said against her temple before grabbing the glass phallus. "This diletto is quite something. Do you know something about what Adam keeps in his trousers that I don't?"

Julia smiled. "I thought to prepare myself to accept two cocks. At the same time."

Laurence dropped his head to the bed and shook with laughter. "And to think, I once thought you were a prim miss. What a fool I was."

Makeblythe was sucking Julia more lustily now, her lips and tongue working over her pussy as Julia played with her own nipples.

"Adam, watch her take this false cock, see how much she wants to be bred."

"Medical implement," Julia sniffed.

"I'll implement something in you that requires medical attention," said Laurence, then paused. "That doesn't sound nice at all. I meant a baby."

Julia groaned. "I realized what you meant. And there's no need for medical intervention because there will not be a baby!"

"Shall we show Adam and Makeblythe how we play doctor? You know as well as I do we can play that, too."

Julia covered her eyes, humiliated that their secret play was being shared widely, but also feeling hotter and wetter at the idea of bringing Adam and her lady's maid into the pantomime. "Get the egg," she whispered to Laurence despite her misgivings.

He hopped up from the bed, suddenly full of energy, and opened the drawer next to Julia's bed. From it, he withdrew a large glass egg, somewhat larger than that of the largest chicken egg.

Laurence showed the *medical implement* to Makeblythe and Adam, then moved it down to where Julia's wet cunt was waiting to accept it. Laurence spotted Adam slipping his

hand under Makeblythe's skirts and smiled to himself: his friend was just the sort of libertine welcome in this house.

Laurence fitted the egg to Julia's entrance and pushed it into her channel.

"Ooh," she said, accepting it.

"See how her belly swells?" asked Laurence, gesturing to Julia's flat midsection. "Swell a bit, if you don't mind, darling."

Julia huffed, but pushed her belly out to play their game.

"Beautiful, a mother heavy with child," he said. "Let me hear the baby is well."

He leaned down and put his ear to Julia's stomach while rubbing his fingers through her nether lips.

"In perfect health. The child is due any minute. And her breasts," said Laurence, plucking at his wife's nipples and causing a bit of milk to leak, "are full for my baby."

Makeblythe slumped against Adam as his hand worked faster under her skirts.

"What's that?" said Laurence. "It's time for the baby to arrive? Show them how you push it out, darling."

"Laurence, I can't do that," whispered Julia, embarrassed to have their private play exposed to friends.

"But they want to see you perform a miracle," he said, rubbing her once-again flat stomach. "If we can't breed you in truth, we should get to play at it."

Julia surveyed his pouting mouth and felt her own desire to open her body and their lives to their friends.

"Hoo hoo," said Julia softly, pantomiming the breaths she released when laboring.

Laurence put his head between her legs and surveyed the progress. "Almost there. Adam, you should see how close we are to meeting your baby."

Adam looked over at Julia while continuing to finger Makeblythe, watching as the Duchess twisted and turned on the bed as if actually laboring.

"It's crowning," said Laurence, feeling the place where her channel stretched to allow the egg to pass. He trailed a fingertip over Julia's nub and she exploded, forcing the glass egg out onto the bed.

"My best hen, a real prize layer," said Laurence, roughly opening his trousers and removing his cock. "I can't wait another moment to get inside you, love."

He plunged into his wife, then held still for a moment, his eyes closed, as he sought to regain control of himself.

“Are you so hot to breed me that you’re going to come fast?” asked Julia, cinching her inner muscles around him.

“Fuck, wife, you need to let me have some chance of not disgracing myself.”

“But Adam is here to make up for anything you can’t provide,” said Julia innocently. “Should you fail to bring me to paroxysm, he’ll step in and act as stud to make sure I’m properly bred.”

Laurence hung his head as he summoned the self-control to move without unloading his seed. Slowly, he withdrew from her cunt.

“What are you doing?” she asked, genuinely surprised by his actions.

He took up the glass diletto. “I’m going to stretch your cunny and make you come so enthusiastically that if I cannot maintain control of my cock, you’ll be so worn out from orgasms that you won’t realize my failures.”

Julia drew his face close to hers. “I happen to like your loss of control now that you pay so much attention to my pleasure.”

“Really?”

“It makes me feel powerful to extract your orgasm from you despite your battle for control,” she said.

“In that case, my darling, I’ll get back in,” he said, while reinserting his cock.

Behind them, Adam had Makeblythe bent over with her drawers at her ankles. He was thrusting his cock through her nether lips, not entering, merely running it back and forth, allowing the head to catch on her clitoris pleurably.

“I suppose I should ask your given name since I’m one slip from filling your little cunny,” said Adam.

The lady’s maid giggled and whispered something into his ear. Adam nodded, tucking that morsel away for later.

“Do you enjoy watching your master and mistress play?” Adam asked while sliding his hands into her bodice. Full fucking tits, just the thing he liked to match a ripe, shaking ass. She was a treat.

“I like to watch, but what I like most is to play *with* them. With her,” said Makeblythe.

“If I let you on that bed right now, what would you do first?” he asked, fighting the urge to plunge himself inside of Julia’s luscious maid.

“Lick my mistress’s cunny,” said Makeblythe, desire clear in her voice. “While the master splits her little hole with that implement.”

“My god, did you get wetter still just telling me that?” he asked. “I suppose you should go ask permission and apply yourself to Her Grace’s needs.”

Makeblythe found her footing and quickly approached the bed.

“Your cunny, Your Grace?” asked Makeblythe, their routine firmly established by now.

Julia gestured her closer to the place where Laurence was struggling to delay his orgasm. The maid leaned down and applied her tongue to the places Laurence’s cock split the Duchess’s cunt.

“Fuck, I’m coming,” said Laurence, unable to resist unloading himself when confronted with the feeling of Julia around his cock and Makeblythe’s expert mouth

even glancing against him. He thrust in deep as if to breed his wife and then merely hovered over her body to see her reaction.

“That’s one seed delivered,” she said, kissing his lips.

“One of many tonight, I hope,” he said before pulling out of her.

“I should use the implement to keep the seed inside of Her Grace,” said Makeblythe, taking up the enormous glass phallus and placing it at Julia’s entrance.

“Excellent work,” said Laurence, “and the seed will ease the way for that beast.”

The lady’s maid notched the diletto at Julia’s entrance and waited for a sign that she was ready. Upon exchanging a glance with her mistress, she pressed it in slowly, allowing her to adjust to the length and breadth.

“Oh,” said Julia, feeling almost full to bursting.

Adam returned to fingering Makeblythe as he watched the women play on the bed. He was going to need to unload somewhere soon.

“Can I stick my cock in you?” he whispered into Makeblythe’s ear, suddenly enamored with the idea of fucking two beautiful women tonight.

“I’ve never...” she trailed off, returning her attention to Julia when she cried out.

Oh, this lusty lass wanted to play virgin, did she? Adam’s cock was fit to burst at the thought of even pretending to plow for the first time that pudgy little cunt he’d been so happily fingering tonight.

“I need in somewhere,” said Adam, gripping the base of his cock.

Makeblythe removed the diletto, and all three parties on the bed regarded Julia’s stretched hole.

“Fuck,” said Adam, plunging in and riding Julia hard. Laurence sat back and watched, languidly playing with his wife’s nipples.

Makeblythe licked her lips and boldly lowered herself to Julia’s nub, which she sucked until feeling a gentle hand at her nape. Adam was directing her to where his cock

spread Julia's nether lips and she happily moved down to bathe them with her skilled tongue.

"Goddamn, Lucy!" cried Adam as he poured himself deep into Julia's grasping cunt.

"Who the fuck is Lucy?" Laurence muttered, looking around the room.

"It's Makeblythe's given name, darling," said Julia softly, regarding the pair in the middle of the bed speculatively.

Laurence took up the diletto and inserted it once more into Julia's sloppy cunt. He moved it around playfully when he realized she was so wet that the implement caused it to make noise when agitated.

He played happily, humming a little tune as he played his wife until he hit upon some part of her that was more sensitive than the rest.

"There, there," she said, tightening suddenly.

Laurence's gaze suddenly sharpened, and he applied himself to finding that spot on the front wall of her cunt over and over.

"Oh no," Julia moaned, "no."

"Should I stop darling?"

"No, I just feel so, oh no."

"What is it, my love?"

"I feel like I'm going to burst," she said.

"Yes, that's the idea," said Laurence.

"No, not in paroxysm, but...I feel like I might make water!"

He growled and kept thrusting, liking the idea of her squirting in front of an audience thanks to his ministrations.

"Laurence, no, I'd feel so humiliated," she cried, tears forming in her eyes.

He immediately stopped, realizing that she was serious about not wanting to ejaculate in front of their friends.

He gathered her close, his words for her ears alone. "I won't heap humiliation upon you any longer, but should you feel you *want* to show Adam and...Lucy how wet you

can get, please don't let shame hold you back, my love. Your body makes beautiful things."

Julia nuzzled into his neck, rubbing the nascent tears into his skin until she felt better.

"Come inside me?" she asked.

Laurence stretched out on the bed next to his wife, his head resting on one of her pillows. It smelled faintly of her hair, though it had been some time since she'd slept anywhere but his bed. No wonder she was still concerned about his plan to stay faithful to her and his resolve to never humiliate her again: it hadn't been enough time for the bedclothes to air out from the scent of her unsatisfied, unhappily in love body.

"Come, my love," directing her up to sit upon his rigid cock.

Julia lifted herself and lowered with ease, her body having become stronger from all the hard use and Laurence's tender care.

The couple faced each other and Julia allowed herself to collapse on Laurence's chest temporarily. He wrapped his powerful arms around her and hummed the tune from earlier.

"What's that song?" she asked.

"Just a ditty about a pretty baby," he replied, smiling when she rolled her eyes at him.

Julia lifted herself on his cock and let herself slide down his shaft.

"Oh, that's a good girl," said Laurence, grasping her arse cheeks to help guide her movements. "Where do you want Adam?"

"In my..."

"Say it, my girl."

"In my pussy," she breathed. "I want both of you to play at breeding me at the same time."

Laurence shifted her arse up and down faster, heated beyond words at his wife's lusty demands.

"Adam," said Laurence to his friend, currently pressed against Makeblythe. The mogul kissed Lucy's neck and seemed to extract a promise from her before he tapped her on the arse and she scurried off from the room.

"You seem to be making several conquests today," said the Duke, impressed at his friend's ability to entertain both mistress and maid at the same time.

"You've a loyal and beautiful maid, Your Grace," said Adam, approaching the bed with his heavy cock in hand. He cupped his balls while surveying where Laurence was

entering the Duchess.

“You want me in there? Sure I can fit?” asked Adam.

“We’ll make it fit,” said Laurence, spreading Julia’s arse cheeks to show off her penetrated cunt. Laurence slid in and out and Julia, wrapped in his arms, just had to take him.

“Never while running errands for slop and a bit of bread did I imagine I would one day share a hole with a duke.”

“I’m glad your childhood shielded you enough to not have that thought in your mind,” replied Laurence.

Adam lined himself up with the small gap in Julia’s cunt that Laurence didn’t currently occupy and slowly eased himself in.

Julia let out a small cry as she was stretched to her limit.

“Oh, that’s the stuff that dreams are made of,” said Adam, watching his cock spear Julia alongside Laurence’s. “A tight fit.”

“Then a nice, loose hole when I take you alone,” said Laurence into Julia’s ear, causing her to shudder with pleasure at the memory of their sloppy fucking following her night with the Grand Bucks.

“Lucy turned my furnace so high that I’m struggling to hold on in this soft, wet cunt,” said Adam, aware that aristocratic ladies liked nothing more than rough talk from the lads they paid to service them.

Laurence felt for Julia’s nipples, which she was rubbing against his chest. He took her breasts in hand, as best as possible, and bucked his hips to keep driving his wife towards orgasm.

“Which of us do you think is going to deliver the load that makes the baby?” asked Laurence, feeling her grip around him at his filthy words. “Or maybe you’re going to get bred twice over tonight and give me twins.”

Julia panted at his words, knowing that she wouldn’t fall pregnant because of the precautionary measures she had taken this afternoon, but hotter than a blast furnace all the same.

“Adam, how does she feel?” asked Laurence, eager to gauge if his friend was as close to spending as he was.

“Fucking tight and wet and like she can take all of my seed,” he said.

Julia moaned and let her head rest against Laurence’s chest as she received their cocks.

“You going to unload a nut in that little hole?” asked Laurence.

“I’m ready to breed a duchess.”

Julia felt herself winding tight.

“You need to grip us now and hold in all of that seed so you can make me a baby. Is your belly ready to receive us?” asked Laurence, moving his hand down to her lower stomach.

Julia gave a little cry as she felt the first tremor of her orgasm. “Oh!”

Laurence shifted his fingers to her nub, which he rubbed with abandon, now aware that in her crisis, nothing got Julia hotter faster than messy rubbing all over her pussy.

“She’s going to squeeze me to death,” ground out Adam. “I’m going to pump her full now.”

“Open up, darling, we’re putting this baby inside you.”

Julia broke apart at his words and shook violently as the men thrust into her spasming hole. Adam cried out and emptied into Julia, slowing his thrusts, but continuing to penetrate her just to feel on his dick the seed he’d deposited inside of her cunt.

Laurence soon followed, triggered by the sudden wetness in Julia’s channel and knowledge that if they’d taken her unprotected, his seed would currently fight with Adam’s for the chance to impregnate his wife.

Laurence and Julia stared at each other, their breath intermingling, as they recovered from their respective orgasms.

“I should have treated you like this when we really made our babies. Cared for you like this when you carried the sprogs in truth.”

Laurence reached for Julia’s hand and let their wedding rings clink against each other, something he did often when holding her in his arms.

The sound seemed to soothe him and Laurence closed his eyes while memorizing the feel of his wife’s body, sated in his arms.

They barely noticed when Adam pulled out and departed like a man on a mission, their lips meeting sweetly as they drifted further in love, together at last.

Chapter 4

Two years later.

Julia looked up from her breakfast tray, resting alongside Laurence's matching tray on the enormous ducal bed. He was covertly studying his wife's nightgown-clad body in the reflection of her egg spoon, but quickly realized he'd been caught leering. He had been caught too often, so he was trying to reduce his obvious ogling.

"Yes, my Duchess?"

Julia smoothed the bedclothes and fiddled with a piece of toast in the rack.

"Emilia is about to turn three years old soon," she said.

"As she tells us every afternoon at tea," replied Laurence with a soft smile.

"Yes, but...that means it has been some time since we...changed our marriage."

"And what fun it has been," he said, kissing her palm as he reflected on the many adventures they'd had together — and with special guests intended to lavish Julia with the erotic attention she so desired. That they both desired for her. "Each day I thank whatever deity inspired you to demand your pleasure. You're a marvel, my wife."

"I suppose what I'm trying to say is..."

Laurence looked into his wife's eyes, curious about where her desires would lead them next.

"What I wouldn't give to have you put a baby inside of me again."

Laurence paused, unable to process her request at first. He placed a large hand on her lower belly.

"Are you sure?" he asked gravely, the fear of things going wrong shooting through him. In the years since their agreement to change the marriage, she'd become more

than a wife. She was his best friend and confidante, the person he looked to above all others.

“You’ve given me four of the most delightful children ever to walk this earth, Laurence. I can’t accept the idea that there’s not at least one more that we should make.”

“No doubt they’d be a delightful little thing,” said Laurence, feeling rare tears at the corners of his eyes.

“Are you weeping, darling?” asked Julia, sliding a hand up his cheek in wonder.

“I love you, Julia Balistarius,” he said, hefting the tray from his lap, then removing hers.

“And I love you, Laurence,” she said, purposefully omitting the titles he’d worn like a heavy mantle since childhood.

“You’ve got your pick of studs now that word has quietly spread regarding your charms,” he said.

“And yet I’ve already selected the father of my baby,” she said, shifting her hand to his firm chest. “The stud that has already sired our four children.”

“Have you eaten enough for breakfast?” he asked.

“I suppose so. Why?”

“Because I intend to keep you in bed, filled over and over, until we make this love child you’ve promised me,” he said.

“It might take some time. I’m not as young as I used to be,” she said.

“Neither am I, and all the better,” he growled, crawling onto his wife and insinuating himself between her legs.

“You’re no longer taking the seeds?” he asked.

“I stopped a few days ago,” she replied.

“And you’re fertile?”

“As best as I can tell. You can feel inside my channel yourself to determine whether I’m ready to be bred.”

Laurence closed his eyes as if in pain. Oh, what a minx was his Julia. A perfect, delicious minx that was all his — except for when she wasn’t.

“I’ll just,” he slid his hand up her thigh and let himself tease Julia’s nether lips before inserting two fingers to assess her condition, “feel if you’re ready to receive your stud.”

They both shuddered when Laurence pushed into Julia’s wet channel.

“That certainly feels receptive,” he said.

Laurence grabbed his wife’s tiara, which had been resting on the table next to their bed since they’d returned late last night from a ball. He settled it on her dear head.

“I might treat you like breeding stock, but never forget that you are my duchess.”

Julia pulled him down to her so they could exchange a passionate kiss. He broke away.

“You asked for a stud, and you’re getting one,” he said. “On your knees and grip the headboard like I taught you.”

Julia rushed to comply, feeling the tops of her thighs slippery with her natural lubrication. She felt her channel bloom to make space for her husband’s cock, her breath catching as she felt her pussy swell and expand for him.

Overcome with desire to be filled with Laurence’s seed, Julia hung on to the headboard with her head lower than her hands.

The Duke pressed himself behind her and let his cock tease her cunny from behind.

“I hear you want a baby, Duchess,” he said, adjusting the tiara so it wouldn’t fall from her head.

“That’s right, but only the seed of a duke will do. Do you know a stud that is able to pump ladies full of aristocratic spend?”

“Do I ever,” said Laurence, fitting his cockhead at her entrance and slowly, teasingly pressing in.

“It might take several meetings for your seed to take. Can I count on you to get my belly swollen with your child?”

“I should like nothing better than plowing this cunt until my duchess carries my baby.”

Julia’s muscles went lax as Laurence dragged his cock in and out of her sensitive channel.

Laurence reached down to cup Julia’s breasts, now returned to their usual size after weaning Emilia. “The thought of your breasts full of milk again,” he said, jerking

involuntarily as he considered all the ways they could play together this time, “my balls ache for want of filling you.”

Julia brought one hand down from the headboard and placed it over her husband’s. The bands of her wedding rings made a small noise when they clicked against the gold band he now wore proudly.

“I’m sore for want of your seed. Make me swell,” she said.

Laurence picked up the pace, driving into his wife over and over. She received his thrusts like a patient, mounted mare and groaned when she felt his balls slap against her.

“Your breasts won’t be all that swells,” said Laurence, letting his hand trail down to her stomach. “I’m going to fill you with a big baby this time, and you’ll be bursting at the seams.”

“I should hope we might have money to spare for clothes suitable for an expecting mother,” she said with a fond smile.

“No, I want to show off my work to all and sundry. “You’ll be at garden parties with fabric stretched across your growing belly, showing the potency of my seed. Showing that I’m the man that gets to breed you.”

“Sounds uncomfortable,” she said.

“In that case, we’ll take you home and get those tight clothes off,” he said, maintaining a punishing rhythm. “I’ll strip you of your clothes and wash your beautiful body and lead you to your bedroom.”

“My bedroom? Why mine?”

“Because we’ll no doubt be entertaining special guests,” he said. “Once you feel my baby quicken, we can bring in playmates for you. Would you like that?”

“Are you sure?” she said, moaning as he hit a delicious spot. “I’ll be so large with child and ungainly. I doubt any man would want to come near me.”

“Should you feel the urge to play, trust me, plenty of men would love nothing more than to frolic with a lush goddess currently in a breeding state.”

“I hardly think—”

Laurence wrapped his hands around her belly as if she were already pregnant. “Push out.”

“But I’m—”

“No, you’re not pregnant yet, but you will be soon if my seed has anything to say about it. Let’s practice how we’ll play when it comes to pass,” he said.

Julia let her belly expand and pressed it out further.

They both groaned at the feeling of the Duchess's cunt shifting in response.

“See, this is what your friends will feel when they fuck you while you carry my baby,” he said, his hands still cradling her midsection. “And I’ll be there to ensure that they

take proper care of you. They'll have to be gentle and giving if they want to enjoy the pleasure of fucking my luscious wife."

Julia grunted at the vision he painted, which was beyond her most erotic longings.

Laurence continued, "They'll need to keep you wet and spasming if they want access to your precious hole. I'll want to see you well-used, but still able to make my next baby as hale as the others."

"Who would you like to see fucking me, darling?" asked Julia as she wound closer to her climax. "The Baron?"

"Not the Baron," Laurence groaned, his enmity towards that man never quite abating after Julia's visit to him a few years ago.

"What about the Count?" asked Julia, naming a favorite of the Balistariuses.

"Oh, he'll get a turn on you, certainly. And Mr. Emelot."

"And what of Hugh Carnifex?" asked Julia, curious to know how Laurence would respond.

"It seems almost cruel to give Hugh a taste, since a child is what he wants more than anything, but if you both are amenable, we could certainly invite him to the townhouse. You make a beautiful couple."

"*We* make a beautiful couple," she said, regarding where her hand gripped the headboard with Laurence's over it.

"Spoken like a true duchess."

"It's what you made me," she said, turning her head for a kiss.

"I think you rather made yourself a real duchess," he said contemplatively.

"There's something I need you to make me now."

"What's that?"

"A mother. Again," she said, bracing for his increasingly powerful thrusts, knowing that her words would inspire him to a lustful frenzy.

"Fuck, Julia," said Laurence, shifting to hold her hips and drive into her. "I'd give up every title I've ever held just to hold one role."

"What's that?"

"Your stud," he said, reaching down to feel for her nub.

"Are we really going to do this? Make a baby?"

“I absolutely mean to fill you, my love. My balls ache to pour their seed into you.”

Julia arched her back to take her husband deeper. “I need you to shoot deep. Flood my womb with your spend and make me swell.”

Laurence cupped his balls, almost too pained by his own desire to release his seed.

He shifted his fingers to strum Julia’s bud in alternating strokes of firm and soft, then felt her break apart around his cock.

“Oh, that’s it, that’s it,” he said, holding out to make sure his wife experienced every moment of her orgasm. “Take it, take this cock and drag forth my seed.”

“Laurence, Laurence—”

“Head down against the bed. We need you receiving all that I’ve got and storing it to make a baby.”

“It’s so much.”

“I haven’t even started pouring myself into you,” he said, letting her spasms continue as long as possible. “Are you ready to be bred?”

“Yes!”

Laurence finally released his iron control and let his cock spurt ropes of seed into his wife’s wet and welcoming body.

“Do you feel that spend filling your womb with my baby?” he asked. “Hold it in. I want another Balistarius from you.”

Epilogue

“Another Balistarius,” said Dr. Riddle, lifting the screaming newborn as if in celebration.

Laurence buried his face into his wife’s hair, trying to conceal the tears that broke after several hours of her labor.

“A healthy baby boy, he is a marvel,” said the doctor.

Julia turned her face to exchange a soft kiss with her husband.

“We made him,” she said, watching the squealing infant get cleaned by the nurses rushing around the side of the bed.

“We made it,” he whispered back, bringing one trembling hand to smooth her hair.

“I’m so happy to have you with me this time,” she breathed.

“I couldn’t imagine being anywhere else, my love.”

“Would the proud father like to hold the child while Her Grace completes the birthing?” asked Dr. Riddle.

“There’s more?” asked Laurence, aghast that his wife had to endure additional laboring.

“Just a bit longer,” said Julia.

Laurence kissed her brow and settled into his armchair by the fire. A nurse brought him the baby, now wrapped in soft blankets. Laurence received his son gratefully and settled him into the crook of his arm.

“You’ve such a little nose,” said Laurence with wonder, as if he was a father for the first time. “This is my chair. It’s where I sit when your mama brushes her hair and shows off her pretty new clothes for me.”

“Next to us is the fire. You must stay far from that for a very long time. Forever, if I have my say.”

Laurence trailed a finger over the baby’s ears. “I’m so fortunate to have you. To have your mama. You see, I was silly. More than silly. I did many things I now regret.”

Laurence licked his lips.

He continued, "I wasn't here when your precious siblings were born. I don't remember where I was, probably mired in drink and smoking cigars with other men from the House of Lords."

Laurence covered his mouth with his hand, overcome with emotion.

"She's the best mama, really, and the best wife."

The baby opened his eyes and surveyed his papa for the first time.

"I'll never hurt her like that again, and I promise to love her for the rest of my life. You're my witness, so you'll have to hold me to it," said Laurence, lifting the child so he could place a kiss on his precious brow.

* * *

An hour later, Laurence, Julia, and the baby snuggled cozily in the ducal bed while the nurses cleaned the Duchess's room.

The baby boy rested on Laurence's chest while they both dozed. Julia ran fingers over her son's plump little arm and studied his tiny fingers. His skin was gradually fading from angry red and his precious sprouts of hair seemed to be dark like hers.

From the door, a commotion. The older children rushed into the bedroom, excited to see their new sibling.

"Papa! Mama!" exclaimed Emilia. "You got me a baby brother!"

She drew near the baby and her father, who opened his eyes at the commotion.

"Oh, but he looks like a worm," she said disappointedly. "Could we pick a different one?"

Julia pressed her lips together to hold in a laugh, trying not to encourage her youngest daughter's quips. Emilia had been quite distraught at the news of an incoming child

that would supplant her as the precious baby of the house, and they'd had long conversations to prepare for the new arrival.

"We're going to keep this one," said her father sleepily.

Mariona approached the bed and trailed her fingers over the baby's soft head. "He's lovely," she whispered. Julia grasped her eldest daughter's hand and gave it a squeeze.

Bringing up the rear were Thomas and Richard, currently home from school during the break.

"Come meet your new brother, boys," said Julia, keen to see her three sons together for the first time.

The lads approached the bed, talking loudly of racehorses in that way men always did when overcome with emotion or uncomfortable with a situation.

"I think Robert the Devil would be a fine name for a little lad, don't you?" Thomas asked Richard.

"But he's last year's winner. Foxhall is a better choice," replied Richard.

"Are you trying to name my son after winners of the Ascot Gold Cup?" asked Laurence.

Oh, her children were too much. Julia could no longer hold in her laughter and fairly cackled, the relief and exhaustion of the long day washing over her. Even if she never had another day as happy as this one, she'd be a lucky woman indeed.

"You can't name the new baby after a horse," explained Laurence. "He already has a name."

"He does?" replied Julia, a bit surprised that he'd settled on something. They'd discussed the matter endlessly, pouring over the family tree together while he cradled her belly, but they'd never settled on one.

"He does," said Laurence, his hand resting on the child's back while looking into her eyes. "It's a good name, too."

"He can't be named after you, Papa. I already have that honor," said Richard, ever mindful of his status as heir.

Laurence said, "He's not to be named after me. He's Julian. He'll be named for your mother."

Julia felt her throat constrict with emotion. She never thought their child would be named after her, so Laurence's gesture hit her even harder.

He continued. "Your wonderful mother."

Julia sniffed as tears fell from her eyes. Laurence reached into his pocket and offered her his handkerchief.

“She has been more brave than even Wellington at Waterloo. With me, she crossed the Rubicon and seized my heart for her own. I’ll love her until my dying breath.”

Julia landed a peck on her husband’s lips between small sobs.

“Mama, does this mean there’s going to be *another* baby?” asked Emilia in fear.

The happy, somewhat dazed parents traded a look and resolved — no matter what the future had in store for their nursery — to live happily ever after.

* * *

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About the Author

Elizabeth Roubaix could share 1066 reasons why you wouldn't want to live in the past, but would rather write super steamy, historical erotic romance. Combining tender love stories, scorching sex scenes, and an ahistorical amount of bathing, her short tales are perfect for when you want a quick and spicy trip back in time.

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