

Two Desperate Girls
by Andrew Miller

INTRODUCTION

Having long since established his reputation as a master reporter of the more intimate side of English life in the early nineteenth century, Andrew Miller won new laurels with this work, the first of two novels concerning Jane Boswell.

The second, and equally bawdy portion, is now being translated from the language of the times and prepared for distribution under its original title, "Jane la America."

Once again, Miller has decided to ignore almost completely the leisure class, the foppish members of Queen Victoria's court, to portray life among the merchant class.

In the case of Jane Boswell, seduced by her father with the aid of the maid at the age of sixteen, her merchandise was her lovely young body, but as portrayed by Miller, in his usual frank, descriptive style, she merchandised it in a manner which could hardly be improved on by the hawkers of Madison Avenue today.

But it is not strange that Miller should choose a prostitute, and a Lesbian one at that, as his central character in this tale.

In Victorian England, with the industrial revolution flourishing, an ambitious and daring young woman would find little comfort in marriage for reasons which we shall discuss.

As an alternative, she could work long hours for low pay in the mills and factories which were springing up all over the country, but this was hardly rewarding since it was at best a rough, unrewarding life.

While the Puritans in their day had done their best to deprive women of any pleasures in the enjoyment of sex, even if married, the Victorian morality refined it to such a point that at no decent person of that time was prepared to accept the premise that a woman wanted to experience pleasure in the act of love.

So effectively was this message preached and received, that even the men who indulged in sexual intercourse with their wives or whores, felt that it was a dirty and shameful matter.

Following the ancient rule of action and reaction, a few of the people of that era rebelled. In their rejection of prudish Victorian morality which labelled all sexual activity as dirty and sinful and did not even make an exception for the marital couch, they turned, not surprisingly, to hedonism.

Since Miller always showed a fondness for rebels in his writing, it is not surprising that as he began his coverage of the Victorian era, he chose again those who rebelled rather than those who accepted and followed blindly.

He does so with the same candor and descriptive magic he demonstrated in his very first works and proves again that along with Roger Charlton before him, he ranks as probably the greatest reporter of his life and times in the history, ancient and modern, of England.

Even those who would reject this claim, cannot reject the claim that his descriptions of the erotic side of life are beyond compare.

This book, originally published in either 1836 or 37, provides evidence in this regard which is not to be refuted.

CHAPTER ONE

Two Desperate Girls

It was a big year throughout England and people had much to think about. Victoria had been crowned Queen and all over the land, people saw prosperity ahead. Industry had arrived, people were flourishing and Britannia ruled the waves.

And yet, these things were farthest from Jane Bosweff's mind. She was an attractive girl of sixteen with a nicely developed body. Also she was kneeling at the door of the parental bedroom and peering through the uncovered keyhole.

It was the strange sounds which had awakened her from a sound sleep. Her mother had been away for two days and would be for another fortnight or so. That meant that only her father and the maid were in the house and yet the sound was definitely one of spanking. Puzzled she had almost reached the door when she recognized that there was indeed a spanking being administered and that the maid was receiving it on the bare bum.

Dropping to her knees so that she could see, Jane was barely able to stifle her gasp of alarm. She had a perfect view of the action in the room.

At that moment, the action involved her naked father sitting on the edge of the bed with the equally naked maid of nineteen years lying over his lap.

She was crying through a spanking which had already tinted both cheeks of her arse a bright red and was still going on with no sign of abatement. Her lovely, mature looking arse was bouncing and heaving and her legs were kicking with such wild abandon that Jane was able to catch a few glimpses of the young woman's little cunny.

Except for having held a mirror between her own legs, Jane had never really seen a cunt before. The whole thing was terribly thrilling, if more than a little confusing to her.

True, spanking a maid was not unheard of, in fact it was something she had been aware of in the past when mother took the maid into a room to birch or cane her behind for a fault of one sort or another.

But surely though, this was different. Although never giving any details, the vicar had made it dear over the years that for a man and woman to be together without clothes on was a great sin.

And then, after another couple of minutes, the spanking of the maid came to a conclusion and she watched as her father rubbed the glowing red cheeks with great care and tenderness while the young woman moved strangely on his lap.

Jane had been spanked on the bare bum when she was much younger, and it had always been an unpleasant thing. It was for that reason that she was confused about why this spanking had caused such a state of excitement in her.

The excitement was to grow though, because at that moment, the man rolled the woman off his lap and onto the bed. She had lovely titties, Jane saw, and she envied the older girl, but in a moment, her attention was diverted as her father stood.

For the very first time in her life, sixteen year old Jane looked at a cock. It was big and hard and had a great red head and stood straight up. Below it was the hairy sack that she knew by instinct had something to do with the cock although what that was, she couldn't guess.

She was vaguely aware that a man peed through that item which was so different from a woman's, but she wondered then how that could be. The way it was pointed up so straight, a man would pee straight up in the air. It would be difficult, she reasoned for him to hit the pot in such a manner.

But Jane had good reason to stop wondering about how men passed water, because other things were happening.

Just after the spanking, the man had merely held the maid in his arms and they had rolled a little on the bed, their bodies rubbing in obvious excitement, their hands touching each other in as many places as they could reach.

But now it was different. Her father lay on his back with his great pole sticking up in the air, while the maid bent, over him holding one of her titties in her hand.

Why she did it was made clear in a moment as the man opened his mouth wide and the maid fed a teat into him. Both sight and sound made it clear to the girl that her father was sucking the teat as a baby does. But after all, he was no baby.

While feeding a teat to the man, the maid was bent over in such a manner that her brightly glowing bum looked most exciting as it swayed from side to side and her cunny, the thing Jane was viewing for the first time was well presented between her smooth white thighs.

Things kept changing so that the scenes in the room were always different. First, the man moved from one teat over to the other. When this happened, Jane was able to see just how much the nipple had enlarged and darkened in color after being sucked in such a way.

And then she was able to view both teats as the man moved slowly down the maid's naked body, kissing her as he went. He stopped moving when he buried his mouth into the tangled cunny bush at the bottom of the white, smooth belly.

What a strange place to kiss, Jane thought. Surely one kissed on the mouth or cheek, but never in the place inside the crotch from which the woman pees.

And yet, a moment later, the maid threw her legs high in the air, opened them wide and gave Jane a perfect view of her little pink slit. It was a view Jane shared with her father who knelt over the girl peering down into her crotch.

The view became obscured then because his face moved right into the silken looking crotch and the sounds the girl heard were wet, sucking ones. Although no confirmation was needed, it arrived when the girl on the bed began rubbing her titties and calling to the man.

"Oh you darling," she gasped, "You are the best cunt sucker in the world. Suck me ... suck me ... suck my cunt and make me come in your mouth."

There was more along the same line and it was terribly confusing, but confusion was to be piled on confusion yet. The next step came a minute or so later while Jane's father still sucked the girl's cunny.

Suddenly, her bum seemed to jerk right up off the bed, her fingers tangled in the man's hair and the maid cried out as if in terrible pain. The only thing Jane could think of was that her father had bitten the cunny and hurt the poor girl in some terrible way.

While Jane pondered that one, the screaming stopped and the woman whose cunny had been sucked began telling the man how wonderful it had been and how good it felt. Jane cursed herself for being so stupid and vowed to learn all about such matters at the first opportunity.

The pair on the bed moved again and Jane pressed closer to see what they would do next. Again the maid opened her legs wide, but instead of throwing them straight up and over her, she merely bent her knees to form a sort of nest.

Jane's father knelt between the bent legs and took his great long cock in his hand. He just stayed that way for a little as the maid spoke again.

"Oh you darling man," she sighed, "my cunt feels so good that I don't care if I die at this very moment. Bring me that lovely big cock and fuck the arse off me this minute or I'll suck you dry."

Jane couldn't possibly understand the meaning of the words, but neither could she understand the wild surges of passion which began in her crotch and fanned out through her whole body so that her nightie was soaked with her perspiration.

She felt a terrible weakness take possession of her whole body and hoped she wasn't going to faint. She tried to fight it so that she could see everything that happened.

On the bed, the man lowered over the maid's body and began pushing his long cock into

her crotch. At once, Jane remembered something her friend Mary had whispered to her. What they were doing was called fucking, she realized, and it made babies in the belly of women.

Why they should want to make a baby was something Jane was unable to understand. Neither could she understand what her mother would think of it all since, to the best of her knowledge, babies were made only between the husband and wife.

The man kept bouncing up and down on the maid's naked body and they were both making sounds which indicated great agitation and excitement. Although some of the sounds were like moans and groans, both seemed terribly happy as Jane's father kept bouncing up and down with his cock in the silky crotch and his balls flying and bouncing madly.

After a little more of this, the maid cried out again. It was the same pained cry as before and yet there was a look of pure ecstasy on her face. As if forming a duet, the man uttered a series of moans and stopped bouncing on her belly. Instead, his arse seemed to jerk and twitch and the two of them made sounds together.

A little later, Jane's father rolled off and fell onto his back. Almost at once, he was in a sound sleep. Unable to force herself to leave, Jane stayed at the door and not long after, she saw that the maid was also sleeping.

Despite the fact that she sensed she was taking a terrible chance, Jane eased the door open quietly and walked silently into the room.

She looked first at her father's cock which was now small, soft looking and wet. The maid was sleeping with her legs wide apart and one knee drawn up so that Jane could see the wetness of her crotch and most of her skirt. It was exciting looking and only added to Jane's curiosity of what it was all about.

In that moment, Jane had only two thoughts. One was that she had to get out of the room before either of them woke, the other was that she had to find out all about it, the things her father and the maid had done.

Jane walked unsteadily as she carried her determination back to her bed. There, she removed her nightie and lay for a long time looking at her body and wondering how it and she would respond to things like that being done to her.

Without even planning it, she allowed her hand to slip into her warm crotch. She had never known about frigging, but realized that there was a nice feeling when her hand rubbed her cunny.

She went on rubbing as her mind recalled clearly the events which had transpired in the other bedroom. It was not long before the lips of her twat became moist and the moisture seemed to invite her inside as daddy's cock went inside the maid.

Trying it first with her whole hand, she did not get far, so instinct told her to use one finger. She did and as it probed inside, it touched a place where there was a greater sensation of thrill.

Finding it again, she began to stroke and rub it. A little later, she felt the beginning of a sensation which frightened her, but she could not stop the rubbing of the magic. She finally had to stop when her thighs closed around her hand and forced her to. Throwing both her hands back on the bed, she watched as her bum lifted right up off the sheet and the big feeling swept all over her.

Her mouth opened wide and her throat wanted to cry out, but she knew she didn't dare for fear of waking the others who slept nearby. Instead, she sighed and moaned a series of oohs and aahs until the trembling and jerking stopped and she fell tiredly back onto the sheet.

It had been exciting and wonderful, but then, in the aftermath, there was this maddening desire to understand more about it.

She promised herself that in the morning, after her father had left the house, she would talk to Jenny, the maid. It was obvious that Jenny knew what it was about

CHAPTER TWO

Jane's Story yet father had been gone less than five minutes when I went to the kitchen where Jenny was working and blurted out the story of what I had heard and seen the previous night.

At first, there was a look of horror in the maid's eyes, but she brought it under control and her voice sounded only a little different as she asked a few questions, the answers to which, told her that I had indeed seen everything they had done on the bed.

"This is no place to talk of such matters," the maid then said without anger. "Let's go to the room where it all happened and I'll tell you about it" eagerly, I took the older girl's hand and we went into father's bedroom. The sheets were still mussed, but Jenny threw the covers off so that they could sit and talk.

"First," Jenny began, "you must swear to me that you will never speak to your mother or to any other person of what you saw last night. Is that clear?"

"Oh yes, Jenny, it is clear." Having worded it in such a manner, I felt she hadn't truly sworn and would thus be free to discuss it with my best friend, Mary.

"Please tell me everything. Start with the spanking first and tell me about it and all the things after."

To my great relief, she began doing just that and as she talked, I felt last night's thrill coming back in full force.

"A lot of people enjoy spanking," she confided. "Your father likes to spank and so do I. I also like to take one, so that's the way it worked out last night."

I urged her to go on with the story, but she paused and told me that some things could be demonstrated better than explained in words alone. She suggested we remove our robes and nighties which we both wore.

When she saw I was nervous about doing such a thing, she jumped up from the bed, slipped her robe off and jerked her nightie over her head to stand bare naked before me. The thrill of excitement which swept over me then was sufficient to overcome most of my nervousness.

My fingers trembled only a little as I unfastened my robe and removed it. I was a little more nervous when it came to taking my nightie off, but I managed it. The promise of all the things she would tell me about life of baring myself before another person for the first time since I was a baby.

I trembled when I saw the way Jenny looked at my body as I stood naked. I was not quite as well developed as she, but still, even compared to her fully developed body, mine, I saw was good.

That realization made me feel a little less nervous. We sat on the bed again and Jenny slipped an arm around my waist as she began talking to me again in a voice that was now more gentle and warm than it had been before.

"You are a very beautiful young woman, Jane," she said in what was little more than a whisper. "I never realized," she concluded.

I thanked her, but it made me feel strange to have her sitting naked beside my nudity as she said it.

Her voice remained excited and exciting as she told me that I should learn about spanking first since it was what I had seen first.

I didn't like the idea of submitting my bum to have it spanked, but on the other hand, I would have appeared like a baby if I declined. I wanted her to keep on considering me a young woman. It was the only way I could get her to tell me all the things I needed to know and understand.

Instead of spanking me though, she turned and draped her beautiful body over my lap with the swells of her lovely arse just a little to my right. It was the same way she had lain for my father the previous night.

Warning me that I would have to spank as hard as I could to make it good, she told me to get started and to count off ten hard ones on each cheek.

Raising my right hand, I tried to control the trembling of it as I brought it down in what I thought was a hard spank. I almost cried out at the thrill which swept all through me as my palm made contact with that lovely, smooth, firm bum cheek.

"That wasn't a spank, silly," she turned and laughed with her eyes sparkling. "That was just a love pat. Come on now."

Being laughed at spurred me on so that the next spank I gave her was a really hard one. It must have stung her arse since it stung my hand. I could tell that she liked it when she caused her bum to wriggle over my lap and raised it high as if to meet the next spank on the way down.

The sounds of my palm spanking her lovely big bum were, if anything, more exciting than the feel of her nicely round cheeks under my hand.

I enjoyed it so much, in fact, that instead of only the ten she had asked for, I gave her two more hard ones.

When she got up, there were tears in her eyes, but such a happy smile on her lovely face. When she took me across her lap for my spanking, I did not protest at all and was not even very nervous about it.

She gripped me tightly with her left arm around my waist, ran her right hand over both cheeks, then after patting them and telling me how beautiful they were, she began spanking me.

Before the ten on each cheek which she had promised me, I was sobbing and crying. Still, she did not stop until she had given me the full dose.

Later, she explained that spanking is no fun if it stops before it had run its course just because the victim cries and sobs. Usually, she told me, she starts sobbing and pleading before the spanking starts and pretends to cry until the real tears come.

It sounded all very strange to me, but I had to admit that my bum, by then, was feeling nice and tingly. I told her and was rewarded by a big hug and a kiss on the mouth as our titties rubbed together in a way that made me highly excited. I would never have believed that two women could do such things to each other, but Jenny assured me that it happens very often, especially among ladies of the upper class.

I expressed a fear that I was too dumb and would never be able to learn all the things she knew about life. With a friendly little laugh, she assured me that I was not stupid at all and that she was a good teacher who would enjoy working with me.

She went on with the teaching then and did it by taking both my teats into her hands and rubbing them. From time to time, she would tweak my nipples between finger and thumb so that they grew most deliriously and tingled almost the way the cheeks of my bum still tingled.

Jenny bent her head then and I felt her feeding one of my teats into her mouth. At once, she began to suck as she had been sucked by my father the evening before. Instantly, I was able to understand why women liked having their teats sucked. It was a wonderful feeling and I almost cried when she took her mouth off the wet teat to transfer to the left one. Once she had completed the transfer, I no longer wanted to cry except, perhaps out of joy and excitement as I felt her mouth sucking while I reached down to play with the nipple she had made so big and hard and wet with her tongue. I couldn't believe that this big reddish beauty was really the little pink one I had known for so long.

Jenny stopped sucking then and pushed me down on the bed. Leaning over me, she fed me

her titties one at a time as she had done to daddy and I loved sucking them. I tried to pull a whole one into my mouth and, although it proved impossible, still the effort was delightful fun.

I sucked them both and felt the lower portion of her body rubbing against me in a lovely manner which made me feel a lot hotter all over and more excited.

It was when she had removed her second teat from my mouth that I asked if it were true that daddy had actually been kissing and sucking in her crotch.

As she moved me on the bed and parted my thighs a little, she assured me that both men and women enjoyed sucking cunny. She told me that it was called many things such as lapping, sucking and diving and that it too was a common sport among ladies of fashion.

While she talked, she was stroking my little slit and making it so hot that I feared it was going to catch fire and burn me up. It didn't, of course, and when she suggested that we compare cunnies, I was not just willing, I was dying to see hers and show her mine.

As usual, she helped me by taking the lead. Falling back on the bed, she threw her legs up, opened them and invited me to both look and touch. I hurriedly did both.

Her whole crotch looked beautiful, especially since it was framed by her lovely white thighs and the lower portion of her lovely bum cheeks.

When I touched it with my fingers between the pretty pink lips, I moved a little inside and found her very wet and hot. She wriggled her arse on the bed and I guessed she was feeling much as I had the previous night when my finger in my cunny gave me that strange wild feeling all over.

I told her about it and Jenny informed me that what I had done was called frigging and that I had done it so well that I had enjoyed a come. She promised to tell me a lot more about it coming and to give me some demonstrations of it before the day was over.

Then, it became my turn to show her my cunny. Jenny chose to have me lie with my bum on the very edge of the bed and my legs opened and pulled well back. Without understanding why, I was quick to do so and surprised when I saw her kneel on the floor close to me.

It was then that I understood that in this way, she could bring her face close to my crotch and look inside with comfort. First, she looked and told me that it was the most beautiful cunt she had ever seen, after that, she began fondling both inside and out with her fingers and did it in such a way that I caught myself wanting to scream for joy.

Jenny changed her position a little then, held my thighs with both hands, and I did cry out when I felt her mouth press right against my cunny slit in a most passionate kiss.

Moments later, it stopped being just a kiss as she began slipping her wet, rough tongue inside to lick while her mouth made the kind of sucking sounds I heard when daddy sucked her cunt.

Her mouth and tongue drove me wild with passion such as I had never even dreamed of, but her hands held me in a strong and comforting manner as I rolled a little from side to side, but never got away from her mouth. Needless to say, there was no wish on my part to get away, but I could not keep my body still while she lapped my slit so well.

This time, I recognized the beginning of the feeling I had experienced last night. Because I knew now what it was, that it was a thing called coming which all women enjoyed, I just let myself go as it swept all over me.

It felt wonderful and, because we were alone in the house, I didn't try to hold the scream back. Jenny acted quite pleased and her mouth pressed more firmly against my twat while her hands held me tightly and rubbed in a most wonderful way until I stopped making such a fuss and just lay there panting, watching my titties rise and fall with the exertion of my breathing.

In a little while, Jenny told me that it was my turn to do it to her and enjoy the won

derful taste of cunny. Turning on the bed, she got into the same position I had used and got me to kneel on the floor close to the bed.

How beautiful her thighs, crotch, arse and darling cunt looked in that position. I don't know how long I would have stared, but she told me to get going and I brought my face to her beautiful crotch.

Just before my mouth reached her cunny, I paused to inhale and was thrilled by a delicious aroma I had never before scented. I guessed that rather than some perfume she had applied, it was the natural odor of cunny.

I saw and felt her twitching and she cursed as she told me to start sucking. Hurriedly, I glued my mouth to her cunny and it felt so delightful. In a minute, I pushed my tongue in as she had done and began to suck her cunt while moving my tongue around inside her very wet slit.

Remembering what had happened when I rubbed the little bud inside my cunny, I searched for hers with my tongue and found it much closer to the outside than I expected. When I did find it, I knew I had guessed correctly by the little gasp she emitted as her bum jerked off the bed for just a moment as I went on sucking.

"Oh you're good, baby," she sighed. "You suck like a princess and make me feel like a queen. Suck, baby. Lick me until I scream."

There were more words, but I didn't really hear them as I was lost in the delicious enjoyment of sucking the first cunt I have ever seen, the first, except for my own, I had ever touched.

Having tasted such wonderful joy, I knew then, as my head swam in delightful dizziness, I was sure I would want to go on tasting such heavenly enjoyment as long as I lived. Nothing I had ever known was anything like this.

It became Jenny's torn to cry out then and her cry filled the room as her lovely body jerked and trembled under me and I knew she was having a come. I went right on sucking until she pushed at me with her thighs and feet and rolled away from me.

She just lay there on her tummy, her arse jiggling and heaving and I hoped I had not hurt her in some way that I did not understand.

After a minute, she rolled over and there were stars in her eyes as she told me in a tired but beautiful voice, just how beautifully I sucked her cunny and how she wanted me to do it to her often in the future.

We lay together for a long time while Jenny told me many exciting things which men and women, women and women, and men and men can do together when they are bare naked and excited.

She told me of things like having a man stick his prick up the hole between the bum cheeks instead of the cunny in what is called buggering. She also told how many men liked to have other men bugger them or to bugger little boys and pull the boy's cock at the same time until it squirted hot cream.

The thing called cream called for more answers and she told me of the balls which manufacture cream to be shot out through a small hole in the end of the cock.

Jenny assured me that many women like to suck cocks instead of taking them in the cunny or arsehole. She also said that often, even when mother was in the house, she and father would come together in some quiet room where he would take out his big, hard cock which she would force into her mouth until he gave her a refreshing drink of thick cream.

It all sounded so exciting and Jenny assured me that there were many more things for me to learn, things she would teach me, but that I must promise never to talk about them to other persons who would make trouble for her, father and mostly for me.

I gave her another solemn promise and this time, told myself that I would not tell Mary about it after all since Jenny had been so good and sweet to me.

CHAPTER THREE

"My God. Jenny," John Boswell gasped when Jenny gave him the word that his daughter had been a spectator at their game of the previous night. "If she tells her mother, there will be hell to pay for both of us."

"I know that, dear," Jenny smiled. "I know too that it is her money which supports your business. She could really catch you where the hairs are shortest, I suppose."

"Damn it, Jenny, don't act so gleeful about it. Unless we find a way to keep the girl quiet, we're in for it, both of us."

"But we can keep her quiet, darling," Jenny replied with a teasing smile. "I have it all worked out."

"You ... you have? Look, Jenny, I don't think I could go as far as killing her if that's what you mean."

"Silly man. I'm not a killer. I surely do not look like one. That is, not unless a man wants to die in the good old fashioned way."

"Damn, Jenny," he exploded, "will you please tell me what you have in mind. This is no time for your infernal teasing."

"All right, you short tempered darling. Suppose at some time when you are out, I were to take pretty little Jane into a bedroom, get her all excited, then seduce her into some hot spanking, cunny licking and all that?"

This time, the man was really at a loss for words. The thought of having his own daughter seduced by another woman was stunning, to say the very least. On the other hand, there was one thought even worse and Jenny had just reminded him of that in her cunning way.

"Do you think you could do it?" he asked after a long and painful pause during which he held his head in his hands as if trying to shut the world out.

"I know I can, darling. With my clothes off, I'm hard to resist, remember?"

"Yes, yes, I know that. When do you think you can do it? We have to hurry."

"First, John, I want you to state very clearly that there is no doubt about it. Tell me that you want me to go ahead and do it."

"Yes," he said with emphasis on every word. "I want you to seduce my daughter Jane. Do anything you can to ensure her silence. Now, when can you do it?"

"This morning," Jenny replied with just a hint of a smile on her beautiful mouth.

"This morning?" he erupted with such volume that Jenny was relieved to know that Jane was out visiting her friend Mary so that she could not hear it.

"That is correct, darling. I knew we had to keep her from telling her mother, so I decided attack was the best form of defense. I can assure you it went off beautifully."

It took the man a few moments to recover, but when he did, he wanted to hear a detailed report of the seduction.

Again and again he had Jenny repeat some incident so that he could get a better picture of his daughter involved in acts of love and lust with another woman. He wanted to hear about it, among other things, the size and firmness of her titties, what her cunny was like and how she took a spanking.

Because she felt it was politic, Jenny answered his every question and provided even more colorful information than John had requested. What she wanted was complete vindication and

a few minutes after she began detailing their activities, she saw that she had it.

"One thing though," he paused in his statement even though his hand did not pause in its journey up under her gown, "what she saw last night involved me. What she did with you today, did not. I am not sure that it is enough."

"What do you mean?" she asked even though she had a good idea of what plan was forming in the man's mind. "I mean, perhaps now that we know she likes to take her clothes off and play, perhaps I should involve her in a sex so that she would never dare tell on me. What do you think?"

"I think perhaps you are right, darling. Do you mean to go all the way and fuck her?"

"Why not? The more serious our act together is, then the less likely she would be to inform her mother about us and our activities. Do you not agree that I am right with my reasoning?"

"I suppose you are at that, John darling. Still, the thought of you fucking your lovely daughter makes me think that I may be neglected by you in the future. My little twat can become very hungry if it is ignored for any time you know. That will not happen, will it?"

"Of course not, my dearest. For one thing, you will have her here in the house every day while I am at the office. It should not be too difficult to arrange that you can seduce her over and over again. Does the idea not strike you as being an interesting one?"

"Well, darling, I must confess that she does have a most delightful and delicious little body. I have never lapped any cunt as sweet and fresh as hers."

"Then that is how it will be. I shall seduce her no later than this evening. After that, she will not dare tell her damn mother or anyone else, for that matter."

"Fine, darling," Jenny agreed. "Now, just how do you plan to go about it?"

"Well, I'll ... I ... I don't know, but I am confident there is a way and I shall find it in due time."

"Of course you will, darling," Jenny said as she opened up the front of her blouse and freed a titty for his inspection to keep him aroused. "Still. I see! this is too important to just permit it to happen by chance."

"I suppose you're right, as usual, Jenny. What ideas have you to carry it through?"

"Well my dear," suppose we retire nice and early this evening. As soon as we are in bed, you could give me a nice loud spanking which she would be sure to hear."

"And then what?" John asked eagerly and in a way that made the maid very happy since it conformed that he depended on what she told him to do.

"Well, I would suppose that within seconds, she would come to the door again to peek at us. If you were to pretend to walk over to that dresser, you could stay out of her range until you jerked the door open and caught her. After that, I think we could handle the situation quite nicely."

"Yes," the man agreed, "that is just about in line with the plan I had worked out."

Jenny knew he was lying to save his pride, but she did not mind at all. She was one of those young women so wise in the ways of man's vanity, that she could play him as if he were a musical instrument.

In the past, that same approach to the male had saved her job a couple of times when his wife would have fired her. More than that, it had brought her to the happy situation of being probably the highest paid maid in the town.

That had come about when, more than once, she had given the man a dreamy look and told him that she was anxious to go to the big city of London and find out what life was like there.

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Without hesitation, he had offered her a hidden bonus each time on a continuing basis so that at that time, her weekly bonus arrangement equalled her salary. It provided her with a nice bank account for emergency, all the fucking and sucking she wanted from the man, and now, she thrilled at the thought, Jane's lovely young body thrown into the bargain.

"Then it is set?" Jenny asked, her freshly licked red lips close to his mouth. "We shall lure her into the room tonight and you will take her cherry?"

"Yes, damn it. You understand, of course, that I am not the type of man who would seduce his own daughter, but under the circumstances, I really am left with no choice."

"Of course I understand darling," Jenny said as she fell into his arms. "I understand completely." As a little game, she allowed more than a modicum of excitement to creep into her tone and thrilled as she realized how perfectly her female body and brain had overpowered his allegedly superior masculine brain.

He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her throat warmly and wetly.

"Oh you wonderful, romantic man," she sighed, "it is so sweet of you to kiss me there, but my titties are so close and my cunny is so warm for you. Are you sure you would not like to kiss other places to work yourself into the proper mood for this evening with beautiful little Jane? When you see her all naked and trembling, darling," she continued, "I swear it will be all you can do to keep from coming off in the air at the mere sight of her."

John almost tore her blouse open as he fished out a lush, pink tipped teat and sucked it greedily. As he did, she took one of his hands and pushed it well up under her skirt so that it rested on her thigh. It did not rest for long before it went all the way up and began stroking the hot wetness of her cunt which throbbed for activity.

With a lot of help from her, John had planned a lovely evening for himself and his daughter. Jenny had already decided that during the early part of it, she would leave them alone, but before the night was over, it was going to be menage a trois and she would find as much satisfaction as any of them.

Men, she told herself, are such utter fools that the sight or promise of titties, arse or cunt can deter them from their best laid plans and make them abject slaves to any woman wise and beautiful enough to subjugate them.

It was a lesson she had learned both early and well and this evening, she vowed, she would demonstrate just how well she had learned it. In one session, she planned to enjoy the favors of both father and daughter while getting both into such a position that she would be absolute ruler in the house from then on.

Jenny had come a long way since the man seduced her when she was just fifteen and had been working there less than two weeks. At that time, she had been terribly impressed by both his ape and his intelligence. Somewhere along the line, came the lesson that his intelligence was inferior to hers and his age a handicap to him.

Not just because she wanted to put her supremacy to the test again, but rather because she wanted to get herself into an appropriate mood for the evening, she decided she wanted more than just her teats sucked. While he nursed her like the relatively infantile male he was, she managed to get her skirts pulled well up without disturbing him.

She got them all the way up to her waist and, while he still sucked, she played with her hand in her crotch until it was nice and wet and more than ready.

"Now darling," she said in an urgent whisper, "get down in my crotch and really suck me."

In a moment, he was kneeling with his mouth glued to her cunny and sucking greedily. While she waited for the big come to sweep over her, Jenny thought about how great it would be in a little while when she shared the bed with father and daughter.

CHAPTER FOUR

There was an air of tension as father and daughter ate their evening meal. By invitation, Jenny ate with them.

For the man, there were a number of factors to prevent relaxation. The fact that his daughter had found out his guilty secret with the maid, the danger that he would lose access to his wife's money, and the fact that he intended, a little later in the evening, to spank the bare bum of his lovely daughter and seduce her, all contributed to a state of nervous agitation in which he was barely able to control.

And yet, the others did not seem to notice. Jane did not, because she too was nursing a guilty but exciting secret she shared with the maid who had introduced her to the joys of the flesh and especially of the cunny.

Jenny's mood was more one of celebration. After this evening, the house would be completely in her command. It was possible, she thought, that when the madam returned, she would consider seducing that one remaining member of the family so that her control would be absolute. For the time being, though, there was more than enough to think about.

Mostly, she was concerned with whether John would have the courage to stick to his plan of seducing Jane. She was fervent in her hope that he would. It would be exciting to watch, and a delight to have two sex partners at her disposal.

The meal over, Jenny served Port for all three in the drawing room. Later, John announced that he was going to the library to read for a while. Jane stated that she was going to her room to read, and Jenny decided that she would do the dishes so that she could keep occupied while waiting and save herself a job in the morning.

Before starting though, she went to her room and picked up a book she had borrowed from John. It was a novel of the most erotic type and featured many excellent drawings which portrayed fucking, sucking and all manner of sex activity.

Taking it to Jane's room, she passed the girl the book and confided that she and Jane's father were going to romp in bed earlier than usual that evening.

When the girl admitted that she was going to peek, Jenny only smiled and warned her to be careful. As she was leaving the room, she heard a little gasp and knew that Jane had seen one of the pictures.

Returning to the kitchen, Jenny smiled as she thought of how the book would arouse the girl and set her up for all the wonderful things in store that evening for all three of them.

She had finished the dishes and other kitchen chores and was on her way to the room when John called to her. Entering the library, she found him reading a book of that same nature she had loaned to Jane.

Looking at an illustration of a man with a big, swinging cock, sucking a young girl's twat, she knew why he had chosen to leave the book open at that particular page.

"That reminds me of something I hope to be watching in a little while," she said with a teasing smile as she bent over the man so that her titties rubbed him. "Do you intend to lap her? She has the sweetest little cunt I've ever tasted."

"Damn it all, Jenny, you're driving me crazy," John said as perspiration formed on his forehead.

"You are driving yourself crazy with your thoughts," she replied and reached down boldly to feel the outline of a hard cock through his pants.

"Do you think it is too early to start now, Jenny? Jane would not be suspicious, would she?"

"I think not, dear. Like us, she is too horny to begin to think properly. I have given

her a nice book to read and when she hears the first spank, I expect her to come at full speed to see what she can see."

"Shall we go to the room now, then?"

"Give me fifteen minutes to wash properly so that I shall be at my best for the party. I'll meet you in the bedroom then. Why don't you get undressed while you're waiting?"

Taking the book along with him, John followed Jenny out of the room. In his aroused state he could look at her full bottom swaying as she walked and his imagination stripped the clothes away so that he saw the luscious cheeks of her arse.

It was all he could do to resist stripping her, throwing her down on the floor and fucking her right then, but he contented himself with patting her bum cheeks through the dress as she started up the stairs to her own quarters.

The master bedroom, in which the spanking, sucking and fucking would take place, was on the ground floor to the rear.

On her way, Jenny stopped by Jane's room and found the girl reading in a most unusual manner. She was leaning up on the pillows with her knees drawn up and her clothing pulled up to her waist. While one hand held the book, the other was in her crotch stroking her twat.

"Poor dear," Jenny smiled, "why don't you take your clothes off and be comfortable. Don't overdo it though, I may have a chance to slip into your room later and we could have some fun if you do not wear yourself out first."

The girl's eyes lit up and little stars danced in them at the thought of another delightful session with the maid. She promised she would stay excited, but would not wear herself out.

Giving the girl a few warm rubs on her silken thighs, the maid left and went to her room to get bathed and ready. If Jane didn't bathe, she thought, it did not really matter. She had bathed earlier in the day and if her slit was a little on the gamy side, it would only add to the flavor.

In her room, she stripped nude, bathed the critical areas of her lovely form, then, pulling on a dressing gown, she went down to the master bedroom.

On the way, she stopped at Jane's room and told her that she had been summoned to the master bedroom. Her expression told the girl why, and what she saw in Jane's eyes, told Jenny that the trap was set and the game would walk right into it.

She felt her knees trembling a little as she went toward the room where the man waited for her and knew that it was going to be a good evening, to say the very least.

John was waiting naked when Jenny arrived in the room. He was still looking at the book and his cock stuck out and well up. He was ready for fucking right then, she guessed, but he was going to have to wait for a while before he used his stiff rammer on his daughter.

Standing, they embraced and kissed as Jenny rubbed her body against his and felt the hardness of his cock on smooth, warm skin. His hands clutched at and rubbed the pretty arse he would soon be spanking.

"Come on, Jenny," he panted. "I want to start right away. I can't wait."

With a smile, she went to the bed with him and waited until he was seated on the edge. As she lowered herself over his waiting lap, she guessed that Jane was already peeping at them from outside and everything suddenly became more thrilling for her.

Being spanked by the man as a prelude to fucking was always a thrill, but knowing that someone else was looking, made it even more so. Much more.

And then he was spanking her. Jenny sobbed and cried as usual, but this time, she didn't have to pretend her tears beyond the first few slaps on her bum. He was spanking much harder.

r than usual and she guessed that his arousal at the thought of fucking his own daughter was what caused it.

In time, she stopped thinking as she could concentrate on nothing more than the sound and the sting of the repeated spanks and the sound of her own sobs and cries.

The spanking stopped at last and he pulled her into an embrace as they rolled around the bed, their warm bodies rubbing and pressing.

"Do you think she is there yet?" he whispered.

"I'm sure she is, darling. I would wager that she was there for most of the spanking."

"I shall go get her now then," he whispered as he began to get up but couldn't because her arms held him down against her heaving body.

"Remember to go to the dresser and follow the wall quietly," she cautioned. "And one more thing, don't spank her too hard for the first time. Just warm her pretty bum and make it tingle."

He assured her that he would remember everything, and she released him.

"Wait until I get something from the dresser," he said loudly as he got off the bed.

Lying with her knees up and her thighs open as if waiting to be fucked, Jenny turned her head so that her eyes followed him. She saw his legs trembling as he edged closer to the door or walking very quietly.

He jerked the door open and there was a gasp from Jane who knelt in the doorway and almost fell into the room from surprise and shock.

A moment later, she was in the room as her father held a firm grip on her arm. Jenny noticed that Jane was wearing a nightie, but that did not last long. As the father scolded his daughter, he jerked it up and over her head before Jane realized what was happening.

"So you enjoy peeping while I spank this naughty maid's bare bum do you?" he said sternly. "Then you shall have an opportunity to find out for yourself what it is like to get spanked on your bare bum."

At that point, they had reached the bed and the man sat, dragging his naked daughter across his thighs. Despite her state of shock, Jane managed to have a good look at his big, hard cock with the swollen red head pointing right up.

"Now then, Jane," he said less angrily, almost with warmth, as he wrapped his left arm around her waist, "I am going to punish you for peeping through keyholes. I shall spank you on your pretty bare bum until it is all red and hot. You may go ahead and cry all you wish, but you will take your spanking as you deserve."

His hand had been resting on the firm silk of one cheek, but he raised it then and delivered the first crisp spank on the lovely white left cheek of the girl's delicious arse.

Curled up on the bed close to the girl's head, Jenny bent close and whispered to her between spanks.

"There now dear ... be a brave girl ... take your spanking ... I'll help you feel better ... later...."

When she stopped whispering, her hand stroked Jane's face and felt the wetness of tears. Never before had she watched a person, especially a beautiful young woman, being spanked. Jenny decided that it was as thrilling as being fucked by the best man she knew. The slapping sounds of palm on rounded bum, and the delightful sound of the girl's cries contributed to the most exciting music she had ever heard. And, as if keeping time to the music, Jane kicked her legs and feet in an exciting dance.

When Jenny felt that the girl had been spanked enough for the time being, she looked a

t John and flashed him a signal. He was able to stop the next spank in mid swing.

Lowering the hand gently, he began to massage lovely red cheeks, smoother than the purest of silk and sweetly warm and firm.

Moving into action at once, Jenny reached down and cupped the dangling titties of the girl. After rubbing for only a little while, she looked at the man again and with her eyes told him to help pull the girl onto the bed. As he did, she pulled upward.

Understanding, John did the same and it was not long before Jane was lying on the bed, still sobbing a little as Jenny fondled and kissed her titties, while her father held her legs up high and moved his face close to the backs of her thighs and her crotch.

He fondled her there for a while, then parting the long, lovely legs, he stared avidly into his daughter's opened crotch and admired the lovely little cunny he saw there.

It was a delicious little pink slit, even smaller and sweeter looking, he decided, than Jenny's delicious cunt.

While Jenny went on sucking noisily at an already well aroused teat, the man buried his face into the crotch of his daughter and began to tongue her slit while his mouth sucked at the tender pink lips.

"Daddy," she gasped, "you shouldn't do that." While she protested, Jenny sucked harder on the teat and rubbed the other with great passion.

"Oh daddy," Jane panted as she felt his tongue lashing the interior of her slit and finding her passion bud. "Oh daddy ... oh ... oh ... oh ... oopoo ... ooohhhh ... aaaah ... ooo hhh."

Hearing that the girl was completely arched and under control, Jenny moved her mouth from the wet teat and kissed Jane passionately on the mouth. She used her tongue inside as if it were the girl's cunt she were kissing and Jane was burning with passion as she threw her arms around the maid.

"Isn't it sweet to have a man kissing and sucking your pretty cunny?" Jenny asked her in a whisper.

"Oh yes, Jenny. Oh yes, Jenny, it's so good. Oh dear, oh, I'm ... I'm going to come."

"That's good darling. It is truly wonderful to come with a man's mouth on your cunny and his tongue inside. Go ahead. Let it go and I'll kiss you while it's happening."

Jane exploded into her come and Jenny muffled her cries with her warm, passionate mouth. It was a thrilling kiss as Jane's body trembled and jerked through an extended come.

As it finished, Jenny hugged the upper portion of Jane's upper body, while the father hugged her around the thighs, belly and bum with his mouth pressed into her cunny bush. Her thighs were pressed tightly together because she knew her cunny was too sensitive to be touched again by tongue or finger without causing her to either faint or die.

But the whole thing, the spanking of her bum and the spanking and cunny lapping of young Jane, had been too much for Jenny. Her body ached to be handled, her cunt cried out to be sucked at least.

Lifting from the girl, she called John into action. He had enjoyed one feast of cunny and now he was being offered another as if for dessert.

Lying beside Jane, she opened her legs and the man was quick to dive her. His mouth was beautifully noisy in her hot crotch and he licked well.

Turning her head to the side, she began to kiss Jane. As she did, she discovered the thrill of kissing a sweet mouth while another person kissed her cunny. She promised herself that she would make it happen that way often in the future.

Then, all at once, the future was happening. John's tongue had worked well and she felt herself on the verge of coming.

"Kiss me darling," he panted, "I'm coming."

Jane threw herself on the maid and, while cupping one beautiful teat with her hand, she kissed her passionately on the mouth.

When the come was finished and John released his hold on her cunt and moved back, the two girls rolled together. Teat to teat, belly to belly, thigh to thigh, they exchanged many passionate kisses so that passion did not diminish, lust was maintained and fanned.

Not wanting to be left out of things, John bent over to apply a shower of kisses to the still tingling bum of his lovely daughter. The kisses and caresses caused her to press even harder against Jenny's body and it was not long before both women were completely inflamed again.

At one point, John stopped kissing his daughter's arse long enough to draw the firm cheeks apart and gaze avidly at the delightful pink hole.

When his tongue reached into the crack to kiss it, Jane gave a little lurch of surprise, but her bum raised quickly to meet and encourage his tongue.

Gripping her around the thighs, he went on licking her arsehole as his fingers found her moist slit and began to play there. At the same time, Jenny went on kissing Jane on the mouth.

John suddenly left the women alone as he hurried to the dresser where there was a jar of lubricant. Hurriedly, he rubbed it all over: the head and shaft of his cock and, scooping out more with three fingers of his right hand, he almost ran back to the bed.

Jane still had her bum up and her thighs parted, so he reached under her and applied the jelly to her slit in the same generous manner as he had greased his now slippery pole.

Without a word then, he pried the two women apart and Jane felt herself being rolled over onto her back. She saw the greasy appearance of his cock and felt what he had done in her crotch.

She realized then that her father was going to fuck her. Suddenly, she didn't want it to happen. What they had done, father and daughter, had been more than enough. To fuck her own father, she told herself would be a great sin and one no decent girl would commit.

Jane gave a little cry and tried to escape, but it was too late for that. Her father was kneeling between her thighs and he threw himself down on her with an animal roar.

She could feel the big cock pressing and battering the fleshy portal of her cunny and knew there was nothing she could do to stop him.

She tried to cry out and beg him not to do it to her, but he pressed his mouth over hers, gave another great push and it drove his lance into her.

When she cried out this time, it was with pain. Something in her seemed to resist, stretch, and then there was the awful pain of it being torn apart and the huge prick driving deep into her belly.

He was riding her then the way she had seen a male dog fuck a bitch. His body kept rising and falling each time his belly slapped hers, his cock seemed to stretch her slit and fill her belly.

Jenny, she recalled, had enjoyed being fucked, but Jane could not understand it. To her, it was unpleasant and more than that, it was terribly painful.

And then, as she writhed and cried under her father, she felt him stroking harder and faster for a few seconds before he ground his belly into her crotch and sent streams of warm cream shooting up through her belly.

Jane cried for a while after he removed his cock from her and got up. She saw the red stains on the sheet and guessed he had injured her badly.

She wanted to go to her room at once, but her father insisted she wait while he gave her a stern warning that she was not to speak to anyone of what they had done together.

"Remember, Jane," he said earnestly, "what we did was a perfectly normal thing, but there are those who consider it to be a crime. If you should mention a word of this to anyone and it reached the wrong ears, we would both be sent to prison and they may even hang you."

So impressive was the man's tone that Jane, inexperienced and ignorant as she was, believed him completely. She would keep the guilty secret to herself and hope he would never put her through such a painful experience again as long as she lived.

Jane went to her bedroom with Jenny holding her hand and explaining that fucking only hurt the first time. "Now that your pretty little cunny has been opened," the maid told her in a sincere tone, "you can fuck all you like and it will be a thing of pleasure rather than of pain. Take my word for it dear, fucking is a sheer delight."

Jenny helped her into bed and told her she would feel a lot better in just a little while after she had slept. Jane told her she wanted to be alone, so Jenny kissed her lightly on the cheek, took her leave and, once outside the room with the door closed behind her, hurried back to the bedroom.

For a long time, she and John thrilled each other while reliving the entire experience. It worked so well that, not much later, John's cock got hard again and they enjoyed a nice fuck which lasted a long time and brought Jenny another good come.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next four days were a constant round of playing, kissing, lapping and fucking. Jane had attempted to resist her second fuck, but her father would not accept refusal.

To her surprise, it was not painful like the first, but instead, gave her pleasure. It gave her even more when the man forced himself to hold back until, at last, she came for the first time with a cock inside her.

When John had to be away from the house on business, the two young women amused themselves by doing everything except wearing clothes. They shared Jenny's work so that there was more time for play.

They made up games which they could play while working, and as a result of each such game, the winner would take the loser over her lap and give her a prescribed number of spanks on the bare bum.

After just a little of this sort of game, both females boasted nicely colored, very warm arse cheeks. When John would come home, he would see what they had been doing, pretend to scold them, then take them, one at a time, over his lap and administer even more spanks.

This, of course, invariably made his big cock hard and hungry, so, the girls would play another game with the winner getting the right to take the ready cock. Whether she sucked it off or fitted it into her slit for a nice fucking was up to the winner each time.

As a consolation prize, the losing girl was played with and had her cunny lapped by the man until she came. Only then did the winner get to collect her prize.

Somewhat to her surprise, Jane discovered that she adored sucking a cock and feeling the lovely fluid gush into her mouth when the man squirted. As a result, she sucked her father off more often than she fucked him.

When John was not able to get his tool hard, there were still many things to be done. There was always spanking, of course, and in addition, John became a great devotee of arse licking.

Often, he would have the two girls lie side by side on the bed with their bums up. Moving from one to the other he would kiss and lick the pretty, plump cheeks for a little while before having both them raise their arses up high.

Then he would part the cheeks of one arse, lick the pink hole for a little while as he fingered the other, then he would change positions. During these long sessions, one girl always had a tongue or a finger probing her arsehole.

The three had built a beautiful new world all their own and they ruled supreme in it. They did, that is, until late on the fifth evening after Jane's seduction.

The invasion of their world was a shocking surprise for all of them. Undoubtedly suspicious, Jane's mother entered the house very quietly, sneaked along the halls until she reached the bedroom, pushing the door open.

What she saw brought a scream from her throat as she clutched at the door frame for support.

She had expected to find her husband in bed with the pretty maid, but she was not at all prepared for the sight of finding him lying atop their daughter with his prick still inside her slit as he fingered the twat of the maid.

The three nudes leaped at the sound and all turned deathly pale. Jane heard words and saw anger then which were new to her. Although Jenny was included in the tirade, most of the venom seemed directed toward her and her father.

For a long time, the tirade continued, then, Jane and Jenny were sent to their rooms. Just as the door closed behind them, Jane heard her mother tell John to turn over on his belly.

There was a loud, slapping sound and Jenny informed Jane that it was caused by a leather belt. John was being strapped by his wife and was powerless to resist.

The slapping sounds continued for a long time, and, while it did, the two girls huddled together near the door of Jane's bedroom. While the woman was busy strapping, they knew, there was no chance that she'd catch them.

"What is going to happen to us?" Jane asked with tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"She will beat the arses off us, I guess," Jenny replied without any great show of emotion in her voice. "After that," her voice began to break, "she will send me away so that I shall never see you again."

Suddenly, Jane stopped crying and her face took on a look of determination.

"Are you sure she will dismiss you, Jenny?"

"Of course she will. How could you think anything else? As soon as I have received my beating, I will be thrown out of the house. I only hope she permits me time to pack a few clothes."

"Very well then, Jenny. I suspect she will give me my beating first. When it is over, I shall pack my things and meet you in the hedge near the back gate. If she beats you first, you wait for me there."

"Thank you dear, but I cannot permit you to take such a step. You are too young to leave your family."

"Are you crazy, Jenny. What life would there be for me here after tonight?"

Just then, the strapping 'topped and the man's crying became much louder as the door of the master bedroom opened. It was time to end their conversation and Jane was in a state of panic over the fact that they had not reached an agreement.

"I'll meet you in the hedge," Jenny whispered as she left and hurried toward her room to await the beating.

It was then only a matter of which of them would be beaten first. Jane had left the door of her room open and the question was answered for her when her mother strode into the room with the wide leather belt held doubled in her right hand.

"Lie down on the bed and turn your whore's arse up for the beating of your life," the woman commanded.

Without a word, Jane walked to the bed with surprising calmness, dropped onto it and rolled over onto her tummy so that her bum was well presented.

The strap came down almost at once and Jane cried out as it stung like fire. While the woman breathed deeply, the strap rose and fell as Jane screamed and writhed in pain. Vaguely, she was aware that her mother was shouting at her, calling her a whore and other words which she could not understand.

At one point, Jane was unable to resist throwing herself over onto her back to escape the vicious strap which she was sure had cut her arse to ribbons.

She found no relief though, because without a break in the rhythm, the woman kept strapping. The first slapped across the fronts of her thighs just below her cunny bush.

The second burned a raw line across her belly. Jane threw herself over very quickly then and the screaming woman resumed strapping her heaving and bouncing arse until Jane was sure she would faint and that the screams would tear her throat out.

The strapping ended at last and the woman stood looking down at her screaming daughter for a while without saying anything. At last, Jane heard a threat that unless she stopped crying and listened at once, she would receive another fifty lashes of the strap.

Although she could not completely stop her sobbing, she hushed her crying enough to hear the woman tell her that she was going to be strapped like that every day until her mother was satisfied that she had been sufficiently punished.

Jane tried to get up immediately as her mother left the room, but she couldn't quite make it. She was just too weak from the strapping and screaming.

In just a little while, she heard the sound of strapping again and it jolted her into action. There was a medium sized leather case in her closet and she hurriedly stuffed clothes into it without really knowing or caring much what sort of things she collected.

When it was full, she walked to the door of her room and was about to leave when she realized that she was still naked. Putting the case down, she rummaged about the room for more clothes and found enough to dress herself.

Then, the sound of the strapping from Jenny's room ended and Jane froze in panic. If her mother caught her trying to escape, she sensed, there would be another strapping and a much more terrible one.

Hurriedly, she closed the door as gently as possible and, pushing the packed suitcase behind her dresser, she sat on her bed and sobbed a little louder than she needed to.

She heard footsteps as her mother approached the door, but they went right on past without a pause. Jane breathed a deep sigh of relief.

In a little while, she heard her mother's voice again. It came from the master bedroom where her father was receiving the second round of exposure to her temper.

Poor daddy, Jane thought as she got up and walked silently toward Jenny's room.

She found Jenny lying on the bed rubbing a blazing red arse and crying so hard that she seemed to be choking. Jane hurried over to comfort the maid and found that in doing so, she was able, for the first time since the strapping, to still her own sobbing.

Gradually, Jenny was able to get herself under control although she still sobbed. From the master bedroom came the frightening sound of the strap again. That seemed to be all that was required to spur Jenny into action.

Drying her eyes and smearing more tearstains across her face, the maid saw that Jane was already dressed and packed. Quickly, she gathered her clothes and a few toilet articles, put some of the clothes on and stuffed the remainder into an old and battered case she took from her closet.

Since the strapping and screaming continued, they moved quietly along the hall toward the back stairs. That way, it would be possible to slip quietly out the back door, along a broad lawn and through the hedge gate.

They made the journey without event and even when they, with a sigh, reached the relative safety of the outdoors, it was loudly obvious that John's second strapping was still in painful progress.

There was a moon shining and it provided enough light so that they were able to walk across the fields toward the road which led to London. They had already agreed that London was to be their destination since it was big enough so that they could lose themselves in the event that Jane's mother made any effort to find her and bring her home to receive even more strapings.

It was more than a mile to the road, but neither girl was in a frame of mind to complain about distance. Distance was just what they wanted, great quantities of it between them and Jane's mother.

They had gone almost half the distance when Jenny stopped suddenly and put her suitcase down.

"Jane dear," she said wearily, "my poor arse is still on fire. I am going to try to hitch my skirts up so that the cool air may help soothe it."

Because it seemed like such a good idea, Jane giggled just a little as she set her case down and did the same thing. Both wore belts and it was simple to tuck dress and linen petticoat under the belt.

When they began walking again, they laughingly agreed that there was a delicious sense of naughtiness in walking nude from the waist down. In addition to that, the cool night air did seem to remove some of the fire from blazing arse cheeks. Time too, they agreed, would be required to remove the sting entirely, but there was an improvement and anything, at that stage, helped.

Reaching the road at last, they paused and wondered what to do next. It was clear to both that London was too great a distance to be walked, and yet, they agreed it would be an act of foolishness to just stand there waiting for Jane's mother to come and find them.

"Perhaps the first thing we should do," Jenny said with a little giggle, "is pull our clothes down in the event that a coach happens to come along."

"It could be," Jane replied with a giggle of her own, "that we would stand a better chance of getting a ride if we stayed as we are."

"That kind of a ride, my dear, will not get us to London," Jenny said a little more dryly as she untangled her skirts and dropped them into place. Jane followed suit.

Agreeing that it was better to keep moving, they began walking in the direction of London. There was no traffic on the road at all, but that was not surprising.

Travellers on the way to London would already have stopped at inns to spend the night. It was probable that they would not get a ride until the morning, if they were lucky enough to get one then.

"Let us suppose," Jenny began as they went on walking, "that some traveller offers to

give us a lift in exchange for one of us .fucking with him. Would you agree to that?"

"Agree?" Jane replied brightly. "I should be more than delighted. After all, we both enjoy fucking and it has gotten us into this mess, if it can get us away from it, so much the better. In fact, if some attractive gentleman offers to take us to London, I think I should offer him a nice fuck out of a sense of gratitude "

"Oh you darling," Jenny said with a little laugh, "I was, I must confess, a little concerned because of your youth. Now I am sure we shall get to London and have a wonderful life there."

They trudged on. After what seemed like many hours, they admitted to each other that they were too tired to walk another step. They did, however, manage the few steps it required to cross the ditch and collapse on a patch of grass very near the road.

With their arms around each other, they sat close, leaning back against a big oak tree. The night air had become a little less than pleasantly cool and each felt the other shiver.

"Do you truly think we shall reach London?" Jane asked in a voice which quivered as if tears were close.

"Of course we shall, dear," Jenny comforted her as she drew her arms more tightly around her. "Not only shall we reach London, but we shall have a wonderful life there. I am told that it is a beautiful, exciting city, filled with handsome, wealthy men."

"But would they be interested in us?" Jane persisted as if unable to accept cheer.

"My dear Jane," this time Jenny cupped a teat as she spoke, "there is one thing which appeals to all men and that is the body of a beautiful female. We are both very beautiful and our bodies will win away much of the money men earn with their brains."

Agreeing that they should try to sleep, they leaned against each other and closed their eyes. Sleep was not easy under the circumstances, but they did manage to doze a few times and they rested.

The eastern sky was light grey with the approach of the rising sun when they heard the creaking of a cart in the distance.

Jenny heard it first and gently shook Jane awake. Sensing that it could be their ride to London, she wanted the younger girl fully awake to help greet the early traveller.

"But what," Jane asked sleepily, "if it is mother looking for us?"

"Hear how slowly it is moving, dear," Jenny replied. "It is not a carriage at all. A farm cart, more likely, perhaps carrying hay. At any rate, not manure."

Jane surprised herself by being able to laugh at that. They waited, holding hands, as the cart approached the end in the road to their left.

They saw the pair of horses first, then the shape of a lone man sitting on the raised seat. Because the light was poor, they were unable to estimate his age or look at that distance, but at least, as Jenny told her friend, it was not possible that her mother had come looking for her in a farm wagon.

Picking up their cases, they ran out onto the road to stop the wagon and beg a ride in the direction of London. As the wagon approached, the driver looked startled to see two beautiful young women standing there, but he did pull the horses to a halt as they called and waved to him in a frantic manner.

"What are you doing here?" he asked in a startled tone that was not without suspicion.

"We are going to London," Jenny replied clearly and with more confidence than she felt

"Walking? London is a far distance for a pair of girls."

"But we won't be walking if you give us a lift," Jenny replied as she noticed that the driver was a young farm lad probably no older than Jane.

"I suppose that's so," the lad answered with a serious expression as if he had just been exposed to the philosophy of ancient Greece. "But why should I?" he asked in a most belligerent manner as his expression changed.

"I can show you two very good reasons," Jenny countered.

Setting her case down, she caught the hem of her skirt and pulled upward. In the early morning light, her legs and thighs gleamed white and exciting. Instinct told her that she had won her point and they would get their ride.

"I warn you," he managed to say after licking his lips which had suddenly become dry, "I do not go all the way into London."

"That is fine," she called back. "How far do you go?"

"Windsor."

"But is that not part of London?"

"No, Miss, but it is very close."

Jenny knew that, and knew too that it was far better than remaining so close to Basingstoke where Jane's mother could find them or send riders in search of them. Anything was better than returning to the sting of that bloody leather belt.

"Can you pay for your ride?" the farm lad called down with a suspicious look.

"Of course we can," Jenny answered. "How much money have you. You look like runaways to me."

"We have no money."

"Then how can you pay?"

"Foolish boy," Jenny said gently as she again raised her skirts. This time, she pulled them all the way up to her waist to show him cunny bush and belly. "If this does not look like payment enough, my friend has the same sort of equipment."

Catching the meaning of Jenny's words, Jane hiked her skirts up as well, but did so with her back turned to him so that he had a lovely view of her nicely curved arse.

"Climb up," he said and they heard the nervousness in his voice.

It was too difficult for the women to manage alone, so Jenny asked for help. His hands trembled as he helped them one after the other until Jane sat on the canvas cover of the load and Jenny sat beside him on the hard seat.

He started the wagon and Jenny noticed him staring at her. She was surprised to see that he was looking at the prominent bulge of her titties rather than her legs as she would have expected.

"Would you like to see them?" she asked as she cupped them from below.

"I surely would," he answered in a passionate tone.

"Very well then, look straight ahead and do not turn your head until I tell you."

As she unfastened the front of her frock, he surprised her again by staring straight ahead as if fitted with blinkers. She took her beauties out and pulled her clothes nicely away from them before telling him to have a look.

Both his mouth and his eyes opened wide at the sight of Jenny sitting there beside him, her big, beautiful bobbies dancing to the bumpy motion of the wagon.

When the simple boy did not seem to know what to do or say, she took one of his hands and placed it on a teat. It closed around the smooth flesh so hard that she gasped and told him to be more gentle.

"Have you never seen or felt a teat before?" she asked in a quiet, interested manner.

It was the beginning of a series of questions which led to an admission that he had never fucked and never seen the form of a woman unclothed.

It was then that Jenny told him that as payment for the ride, they would stop somewhere along the road, go into the bushes and strip naked. He would be permitted to feel both of them and, when he was ready, fuck either of them.

He wanted to stop and get at it there and then, but Jenny pointed out that they were cold from having slept in the field through the night. She managed to convince him that it would be better for all of them after the sun had come well up and heated the air.

The lad drove on and from time to time, Jenny gave him a little look at her titties or her thighs. Determined to do her share, Jane also entertained him from behind with her titties, legs and arse.

Jenny guessed it was a little after ten o'clock when the boy became so impatient that she agreed it would be warm enough if he could find a place to get the wagon off the road.

Not long after that, the driver spotted a little used road and turned the horses into it. After driving a few yards, there was a clearing in the bushes so he turned the wagon into it and the horses stopped.

Following Jenny's instructions, he clambered down first, then helped them to the grass. In merely doing that, he saw a lot more bare female than ever before since their skirts were wide and he stood directly below them. Still, it was obvious that neither of the girls minded at all, especially since they tugged their skirts well up before beginning to step down.

Boldly, Jenny caught the front of his pants in her hand and felt a firm cock that seemed to be a good size for one so young. She told him so and he blushed with pleasure.

Both girls began undressing then and they thought the lad would go out of his mind with excitement as they bared their bodies to him.

His hands and eyes moved from one to the other as if he had no idea what to do next. Jenny solved that problem for him by telling him to take his clothes off. Since he wore only a shirt and pants, it did not take long at all.

Moving up to him, Jenny ran her hands over his arms, chest, belly and arse before she finally took his rigid cock in her hand and gave it a little squeeze.

"Isn't it going to feel nice when you have this pushed right into a nice soft cunt?" she asked. "Which one of us do you want?"

"How about the two of you?" he replied eagerly. "Of course, but after you fuck one, it will be a long time before your cock can get hard again."

"Does it have to be hard?"

"Look," she said gently, "it's like frigging yourself. After you've done it, you can't do it again for a long time, can you?"

"That's right," he admitted but not without reluctance.

"I'll tell you what," Jenny went on. "There is another game you can play. It is called sucking cunny. You press your mouth to a pretty cunt, suck on it and lick inside with your tongue. You can do that to one of us and then fuck the other when you finish."

"I heard about sucking a cunt," he said with a strange expression. "Is it really true?"

"Of course it is," she assured him, "and it is wonderful fun for the man. A cunt has a sweet taste and a lovely feel."

Following Jenny's instructions, Jane dropped to her back on the grass and spread herself to surrender her cunt. Jenny dropped between her thighs and, telling the lad to watch, she began lapping Jane's twat.

After a minute, she stopped and the boy didn't have to be invited. He almost threw himself into Jane's crotch and began sucking her twat at once.

"Use your tongue," Jane panted.

Kneeling beside the boy, Jenny told him to get his tongue well inside and lick with it while he sucked. The look of hot lust on Jane's face told her that he had followed orders well.

As Jane felt her come approaching, her thrill was greater as she realized she had been sucked off by an excited boy, one who had never even seen a cunny before, let alone lap one.

In her final spasm, Jane threw her arse high in the air and carried the surprised lad with her.

At that point, Jenny, who had been fingering her slit to get close because she knew the boy would not last long once he began fucking her, pulled him away from Jane's crotch and fell into a nice fucking position. The boy came to her and she was quick to guide his stiff prick into her anxious twat.

He fucked like an animal with long, fast, hard strokes as Jenny writhed in passion and exquisite delight under the slamming weight of his strong young body.

Before long, Jenny learned that she had been wise in frigging herself almost to the point of coming. With his oak hard cock driving in her slit, she was just into her come when she felt his trembling in her crotch as he shot his juice to her. He delivered a nice quantity and Jenny decided that, all in all, it had been a reasonably good fuck.

Dressing then, they resumed their journey. Jenny and Jane reached London early that evening.

CHAPTER SIX

Alone in the big frightening city of London, the two girls were desperate. When they fled Jane's home in the quiet town of Basingstoke, it meant freedom and happiness. Now strangers and afraid, they realized that their escape would not be complete until they could achieve an adequate connection in the city which would provide them with food and shelter.

The farm boy had taken them right into the city instead of dropping them in Windsor. His second fuck of the day, with Jane that time, paid for their extended ride. One ride in exchange for another, as Jenny phrased it, seemed eminently fair.

He had dropped them in front of an Inn which looked quite comfortable, but travelling without money as they were, it may just as well have been the fanciest hotel in the city.

For a long time, they stood outside the door wondering what they could do next. The only decision they reached was that they could not stand on the sidewalk all night talking. Shortly after that, Jenny mustered the courage to approach the innkeeper.

They found him at the end of the bar and were relieved to see that he was alone, and wore a gentle, almost timid expression. In quiet desperation, Jenny pleaded their case.

The man listened in discomfort, as if embarrassed. When she finished, he informed them

that he would speak to his wife on the matter.

Stepping to the nearby doorway, he called out and in a moment, a woman appeared. She was neither gentle or timid. She looked to be just what she was, the absolute ruler of the gentle little man.

He relayed the girls' story and the woman glared at them in a hostile manner so that both were ready to run rather than await a rough, insulting rejection. Not even bothering to reply to her husband, the woman turned toward Jenny and Jane.

"I know nothing of your manners or morals and will not have two pretty young runaways in my home," she said as she looked toward her husband in a way which made her meaning very clear.

"However, I cannot turn you away at this time of evening. You will be given food and a bed for the night. In the morning, you will leave. Do you accept that?"

"Oh yes, Madam," Jenny replied with feeling. "That is most generous of you and we shall repay you when we have the money."

"There's no need for that. Come now, sit at a table and we shall feed you. When did you eat last?"

"Yesterday," Jane answered weakly and was surprised that they had gone the entire day without eating.

Looking startled, the woman walked away from them and left the room. She returned before long with two steaming bowls of beef broth and instructed them to take that first so their stomachs would be prepared for solid food later.

It was really too hot to take immediately, but the sight and smell of it was so overpowering, that they fell on it at once and began to devour it greedily. It burned their tongues and throats, but they didn't care.

When they finished, the man came to take away their plates. As he bent over the table, he signalled Jenny with his eyes and whispered to her.

"In the morning, go to the Inn of the Rising Sun. It's up the street at the top of the hill."

With that, he was gone with the plates and the girls looked at each other in surprise. He had taken the chance of his wife spotting him whispering to them, so, they reasoned in a hushed conversation, his advice was surely sound.

Food arrived in a little while, generous portions of chicken stew with fluffy dumplings and they ate ravenously until both plates had been emptied.

After that, they were given tankards of light ale by the woman and it provided the perfect conclusion to a hearty meal.

After they finished, the woman led them upstairs to the room that was to be theirs. It was roomy enough, clean and had a wide bed, a dresser, a chair and a chamber pot.

The girls undressed at once, as the woman instructed them to, and did not mind that she stayed as they did. It seemed likely to both of them that the woman would want to be paid in a different way for her hospitality, but again, she fooled them.

Seeming to devour their nude forms with her eyes, she told them to get in bed. When they had done so, she drew the sheet up over them, said good night and walked out of the room closing the door behind her.

Jenny and Jane looked at each other in confusion. Neither could offer an explanation of the woman's strange conduct in wanting to watch them undress, view their naked bodies with such obvious desire, then leave without doing a thing.

"Perhaps," jenny suggested, "she will come back to visit us in the night."

"If she does," Jane replied with a smile, "and expects to find a couple of innocent country girls, she is due for a surprise."

They joined in a hearty laugh as they discussed how the two of them would service her in any way she wanted and more ways than she probably knew about.

Although both would have thought they were too tired to do anything that night, their conversation so aroused them that they turned in the bed, each pressed a mouth to a cunny and they sucked each other off.

After that, they fell asleep almost at once with the sheet kicked well away from their feet.

They were not aware when, late in the evening after the inn was closed for the night, the innkeeper's pleadings and arguments were answered and his wife silently opened their door.

She held a lamp in her hand as they approached the bed where the tired girls were lost in a deep sleep. Jenny lay on her side and slightly on her tummy so that her luscious arse and thighs were beautifully presented. The woman held the lamp low so that the man could crouch by the bed and peer between the thighs of the sleeping beauty. When his wife tapped him on the shoulder, he got up and they went quietly around the bed to view the other girl.

As if she had known she was going to be admired during the night. Jane slept on her back with her legs parted and her left knee bent. The man had a long, exciting look at her pink cunny before he allowed his eyes to move over the rest of her beauty.

When his wife began pushing him away, he paused to steal a final look at Jane's twat. then, reluctantly, he allowed the big woman to lead him from the room.

They went directly to their room where they hurriedly stripped naked. Her big titties and arse cheeks seemed to dance and bounce impatiently as she waited for her husband to finish stripping.

He did eventually, and his cock snowed promise of good things to come. They came together on the bed and began to fondle each other with great excitement.

Henry, as a rule, was an inadequate fucker. So much so, in fact, that there were times when his big, sexy wife almost had to rape him in order to get even a little, barely satisfying fuck.

But this night, he was a different man, not at all like his usual forty-three year old self. Forgetting the difference in their size, he rolled her all over the bed as he sucked her teats, kissed her arse and cunt and finally, when she screamed for it, jabbed an unusually stiff cock into her wet, horny slit and fucked her royally. She came as she had never come before and Henry was a very proud man when his gun stopped firing and he knelt over her looking down into the face of his well satisfied wife.

Before falling asleep, she considered keeping the girls at the inn to keep her husband excited, but practicality told her that there would be too many chances for Henry to get at them and he would soon see her for what she was, an old and flabby woman.

She reconfirmed her previous decision that in the morning, the girls would go.

As she drifted into sleep, she imagined herself in the bed with the two of them. They were both awake and awakened.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In the morning, the girls slept late, which, considering their discomfort, hunger and lack of sleep the previous night and day was not at all surprising.

Washing and dressing, they came down to find the woman alone at the bar. Thanking her

for her hospitality, they offered to do some work in repayment, but she would not have that.

Instead, she served them a good breakfast and sent them on their way without any suggestion as to where they should go in search of shelter and employment.

Remembering the advice that had been whispered to them the previous evening by the publican, they walked up the hill in search of the Rising Sun. They found it at the top of the hill.

It looked much the same as the other Inn, but its location gave it a little added advantage. A little more confidently than they had done the previous evening, they walked into the place.

There were two old men huddled over mugs of beer at the far end of the room, and a young woman behind the bar. Jane whispered to her friend that they would have to ask for the proprietor. Agreeing, Jenny took command of the situation without difficulty and in a way which impressed her younger companion.

"I wish to speak to the proprietor," Jenny said in a confident tone.

The young woman behind the bar glared at them without any attempt to mask her hostility, then, without speaking to them, walked from behind the bar and into the next room.

As they waited, the girls agreed in whispers that if they did find a job at the inn, they were going to have an enemy on their hands in the form of the barmaid. Still, that was of no importance at the moment, what really mattered was finding the employment and shelter they needed. Enemies could be handled later.

The man who came out to greet them with a smile and a more than appreciative glance was about the same age as the man they met the night before, but there the resemblance ended.

This one looked big and strong and hearty and it was clear that no woman, no matter how big, would push him or intimidate him in any way.

"Good morning, ladies," he greeted them with that strong London twang which is often referred to as cockney, but is not. "What can I do for you?"

Wanting to get out of ear shot of the barmaid, Jenny asked if they could have a chat in private. With a smile, the man gave his version of a courtly bow, which it really wasn't, and, drawing a curtain aside, ushered them into an inner room.

Seating themselves, the girls watched the man's eyes flick from one to the other as they told him of their sad plight with Jenny doing most of the talking and Jane only offering a word here and there to prove that she was at least capable of speech.

"That was very friendly of good old Harry," he smiled as they told him how the publican suggested they should come to him in the morning. "Very friendly indeed."

"Then you mean you can offer us work and lodging?" Jane asked excitedly.

"Not so fast, girlies," he held up his hands with the palms facing them. "I said nothing of the sort."

Their faces fell and he had all he could do to keep a satisfied grin well hidden.

"As a matter-of-fact," he went on, "there is not so much work to be done here. Rose works well, she's the barmaid, and I can hire women for cleaning up. Now on the other hand, I have no wife." He paused then and looked from one to the other to see whether they had caught his subtle point.

"Are either of you virgins?" he asked.

"No," Jenny replied easily. "Neither of us are that, although we are not greatly experienced," she added with the thought of making it as attractive as possible for the man.

Getting up, he began to walk around the room as if deep in thought. When he finally stopped pacing, he stood behind Jenny's chair.

"You both look healthy," he observed, "but I would have to be sure that you are strong if you are to work here."

So saying, he gripped her upper arms, one in each hand as if testing her muscles. From there, his hands moved easily across the front of her dress so that he cupped a teat firmly in each hand. He smiled when she made no protest.

Releasing her, he walked over to Jane and, without the pretense of feeling her arms at all, he cupped her titties and fondled them well.

"Well now," he mused, "you do both look like fine strong girls. Of course strong legs are important too. I think you should both stand and let me see that you have good legs too."

"Sir," Jenny said with surprising firmness as she waved Jane back down to her seat, "we do not mind at all allowing you to see our legs and more, but first, before giving you a free show, I want to discuss with you the matter of lodging and employment."

"Well now," he beamed, "I like a woman with both beauty and spirit. In the first place, call me Jim, not sir. I'm no bloody toff even though I do own this very nice inn."

"As for employment, I mentioned before that I have no wife. She died almost eight months since. That leaves a certain," he paused, "need, if you understand."

"I do," Jenny replied in a completely unruffled tone.

"And would the two of you be prepared to fill that need for me?"

"That would depend, would it not? I mean we both enjoy a good romp in the hay with a good man, but things such as working conditions and salary must be arranged first, I would think."

"Well said, Miss. Well said indeed. I am prepared to pay you each ten shillings a week along with food and lodging. In return, you will help with the serving and other work as well as the other, ah, service I mentioned. Do you agree to that?"

"Ten shillings is less than a fortune, Jim," Jenny shot back.

"True, but there is a way in which you may earn more if you wish."

"And what is that?"

"Well now, from time to time, there are fine gentlemen who tire of their wives' beds and look for something younger and more beautiful. They pay well for such services."

"And, of course," Jenny answered, "the money we earn is ours?"

"Not entirely, my dear. There is a standard system in most inns in England. Half to the woman, half to the house."

"Does the man pay the money to me?" Jenny wanted to know.

"It is usual to pay it to the house. I see that you get your half. You can trust me, I'm an honorable man."

"I'm sure you are, Jim," Jenny smiled, "but we are just as honorable. On condition that the men pay us, we shall accept your offer."

"But I can't do that. How would I know how much he paid you?"

"Surely you will know these fine gentlemen you send us. I should not think they would refuse to tell you what they paid to enjoy our charms."

"No. I won't have it," he protested vehemently. "You need help, I don't. I can't allow you to dictate terms to me like that."

"Very well, Jim," Jenny said with a sigh as she stood and indicated with a nod that Jane too should stand. "Now that we know how these things are done, I am confident we can find another inn where our services would be valued beyond the terms you offer. Before we leave though, we really should keep our promise to show our legs to you."

Reaching for the hem of her clothing, Jenny slowly pulled the garments all the way up to her waist. She smiled as the man licked his lips while staring at legs, cunny bush and belly.

After a brief pause, Jane gathered her clothes and, turning her back to him, pulled them up slowly until she had bared the lovely round cheeks of her bum to his view. She held them up that way for a moment, then allowed them to fall back into place.

"All right. You collect the fee from your men," he croaked, "but I warn you, I'll find out what they paid and get my half or take it out of your hide with a whip. I mean that."

"There is no need for unpleasantness, Jim, we shall want you to check on such matters. We are appreciative of the chance to earn a living and have food and lodging here and would never think of treating you unfairly. Shall we shake hands on our agreement?"

Smiling all round, they shook hands and then Jane joined in. Their new life had begun in the exciting new city of London. They would have a place to eat and sleep and they would all so earn money which they would not have to spend and could save for the future.

"Now then, Jim, about that vital service you have been lacking all these months," Jenny said with a smile. "Would you be of a mood to sample our wares right now?"

He gulped and flushed as he said, with obvious regret, that the noon crowd was coming in to eat and he would have to hurry to the dining room. He assured them that he would be back a little after one.

He went on to suggest that in the meantime, he show them to their room and that they could rest there while they waited his return.

Together, they went up the steps and he opened a door for them. It was a pleasant enough room with a wide bed and plenty of light and air.

"This will be fine," Jenny said. "I'm pleased you like it," he beamed. "My room is just next."

He pointed toward a door in the far wall. He did not bother to tell them, though, that through the crack between the curtained transom and the top of the door, he could, by standing on a chair, have a complete view of their room.

In the past, he had used this room for beautiful women alone or good looking young couples and had frequently seen sights which caused him to jerk himself off as he gazed passionately into the room. Still, there were other rooms so equipped and he would have no shortage of pleasure with these two beauties in the room next to his, he assured himself.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Knowing that they would not likely have such an opportunity again, Jenny and Jane went down to the dining room to enjoy a leisurely lunch.

Jim was not only not angry at their appearance when the place was so crowded, he actually seemed delighted to see and serve them personally.

As he hurried from table to table, Jim would glance in their direction. The girls were able to guess that he was already advertising the services they would make available at the inn. It pleased them since it promised to increase their income.

They liked the way many of the men looked at them in open admiration.

From time to time, the girls would giggle as they exchanged whispered comments such as : "Look at that one sitting alone to the right. He has his cock and balls in his eyes ... I'll swear that one has his hand in his pocket playing with himself ... Quick, dear, draw a very deep breath, there is one with his eyes on your titties...."

The game was great sport and they relished playing it at great length. They stayed much longer than necessary and killed the time over a big mug of ale each. By the time they left to return to their room, most of the crowd had left and it seemed that it would not be long before their employer and protector came to visit them.

They were right in one sense but wrong in another. Jim did hurry up the stairs less than a minute behind them, but instead of going to their room, he went directly to his own, placed a chair under the transom and peered through the slit into their room.

To his surprise and delight, they were embracing each other as passionately as if one of them were a man. He had heard of women who did such things, but had never seen them before. He hoped fervently that this was going to be what he wanted.

It was not long before they began undressing. Jim had not seen their titties earlier, but he saw them now and the sight of the four, pink tipped beauties caused him to tremble and hold on for fear he would fall off the chair.

The delightful milkers bounced and swayed as the girls laughed and played with each other. In time, they went to the bed and their playing became even more passionate as they used their mouths now as well as their hands.

His cock became so stiff that it was painful to keep it locked inside his pants. Opening the front of his clothes, he pulled it out and had to fight the urge to begin frigging it.

There was fucking to be done, he kept reminding himself, and he wanted his bone to be in good shape. As it was, it had been five days since he last fucked the barmaid and three days since he jerked off at the door while watching a lady of quality strip naked while her maid bathed her beautiful, white body.

Their playing progressed until it reached the stage where Jane knelt over with her head down and her lovely bum up. Getting behind her, Jenny parted the sweet cheeks and began kissing and licking her arsehole. It was a thing he had never seen done before and he found himself in the act of rubbing his cock.

With great effort, he forced himself to call a halt to that while the bone was still hard and his balls still at a good, full pressure.

The girls on the bed changed places then and Jane took her turn at licking a pretty pink arse hole. While she went on licking, her hands went around to play in Jenny's crotch as the woman wriggled under the delicious double assault on her person.

And then they were turning and lying on the bed with a film of perspiration covering their bodies. They whispered for a moment, then turned and quickly got into position to lap each other. In seconds, each had her lovely face buried in a warm crotch and he could hear the sucking sounds from his perch outside the door.

Jim stayed right with the game until both women enjoyed a loud come and they fell apart to rest. Their rest, he assured himself as he scrambled down from the chair and put his prick away, would be a very short lived one.

Hurrying to their room, he gave one knock on the door then pushed it open and threw himself into the room. His eyes afire, as was the rest of him, Jim hurriedly began stripping his clothes off while the women sat on the bed and exchanged glances as they noticed his mood of urgency and wondered which cunny was going to receive the eager looking prick he exhibited with such pride.

They whispered agreement that he had good reason for pride since it was an excellent cock, at least an inch more in length than that of Jane's father, considerably bigger around and

d with a much larger head.

Their exchange of glances told frankly that each hoped she would be the one to get poked by it and feel the squirts of cream in her belly.

Naked then, the man leaped into the bed and pushed himself between them. Understanding his needs, they kissed and fondled him while his hands roamed on both sides feeling the firm young bodies. They were smoother than pure silk and he told himself that the barmaid was going to have to look elsewhere for her fucking in the future.

True she boasted a big firm arse and big teats, but for all that, she could not compare to these lovely young ones with their silken skin and perfect curves.

He wanted to play a lot longer, but his cock would not permit it. Without knowing which of the girls he was taking, he threw himself over to his right and fell onto Jenny's warm body. In a moment, he was burrowing between her thighs and fitting his cock into her wet cunt.

Jim drove hard and pushed the big head into her narrow slit. She gave a little gasp at the feel of it stretching her, but she did not feel at all inclined to protest. It filled her twat more than anything before ever had.

Jealously, Jane looked at the expression of ecstasy on the face of her friend. There was no anger involved, it was just that she wanted that wonderful big cock in her own slit which ached for a nice fucking.

Jim rode Jenny well and fed cock to her in long, easy strokes. In spite of his arousal, he managed to keep the pace of the fuck nice and slow so as not to go off.

When he felt himself getting too close, he withdrew his cock and it shone wet and proud looking as he knelt up. The man knelt there breathing deeply for a couple of minutes as he waited for his cock to cool and his balls to stop their threat to send the juice flying. When he was sure all was under control, he got out of Jenny's crotch and moved over to Jane.

Seeing him approach and guessing what he had in mind, Jane was quick to lie back with her legs open and her knees up to take him aboard. He wasted no time about getting into her proffered crotch and she felt the big head ramming as it searched for the opening.

Using one hand to help guide it, Jim fitted his shooter between the soft lips of her twat, gave a few pushes and she cried out as Jenny had done earlier at the feel of the great head forcing a path up her slit.

When it was all the way in, he began bouncing on her smooth belly as he fucked her in the same delicious manner he had given it to Jenny a little before.

To her extreme delight, Jane felt herself getting ready to come and knew she could make it before he fired his load. Warning herself not to force it, she merely lay back as heat swept over her and her body began to tremble.

Whether or not he realized what was about to happen to the girl then, Jim reached under, caught the cheeks of her bum with both hands and began to stroke faster inside her cunt.

At that moment, she came. It was a beauty of a come and one she swore she would remember for a long time. It had not completely passed when he began groaning and jerking and the squirts of cream shot into her.

Jim collapsed onto her body and they lay panting like that for a long time while he bathed his spent cock in the warm moisture of her cunt.

Jane liked to have the man stay inside her after her come since it not only felt so comforting, but also delayed her return to earth after a flight into the stars of a warm night.

When he did get up, the two of them saw that Jenny was wild with desire and was fingering her slit to find a measure of relief.

Jane hurried over to her and pushed her down on the bed. Not caring that the man watch

ed, pleased that he was there, actually, she pressed her face quickly into her friend's crotch. At once, her mouth and tongue became very busy as she sucked and licked greedily. There was just a trace of the flavor of cock inside the slippery slit and it added nice spice to the lapping for her. As for Jenny, she needed nothing more to make her joy complete. Her dear young friend was, as always, a lovely lickster and made it even better by using both her hands to increase the thrill.

This time, by way of change, Jane left her tongue inside Jenny's quim even after the older girl began to come and her arse bounced up and down in excitement.

While she was coming, the man was so thrilled at what he saw that he began to beat his bishop even though there was no possibility of getting it hard again so soon after the fuck.

In time, the women moved apart and, as Jane raised her hand to wipe her mouth free of the crotch moisture that shone there, the man caught her hand and pressed his mouth to hers instead.

He kissed her with great passion and, as he did, his tongue licked her face clean. When the kiss ended, he saw that Jenny was smiling up at him very warmly and that her thighs were still parted.

It looked so lovely and exciting that he just couldn't resist getting down and licking her crotch the way he had licked Jane's pretty mouth. He found even more flavor there and the aroma of nice, clean cunt. It was, as he declared to them a little later, his very favorite perfume and he liked to get it from the source rather than in a bottle.

The three of them sat talking on the bed then and Jim made sure that they talked only about sex. He hoped to get horny enough so that his cock would become hard again for a fuck of the two women as he had done before.

Seeing his excitement, the girls regaled him with tales of how they had learned about sex and played games with Jane's father until her mother caught them.

He was fascinated by the thought of a girl fucking with her own father and told them so.

In exchange for their stories, he told of many things he had seen by peeping into rooms where women alone fucked with candles or where a man and a woman did all sorts of things in addition to fucking.

Referring to the way Jane had sucked her friend off, Jim told them it was the first time he had seen a woman doing that to another woman and that he was fascinated by it.

"In that case," Jenny said with eagerness, "we shall do it more often when you are with us. We both enjoy the game very much and Jane does have the sweetest little cunt in the world."

"You talked about all the spankings at home," Jim began to ask, "do you really enjoy being spanked?"

"Oh yes," both answered at the same time before Jenny went on alone.

"We often spanked each other until our bums were as red as fire and just as hot. Also, Jane's dad loved to spank us. The sound and the feel of being spanked is a lovely experience."

"Would you let me spank you sometime when we are playing?" he asked with eagerness.

Both agreed that they would and hoped it would not disturb other guests in the inn. He assured them that it would not and that guests often spanked children and servants in their rooms.

"How about that barmaid?" Jenny asked as she saw a chance, if only a faint one, of getting even with her for her arrogance at their first meeting. "She would surely have a big arse that would take a lovely spanking. Why don't you give it to her? I would give anything to see

and hear that."

"Well," he paused, "it does sound like fun, but I doubt it is possible. I don't think she would take it from me."

"She would if it were a choice between that and being fired, I'll wager," Jane threw in.

"Maybe she would at that," he mused, "and she does have an excellent big arse at that."

"Do you fuck her?" Jenny asked boldly.

"I used to," he replied. "But now that I have the two of you here, I fear her twat will be neglected. Why do you hate her so anyway?"

"She was rude to us when we asked for you this morning," Jane replied. "We don't hate her, but we don't much like her either. I would be delighted to see her lying over your lap with her arse all bare and you slapping it with your big, hard hand until she cries like a baby."

"I hadn't thought of that," Jim admitted, "But now that you mention it, I shall give it some thought. I'll bet those big cheeks would really bounce and turn red."

"I'll wager they would, Jim darling," Jenny said as she kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Besides, if she does quit as a result of being spanked, Jane and I can look after your bar anyway. It will keep us in view of the men and make them want to fuck us."

"I think I've found a couple of lovelies here," he said with undisguised admiration.

"We are going to make you very happy and very pleased that you employed us," Jane commented.

"Coo," he smiled, "I've found me a choice brace of lovey doxies I 'ave."

CHAPTER NINE

The fame of Jane and Jenny spread quickly in the area and they soon had as many clients as they could handle. Men loved the fact that both girls were willing to do anything for a price and as their popularity increased, the price went up.

Their weekly income, which had been established in the beginning as ten shillings, was soon being measured in pounds as the happy clients flocked to the inn.

Because it meant a big increase in business for the bar and dining room as well, Jenny pointed out to Jim that they were entitled to a fat raise in pay.

He argued only a little before agreeing to up their pay to a pound a week. The girls established bank accounts in a nearby bank and their fortunes continued to flourish.

From time to time, some drunken dandy would, in his cups, offer a vast sum for the performance of some act such as the girls sucking each other off or allowing him to spank their bare arses.

Then, they would pretend to hesitate and, invariably, seeing that they were not adamant in their refusal, he would raise the price by as much as five pounds.

Tucking their money away, they would then break down and give him just what he wanted.

But there were not enough dandies in that district and it was not long before they decided that while business was good there, it could be a lot better if they removed their operation into a wealthier area of the city where men could and would pay higher prices for tender and beautiful young female bodies such as theirs.

Two months after they reached that decision, they were still at the Rising Sun. By then, Jane was seventeen and the girls realized that they had gotten themselves into a trap. When they were not working in the dining room or servicing their many customers in the bedrooms, they were looking after Jim's needs.

They rarely had time or energy to make love together and had no time to go out in search of greener fields. True, the money kept coming in nicely, but they admitted they worked at their trade too hard to find any real enjoyment.

While they were still seeking a way out of the trap, the answer was delivered to them in an unexpected manner.

Early one morning, a woman of obvious wealth and breeding presented herself to the proprietor. She told of having heard about the two girls and stated that she wished to engage the services of both for an hour or so.

Because there had been a few female clients in the past, he was not horrified, but saw instead, a nice fee for the house since she wished to hire both girls.

He conducted the women to the girls' bedroom and knocked lightly on the door. The girls were already bathed and dressed and their room was completely in order. They had promised themselves to go out looking around the city before the busy lunch period and that explained their early readiness.

They looked at each other and their faces fell when Jim announced that he had brought them a client who would pay well for the use of both of them. With a shrug, Jane told the man to send him in.

Both were surprised when the well dressed woman came into the room.

Greetings were exchanged and the woman stared in open admiration of their beauty. Her eyes moved from one to the other and never seemed to stop their travel.

"I've heard tales of your beauty," she said warmly, "but I couldn't believe that two such beautiful girls would be installed in a place such as this." She put heavy and unflattering emphasis on the last word as she looked around the room.

"When we arrived in London," Jenny explained, "we had no money or friends and could not afford to be choosy. We took what we could find."

"And are you content here?"

"Not truly. We speak often of finding a better place, but there never seems to be time to find one."

"Come you beautiful darlings, let us get undressed so that we may pay suitable tribute to feminine beauty." She began removing her gown as she said it.

Jane and Jenny also began to undress and both were in the nude well before the woman whose clothing was of a more complicated fashion so that she required more time to remove it.

"Oh, you beautiful darlings," she gasped and stopped undressing as if unable to use her hands.

Jenny helped her remove the last of her clothing and they fell into a passionate embrace. Later, both girls complimented the woman on her mature beauty. She appeared to be about forty years of age, but boasted a fine, mature figure and a stunningly beautiful face. Even naked, she carried herself with a regal bearing.

Jane, especially, felt childish and awkward in the presence of the perfectly poised woman and hoped she would not make a fool of herself.

"Come dear," the woman said to Jane as Jenny moved a little aside.

Jane hurried to her and in a moment, they were sharing a delightful embrace as their b

odies rubbed together and the woman cupped the cheeks of Jane's bum with both hands and drew her closer so that their cunny bushes did an embrace of their own.

"We must go to bed, my darlings," she said in a husky whisper. "I want you both to kiss and fondle me so that I become greatly aroused. After that, I shall want you both to ride me."

As they walked to the bed, Jane and Jenny exchanged puzzled glances. Neither knew what the woman meant by riding her and both dreaded the thought of looking stupid.

Still, that was something to be faced later. The woman wanted to be kissed and played with and both knew well how to do that.

They did it well too as they drew the woman down onto the bed. Because Jane happened to be closer to the woman's face, she began kissing her and fondling her well developed and quite firm breasts.

In time, her kisses moved down and began kissing and sucking teats. The woman responded very well to having her teats sucked and the nipples, big to begin with, became much bigger and very hard in Jane's mouth.

Jenny, meanwhile, found more than enough to keep her pleasantly occupied farther down the splendid body. With her hands and her lips, she explored the belly and cunny bush first, then went on to thighs to find her way into the woman's willing crotch.

The crotch remained willing until Jenny slowly pushed a long finger between the lips of the cunt.

"No, not that please," the woman almost cried.

Both girls paused and looked at her to ascertain her meaning.

"I cannot stand having anything enter my cunt," she said softly. "I love everything of the body except the feeling of anything at all inside there."

"You mean not even a tongue?" Jane asked in wonder. "Not even a tongue, darling, but please, let us all resume our play while we are still warm."

They did indeed resume their play and while Jenny kissed her way through the writhing crotch and paid full attention to the full lips of the twat, she was careful not to permit her tongue to slip into the fleshy nest as it wanted to do. It was not easy to resist, but she managed.

Despite the interruption, the woman was soon aroused to a degree where something would have to be done. Both girls were aware of it, but neither knew what to do.

"Ride me, Jenny. Start riding me now," she panted.

"We do not understand this riding," Jane whispered into her ear as she went on massaging the woman's teats.

Moving a little away from them, the woman lay on her back with her legs parted and her knees drawn up as if she were about to be fucked by a man.

"Pretend you are a man and get on me," she said in an urgent tone.

Jenny was quick to do so and the woman quickly taught her how to move up and down on her so that their cunts were able to rub together. At once, Jenny felt her own arousal build and knew that in the act of riding, both of them would be able to come.

Because she was more experienced at it, the woman came before Jenny was ready, but she insisted that the girl keep riding until she too had her come. When it happened, it was good, better than Jenny expected it would be.

After that, the three lay more quietly fondling each other and whispering words of bea

uty and passion. In just a little while, the woman announced that she wanted to take Jane for a ride and would show her a different method. Eager to learn from this obviously sophisticated woman, Jane went to her at once while Jenny, equally thirsty for knowledge, sat and watched.

Again, the woman lay on her back but with her legs not parted as widely as before. Gently then, she showed Jane how to lie on her belly with one thigh between hers.

After a little adjustment by the woman, they were able to rub their cunnies together and the woman told her that in the position they had found each could rub her clitoris hard against that of the other.

It was not until later that Jane learned, by asking the woman, what a clitoris was. Until then, she and Jenny called it the passion bud.

Their cunts rubbed nicely and Jane was particularly thrilled at the idea of riding a woman. It made her think of how a man feels when he is lying between a woman's thighs and fucking her.

She enjoyed the best of two worlds then because she was a beautiful girl with a sensitive cunny and still she was in the act of fucking a woman's cunt.

Before very long, she came and the woman had her come at almost the same moment. They remained locked together, their nude bodies jerking and twitching and did not move apart even after the waves of passion receded to leave them calm and in a lovely state of contentment.

Talking in whispers then, the woman told them about her lovely, well furnished home in a fashionable district of the city where fine ladies came to enjoy sexual pleasure without men.

She pointed out that her clients were wealthy and paid well for their sport.

"There was a time when I alone serviced them," she said, "but although you may consider me beautiful, many of them want younger beauty than I can offer. Both of you have that."

All three became alert then as they heard the sound of something bumping the adjoining door. The girls had already discovered the slit through which their employer peeped into their room.

Pretending to kiss their visitor, Jenny whispered that they were being watched and perhaps overheard. It was agreed that the woman would slip her a card containing her address and they would visit her in the morning for a long chat about their future.

Just to make everything look right, the three women kissed and played a little more and the visitor watched as Jane and Jenny sucked each other off.

Then, in a clear voice, the woman told them how great they had both been and how she would come back to visit them often. She withdrew four one-pound notes from her handbag and passed them to Jenny who thanked her profusely and expressed the hope that the woman was sincere in her promise to return often.

All three dressed then and, standing close to the wall where she could not be seen through the transom slit, their visitor slipped her card to Jenny who tucked it into the top of her stocking for the time being.

Through the rest of the day, Jim showed no sign of suspicion and things went well. The girls entertained only three customers that evening and went to bed feeling good.

Before going to sleep, they whispered to each other about how good it could be with the woman if all she said was true.

Next morning, they arose early, and announced to Jim at breakfast that they were going out to see some of the city. He protested mildly that customers might come for them, but they were insistent. Seeing that he had no chance of winning, he withdrew his protests.

They walked only a few blocks before hailing a carriage which soon delivered them at t

he front door of a big, wealthy looking home. The girls were impressed.

They were even more impressed a little later when a maid admitted them and ushered them into a splendidly furnished and carpeted salon where their client of the previous day, Miss Angela Carter rose to greet them with a smile.

Her dress was in keeping with her surroundings and the two girls thrilled at it all.

They talked easily while drinking tea which the maid served from a costly silver service.

During the course of the conversation, Angela recounted the story of her life, how she first serviced a woman's body when she was fourteen years old and had been paid a shilling for doing so.

Since then, her activities and her price increased with the result that she was the owner of the mansion and everything in it and had many profitable investments in the city and in foreign trade.

"I am thirty-nine now," she smiled, "which means that I have achieved all of this in twenty-five years. You will be beginning at the very top of the profession and receiving the highest prices for your services. You can both be rich within ten years, rich enough to retire, if you want to."

Jane and Jenny were completely sold on the idea and almost fell over themselves accepting it. To their great surprise, they learned that Angela would take only one third of their earnings and guaranteed them both a minimum income of fifteen pounds a week.

With a smile, she indicated that it would be a rare week indeed when they made so small a salary.

It was at that point that Jenny recalled it was Jim's regular marketing day and that he would be away for all of the morning. It provided them with the perfect opportunity for escape.

Excitedly, Angela rang for a maid and instructed her to have the carriage brought around at once. The three of them drove at great speed to the Rising Sun.

Jim had stuck to his marketing schedule so that they had the run of the inn as they hurriedly packed their belongings and left.

This time though, instead of running away from something, they were running to something, something that promised a whole new and wonderful way of life.

CHAPTER TEN

Shortly after they reached Angela's house, the maid announced that lunch was served. In the dining room, they found the same atmosphere of luxury. The food was excellent and well prepared.

Their elation was such that Jane and Jenny could not resist talking about their first night away from home when they slept in the field.

They laughed, and Angela joined in their laughter, as they recounted the story about the farm boy who had never seen a woman's body before and who learned so much that day in payment for driving them right into London.

"Speaking of men," Angela pointed out, "I hope I have made it clear that all our clients are women?"

"Oh yes," Jenny answered for the two of them. "From time to time we would like to be fucked by a man, but we love working with women."

"I much prefer women," Jane offered, "but it would be nice to have a cock once in a while."

ile."

"Cheer up, dears," Angela answered with a smile. "We do have a few strong males on the staff and I am sure they would be more than delighted to meet your needs when they arise."

"In addition to that, I have a friend who operates a salon where ladies go to be serviced by splendidly hung young men who are professional fuckers and do their job well. I shall see that you do not go hungry in any way."

After lunch, the three retired to the salon, with the aid of books and illustrations, Angela commenced their education in sexual matters.

"You both have a fine instinct for sex," she observed, "but in order to prosper in this profession, you must also have an academic knowledge of the human body and its full range of functions."

After a lengthy period of instruction which the two girls found quite exciting, they undressed and Angela began to demonstrate the various services that women clients paid well for.

One of the most popular, it developed, was spanking. The girls were quick to assure her that they had both learned to accept and enjoy spankings as well as to administer them, but that they did not like such things as straps or other more cruel instruments.

"Have no fear, my dears," the woman assured them. "In my establishment, beauty is all important. A woman cannot be beautiful if her bum is streaked or bruised. Therefore, the only spankings we receive are administered by the palm or a light paddle which stings without leaving ugly marks."

"Do any of the women want to be spanked?" Jane asked. "I'd love to spank older women."

"You shall have plenty of that my dear. There, the rule is different. If a client wants to be beaten with a strap, cane, riding crop, or even a whip, we are pleased to oblige."

Naked, the three walked upstairs to the punishment room, as Angela called it. She pointed out that walls and doors were all of double thickness to keep sounds inside.

The room was sparsely furnished with two upholstered, armless chairs, an ordinary couch with leather covering, a higher table, also padded and leather covered, a low stool and a cabinet. The floor was completely carpeted and the walls hung with black satin drapes.

It was the most unusual room either girl had ever seen and it became even more so a moment later when Angela swung open the doors of the cabinet. It was fitted with every possible punishment device.

Angela explained them all to the girls and, using the padded table as an imitationarse, demonstrated how they should be used and how hard the blows should be applied.

They took turns with the various instruments and the woman seemed quite pleased with their rate of learning.

Angela sat on one of the armless chairs then and called

Jane to lie across her lap. There was a surge of remembered fun at having been spanked, but it was mingled with a touch of apprehension.

Explaining that this would be the type of spanking she could expect to receive from clients, Angela began to spank her pretty bum with considerable vigor. All through the spanking, she scolded and mocked the victim who played the role of naughty little girl being spanked on her bare bum by stern nanny.

Jane, remembering her previous training and acting instinctively, cried, sobbed and pleaded beautifully so that Angela became aroused and administered a very good spanking which left the girl's bum cheeks a fiery red and filled with an exciting tingle.

When it ended, Jane stood and the woman embraced her and told her how beautiful she was with tears streaming down her lovely face and splashing onto her sweet titties.

"Please, Angela," Jane sobbed, "I'm so horny. Is it all right if I finger my slit until I come?"

"That will not be necessary, dear. Lie on the table and give me your hot little cunny. I shall take excellent care of it for you."

Seconds later, Jane was lying in position with her hot arse enjoying the cool kiss of the leather near the end of the table. She drew her legs up over her and parted them wide.

Quickly, Angela's hands were rubbing Jane's hips as her mouth pressed the sensitive cunt and her tongue pushed right inside to lap her slit. Jane came very quickly and realized that the woman was an excellent lapper.

Jenny was put to the test then and, taking her over her firm thighs, Angela administered a nice spanking with the light paddle. Although Jenny cried quite loudly, she was forced to admit when it was over that the paddle really did not sting as much as a hard palm when it slapped her arse.

Despite that, her bum was a thoroughly delightful shade of crimson as she hurried to the table to be sucked off by the woman who knew so well how to do it.

The first client arrived at seven that evening. She was, as the girls expected, tastefully and expensively dressed, had a massive pair of bobbies which swayed when she walked in spite of all the whalebone she used to support them, and was, in all respects, a little too big.

It was not difficult for the girls to understand why she found it necessary to pay for sex. In her late forties, the woman really had little in her favor except wealth and so she exchanged that for the sex it could buy.

The visitor was delighted when Angela produced her two new assistants who were clad only in black silk shifts which came to an end well above the knees. The material was so fine that it permitted a teasing view of their beautiful young bodies.

Other than the shifts, the girls wore only black silk stockings held to their firm thighs with bright red garters, and shoes with strangely high heels which made walking rather difficult until they became accustomed to them.

Unable to decide which of the young beauties she wanted, the woman struck a bargain with Angela to engage both of them and paid the price asked without blinking even though the two girls thought it was surprisingly high, even to the point of being outrageous.

At the client's invitation, Angela followed them as they went up the stairs to the punishment room. Inside the room Angela and the client stripped naked at once. The girls decided to retain their shifts until told to undress since they could not be sure what was expected of them.

The client took Angela into her arms and crushed her into her massive teats as they kissed with passion and the client rubbed her well formed bum.

Then, the embrace over, she walked to Jane, crouched beside her and slowly raised the hem of her shift until it was above her waist. She emitted little moaning sounds as she admired the lovely young body and stared up into her crotch to view her cunny.

In that moment, Jane guessed that the woman would want to lap her and hoped she would not require the same service in return. Still, she knew that if the woman wanted it she would give it to her and consoled herself with the thought that, at the Rising Sun, she had sucked the cocks of many old men who were uglier than the woman.

With a quick gesture then, the woman straightened up and jerked the loose shift over Jane's head and off. It left the beautiful girl nude except for her stockings and shoes.

Jane felt herself being caressed with great strength and passion as the woman fondled

her bum and even pushed a finger well into her crack.

When she stopped kissing at last, Jane was already nicely aroused and ready for anything. The woman led her to the high table where she had her lie on her back. Then, working with the deft touch of a masseuse, she began to massage the firm, full teats so that the nipples quickly pushed up hard.

Bending over the table, she began sucking then and she sucked more greedily than anyone had ever done, Jane decided. Her teats had been sucked by many men and women, but none had ever worked on them with such dedication.

The woman got up then and called for two cushions which Angela produced from the end of the couch. Jane was ordered to get up on her knees and, as the cushions were placed one atop the other, she had to lie with them under her tummy so that her arse was nicely elevated.

Standing beside her with a hand on the small of her back, the woman began spanking with her hand. She spanked quite hard, but her hands, like the rest of her, were not bony so that it did not hurt as much as Jane would have expected.

Still, she did cry because she thought the woman wanted her to. After a little while, as the spanking went on, Jane cried without having to pretend. Both cheeks of her perfect bum colored brightly.

Suddenly, the spanking stopped and Jane was drawn up by the strong arms until her arse arched fully. All eyes moved to the red cheeks which became the center of attention.

Standing directly behind the crimson bum, the woman was trembling with lust as she parted the cheeks, pressed a warm face between and began licking Jane's arsehole.

Jane received a long, lovely licking before the woman, smiling excitedly, turned her over and moved her legs into a wide open position to get at her cunt.

For a few seconds, she only stared, then, her fingers moved to the sensitive lips and drew them apart. Making a little sound that was much like a cry, she dropped quickly into Jane's crotch and began sucking and licking her slit.

Sucking sounds filled the room as she gorged herself in a banquet of tender young cunt. The next sound heard came from Jane as, with a long drawn cry of ecstasy, she jerked and trembled through an obviously lovely come which in her crotch, the big face still pressed greedily.

Slowly then, as if reluctantly, the woman drew up and away from the wet, steamy crotch of the girl. Rubbing her hand gently along Jane's crotch to spread the moisture all over, she turned away from the girl on the table and moved toward Jenny.

Having been well aroused by all she had watched, Jenny was anxious to have the woman take her and that anxiousness was obviously a shared one.

Hurriedly, the woman stripped her, embraced and kissed her with great passion, then took her to a chair where, in obvious haste and arousal, she took the bigger girl across her more than ample lap and proceeded to administer a very sound spanking to the smoothly swelling cheeks of the girl who cried nicely all the way through.

After the spanking, Jenny was taken to the table where she too had her arse and twat thoroughly licked and came with a glad cry.

The girls were surprised then to see the big woman get onto the table and spread herself out in fucking position. It was no surprise to Angela though, because she hurried to the table and the girls saw that she was carrying with her what appeared to be a big, stiff cock.

Using it as if it were just that, she fitted it well into the slit of the groaning woman and began giving her a fast and hard fucking with it.

Before long, the woman had her come. After that, all dressed and the customer left.

Later, Angela showed the girls her collection of dildos and they were fascinated by the lovely devices.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Jane and Jenny thrived in their new environment. They thrived physically, emotionally and financially as their lovely bodies continued to develop and their beauty grew seemingly with every day.

But while all this was happening, Angela made sure that their minds developed as well. In addition to teaching them things of a sexual nature, she guided them in reading a wide variety of books which informed them on manners, dress, life in other countries, and politics.

"It is most important," she explained, "that in our profession, a woman be well versed in many subjects. Those who are not, survive only as long as their youthful beauty survives. After that, they become pitiful whores out in the streets peddling their arse for shillings and pence."

It was a strong message and had the desired effect on the young girls who knew that they would not stay young forever. They studied with diligence and both determined to follow the example of the other woman who, at almost forty, was stunningly beautiful and filled with a grace and dignity which would keep her young for some years yet.

As the word spread of the two delightful apprentices in Angela's establishment, more and more clients flocked to the house. Still, it was agreed that they would receive clients only in the afternoons and evenings so that the mornings would be free for study and training.

With such an arrangement, it is not surprising that their financial fortunes blossomed. Where they had been assured a minimum weekly income of fifteen pounds, there was rarely a week when their income failed to double that figure.

Some of the clients preferred Jane's younger, slimmer figure, but an equal number found their joy with Jenny who, while youthful and firm at twenty, boasted a slightly more full blown figure with larger teats and bum cheeks to amuse them.

The girls were relieved to find too that many of their clients, unlike their first one, were young and beautiful women.

Because most of the clients liked to engage in conversation, they learned much about the function of women that was not to be found in books.

One of Jenny's favorite clients, and one of her most regular, was a woman in her mid thirties who boasted an angelic face and a beautiful body with strong, proudly held titties standing out firm and beautiful.

Each time she visited, she and Jenny would go into a small salon where there would be a bottle of sherry and two glasses.

They would strip naked at once, embrace and kiss, then, while waiting for passion to build slowly, would sit on the bed sipping sherry as they chatted.

The woman told that she was the wife of a churchman who was very prim and prissy about sexual matters.

"When he does get around to giving me a fuck," she told sadly, "it is the dulllest and most revolting thing you could imagine."

"He goes into another room and strips before returning to our bedroom wearing a robe carefully tied. I think that he plays with himself there, because when he approaches me, I can see through the robe that his cock is hard.

"I must be lying in bed wearing my nightie. The room is then darkened completely and the shades drawn so that it is like a tomb. That is only appropriate for such a dead manner of fucking, I suppose," she added with a laugh.

"I hear him take off his robe. He is panting a little as he reaches for me in the dark. His hands touch me only enough so that he can find his way between my legs which must be parted wide enough to permit him between. but left flat on the bed.

"At once, he pushes his cock into me and proceeds to fuck me without a word of any kind. As soon as he shoots his juice into me, he gets off me and goes to the adjacent bed where he sleeps that night. Other nights, he sleeps in another room.

"As soon as he gets off me, I hurry to the bath and wash out my twat well to ensure that our dead marriage will produce no children. It infuriates him that I do not produce children, but it is my revenge and he will never find out what I do to ensure that my revenge continues."

At another time, the woman told how she turned to other women deliberately as the act that would be most contrary to her husband's stuffy outlook. That she found such enjoyment in the arms of other women was merely a bonus, a delightful one.

After such conversations, they would come together and begin to kiss and fondle each other. The woman wanted to learn every possible method for two women to share pleasure and Jenny had much to teach her.

Because of her constant repression at home, she enjoyed throwing herself into every sexual act with complete abandon to the delight of her paid partner.

Jenny, in fact, was so delighted with the woman that she once tried to refuse her fee. The woman was insistent though. Not only was she doing these wonderful things which would so horrify her husband, but her enjoyment was being paid for by his church stipend. The irony of that delighted her and, when she understood it, Jenny was delighted also.

Their sessions were always long and, since the fee was based in part on a time basis, well paying ones for Jenny. Usually, they would begin with the preliminary fondling arousing them to the point where they would fall to the bed together and suck each other off.

After that, they would rest and chat a little, then play any of a variety of games. The woman took a spanking well and cried nicely as Jenny colored her nicely formed arse with the palm of her hand, a paddle or a light strap.

She also administered a spanking nicely and there was never a session during which Jenny did not develop tingling, red bum cheeks.

Jenny taught her to ride and she loved that. They enjoyed many variations of that. She liked to have Jenny lie on her belly and ride her like a man, but when her turn came, she preferred to have Jenny lie on her side for it.

She would call Jenny by her husband's first name as she mounted her and parted the lips of her cunt so that her clitoris could rub Jenny's creamy white thigh as she rode back and forth.

While delaying her come as long as possible, she would pretend that Jenny was her husband and would talk to him in the filthiest language she could find. Jenny had aided her in this manner as well and broadened her ' vocabulary a great deal.

"Now Roger, you prim old cock sucker," she would pant as her cunny rubbed warmly along Jenny's thigh, "how do you like the feel of a real cunt on you. You're getting rubbed with a hot, slimy cunt, you bum fucker of little boys....

"No you limp prick, I shall not stop. Feel my horny cunt rubbing its juice all over you. Take some more you old bastard. When I finish this, I'm going to sit on your ugly face with my arse and cunt....

"I haven't washed my cunt for a week and I'm going to rub it all over your face and shove your nose right up my slit. Perhaps I'll put my arse hole to your mouth and shit in you like a dirty old toilet....

"After that, I'm going to take a strap and beat your white arse while you pull yourself off as you so enjoy. I shall make you jerk off on the floor, then have you get down like a dog and lick it up. Take my cunt you filthy beast. Take this ... and this ... and this...."

At this point, the pace of her rubbing would increase to a furious rate and she would wrap her thighs tightly around Jenny's as she came swept over her.

When it passed, Jenny would hold the lovely, tired woman with her face against her breasts and hear her tell how good it had been.

It was something Jenny did not have to be told. The heat of the woman's crotch would seem to stay on her thigh for a long time and Jenny was always boiling with passion as she comforted the woman.

Her turn would come when the woman recovered strength to turn her over and relieve the pressure by putting her pretty face into Jenny's crotch and sucking her off very nicely.

The woman's face was of such an angelic quality, that Jenny always told herself she was being lapped by an angel and it was wonderful and ensured that no matter how often she had come earlier in the session, the one she was then approaching would be the best of them all. It invariably was that.

They would never end their session until the cleric's wife was completely worn out and barely able to walk to her carriage.

Jenny wondered how she would explain her fatigue to her husband, but there too, her sense of humor served her well. Her husband believed her when she told him that she spent one afternoon each week doing acts of charity in an institution for wayward girls.

"After all," she smiled, "It is surely the truth, is it not?"

CHAPTER TWELVE

But Jane too enjoyed some regular and exciting clients who always arranged for her to serve them.

The strangest of them all, perhaps, was a woman in her thirties who always arrived with her sixteen year old daughter.

The woman was a dark-haired, gracious looking matron who not only looked as if she would have been quite at home in the best drawing rooms of London, but actually was. She had a big, strong figure with big titties, well nipples even when unaroused, and a more than ample arse supported by good strong thighs and legs.

Her tummy was a little too big, but the great cunny bush of raven black hair provided it with a special charm.

In almost every respect, the daughter was a miniature of her. Thrillingly beautiful of face and figure, her coloration was much the same as that of her mother, creamy white skin offset by coal black hair.

Her figure was lithe and lovely. Her breasts, nicely formed and not much larger than lemons, were pure delights and Jane constantly strove to get an entire one into her mouth. She never could achieve it, but she never tired of trying the exciting challenge.

Below a waist so slim that Jane could span it even with her small hands, there rose the most beautiful little bum Jane had ever seen, touched and kissed. The cheeks appeared to have been sculptured in alabaster by a master artist. Never had Jane feasted her eyes, hands and mouth on cheeks so perfectly round and firm, yet of so silken a texture.

The strange situation came about, Jane learned, when the daughter chanced to spy on her mother one day and found her nude in the embrace of an equally naked woman friend.

After that, the daughter made a point of spying each time the woman visited her mother

. In time, her mother caught her and there was an ugly scene since when the woman threatened to punish her, the girl responded with a threat that she would inform her father of what she had seen.

Having achieved that degree of success, the cunning girl insisted that in future, she not only be allowed to peep when her mother and the friend played sex games, but that she also be permitted to join.

Horried at the thought of making love with her own daughter, the woman resisted, but the girl was adamant. In desperation, the woman offered a compromise whereby she would accompany the girl to a house where professional women lovers would provide anything the girl wanted.

For a little time, the girl pretended to resist the offer, then, convinced that her mother was properly desperate, made a counter offer. They agreed to go to the house rather than force her mother to participate with her, but that as payment, her mother would have to accept a bare bum spanking from the cunning young girl.

The mother could have died at that moment, but she was so completely trapped that she was forced, after a brief pause to lie over the lap of her daughter with her bare arse bared and accept a stinging spanking which caused her to cry and so aroused the girl, that as soon as she finished spanking her mother's ample arse, she rolled the woman off and promptly pulled her own clothes up and diddled her twat with her finger until she enjoyed a come.

The following day, mother and daughter visited Angela's establishment where the mother was no stranger. They went to a room with a young woman, all stripped naked and the professional serviced the two of them. She also accepted a spanking from the daughter.

Mother and daughter became regular visitors after that and it was not long before they began doing things to each other as well as to the paid staff.

When Jane met them for the first time, she was amazed about the whole situation. She became a little more able to understand it when she realized that her father had fucked and sucked her, so that the mother daughter arrangement was not quite as shocking to her as it would have been.

The first time she went to the room with them, they made Jane strip naked while they remained clothed. Both were wild in their praise of her beauty as, together, they kissed and fondled her at great length and in a manner which quickly aroused her as it obviously did them.

Mother and daughter stripped then and called on Jane to play with them as they had done to her. More than pleased by the beauty of the woman and girl, Jane did an excellent job of exploring and arousing their bodies.

After just a little bit of this playing, the woman drew Jane across her lap and gave her a sound spanking while the daughter played with her titties so that both ends were looked after at the same time.

"Oh fuck!" the daughter gasped. "What beautiful teats you have, Jane." Her hands squeezed and rubbed while the mother, using only one hand, went on spanking the lovely, bouncing bum over her lap.

The spanking over, Jane was rolled onto the bed and the girl fell on her and began devouring her teats while the mother worked on her bum and cunt with her hands.

Then, rubbing her twat with excitement, the daughter got up, sat on the edge of the bed and ordered her mother over her lap for a spanking. Without protest, the big woman draped herself over the girl's thighs, submitted her massive arse and took a good spanking which had her in tears.

The sight of a young daughter spanking the swelling mounds of her big mother's arse was so thrilling to Jane that she was barely able to resist fingering herself off.

She did resist only because she sensed that she was going to come many times before the session ended and by then her slit would probably be raw.

After the mother's spanking, bums were compared for color, and, while Jane's and the woman's glowed brightly, the daughter was forced to admit that her bum looked much too pale. With a little giggle, she bent over Jane's lap and wriggled her delightful arse while Jane did a masterful job of spanking the smooth, round cheeks until her victim was crying and begging her to stop.

She spanked a little more before stopping, then bent the sweet young girl over on the bed with her bum raised high and parted the hot cheeks to bare a lovely little pink hole.

Jane did not spend much time looking at it before pressing her face between the parted cheeks and licking the hole until she was able to force her tongue right in.

"Oooh mommy," the girl panted, "the sweet thing has her tongue right up my hole. Oh mommy, it's lovely to have your hole licked. Oh ... oh ... she's bum fucking me with her tongue. Oh ... oh ... oh ... I think I am going to come."

Hearing that, Jane quickly changed her course of action and, turning the squirming girl over, pressed her face into the warm, silken crotch. In a moment, her tongue was well inside another, softer hole as she tongued the moist slit with such avidity that it was only a matter of seconds before the girl did come with her arse rising from the bed and her cunt rubbing all over Jane's wet face as she jerked violently and filled the air with a flow of words which would have shocked many a sailor.

Jane drew her face tiredly out of the girl's crotch and found herself drawn against the big bobbies of the mother.

"I have never had my arse hole licked, my dear," the woman said with excitement. "Tell me what it is like. Is there not a taste of poop?"

"Not usually," Jane told her, "but when there is, it is not unpleasant. Would you like me to do it to you?"

"Oh yes. My arse is clean. I washed it very carefully just before I left home."

"Bend over then and get your big arse up nice and high so I can really get at it."

Trembling with anticipation, the woman did as she was instructed and heaved the big red cheeks up high with her knees well apart.

Crouching behind her, Jane paused to admire the view of arse and cunt. The girl joined her in admiring it and Jane saw that she was still horny despite just having had a big come.

As she drew the heavy cheeks apart, the girl too had a close look at the hole which looked so small between an impressively big pair of arse cheeks.

A moment later, the view was hidden as Jane's lovely face pressed into the crack and her tongue found the hole with an effect that brought a moan of passion from the bent woman on the bed.

There was only a faint smell of poop in the woman's crack and Jane found it not at all unpleasant.

As had been the case with the daughter, Jane licked at the hole and tongue fucked it until she felt the woman begin to squirm as if approaching her come. Despite the difference in size, she rolled the woman over easily, found her dark slash of cunt and began lapping.

While the woman heaved and squirmed nicely as her daughter added to her arousal by playing with her teats, Jane very quickly brought her to a come.

"If someone does not soon make me come," Jane groaned as she got up, "I think I shall die."

The daughter was delighted to oblige, but before doing so, she satisfied her curiosity about bum licking and went about it in fine style to Jane's delight since she enjoyed having

her arse licked even more than she enjoyed doing it to others.

Before she was released, both mother and daughter had tongued her arse well and it was the mother who finally moved her tongue into Jane's slit and gave her the come she wanted so desperately.

Following that, they talked of the various ways it was possible for women to bring pleasure to each other. Using her own experience as well as the many things she had learned since coming to Angela's house, Jane was able to excite them greatly with stories which promised many thrills in the future for the strange mother and daughter.

It was agreed quickly that they would come to the house on a specific day each week and that it would be Jane who served them.

Over the months, they became fast friends who always found the ultimate in enjoyment from their meetings. The clients were lavish in their praise of Jane and not at all like coming to a whore.

When the daughter expressed a desire to get rid of her cherry, she posed a problem since she pointed out that she found men unattractive after her experience with beautiful women.

Jane laughed and informed her it was not really a problem at all. Excusing herself, she left the room and returned in a little while looking vastly altered.

Strapped to her belly with leather thongs firmly attached, was a long, slim dildo, the slimmest one she had been able to find in Angela's supply cupboard.

Neither mother or daughter had ever seen a dildo and both showed great interest in it. The mother had seen a good many live cocks in her day and was amazed at how closely this thing resembled a real one, not only in appearance, but in texture as well.

Panting with anticipation, the daughter surrendered herself to the other two and they began to arouse her to the point where she screamed to be fucked.

At that point, Jane left the girl to her mother as she hurried to the dresser where she opened a jar of cream and applied it liberally to the artificial cock. She brought more of the cream with her and spread it generously in the girl's vaginal slit.

The two then spread the daughter into an appropriate position and Jane, kneeling between the trembling thighs, lowered herself onto the waiting body and felt very much a virile male as she fitted the end of her weapon between the lips of the lovely young cunny and began to fuck.

It was painful as the girl knew it would be, but after the cherry was split, Jane paused only a moment before feeding her the full length of cock and proceeding to fuck her until passion replaced pain and the girl came with the cock buried in her slit right up to the hilt.

"What a lovely way to be fucked," the mother observed with enthusiasm. "It means you can have all the joy of fucking, and yet your cunt is still clean enough to be lapped by a woman. Truly it is the best of two worlds."

Before they left that day, it was agreed that the next time they visited, Jane would have two dildos ready.

She kept her promise on the next visit and both woman and girl received a thoroughly delightful fucking. Later, the woman insisted that Jane leave the big cock attached to her belly as she lay back to have her cunny lapped.

It was indeed a strange sight as Jane lay with the cock, glistening wet from fucking the woman and bared a sweetly feminine cunt which the big woman promptly went down on and sucked with great relish.

Although Jane enjoyed servicing all her clients, she looked forward mostly to her weekly sessions with the mother and daughter.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

When Angela received word that her brother was coming to London to visit her, she was so overjoyed that she closed the house to all clients that day.

Her brother, in his early thirties, was an adventurer who looked after her investments and always produced an excellent return on them. This time, he had been in the United States delivering a shipload of slaves which had been purchased in Africa.

In his letter to her, he informed Angela that they had brought the best profit to date on the Virginia market and their investment had been more than doubled after paying all costs.

But it was not money alone that so excited Angela, she had more of that than she needed. Most thrilling, was the thought that her brother would be home for a while. They loved each other passionately.

It was love that began in childhood. They had always liked each other, but an accident brought them into a closeness most unusual between brother and sister and one not likely to ever gain public approval had it been known.

Angela, then nineteen, had been bathing that afternoon in what she thought was the privacy of her chamber. Having finished the bath, during which she played with her cunny a little as was her custom, and was about to towel herself when she was startled at a sound which seemed to come from her closet.

Hurrying to the partly opened door, she gave a gasp of shock as she saw her brother standing there with his little cock out and very hard.

"You've been spying on me, you naughty little thing," she charged.

"Please Gela," he sobbed, "I couldn't help myself. I just had to do it."

She reached for her robe, but something about the look of pain on the boy's face and the excited state of his hard little pecker sent a shiver of excitement through her which she could not control.

Instead, she dropped the robe and drew her twelve-year old brother against her nudity and, in a gentle voice, told him to explain everything to her. Holding him close against her, she felt the hardness of his young cock on her skin and it was thrilling.

Nervously at first, then more freely as he gained a bit of confidence, the boy explained that he had often managed to see a little of her legs and titties and had been dying, for a long time, to see what her body looked like when she wore no clothes at all.

"That's why I hid in your closet when I knew you were going to bathe. It meant you would take off all your clothes and I would be able to see you bare naked."

"And why was your cock out, Albert?" she asked even though she knew the answer quite clearly.

Nervously, the lad admitted that the beauty of her body was so exciting that he had to take his cock out to relieve the hurt of it and that he would have jerked off had she not caught him when she did.

"You know, Albert it really is naughty to peek at your sister in that way, don't you?"

"Yes, Gela, and I am truly sorry."

"Well then, since you are so interested in my body, I guess I shall have to show it to you properly. Since both father and mother will be away from the house for hours yet, there is much time."

Taking him by the hand, she led him to the bed. Despite her mounting excitement, Angel

a's hands were steady as she quickly stripped her brother naked and reached to fondle the hard little cock.

He wanted to find out what she had between her legs and how it looked, but she explained that there were other things to be examined first.

She gave him her titties one at a time and he played with them and sucked them until the nipples grew as she wanted them to. They fascinated him.

Later, she gave him her bum to play with while she patted his. After a while, they played a little game of house. First she was the mommy and gave him a light spanking, thrilling to the sound and feel of every spank. Then he became the daddy and she was afraid he would shoot as he spanked her mature bum to a nice shade of pink.

Albert was almost crying to see his sister's cunny when she finally agreed to show it to him. She had him lie on his back with his eyes closed while she squatted above him. When she was ready, she allowed him to open his eyes and he cried out at what he saw then.

Angela had already learned the joy of cunny lapping from an older girl, so she explained to him just how it should be done, then lowered her body down to his perspiring face.

He lapped it eagerly while his hands reached up to play with her lovely thighs, belly and bum. It was not long before she began to come and, in her excitement, sat quite hard on his face. Albert did not mind that at all.

When he announced, a little later, that he had to frig himself, Angela told him that would be a terrible waste. Her girl friend had told her that by sucking the cock of a male, it was possible to get a nice drink of rich cream.

He too had heard that such a thing was possible, but did not know for sure. He told her how his cock spurted cream when he frigged it, and that he would love to feel her mouth around his cock since it should feel even better than his hand.

Lying beside him, she put the end of his cock into her mouth and began to lick and suck the little head. Since he was already so aroused, it was not long at all before he gave a little groan and sent spurt after spurt of his cream into her mouth. She swallowed every drop of it and declared that it was truly quite delicious.

After that, at every opportunity, brother and sister played sex. If they were alone in the house, there would be spankings and many other games which usually ended with them sucking each other off.

Even when one or both of their parents were at home, they would meet in a hallway or other room and he would get his hands under her clothes and play with her until they heard someone approaching.

At other times, she would take his cock out and pull it until it was ready to come, then, she would take it into her pretty mouth and drain it.

They never fucked though because Angela was afraid of becoming with child. In fact, the warnings she had received were such that she never fucked and never wanted to, so that at the age of thirty-nine, a very successful whore for women, she was still a virgin. Many a tongue had entered her cunny, but never a prick or anything like it.

Albert, on the other hand, thanks to his early training in the crotch of his sister, went on to become an excellent, full time fucker who was in great demand with the ladies who loved the way in which he was hung and the delightful manner in which he aroused, sucked and fucked them.

It was for this reason that he never married since many women, in his opinion, were better than one, and there was a ready supply of cunt available to him.

Mainly through his women, he established excellent business contacts and it was not long before he became wealthy by careful investment of his and Angela's money.

His business interests usually took him away from London and frequently from England, but each time he returned, brother and sister hurried to the nearest bed where they stripped and played the old games. There was an enduring love and it was not possible for him to form a romantic attachment toward others.

Always, he would try to convince Angela that she should permit him to take her cherry, but she always refused with a laugh. The idea of being a whore for women and a virgin at the same time pleased her and she decided to remain a virgin for the rest of her life.

Albert could never understand this, but he did not really fight it. There were so many other things they could do for fun that it really didn't matter.

While her cunt remained virginal, her arse hole did, finally admit his cock. She did not particularly enjoy being fucked up the bum, but she did not mind it either and since it gave him such pleasure, she frequently turned her well spanked bum up to take his stiff cock into her tight hole.

More often though, his cock went between her lush, full lips to feed the cream she so loved into her throat. Albert had grown a lot since boyhood so that it was less easy to get the big head of his swollen cock into her mouth, but she did manage it and it was a nice tight fit.

His manly balls provided much more juice than the boy had been able to feed her and she loved that. As Angela saw it, there was no such thing as too much cream to drink and line her throat with that beautiful softness.

Angela was thinking of all these things now as the hands of the clock crept on toward noon and her brother still had not arrived.

After a little while, the tension was relieved as a carriage clattered to a jerking, noisy stop outside and she rushed to the window to see her brother leap from it and come running up the steps.

"He's here," she shrieked aloud. "My darling young brother has arrived."

Having heard so much about him, Jane and Jenny looked at each other as they waited to see the man who was reputed to be such a fucker and who could bring such joy to his virginal sister.

The moment he walked into the room, tall, ruggedly good looking and confident, Jane felt a twitching between her thighs that told her she wanted to feel his prick inside her.

Women, she agreed, were all very well and it was lovely to have one's cunt lapped and to lap others, but she was more than ready to feel a stout cock inside her with a man attached to it rather than a lot of leather straps.

This, she decided, was going to be the man whether he knew it or not.

When Jenny made the same observation to her in a whisper, they shared an excited laugh.

Breaking their embrace, the brother and sister turned to ascertain the reason for the laughter they heard. When Jane answered quite boldly that both she and Jenny wanted to lie down and open up for him, he filled the room with his robust laughter.

"Get your little twats ready for action, you lovely little angels. I shall fuck you both until you beg me to stop."

"That you may do with my blessing, brother dear," his sister said with a little laugh of her own, "but it will not be for some hours yet. I am thirsty for your rich cream, and I shall drink deeply of it. When you can produce more, you may help yourself to these charming children."

With that, she led her brother out of the room. It was less than five minutes later when Jane and Jenny squirmed in excitement at the sound of spanking from the adjoining room.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"Oh yes, we had many female slaves in the shipment. The Americans prize them highly both for breeding other slaves and for fucking."

"Do they like fucking?" Jane asked.

"I imagine they do with their own men, but they hate the whites who were responsible for taking them from their homes and selling them into slavery. We have to tie them down, beat them, then rape them."

"Do you make them suck you?" Angela wanted to know.

"No white man will do that unless he is a complete fool. I hear that on the previous trip, one of my men got an African woman to take his cock in her mouth. She didn't protest at all, but the moment she got his cock in her mouth, she clamped her jaws shut and damn near chewed the poor bastard's cock in two before he managed to fight her off."

"Oh the poor man," Jenny gasped.

"Oh the poor Negro," Albert laughed. "His friends came on the scene to rescue him and they tied the bitch to the bed. Every man on the ship who could raise a hard-on was called into action. They fucked the arse off her, jerked off into her mouth and all over her face, took her on deck, lashed her to a mast and beat her until her arse was cut to ribbons, then threw her into the ocean to cool off."

"Into the ocean?" Jenny asked. "You mean?"

"I mean they drowned her. I have some feeling for these poor bastards even though they are black, but most of the men in the slave trade have not. They are just so many pieces of black meat."

"Are they pretty?" Angela wanted to know.

"I don't much care for their faces, although some of them are quite beautiful, but their bodies are works of bloody art. They have the firmest teats I've ever felt and the rest of the body is the same. Smooth hard arses, long, strong, smooth legs and thighs. I should think that when they have been tamed and trained to fuck, they must be magnificent, to say the least."

"How about the men?" Jane asked with eagerness. "I have heard that Negro cocks are bigger than white ones. Is that true?"

"It is difficult to answer that, Jane. There are a lot of stories about that and I've heard tales about Negroes with cocks as much as sixteen inches long, but I've never seen anything like that."

"On the other hand, in this shipment, I saw a few who had cocks which looked to be about ten inches long even when they were soft, so I suppose there are some pretty big ones in the group after all."

For a little while, Jane stayed out of the conversation as she thought of the joys of having a Negro slave with a cock ten inches long while soft. In her hands and her mouth, she dreamed, it would grow beautifully hard and so much longer.

The fantasy continued to the point where she saw a big, good looking Negro slave falling in love with her beautiful, white body and pleading for permission to put a fourteen inch cock into her little slit.

"Do these little charmers truly like to have their pretty bums spanked, Angela?" she heard Albert ask.

"Whether they admit it or not, darling," Angela replied, "they do truly love it and ha

ve two of the sweetest little arses you have ever seen."

"Well then," the good looking brother replied, "I think I should do what I can to induce them to show me the charms on which they sit."

With that, he demonstrated that his idea of inducement was to remove his clothes until he was naked, his long, very strong looking cock standing straight out from a good set of balls which promised the capacity to manufacture much fucking and sucking cream.

"Now then, my angels," he said with a smile, his voice deep and rich. "Which of you will be first to come for a nice little ride over my lap while I spank color into your cheeks?"

He found two willing volunteers hurrying to him.

Inviting them to raise their clothing and display their naked charms, he reached to stroke and fondle their thighs as they slowly raised their clothes, one of them on each side of him and standing closely enough so that he could reach them with ease.

"They are truly darling bums, my dear," he commented as the clothing went high above their arses. "I truly cannot decide which I prefer."

"If you wish to make a contest of it," Jane said as she smiled at him over her shoulder, "why not spank us both and see what you think then?"

"An excellent idea, you little darling," he responded eagerly. "As your reward, you may be first to come for a nice spanky ride. Over you go."

Jane showed no reluctance at all as he helped her mount his lap with her lovely little bum ideally arched. Gripping her around the waist with his left arm, he began to spank her bum with his strong right hand.

She sensed that he could spank with much greater severity if he chose, but as it was, he applied a nice sting with each slap of his big hand and she squirmed in delight even while she sobbed and cried.

When he finished spanking Jane, who stood with her skirts up rubbing the pink cheeks, Jenny came to him even before he could invite her and bent over his lap anxiously. The bum she presented was bigger than Jane's, but he was unable to decide which was the more beautiful.

If he hoped to reach a decision by spanking the lovely big cheeks, he was disappointed again because they felt as exciting under his palm, but not any more so. Still, there was nothing about his expression to indicate any disappointment at all. In fact, he looked like an ideally happy man as he went on spanking her bum and listening to the beautiful music of her sobs and cries.

It took him back many years to the time when he was just twelve years old and spanked the bare arse of his lovely sister of nineteen.

In all the intervening years, the joy of seeing and spanking the bare bum of a lovely woman had not diminished in the least. It was still at least as big a thrill as he found in fucking, lapping, or having his cock sucked off by a beautiful woman.

He went on spanking until he felt that Jenny had taken just a little more than Jane. Since her bum cheeks were a little bigger, it seemed only appropriate to him that they be spanked a little more severely.

When he did stop spanking the bigger girl, his prick gave a jump at the sight of Jane who had stripped naked and stood looking at him in a most hungry manner.

"Bless me, Gela," he reverted to the childhood name for his sister, "this angel has a most magnificent pair of titties."

"You are quite right brother dear, but they become even more beautiful when sucked a little so that the pretty little nipples grow big and hard. Do sample them."

Hurriedly, Jane dropped onto his lap and cupping one pretty teat from below, she fed it into his mouth. Albert sucked with the greed of a hungry baby and the finesse of a very horny man. The combination caused her to squirm her bare arse all over his stiff cock and thighs, an act which did not seem to displease him in the least.

Jane did even more squirming then as he pulled her over to suck on her other teat and, at the same time, slipped his hand down between her thighs to make her even more active.

When he felt a hand on his shoulder, Albert looked up to see the naked Jenny waiting for her turn and offering a set of titties which looked quite appetizing. As with all else about Jenny, they were a little bigger than the sweet ones he was sucking at the time although he would find the chore of deciding which were more beautiful a difficult one.

Still, not wanting to seem fickle or impolite, Albert continued to suck Jane's a little longer while he stroked her slit which had become quite moist.

When he took his mouth away from her teat at last, he was delighted to see the results of the sucking. Both red nipples were big, hard, wet things of beauty and he knew he would suck them again and again.

Jenny was more than eager to come to him for her turn while Jane went straight into Angela's open arms and they embraced on the couch.

"Oh Angela, darling," she sighed, "I do so want that lovely big cock inside me. I just can't wait."

"Be patient, child," the older woman soothed. "You will both have it before the evening is over, and I have been told by at least ten women that he is a most magnificent fucker."

As they talked, Angela continued to play with Jane's aroused teats and kept alive the feelings her brother had planted in them. She told about what she and Albert had done in the other room and Jane became even more aroused as she listened to the woman's heated words against the background sounds of the man spanking the big bare arse of her friend.

At length, the spanking stopped and the man was leading Jenny to a couch. At the thought that Jenny would be fucked first and she would have to wait until he achieved another bone, Jane's heart fell.

Both she and Angela trembled with passion as Albert positioned Jenny on the couch, barred her twat by spreading her thighs high and wide and bent to get his mouth on the wet lips.

Her legs went so high that the women could see the cheeks of her arse, brilliant red from the two spankings she had taken in so short a space of time.

But while her bum looked beautifully uncomfortable, there was an expression of ecstasy on her lovely face as the man bent to the task of lapping her slit.

Her lovely red bum had by then been raised well above the couch and he was holding her up with his strong hands. His mouth never stopped working and the two women could hear the exciting sucking sounds from the other couch.

But then the sound changed and all they heard was the cry, almost one of pain, from Jenny as the lapping tongue inside her slit carried her over the edge into her promised land.

Gently putting her legs down then to permit her to rest after the delicious ordeal of passion, Albert patted her tummy and thighs lightly, got up and came over to the other couch. Jane was sure her breath stopped at the same moment, but her heart pounded hard enough to compensate for that.

"Do you think this little angel would mind terribly if I were to fuck her, sister dear?" he asked with a smile.

"She may, dear, but sweet thing that she is, I know she will not protest too greatly."

While she spoke, Angela got up from the couch to make room for her brother. He would,

she knew, want plenty of it to handle the beautiful, aroused girl whose hips were already grinding in anticipation.

Albert took Jane into his arms then and she pressed her mouth to his. She liked the taste of cunt in a man's mouth and there was much of it. During a very long kiss, she took much of it into her own mouth.

"Would you like to have your pretty little cunny lapped before I slip my prick into it?" he asked in a strong but gentle whisper.

"Oh yes, please, but just a little. Let me save my come until your lovely big cock is inside me."

Albert was in no hurry at all. Turning the willing body as he went, he kissed his way down until his mouth grazed in her perfumed cunny bush. But even then he did not go at once to her cunt.

Instead, parting her thighs wide with more than a little help from her, he began to tease her with a long series of kisses and licks which he applied ardently all over her inner thighs and in her crotch without quite touching her waiting cunt.

And then he did and Jane cried out as her body lurched with joy. Her cunny had known the joy of many months, but there was something different about this one. She could not explain it, but somehow, it was as if the man had crawled completely into her slit and was writhing inside her warmth.

"Now ... now ... now...." she cried. "Give it to me. Fuck me you darling man. Fuck me." She heard that her voice was loud, too loud, but she did not care. She cared about nothing but getting that long, thick cock inside her burning, throbbing slit.

Jenny had come over to stand beside Angela and enjoy a closer view of the action, but Jane was not aware of it. She would not have been aware even if the women had been playing fifes and drums.

As it was, there was a big drum beating inside her body and, instead of a little fife, a big horn hovering just above her as the strong man prepared to shove it into her and play a tune of lust in her quim.

Jane cried out in delight as if she were coming the very moment she felt the big velvet head pushing against the lips of her slit. She was hot and wet and the magic pole pushed into her with amazing ease considering the relative size of his cock and her twat.

He could have fed her the full seven inches at once, but he chose instead to give it to her a little at a time so that, for a long time, there was, for her, the lovely feeling of even more to come.

And then she had it all and his strong body was crushing her in the most wonderful manner. Albert, experienced lover that he was, knew well that a woman does not want a gentle fucker after the preliminaries are over, but desires rather, a strong man who will slam and crush her body while he drives his cock in hard strokes.

He did just that, but it was not long before he had to pause as Jane went into her come. His strong arms held her all through it and, when it was over, he whispered with a trace of a laugh in his voice, that since she seemed to enjoy that come so much, he was going to give her another before he flooded her belly with his come.

He resumed fucking her then, but while the strokes were still long and hard, the pace had been slowed to allow time for her to climb all the way up again.

Jane was not at all surprised to find herself not just climbing toward that thrilling state again, but soaring. Her mind and body became a beautiful shooting star in a warm, blue summer sky.

Sensing her state by the sudden trembling of her body, Albert used his strong hips to drive his hard cock with blinding speed inside her slippery slit as he wrapped his arms around

her and raised her right off the couch.

She came again as he had promised she would and this time, just as she was completing it, she cried out anew as he released his flow of cream in a series of strong blasts which seemed to bathe the entire interior of her heaving belly.

Limp, they fell back to the couch together. After a little while, she heard the man chuckle and, turning her head, saw that it had been too much for the other women.

On the carpet beside them, Angela and Jenny were writhing in a naked embrace as they sucked each other off while producing some lovely sounds.

With seeming reluctance, Albert withdrew his temporarily destroyed cock and, with it flapping wet and shiny, walked to the table to pour drinks for them. Sitting on the couch where they had fucked, they smiled as, one after the other, the women came and made a truly great commotion about it.

After that, they all sipped drinks as Albert told more tales about his adventures in the slave trade and the women were fascinated.

They decided it would be fun to remain naked for dinner, and when they reached the dining room, the maid too seemed to think it was a splendid plan. At Albert's suggestion, she bared her body to the waist and as she walked around the table serving them, her well formed titties bounced in a very pleasing manner.

Shortly before eight that evening, Albert found himself the owner of a very sturdy looking bone protruding from the bottom of his hairy belly.

While the others watched, he took Jenny to the couch, gave her bum a nice spanking, prepared her twat with his mouth and fucked her in grand style.

After that, all four decided it had been a full day and was time for sleep. Albert slept with his sister that night while Jane and Jenny shared a bed.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

For the next few weeks, life at Angela's house was sheer heaven for all concerned. Business resumed and there were many clients. So many, in fact, that they began getting rid of the older, unattractive ones.

Out of loyalty, Angela kept one such woman on her list. In her early fifties, the woman was plainly too fat and not at all attractive. Still, she had been one of Angela's first clients and had directed many others to her.

She would come weekly to be scolded, stripped naked and strapped with either a leather strap or a riding crop. Jane loved beating the big sweaty arse and watching the ugly white take on a vivid red coloration, so the assignment usually went to her.

After the beating, she would permit the woman to lick her arse, then get into her crotch and lap her until she came. Needless to say, she refused to get down on the old woman who was forced to accept her fate and finger her own slit in order to get the come she wanted.

But between clients, there was Albert of the athletic body and big, strong cock. True, his sister kept him busy much of the time, but there were days when Jane and Jenny found him ready and strong.

One evening, as the four sat drinking and talking, Albert mentioned their plantation in Virginia. At once, Jane was intrigued and wanted to hear much more about it. Albert was not at all reluctant to discuss it, so she plied him with questions which he answered readily.

"It is actually a very big one. We grow cotton and corn and have had some good crops, but our biggest business is in raising slaves for the market."

"You mean you just grow slaves as we would horses or other animals?" Jane asked incredulously.

ulously.

"Of course. The Negroes love to fuck anyway, so we mate the biggest bucks with the strongest looking women and turn them loose. That way, we get the best of the breed."

The thought of using humans in such a way first repelled Jane, then it became a thrilling thing to have such power over other humans even if they were only Negro savages who had been taken from the jungle.

"But surely it takes so long to raise slaves from birth," she observed, "and then there is the cost of feeding them all those years while they are growing up."

"It isn't nearly as bad as you think. They eat little of very inexpensive food, home grown corn mostly. They can be put to work in the fields at an early age or work as house servants."

"Often, buyers will want children since they cost less and can serve many purposes."

"It all seems so strange."

"I suppose it is, but it is a way of life and if we do not do it, others will. In the case of beautiful older girls, by the way, they are spared the harder aspects of slavery."

"You mean you use them for fucking? Are they good?"

"They can be very good, but we use them for more than just fucking. We use them for all sorts of sex, but there is also a nice profit to be made there."

You mean you use them as whores?" asked Jane.

"Oh no. The people who have money have their own Negro women for that. I mean we breed them lighter."

"How do you mean that? I fear I do not understand your meaning."

"Simple, my dear. Each time I visit the plantation, there are a few more girls old enough to have babies. I make sure that I fuck each one as often as I can. I would think that by now, I have probably fathered about twenty-five or thirty."

"Oh, I see. Because they are half white and half black, they come out lighter."

"Right. A beautiful quadroon, for instance, can bring a high price if held until the age of thirteen or so."

"What is a quadroon?"

"That is one who is one quarter colored. An Octroon would be one eighth."

"And they get lighter with each generation," Jane reasoned.

"Usually, yes, but once in a while there is a throwback and you get a real black one. You still have a slave though, so there is no real loss when it happens."

"Some of the boy babies go on to become slaves, but others, if they have well developed bodies and good big cocks fetch a big price as sex servants to women. We have sold more than a few for that and the price is high."

"Oh how thrilling for a woman to have a Negro slave of her very own." Jane wore a dreamy expression as she talked of it. "I would have him bathe me and powder me and assist me on the toilet, wipe my bum and everything. Oooh, I feel horny just thinking of it."

"You do look at that," Albert smiled. "Keep it up and I shall get in the mood for a fucking myself."

"I promise I shall," she replied with a smile as the other women laughed.

"Albert," Jane suddenly quieted them all with her tone. "When you return to America, I am going with you. I shall see all these wonderful things for myself."

"Wait a minute, young lady," Angela stopped her. "There is business to be conducted right here and you are a very valuable asset."

"Oh please, Angela dear, do let me go. it will only be a visit and I shall be back."

"Darling, I do not intend to be mean, I love you and you know it, but Jenny and I could not run this place without you. Business gets better with each passing day."

"All right, we have about a month before Albert leaves, in that time, I can find a beautiful young girl and train her to take my place. With business growing as it is, there will be work for three of us by the time I get back."

"The young wench has a head to match the rest of her, Angela," Albert said with a look of admiration. "How about it?"

"I take it you favor the idea, you dirty old man," Angela said with a teasing smile.

"Well, it would surely brighten that long ocean voyage for me, and I know the whole experience would be thrilling for Jane. Still, I shall not interfere."

"Very well, Lady Jane," Angela was unable to hold back her smile, "you have made a bargain, stick with it. If you can produce a beautiful girl of about your own age and can teach her the profession in a month, you are free to go."

"Oh how wonderful you are, Angela," Jane said excitedly as she threw her arms around the woman and kissed her with sincere passion. "I just love you and I shall take very good care of your darling brother."

"I feel sure you will, you horny little wench. Now get down here and let me suck that pretty little twat of yours so that I shall remember it when you take it to those savages in America."

There was little preparation involved since, as usual, they were all naked. Jane threw herself down on the couch and Angela quickly fitted her face into the crotch she so loved. She gave the wriggling girl a very slow lapping and made her wait a long time for the come.

But in getting lapped by the woman, Jane lost the fuck she had been promised by Albert. Watching his sister at work in the beautiful crotch, he quickly became aroused and Jenny was more than willing to lie down for him and take his bone into her twat which he had licked generously for her to make it nice and wet.

Later, Jane pretended to be angry with Jenny for taking the fuck that was to have been hers, but it was she who said it really was quite fair since she would have all those wonderful days on the trip with Albert and then a couple of months with the Negro slaves in Virginia.

"In fact, darling," she said as she threw her arms around her friend, "during the rest of Albert's stay, I think you should get most of the fucking. I do not mind, truly."

It was then after nine in the evening and they were talking of going to bed when a maid knocked and entered the room to tell Angela that one of her most loyal clients was in the hall.

She had just returned to London after a lengthy visit in the provinces and was dying to be serviced before going to bed that night. Angela told the maid to bring her in.

The woman looked startled at the sight of the four nudes, but Angela calmly introduced her brother who looked quite gallant as he got up with his spent cock dangling and kissed the woman's hand.

After that, Mrs. Carson seemed a little less nervous and was plainly aroused. Jane offered to take her upstairs if she wished and the woman was delighted with the offer.

On their way up the stairs, Jane inquired as to the type of service she desired and the woman was delighted that so beautiful a girl was so willing.

"Do you take spankings on that pretty bum?" the woman asked as she reached around to pat the cheeks.

"Of course. I rather enjoy them in fact and promise to cry nicely for you and get very red."

"Oh how thrilling. If you can stand it at this late hour, I'd love to spank you, then have you beat me. Also I should love it if we could play with each other for a little while then perhaps suck each other. Could you possibly do all that or are you too tired?"

"I'm never too tired to have that kind of fun," Jane replied with honesty. "Besides, you seem to have a very interesting figure. I can't wait to strip you naked and feel you all over before you spank me."

The woman was so thrilled that her knees trembled and Jane, seeing it, slipped an arm around her big waist as she guided her into the room.

Without delaying a moment, Jane helped the woman take her clothes off and as she did, saw that she had guessed correctly about the woman having a good body.

She stood about five foot ten, weighed, she said, twelve stone (168 pounds) and boasted a look of smooth strength all over. Her bobbies were big and firm and promised a lot of nice sucking.

The two naked bodies came together as they embraced and pressed their mouths together passionately. To her surprise, Jane was picked up very easily and had her bum patted as she was carried to the bed where the woman put her down very gently and began fondling and kissing her body while Jane did the same to her.

They played for a long, exciting time before the woman whispered that she was ready to spank.

Instantly, the mood changed. Jane was a trembling, frightened little girl as she stood before the woman who sat on the edge of the bed and scolded her for having been caught playing with her cunny while her little boy friend watched.

Beautifully penitent, Jane promised to be a good girl from now on, but that was not enough.

"No Janie, I am going to have to take you over my lap and give you a hard spanking on your bare botty."

Jane sobbed nicely as she draped herself over the big thighs in the manner of a reluctant little girl who knew that she would soon be crying loudly while nanny spanked her bare bum.

The strong arm wrapped comfortingly around her waist and the big hand slapped hard enough to cause the girl to give a yelp of surprise. It was not long before crying came very easily as the woman spanked and scolded.

When the spanking ended, Jane, despite her tears and the burning in the cheeks of her arse, saw that the woman could not wait longer for her come.

Turning to the woman, she told her to lie back and knelt to part the strong, surprisingly smooth thighs. It was a big, wide crotch and Jane, although her vision was still distorted by her tears, found it a most exciting one. Instinctively, she knew that she would enjoy lapping the long slit.

While the woman threw her knees up high and spread her thighs as wide as possible, Jane remained kneeling as she pressed her face into the burning crotch of the woman and pressed her lips to the soft, warm cunny lips which seemed to return her kiss as the big arse heaved so

that the cunt rubbed her mouth.

After a moment, she inserted her tongue between the lips and began lapping well inside. The woman continued to moan as she waited for the release of passion which, Jane could tell, would not be long delayed for her.

As she sucked and licked, Jane was conscious of the sharp tingling in her bum and what had caused her to cry before, was now a lovely sensation. No matter how much a spanking hurt her, it was always followed by a long period of delicious tingles in her bum cheeks and she sensed that she would never tire of the sensation.

And then the woman was coming and Jane was almost smothered as the big thighs rubbed her face and closed her into the sweltering crotch, wet with perspiration and the fluids produced by her mouth. Jane was in no hurry at all to get out of her fleshy prison.

After they had rested for a little while and Mrs. Carson told her how good it had been and how wonderful she was, Jane took her across the hall to the beating room where the woman went to the cupboard and selected a light riding crop which she presented to the girl while wearing an excited look of eager anticipation.

Jane placed two cushions on the table, then turned to the woman and began to scold her. It was decided that Mrs. Carson would take the role of a girl of fifteen who had been caught by the headmistress sucking the cunny of another girl in the school dormitory.

Despite her youth, Jane was able to reverse the normal roles of the two quite easily and she became the stern and mature headmistress who was about to punish the naughty girl by flogging her bare arse with a riding crop.

She detailed the punishment quite clearly and firmly before ordering the woman to mount the big table with her tummy on the cushions and her massive arse well raised to meet the swishing leather.

As she got onto the table, the woman not only displayed the big arse cheeks, but also gave a view of her twat which caused Jane to become excited that she rubbed the handle of the crop along her slit.

When she gripped the handle in her right hand to start the beating, it was wet and sticky. It permitted her to get a better grip which she soon put to good use as she raised her right arm and began flogging the big arse of the woman who screamed for mercy which she did not want.

It had been agreed that there would be twenty-five hard strokes on each cheek and Jane administered exactly that many. Because the cheeks were so big and rounded, they presented a beautiful, sensitive bottom slope just above the thighs and Jane planted a number of stinging slaps there on both sides which caused the pitch of the screams to grow higher.

Delivering the final stroke with a little grunt of satisfaction, Jane dropped the riding crop to the floor and hurried to bend over the red streaked arse. As she waited for the woman to recover her composure, she was very gentle as she covered the cheeks with kisses and licks before parting them to give the woman a nice arsehole tonguing.

It was not long at all before the woman was moaning in a much different manner as she turned a little to tell the girl that she had never before had her arsehole licked and that the feeling was heavenly.

After a little, Jane withdrew her tongue, licked warm lips and told the woman to turn over. Mrs. Carson did and once more Jane brought her mouth to the big warm cunt.

Again the lips responded beautifully and Jane lapped her well so that she enjoyed another come which seemed to tear her apart.

After they had rested a little, the woman took Jane to the couch where she played with her lithe body for a long time before she adjusted the sleek thighs just the way she wanted them and, after kissing the inside of Jane's silken thighs, she inhaled the perfume of her twat for a while, then bent and began lapping it with a very knowing tongue which sent shivers also

ng the girl's spine.

Strong arms squeezed and held comfortingly as Jane still red bum heaved up from the couch and she enjoyed a wonderful come of great proportions. Before moving away from her warm crutch, the woman licked her tongue over the lips of Jane's throbbing twat a few more times and caused her to shudder with delight.

They dressed then, and, before the woman left, she kissed the wonderful girl on the mouth again, told her she would be back soon and pressed a roll of banknotes into Jane's hand.

When she counted it later, Jane was amazed to find that she had been paid twenty pounds for that one session. With a pleased smile, she hoped that the woman would return soon and often during the next month.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

While Jane continued to work in Angela's house so that her savings mounted at a great rate, she also began a dedicated search to find a replacement for her so that Angela's business would not suffer in her absence.

Although she suspected that Angela, with her great warmth, would not hold her to the bargain, Jane knew that she herself would. Unless she found and trained a suitable replacement, she would cancel her trip and that was that.

She searched taverns and restaurants and though she found many good looking girls, none measured up to the severe standards she had imposed.

On the third day, she was eating lunch in the dining room of an Inn near Waterloo Street, when her heart stopped at the sight of a lovely young waitress who could not have been, she guessed, more than sixteen, if that.

Calling the girl to her, she told her that she wanted to be served by her and would reward her well. Jane lingered over three cups of tea after she had eaten and feared that she would pee on her chair if she drank more.

At last, other diners left and they were virtually alone in the dining room when she called the serving girl and asked her to sit and talk for a few minutes.

Giving her a ten shilling gratuity which caused the girl to gasp aloud, Jane began asking her questions. The girl had lived in Gloucester until her parents died a few months ago and she had been sent to London to live with an aunt and uncle.

Jane's friendly disposition and gentle nature soon drew the girl out until she told her whole story.

"Aunt and Uncle seemed very Christian about taking care of me while another Uncle took my younger brother. They act much different from the Christian charity they profess.

"The night I arrived here in London, they stripped me bare naked and beat me with their hands and with a leather belt. They both enjoyed it a great deal and exchanged comments about my body and the redness of my arse while they spanked and laughed.

"I was not allowed to continue my education and they found me this job from which I must turn over every penny I earn."

Depending on the contrast to win the girl, Jane told the story of her wonderful life and how at just seventeen, she was already well on her way to being wealthy. Envy shone from the eyes of the unfortunate girl.

When Jane offered her the same life, she almost fell from her chair. Gradually then, Jane told her what she would have to do at Angela's house, but kept pointing out the advantages.

The girl had never done anything of that sort, was a virgin and had never seen the bre

asts or cunny of a woman.

"Well, to tell the truth, I do see my aunt's big teats once in a while when they fall out while she beats me. When that happens, my uncle plays with them and tells me he will do the same for me one of these days.

"I fear," she went on, "that he is on the verge of taking my cherry and I know my aunt will help him and they will beat me very hard if I resist."

"Well then, Ruby," Jane said with an urgent whisper and a smile, "come with me. You will be richly paid, wear good clothes, learn the wonderful fun of making love with women and, although you will be spanked from time to time, they will not be hard beatings like you get from your aunt and uncle and you will be well paid for every slap on your pretty bum."

"But it all sounds too good to be true," Ruby sobbed as she told herself that she was dreaming.

Jane slipped her hand under the table and pinched the girl's thigh lightly. "Do you still think you are dreaming?" she asked with a grin.

"This is the chance of your life, Ruby," she said as she stood. "If you get up and walk out of here with me, I promise you an exciting new life of enjoyment and wealth. If you do not leave with me, you can go home and let your uncle poke out your cherry after he and your aunt have blistered your arse with their belts."

With a smile, Jane turned and walked toward the door. Ruby was walking beside her when they reached it. The proprietor called after Ruby, but Jane merely winked at the man, pulled the door closed behind them and hurried the girl along the street.

A carriage approached and they stopped it. They had just closed the door when the man ran from the tea room shouting and gesturing for them to stop. The carriage drove on.

Inside the carriage as it hurried toward Angela's house, Jane put her arm around the trembling girl and hugged her comfortingly as she whispered exciting things about the new life ahead for her.

Paying the coachman, Jane hurried her friend into the house and introduced her to Angela, Jenny and Albert, who, for a change, were fully clothed. That pleased her since she feared that the shock of running into two nude women and a nude man might have been too much for Ruby at that time.

Angela was her gracious and charming self and it was a matter of only a very few minutes before she put the new girl completely at ease by promising not only that she would enjoy every bit as good a life as Jane had told her about, but that she would go on a salary of ten pounds a week at once and would also be provided with some good clothes.

They chatted for a while, then, deciding that the girl was ready to begin training, Jane excused herself and took Ruby upstairs to her bedroom.

The girl was most impressed with the room and even more so with the beautiful clothes she saw hanging in the closet.

"It all seems just too perfect," she said with tears in her eyes. "Perhaps I will not be able to do the things that will be expected of me. After all, I have never done things of this nature before."

"Nonsense, Ruby," Jane smiled. "These things come with ease to any woman. They are perfectly natural. I was the same age as you when my father took my cherry and Jenny taught me how to lap pussy. I loved it right from the start and now the same things will make me rich."

A bath had been prepared for them, so Jane decided to stop talking and start introducing Ruby to the real joys of life and this did not include needless conversation.

As she began to undress, Jane told the girl to do the same. Ruby hesitated for a moment, then began to unfasten her dress. She paused as she saw Jane's rich underclothes and her fi

ne silk hose. And then Jane was nude except for her stockings and shoes. m

"Oh Jane," Ruby gasped. "You are the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Thank you, dear," Jane said as she kissed the girl on the cheek. "I think your compliment is too extravagant, but it is true that I am beautiful and you will be equally so in a very short time."

"You see my dear, I looked for a long time and did not make this offer to any girl I found around London because I saw none beautiful enough until you. Come now, strip naked and show me your body."

With increased confidence, the girl went on removing her clothes and did not hesitate about removing the last garment to stand naked for Jane's inspection and hopeful approval.

"I knew I was right about you, Ruby, you are a lovely young woman. Rich women will be eager to pay for your fair body once we have taught you to use it to advantage."

Ruby began to say something in reply, but her lips were sealed as Jane's mouth pressed against them while her arms wrapped around the girl in passionate embrace.

"Did you not enjoy being kissed like that, Ruby?" Jane asked in a whisper as she drew her face a little away and held the girl's smooth cheeks in her hands.

"Oh yes. It makes me tingle all over. I can still feel it."

"I shall teach you many things this very day, my dear. For now though, get into the tub and I shall remove my stockings and join you in a bath."

The girl was quick to do so and Jane was still admiring her perfectly formed young body as she removed her garters, stockings and shoes.

Advancing to the tub, Jane took the soap and cloth from Ruby and began washing her body for her. She did so with great care and tenderness and was not surprised when the girl began to tremble with excitement under her deft touches.

Having the girl stand after she had been bathed to the waist and little rivulets of clear water decorated her teats, Jane showed even more care in bathing her bum and crotch with her hands instead of the cloth.

The girl jerked and sighed as Jane touched all the right places in the right way to bring about the arousal she wanted to stimulate.

Taking a big, rough towel, Jane rubbed the firm young body until it glowed with pink tones. While she was rough in some places, she was extremely gentle as she patted the nice young titties dry and drew the towel with great care through Ruby's crotch to dry her pretty little cunny.

Noticing the way the girl squirmed in enjoyment when she towelled her crotch, Jane knew there would be no difficulty at all in seducing her and leading her into all the joys of sex Ruby was going to have to experience to do her job with Angela.

She entertained not the faintest doubt that she would have her replacement trained completely well in advance of the deadline, but it did not change her mind about beginning the training program immediately.

In her case, it was not so much devotion to duty this time as it was passionate desire to seduce the sweet and innocent girl and lead her along the path of joy which she herself so loved.

Dropping the towel for the maid to pick up later, Jane took the nervous girl by the hand and walked naked with her to the wide bed. Only then did she remember that she had intended to bathe, but there was no time for that now and she knew she was clean anyway, having bathed only a few hours before.

Jane did not get into the bed immediately though. Instead, she held her arms wide, her proud, beautiful titties bobbing a little as Ruby, with a loud exhalation of breath, walked into her embrace for another kiss. This time, both found it far more thrilling. Their bodies rubbed and made little fleshy sounds and Jane's hands explored the firm back and firm, smooth bum cheeks while the girl, without her mind willing it, rubbed her cunny bush against Jane's in a most erotic manner.

Each time a kiss ended, another would begin and it was not long before Ruby began feeling Jane's beautiful bum without being told or asked to.

In a little while, Jane led her to the bed where they fell into another embrace as they whispered. Mostly, Ruby told of her joy and excitement and asked a few questions which Jane answered with loving directness in her husky, exciting whisper.

Ending their kisses then, Jane began to lead her lovely young student as she moved down on her body and began to rub and fondle her breasts. The girl sighed in obvious pleasure and actually cried out when Jane's run red lips closed over a nipple as she began to suck and lashed with her warm tongue.

When the one teat had been properly aroused, Jane held it up so that Ruby could see the aroused state of the nipple before she moved to the other and did the same.

When Ruby's turn came a little later, she sucked Jane's generous teats as if it were something she had done more than a thousand times before. While she sucked, her body rubbed at Jane and aroused them both to an even greater degree.

"Oh you sweet darling," Jane whispered into her ear. "Wait until you feel what I am going to do to you next. I swear you will go out of your mind with joy."

"Oh, Jane," she panted as she raised her mouth from the aroused teat she had been sucking. "Nothing could possibly be greater than what I am feeling now. I am a different person. I have never felt anything like this before. I cannot believe this is really me."

"Then wait until you meet the new you I am going to create right now," Jane said with a little giggle as she raised from the bed and turned the girl over.

Pausing as she bent over the girl, Jane admired the lovely round bum. Later, she knew, it would mature and become much bigger, but right now, it was even smaller than her own pert, round one.

Lowering herself slowly, she covered both cheeks with wet kisses before slipping her arms under Ruby's belly and raising her arse. A moment later, the cheeks were parted and she stared at the tiny pink arsehole. It looked for all the world like a lovely rosebud.

If the little hole was a rosebud, then Jane became a hummingbird as she darted between the cheeks with her tongue and sought bum honey from it. Ruby squealed in surprised delight at the feel of the tongue and her bum moved back to massage Jane's warm face as she went on tongue fucking while her hands moved into the girl's crotch to add to the stimulation of her mouth.

Only after Ruby's hole had been well and truly licked did Jane pull her back down onto the bed to embrace her once again. As a test, Jane pressed her mouth, fresh from the girl's arse, to Ruby's mouth. There was no sign of protest in the passionate kiss the girl gave her.

After that, Jane told the girl that she would demonstrate one of the commonest services provided to clients of the house. So saying, she turned in the bed again and moved down along Ruby's firm, silken young body until her face was above the coppery triangle of cunny bush.

When she began to part the girl's thighs, there was no trace of reluctance on Ruby's part. Instead, she willingly allowed them to be spread and raised.

As Jane peered into the delightful, virginal crotch to see the sweet pink slit, she thought of the joy that sight would provide, especially to the older clients who came to the house to buy youth. This youth was almost child like.

Postponing the delight of pressing her mouth to the delicate looking lips, Jane played for a little while in the girl's crotch, stroking the thighs and tracing lines with a finger which almost reached the little cunny, but always stopped just short.

It was only seconds before the girl was jerking her pretty bum and sighing for something she did not really, due to her lack of experience, understand.

When she guessed Ruby was least expecting it, Jane pressed four fingers on the surface of the cunny and began to rub it gently. She found there the silken warmth she expected even though it was still quite dry.

When her fingers parted the lips, she found more than enough moisture which she spread around with her fingers so that the sensitive little lips of the pussy became slippery wet.

Taking up her position then, Jane raised Ruby's smooth bottom, cupped the cheeks in her hands and began pressing her mouth against the precious little cunny. The girl moaned and writhed, then Jane slipped her tongue inside and drew another moan from the girl, this time a much louder and longer one as, for the very first time, Ruby felt her cunt being lapped.

All through the lovely lapping, Ruby was never silent or still. Jane never stopped rubbing with her hands, nor did her tongue stop lashing and rubbing in the hot slit while her lips sucked noisily and greedily.

When the girl came, she did so with such wild enthusiasm, that it almost brought Jane to a come of her own. She was glad it didn't though, because after Ruby had rested for a little while, Jane had her get down on her and, after only a little coaching, the girl sucked her.

Chatting later, Ruby admitted, with stars in her eyes, that each thing they had done had been wonderfully exciting and that she had never been happier in all her life.

It was time for a lesson in spanking then and Jane was wise enough to see that it would be better for Ruby to give rather than take the first spanking. She went over the girl's lap after cautioning her to spank hard.

After the first few spans, Jane had to shout for her to spank harder, but eventually, Ruby caught on and spanked reasonably well.

When the spanking ended, Ruby was appalled at the bright red shade of Jane's bum cheeks and the real tears in her eyes. It was difficult for her to understand when Jane told her how good it felt.

And then, it was Ruby's turn. Jane explained how she should act before and during the spanking, and she did not find it at all difficult to sob as she prepared to lie over the waiting thighs to present her pretty young bum for a spanking.

When Jane spanked quite firmly, with sharp stinging slaps which caused the firm, round cheeks to joggle and dance as they turned from white to pink to red, the girl cried and sobbed and kicked in a way that Jane knew would be very exciting to the clients.

When she stopped spanking after both cheeks had been well colored, Jane took the crying girl into her arms and comforted her. It was not long before Ruby, still making little sniffing sounds, admitted that the tingle in her bum did feel quite exciting after all. Jane rubbed the hot, red cheeks to add a little to the feeling of enjoyment.

They dressed then as Jane declared that school was over for the day and that they should join the others for a drink before dinner.

In the parlor, Ruby beamed with pride as Jane told the others how wonderfully the new girl had come through her first lesson.

"I am convinced," Jane said firmly, "that Ruby could begin servicing some of our clients right now."

"I am pleased to hear that, dear," Angela said gently. "Ruby and I shall go to my room after dinner and I shall see just how good she is. I do believe what you say about her having

a beautiful body."

Angela called the girl to stand beside her chair. It was not surprising that Ruby blushed when the woman ran a hand up the back of her legs and caressed the hot cheeks of her bum which still tingled from the spanking.

"Did you enjoy your spanking, dear?" Angela asked in a low voice.

"Not very much while I was getting it," Ruby replied, "but it does feel very good and exciting now."

"That, my dear, is one of the reasons we all make so much money in this house. There are many women in this world who have learned that, but whose husbands have not. I doubt that I shall spank you again this evening since it is your first day here, but I shall give you another in the morning that will probably be a little harder. I must accustom you to the fact that some of our clients spank quite hard. Will you accept a spanking from me, dear?"

"Oh yes, Miss Carter. I want to become just like all of you and I am prepared to do anything for that."

"How sweet, but you must call me Angela as the others do."

There followed a discussion then which surprised the new girl. Since Angela would be busy with Ruby for the evening, Jane would look after the two clients who were expected and, unless there was a surprise visitor to the establishment, Jenny would be free to romp with Angela's brother.

The idea seemed quite pleasant to the man who took Jenny over his lap and began to fondle her as he raised her clothes above her hips while she kissed him passionately.

Ruby knew there was going to be a lot to learn, but as she watched Albert parting Jenny's thighs to play in her crotch, she saw too that the rewards would be great indeed.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Jane's first client was not due until seven-thirty that evening, so, at seven, she went upstairs with Angela and Ruby. It was important, Angela pointed out, that the new girl learn to disrobe and play in front of other persons.

On their way to Angela's room, they passed a door through which they could hear the sound of spanking.

"It sounds like Albert is getting Jenny warmed up," Angela said with a grin.

"In more ways than one," Jane agreed, "although I doubt that she requires any warming up if she has seen that big, stiff cock."

Laughing, Angela pushed open the door of her room and the three of them entered. Instantly, Angela turned, took Ruby into her arms and kissed her mouth passionately. When the kiss ended, she told the girl gently that it was an act she could expect from many clients and told the girl that in spite of the element of surprise involved, she had kissed in fine style.

"In fact," she went on with a little smile, "it was the kind of kiss I felt in my crotch and they are the best kind."

"Thank you, Angela. That's the way it affected me, but I thought it was just because I am a child and don't know of these things properly."

"You are not again to refer to yourself as a child, my dear," Angela scolded gently. "If a client calls you that, you should smile and act pleased, but you are in reality, a young woman and a very beautiful one. Before long, you will be a more experienced one than most of the wives in this big city."

"And happier too, I'll wager," Jane added.

"Quite so. Now my dear," Angela resumed command, "I am going to be the client and you have come to the room with me to provide pleasure as I want it. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Angela. I shall do my best."

"Precisely my dear. We always do that. Strip naked now and show me your pretty young body."

Jane sat a few feet away while Angela stood before Ruby who began undressing without hesitation. She disrobed quickly, but not without exciting grace. She would not have to be taught much about the art of undressing, Angela decided.

"You truly are beautiful, Ruby," Angela said with much feeling as the girl removed the last garment and stood nude.

There was a visible trace of nervousness about the girl, but still, she held her well formed young body with a pride that was quite pleasing to the woman.

"Come to me now dear, I wish to fondle your lovely young body for a little while, then I shall have you undress me and fondle mine."

Although she did not say so, Ruby was more than a little anxious to see the mature woman naked and to touch her body in many places. She walked to Angela and surrendered her body to the woman's hands.

Smiling warmly, Angela conducted an exploration of the splendid young body and congratulated Jane again on her good taste in selecting such a beauty to replace her during her absence. After that, she told the girl to undress her.

Although Ruby had never before undressed a woman, she handled the task well and it was not long before Angela stood nude except for her stockings. The black silk of them and the brilliant red garter which caressed her thigh added a fine dramatic quality and she chose, as usual, not to have them removed.

She was just taking the girl over to the bed when the maid knocked and announced that Jane's client had arrived. Reluctantly, Jane bade farewell to the two on the bed. It would have been thrilling to see more, but time would not permit.

Her client was a nervous, fairly attractive woman in her mid thirties who had been recommended by two of her friends. One of them accompanied her, but waited in the parlor after introductions had been completed and Jane led the woman up the stairs.

In the room, Jane did her best to put the woman at ease with light chatter. Gradually, she drew the woman out with a series of questions as to what she enjoyed. Jane helped her by suggesting some of the things she found pleasure in doing. Her system worked well and it was not long before the woman began to feel more at ease, to the point where she was able to tell what things she had done with her two friends and which of them she enjoyed most.

"I have always wanted a little girl to spank over my lap," she admitted at one point. "I have no daughters, in fact, no children. I have often thought of spanking my pretty little maid, but I lack the courage?"

"Then it is settled," Jane said with a smile. "For a while this evening, I shall be either your daughter or your maid as you wish. When you are ready, you will take control and be very stern as you announce that I am to be spanked on my bare bum."

For another little while, the two women chatted until, at last, the woman summoned up the courage she needed to match her churning desire.

"Now then, Jane," she said as she stood, "you have been a very lazy and naughty maid. You must be punished and I shall look after that by taking you across my lap for a spanking on your bare bum."

"Oh please, ma'am, don't spank my poor little bum."

"Strip naked at once, Jane, or I shall take a birch to you and stripe your arse well with it."

Sobbing nicely and begging to be let off, Jane slowly removed her clothes until she was quite naked.

"You need not plead with me, Jane," the woman went on, gathering confidence. "You have been warned about our sloppy ways and now your bare bum will pay the price. First though, I think I shall make you wait while I remove my clothes. It pleases me to strip naked in front of the naughty maid I am about to spank."

With that, the woman began undressing. Jane concentrated on remembering to sob and plead as she watched the mature body come into view. It was not an unattractive body at all, she decided.

The breasts were big and sagged a little, but they would be good for a few years yet. Her waist was trim, and she had a full, well rounded pair of arse cheeks. Her cunny bush was brown with a few traces of grey. The thighs were big but firm looking and smooth and Jane decided she would not mind putting her face between them to lap the twat that was hidden there.

For a novice, or a relative one at any rate, the woman functioned quite well as she went on to scold Jane, then sat on the edge of the bed and called the victim to present her arse over her lap.

Sobbing very nicely, Jane approached the woman, begged one last time to be punished in some other manner, then, she lowered herself over the firm thighs of the woman who warned that she would be soundly and severely spanked in punishment.

The woman may have thought it was a complete act on Jane's part, but if so, she was mistaken. Jane could not get into position to have her bum spanked without feeling thrills of anticipation shooting all through her body.

Right from the outset, the woman spanked well and quickly colored Jane's bum cheeks scarlet. While Jane cried loudly and bounced on the woman's lap, she was well held by the strong left arm of the woman as the right arm kept moving smoothly up and down, the open palm slapping hard from cheek to cheek.

The spanking ended at last and as Jane lay sobbing and wriggling her bum, the woman clutched at the hot cheeks and bent to cover them with kisses. In a little while, she fell back onto the bed and pulled Jane with her.

"Oh darling," the woman sobbed as if she had been spanked, "Suck me now. Get your mouth right on me and suck me off. I must have it."

As Jane prepared to get into position, the woman threw herself onto her back, drew her legs up over her and held the backs of her thighs with both hands. Her arse was right up off the bed and her cunt was beautifully presented in the white frame of thighs and arse.

Quickly, Jane fell onto it and without any preliminary touches, she pressed her mouth to the warm lips of the twat. In a moment, her tongue was inside and the woman writhed and moaned as Jane began to lap.

When the woman came, after only a short lapping, her legs fell over Jane's shoulders and her arse stayed in mid air as she gasped and panted.

Later, when she regained a measure of composure, the woman wanted to see and play with Jane's cunny. While she was lavish in her praise of the beauty of it, as well as the rest of Jane's body, she fingered it but did not go down on it and did not seem to want to.

This neither surprised or disappointed Jane. Over the months in Angela's establishment, she had met quite a few women who liked to be sucked off but did not themselves enjoy doing it.

After all, Jane reasoned as she always did at such times, the client who pays the fee

is entitled to such service as she considers pleasing. Her enjoyment is all that matters.

"Would you like me to lick your bum?" Jane asked while the woman still diddled her twat.

"Would you?" There was surprise and excitement in the woman's voice. "I have never experienced such a thing."

Jane showed her how to bend over with her bum well up and quickly parted the big cheeks and pressed her face into the crack. Her tongue went right to the little pink target and curled inside as she proceeded to give the woman a very enjoyable tongue fucking while her hands played in the wide, warm crotch.

The woman began to pant and cry out again, so Jane was strong but gentle as she rolled her over, went down on her again and lapped her slit until she had another come.

After that, while the woman raved in her praise of how Jane had pleased her, she dressed and prepared to return to the parlor.

Before doing so, the woman paid Jane her fee and added a one pound note as a gratuity. Jane knew she would always be remembered by the woman and would have another regular client when she returned unless, by then, the woman formed an attachment to either Jenny or Ruby. Still, it did not matter. Jane sensed that there would always be more than enough clients to keep both her cunny and her bank account nicely filled.

Bidding the two women good night, Jane waited in the parlor for her next guest to arrive. This one, she knew, would give her the come she wanted and probably one or more too, both before and after Jane birched her chubby arse as she bent over the back of the chair in the punishment room.

Less than ten minutes later, the woman arrived, greeted Jane with an excited smile and almost ran up the stairs. In the punishment room, as the woman undressed, Jane assured her that the birch had been well soaked in brine and would sting very nicely.

"Please don't forget my thighs and belly, darling," she almost cried. "You will recall how nicely you make me scream when you beat me there."

"Have no fear Mrs. Jones," Jane said with a smile as she swished the birch to remove the excess brine. "I am much excited this evening and greatly in need of a come. Your screams will be loud enough this evening to delight both of us and I fear you will want to stand in your carriage on the way home."

Rubbing her big thighs in anticipation, the woman bent over the chair, gripped the arms with her hands and allowed her big arse to sway enticingly before the woman who would beat it with the birch.

Mrs. Jones screamed nicely as the many fingers of the birch bit into the sensitive skin of her big arse. Jane gave her a full measure of birching which included her thighs and a few on her belly for good measure and wondered where the woman found the strength to push her down onto the couch later and suck her off twice within a period of ten minutes.

Proudly, the woman surveyed her body in the mirror and once again, Jane received a nice tip for her services.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

As the days passed and the day of departure came closer, Jane's excitement mounted. At first, it had been like a nice dream, a promise of something which may or may not actually happen.

But now, with departure only days away and Albert spending much of every day ensuring that all business matters were under control, Jane was able to believe that it was really going to happen and that she would soon sail for Virginia.

Ahead, stretched an endless vista of happiness and wild excitement. The pharmacist had given her medicine which he swore would ward off sea sickness, or mal de mere as other travelers had told it to her.

She hoped passionately that it would really work for her. The ocean voyage would be a long one and, unless she became ill, she knew that Albert would make it a delightful journey with his educated cock and his many other talents.

Young Ruby had settled in beautifully and the little darling never tired of serving clients. She even came to accept spankings without any show of trepidation and gave promise of becoming excellent in her new profession.

Although Jane had been more than willing to pay the ocean fare and other expenses out of her savings, Albert would not hear of it. She would be helpful at the plantation, he pointed out, by assisting with correspondence and doing work on the books of the business, so that her fare would be paid as an employee of the estate.

Plans had already been completed for a wonderful party the night before their departure and Jane looked forward to that as well. In addition to many of their clients, there would be a goodly selection of men on hand more than ready to service every twat in sight.

Since they did not plan on boarding the vessel until late in the afternoon, there would be an opportunity next morning to sleep off the effects of the party.

Angela would have favored canceling all appointments for that day, but Jane, Jenny and Ruby, tireless workers all, urged her to allow business to proceed as usual until late afternoon.

"There will still be time for us to bathe and change," Jane explained, "and the activity will put us in the right mood for such a party."

Laughing, Angela admitted that when she was their age, she would have felt the same way and her cunny too, would have been tireless.

That much agreed, the three young women put in a full day of servicing clients and, by the time they stopped the day's work, if indeed it could be called work in their case, they showed no signs of it at all except for the fresh pink tones of their bum cheeks.

Giggling with excitement, the three of them bathed and accepted much help from the maid who hovered near, scrubbing areas they could not conveniently reach or areas they could but preferred to have bathed by another person.

In view of the duties expected of her, the maid wore no clothing and received many exciting touches from the hands of the greedy young darlings who never seemed to tire of handling smooth female bodies.

When all had been bathed and towelled, Ruby decided that the maid should be rewarded, so she had her stand with her feet wide apart and her hands resting on the edge of the cupboard as she crouched between her legs and, reaching up in what appeared to be a quite uncomfortable position, pressed her face into the woman's crotch and lapped her off while Jane fondled her teats and Jenny patted and rubbed her arched bum.

Giggling as the maid expressed her delight at the lovely come she had been given, the three went to their rooms where they perfumed and powdered their freshly bathed bodies before selecting their most fetching clothes for the evening even though all suspected that clothes would not be an important factor at a party such as the one planned for that evening.

They went downstairs where they found Angela and Albert chatting with the first of the guests. No formal dinner had been planned since light snacks would be served all through the evening.

During the next half hour, many more guests arrived and many of them were clients who were delighted to be invited to enjoy without charge, the hospitality for which they regularly paid such high prices.

Some of the clients were single women who needed no excuse, but others were married and the girls laughed at how many sick relatives there were in London who needed companions to see them through the night.

The three maids drew more than their share of attention as they wore short black gowns which ended well above their pretty knees so that a nice expanse of smooth white thigh showed when they walked, and lovely bum curves were bared when it was necessary for one of them to bend. For some reason or other, they bent frequently and giggled merrily each time a hand, male or female, reached under the skirt to pat lightly.

Albert had given Jenny a faithful promise that he would give her one more fuck during the evening as his parting gift. He had also promised his sister that he would have a stout bone for her to suck in the morning, but he did not intend to allow that to keep him from sampling the charms of others during the party.

It was shortly after seven when one of the female guests joined Jane on a couch near the center of the room. In all, there were seven couches scattered about and the thickly carpeted floor offered playing area for others in the event that all couches were occupied at the same time.

"When will we be permitted to start doing things?" the woman asked in an anxious whisper.

"Right now, dear," Jane assured her as she pointed toward another couch where the hostess was signaling the beginning of fun and games as she and a beautiful girl who looked to be no more than eighteen undressed hurriedly and fell into a most passionate embrace on the couch.

Instantly, the woman began unfastening the front of Jane's gown to take out the titties she so loved. Helpful as always, Jane assisted her and was soon feeding one of them into her mouth.

To Jane's surprise, she found a handsome young man on his knees before her begging to be allowed to see under her skirt. With a gracious smile, Jane granted permission, but she warned that she may require something from him in payment in a little while.

Obviously pleased at the prospect of being called on to repay, the man raised her skirts and began to fondle her long, lovely legs. She moved them a little apart so that he would find the path easy as well as pleasant.

Leaning back, Jane sighed with delight as her eyes wandered around the room. The woman still sucked her teats, while the dear man had his head right under her gown and was already doing a nice job of paying for his admission with both his hands and his lips.

On the carpet, not far from her couch, Jane saw that Albert was keeping his promise to Jenny. Earlier, she watched while he lapped Jenny's hot cunny, but now, Jenny was down on all fours like a bitch in heat and Albert was her dog as he knelt against her curved arse and fed her a long dose of cock from behind but well up into her slit.

Another man, one whom Jane did not know, crouched nude on the floor by her face and kissed her mouth as he reached under her body to play with her teats.

The woman who had been sucking Jane's teats came up for air and, noticing the man playing under Jane's dress, told her that if she was going to be fucked, she would love to take her clothes off and watch if Jane had no objection.

"Delighted," Jane smiled as she patted the man's head through her dress and called him to join her on the couch.

Instead of asking about his condition, Jane opened the front of his pants and wrapped her hand around it. His condition indicated hard times, long, lovely, hard times and he trembled as she rubbed it a little in her closed hand.

The man gallantly helped Jane to her feet and she began to undress at once. He too undressed as did the other woman, but they both did so more slowly and stopped completely when Jane

ne reached a state of nudity.

She thrilled as they commented on her beauty, and then they remembered to finish undressing. As she stood looking around the room, Jane saw that just about everyone there was either undressed or undressing. What a lovely party this is going to be, she thought.

The party suddenly began to look even lovelier as the man stood nude before her. Below his cock, she saw a seemingly well filled bag of balls. It was big and hairy and seemed to contain a goodly supply of cream which she wanted in her belly by way of her cunny.

When the man helped Jane onto the couch, the woman knelt close to it so that she would have the excellent view she wanted.

"Oh, I am so horny," the woman said as she rubbed her hand in her crotch. "I declare I would rather watch fucking than be fucked, it is so thrilling to me."

Smiling, Jane allowed the man to part her thighs and though he seemed ready to fuck her at once, she told him she wanted her slit nice and wet before she took his cock into it. Showing the same obliging spirit, the man went down on her and began licking and sucking her twat.

Not wanting to come just then, Jane told him when to cease. He obeyed as usual and, moving up on the couch so that he knelt between her raised and parted legs, he took his cock in hand and gave her one last look at it before he lowered himself onto her.

For just a moment, Jane felt the big head of his rammer as it probed her crotch, then it found the slippery path and began to push in.

To Jane, this was always one of the highlights of a fuck, that moment when the head of the prick forces the narrow slit to open up as it presses more and more deeply in. She sighed and trembled a little.

On the floor beside the couch, she saw that the woman was kneeling with her crotch wide open and fingering her twat with great animation as she watched the sweet mating of cock and cunt.

The man was fucking Jane slowly with long, easy strokes which produced a little squishing sound each time. Hearing the whispered sounds of the fuck, the woman on the floor diddled her slit with even more vigor then and she had her come long before the fucking on the couch came to its logical conclusion.

When that did happen, Jane had already completed her come. The man ground down onto her belly and crotch, and she looked down along his body to see his strong hip muscles twitching and jerking as he pumped the juices from his balls into the already moist interior of her twat. By the time he gave her the last remaining drops, her cunny was much more than merely moist.

Jane discovered then that the woman who had watched it all, also loved cream. Rather than directly from the source, though, she admitted to Jane, she liked it after it had been poured into a woman's slit.

Pleased with this surprise offer, Jane turned her body so that the woman could get her face into her crotch with ease. She began sucking at once and her tongue probed deep inside to find more. Jane heard her swallowing and sensed that the woman was getting all the cream she wanted from the full supply the man had pumped into her.

To her delight, Jane enjoyed a very thrilling come with the woman's tongue inside her slit. Unable to stand more, she was forced to push the woman away.

As she walked naked from the room, the woman saw another couple fucking on a couch. Kneeling beside them she watched them closely and when the man got up, she whispered to the woman and found another cunny from which she could drink cream.

Jane thought it was a strange way of doing things, but it was not her nature to condemn. Good heavens, she found herself thinking, there are probably those who would find it strange.

e that I enjoy licking arseholes. It was a most shocking thought, but Jane was forced to admit that there were probably some persons that narrow-minded. Her warm heart bled for them in their ignorance.

Around her, though, there was no trace of narrow-mindedness as couples and groups of naked persons indulged in all manner of sport. There were many spankings being administered and the sweet sounds of them formed a fleshy chorus.

Deciding that she too would like to spank someone, she spotted one of the maids and signalled to her. The maid hurried over, Jane took her tray and put it down on a small table then, raising the maid's short skirt, she found an exquisite ass which was soon facing her as the giggling maid awaited her spanking.

There was such an air of contentment over Jane then that she spanked lightly and slowly which seemed to delight the victim who squirmed and wriggled her plump little arse in a most outrageous manner.

A man approached to admire the girl's bum and the way it was being spanked. His stiff cock kept moving closer and closer to the bum cheeks so that Jane was afraid she would slap it.

"May I slip this up her bum when you've warmed it?" he asked in a most courteous manner.

Both Jane and the maid indicated approval and the man stood wearing a very pleased expression as the spanking of the pink bum went on until Jane decided she had spanked it enough and wanted to see it being buggered by the efficient looking rod which waved in front of her face.

The maid lowered herself until she was kneeling with her upper body lying over Jane's lap. Kneeling behind the young woman, the man patted her cheeks for a little while, then parted them and brought his cock into the opened crack.

There was some difficulty at first, but neither seemed to mind and it was not long before Jane saw that more than half his rod was up the girl's hole and the rest was on the way.

He fucked her at a good rate, his belly making spanking sounds as it slapped her bum and the girl sighed in an indication of great pleasure. Suddenly, the man's hands jerked the girl's arse back toward him and he rubbed her as he fired his load up her poop chute.

Jane heard the girl coming at the same time and realized that while bum fucking her, the man had been fingering her little quim. How considerate, Jane thought as she waited for the man to get up so that she could move on to other games with other partners.

During the remainder of the evening, there were many such games and many partners. Everyone present shared a keen desire to play and they contributed to a party the like of which only a very few had ever experienced before.

The participants began to weaken around midnight. Many rooms in the big house had been set aside for those who felt inclined to stay for the night, and they were put to good use.

There was no shortage of beds either since each bed held anywhere from two to five or six forms.

Jane's last act of the evening had been to take a woman up to the punishment room and administer a nice dose of the riding crop to her big arse.

After the beating, the woman remained lying on the high table, her red streaked arse and thighs bobbing as she cried herself to sleep. As for Jane, she got as far as the couch before she felt too tired to walk farther.

She awoke at some point during the night to find a man fumbling with her bum and thighs. When he proved to have a good stiff cock, she welcomed him to share her couch and her cunt.

After he had given her a royal fucking which provided her with a thrilling come, he was

ndered away in search of a drink that would make his cock hard again. Smiling at his drunken optimism, Jane soon drifted back into a sound sleep following the enjoyable interval.

Through most of the following morning, the house was crowded with guests, most of them suffering from head ache and other results of the night's festivities, but by noon, the last of them had been dispatched.

After they had eaten, Jenny and Ruby declared themselves quite ready to handle the day's business, so Angela left them to it as she went in the carriage which carried Jane and Albert to the docks.

The vessel looked sturdy and fast and it seemed assured that the couple would enjoy an excellent ocean crossing.

Brother and sister embraced passionately at the foot of the gangplank and assured each other that the future would be even better than the past.

A little later, Angela stood alone on the dock as the ship began to drift down the river under partial sail. At the same time, she was both sad and happy.

THE END