

Lord Blaine

Edward Blaine didn't expect to become a Lord, but when he did he had to produce a son and heir to the estate. When he married Alice, he found that he was impotent and, in desperation, he got his valet to service his wife, but later one of his maids proved that he was quite capable sexually. MMFF, rom, preg, anal, group.

It was only by accident that Edward succeeded to the peerage. He was the third son, and normally his oldest brother, Charles, would have inherited the title and the estate when Lord Blaine died. His Lordship was a man of tremendous energy, and very much an outdoors person. He had no time for any sort of artistic activity and as far as he was concerned he was only ever really happy when he was on a horse, holding a gun or, rather unusually for his time, in a sailing boat, and it was the latter that caused his demise.

While Edward was a very good horseman and quite a reasonable shot, sailing was not one of his best points. While he could handle a boat quite well, he suffered badly from seasickness. This was so bad that anything more than a mild swell would have him retching and puking over the side and there was no chance of him sailing sensibly. His father was convinced that he was afraid of the sea and would not accept that he just had a physical problem which he could not overcome. Thus when his father went to sea on a particularly rough day with his two brothers he refused to join them, and so was not present when the boat overturned and all three were drowned.

Edward was just 26 when this accident occurred, and was completely unprepared for this unexpected inheritance. The estate was considerable, including as it did a very smart London town house, and a 5000 acre country estate, in the centre of which was a magnificent house dating back to the 16th century. Most of the estate was leased to tenant farmers, the home farm being of 1000 acres of mixed arable and dairy. This part of the estate was of particular interest to Edward, as he had been very involved in the management of the farm before his father's death. He was rather a country boy, and not very interested in participating in the London season, although he did host a ball at his house. However, he returned to the country as soon as possible, where he felt most at home.

One problem which he had not anticipated soon arose to cause him considerable anxiety. His sudden accession to the title made him a prime target for the young ladies who were looking for husbands, preferably wealthy ones. He was a very attractive man, just over 6 feet tall, good-looking with a dark head of hair, but unfortunately was extremely shy. While he was very comfortable talking to men of any station about country matters, he was completely tongue tied in the presence of young women, which seemed to make him even more attractive to them, as they all thought that he would be an easy husband to manage.

Given free choice, he would have happily stayed single, and had he not inherited, this might well have happened. However this was no longer an option. It was crucial that he not only married but that he should produce a son and heir. In the event that he

should have died childless, the estate and title would have passed to his cousin Harold, a wastrel who would certainly have gambled the whole thing away in fairly short order. So he had to find a wife, but the thought of being married to any of the young women who had put themselves on the market in the London season absolutely horrified him. What to do? Suddenly a solution occurred to him.

He had been friendly with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, having played with her when she was a baby, and through the years of her girlhood. Now Alice was 18, and had turned into a very attractive young woman, and he realised that the feelings he had for her were much stronger than anything he had felt for the husband seekers who had been paraded in front of him during the annual upper-class flesh market. Unfortunately, although they were great friends, Alice was as shy as he was, and it took him quite some time before she became aware that their feelings were far more than just friendship. Finally he screwed up his courage and spoke to her father to ask his permission to ask Alice to marry him, which was gladly given.

The proposal was a little confusing, and it was quite some time before Alice realised that he was actually asking for her hand. When she finally understood she was delighted to accept, though she did ask him if he was sure that she would be grand enough for him, to which he replied that he didn't want a grand wife, he just wanted a loving one. The marriage took place quite quickly, and, although he was under pressure from his relatives to have a grand affair in London they both wished to have a quiet event in the local village church, attended not only by their relatives but also by a lot of the employees of the estate and of her father's farm.

They were blissfully happy together in the period leading up to the wedding, but after a few months it was clear to them both that something was not right. Edward badly needed advice, and there was only one person to whom he could turn, and that was Alfred, his personal servant. So now we need to know something about Alfred.

Alfred Watkins, or Fred as he was always known, had been born on the estate, the son of the butler. He was two years older than Lord Blaine, and, despite the difference in his standing from that of his Lordship, the two boys had played together from an early age. There was a large age gap between Edward and his elder brothers, so it was natural that he should enjoy the company of Fred, who was near his own age. Their's became a very close friendship, and although Fred started his working life as a general servant and dogsbody, he was always unofficially Edward's personal servant, and this position was consolidated when Edward inherited the peerage.

When Fred was 17, he enjoyed his first sexual experience with Mary, one of the maids, with the not surprising result that she became pregnant. Her father was not too displeased, as he could insist on Fred marrying the girl, thus getting rid of one of his daughters. Edward persuaded his father to allow Fred to live in one of the houses on the estate, where Mary produced a son, followed by another two years later. Although it had been a shotgun marriage, Fred was quite happy with Mary though he

had one regret. He had been very involved with Jane, another maid, and would have preferred to be with her. However, her father had got a job some way away, so she moved and Fred consoled himself with Mary, rather more than he should have done. The marriage was not to last long, unfortunately, because the thatched roof of their cottage caught fire, probably due to a spark from a traction engine that was working nearby, trapping the two children inside, and just as Mary ran back into the house to rescue them, the roof collapsed and all three were killed, leaving Fred as a childless widower.

He was distraught at the loss of his family, and he moved back into the servants accommodation in the big house. He made no attempt to find other female company, but this situation changed when Jane came back to take up a post as Lady Alice's personal maid, and their friendship was renewed. However, neither of them wished to commit themselves to each other, and, as there was no birth control methods available, they avoided a physical relationship. Jane had been involved with a man while she was away, and had become pregnant, but she lost the baby in the early days of the pregnancy, and she now wished to be very sure of their relationship before risking any sexual activity.

So this was Fred, to whom Edward turned when he had a problem. It had been a daily practice for Fred to bring a whisky decanter and glass to Edward's bedroom just before he went to bed, but after the marriage this no longer took place, so it was a surprise when Edward told him to bring the decanter and two glasses to his room. When he arrived, he was told to pour a drink for both of them and to sit down. They sipped their drinks in silence for a few minutes, while Edward decided just what to say.

'Fred, I have a problem and I want you to solve it for me.'

'You know I'll do anything I can to help'.

'Well you might not be so keen when you know what it is. You must realise that Alice and I are wonderfully happy together, or at least we are most of the time. Trouble is, it's just not working in the bedroom. It's not her fault, it's mine, I just can't do it. I know what I'm supposed to do, but, to be coarse, I just can't get it up.'

'I don't quite see how I can help with that, it sounds as though you need a doctor.'

'I can't go to a doctor, it's hard enough telling you, but to tell the doctor would be just too much for me. But I've got to do something. It's not just a question of Alice not having the pleasure of making love, but as you know well, it's vital that I get a son. If I don't, and anything should happen to me, the estate will go to Harold, and you know what a disaster that would be'.

'Well, he certainly does have a reputation for throwing money away, and I must say an awful lot of people would be badly affected if he were in charge. Apart from which, we all be pretty unhappy if anything nasty should happen to you.'

'Thanks for the compliment, but accidents do happen, look at my father and brothers

for instance. I'm not planning to go sailing to get drowned, but there are plenty of other ways of dying young, so I've got to be realistic. I need a son, and there's only one way I can think of to achieve that. I need a man that I can trust to do the job for me, preferably one who has already shown that he is not lacking in virility.'

'That sounds drastic solution. You have anyone in mind?'

'Yes, you.'

'Me? You want me to... to sleep with your wife, with Lady Alice?'

'Well not sleep exactly, I rather hope you'll be very wide awake. Look, if this is too embarrassing for you, just say so and we'll forget that I ever spoke about it. But I just don't know any other man I could trust to do it and keep his mouth shut afterwards.'

'But what will Lady Alice say? Surely she won't agree to this.'

'We've already talked about it, and she has agreed. She says that she doesn't want to have sex with any other man, but she knows how important a son is to us both, and she says that she can trust you to do just what is needed and not take advantage of her. Look, don't answer now, think about it, and if you want to talk to Jane about it, I'm confident that she could be trusted as well. Let me know tomorrow please. Now drink up, and I'll go and join Alice.'

Fred went straight to Jane's room to talk to her. When he explained the problem that their employer had, she immediately said that it was his duty to help out. She did want to impose one condition.

'Before you have sex with her ladyship, I want you to do it with me, please. Fred, you must realise by now that I love you, and always wanted you to be the man I could spend my life with. I get the idea that you might feel much the same about me, but I'm not going to ask you to make any commitment, just make love to me, please. As it happens, it's not very likely I'll get pregnant at this time of the month, but if I do, so be it. Now, take your clothes off and come into bed with me.'

Fred wasn't going to argue with this request, and soon the two of them were starting a loving relationship that was to continue for the rest of their lives. He spent the whole night in bed with her, and next day he went to Lord Blaine to tell him what they had agreed. Edward was pleased to hear this, and said that he would tell his wife, and that she would make arrangements through Jane for Fred to visit her and carry out the deed.

After these discussions had taken place, it was arranged that Fred should go to Alice's room the next evening. Fred bathed himself carefully and put on clean clothes before arriving at her room. Jane met him, and told him that Alice was ready for him and what she would be expecting. Then she gave him a quick kiss, and told him to go in, but he hesitated.

'Jane, darling, I've never felt less like making love to a woman than I do now. Would

you mind trying to get me a bit excited first before I go in.'

Jane drew him into her arms, and kissed him long and deeply. She opened her dress and put his hand inside so that he could hold her breast, while her hand opened his trousers and slipped inside. She found his limp penis, but as she caressed him and he felt the beauty of her breasts, his limpness disappeared, and he was soon fully tumescent.

'There Fred, that's better. I wish it was for me, but perhaps we can arrange that later on after you've serviced her ladyship.'

Fred and Alice

Fred entered into the bedroom. The curtains were drawn and there was only one small light. Alice was lying on the bed, the bed clothes turned back, and he could see the white form of her nightdress. He moved to the side of the bed. Normally he would have used her Christian name, as he had known her since she was a little girl, and only addressed her formally when non-family members were present, but now he felt totally awkward and didn't know quite how to proceed.

'My lady' he started, but she stopped him.

'You've always called me Alice in private before, this is a pretty stupid time to start getting formal. You must realise that this business is most unpleasant for me, but I do so want to give Edward a son and heir, and I don't know anybody else I would trust to do this for me. Poor Edward is so embarrassed that he can't impregnate me himself, and he tried so hard, but it just wouldn't work for us, so I'm still a virgin, and I don't really know much about what's going to happen. I know the mechanics of it, I've seen the animals performing, you'll have to teach me how to receive you.'

'Alice, I'm sad for you both that it hasn't happened as you wanted, but I hope that, if I can give you a son, you'll be able to forget how it started. Anyway, all I'm going to do is put my penis into your sex. I'll have to move a bit when I get in, but you've seen what animals do, and it's the same thing really. I have to move to make me aroused enough to squirt my seed into you. I'm afraid it will hurt a bit when I go in, because I've got to break your maidenhead - there's a thin skin that has to be broken to let me in far enough for my seed to get up into your womb. I'll be as gentle as I can, and, once it's broken, that's done for the rest of your life'

'Go ahead, do what you have to do. I trust you not to hurt me more than you have to. What do I have to do?'

'You don't need to do anything, I'll look after it. I'll just uncover your sex, then I'll do it.'

He drew the nightdress up far enough so that he could see the triangle of fair pubic hair. He held both of her knees, and drew her legs apart, and, in the weak light, he could just see the darker mark of her slit through the hair. He had entered the room with no shoes on, and he unbuttoned his trousers and pushed them down his legs,

together with his underpants. He climbed awkwardly onto the bed and moved between her spread legs. His erection had subsided after Jane's efforts, but the sight of Alice's spread sex soon caused it to grow again. Although he had been very dubious about taking on this task, the thought of entering this lovely virgin body overcame his scruples. He leaned forward over Alice's body and supported his torso on one hand while he held his now rigid penis in the other and cautiously guided it towards her sex. He could see little in the weak light, but he felt the tip of his tool touch her lips, and heard her sharp intake of breath as she felt the alien touch of a man on her most private parts.

Now he began to move his as penis searched for the entry into her inner lips, and he felt her yielding to his touch as he found the elusive spot, and began to enter her vagina. He could feel the heat of her body as his glans pushed open the tight channel, but it wasn't a smooth progress. She was not aroused in any way, and as a result, her vagina was dry, and although his precum provided some lubrication, he could feel that he was having to force his way in. He quickly arrived at the barrier of her hymen and he began to push against it. Nothing happened for a moment, then suddenly the thin membrane tore. She cried out at the sudden pain, and he stopped moving, but then he realised that he had to go on, and he pushed in further till his pubis was touching hers and he was fully engaged. Her face was turned away from him he could see the distress she was suffering, but he had no option but to continue. He slowly drew back, then pushed in again. He could feel the lack of lubrication, as his penis dragged her flesh back and forth as he moved. Eventually his own fluid eased the movement a little, and he speeded up as he came near to his own climax. He felt the rush of fluid through his penis, which jerked and as he squirted his seed deep into her vagina.

He had made sure that he supported his weight on on his hands, taking care to make the minimum of contact with her body. Now, as his penis subsided, he withdrew from her, and climbed off the bed, drawing up his trousers as he stood up, then leaning forward and drawing her nightdress down over her knees. He could hear her crying quietly, and wasn't sure what to say, so he tried to reassure her.

'I'm sorry I hurt you, but it won't hurt so much next time.'

'What do you mean, next time? You've done it now, why do you think you're going to do it again?'

'Well, in theory I don't need to do it again. The problem is that if I only do it once, you will have to wait until your next period is due before you find out if you are pregnant. Then I could do the same thing next month, but it could be a long time before we succeed. The more times I do it, the more chance is of your getting pregnant. It's up to you, I know you don't enjoy it, I can only say that I will try to make it as bearable as possible, and I think you'll find that now your hymen is broken, it shouldn't be painful for you.'

'I suppose you're right. So are you going to do it again now?'

This thought had not occurred to Fred, but he didn't think it would be a good idea.

'I think would be better to leave it for tonight, as you must be sore. In any case, a man needs a little space to recover his virility, so there wouldn't be so much chance of it working at the second attempt.'

'All right. I'm sorry if I sound a bit grumpy, as I realise that this isn't easy for you either. But you are right, I am sore and I hope that will be better tomorrow. Thank you for doing what you are doing. Now go and ask Jane to come to me.'

He left and told Jane to go and talk to her mistress. Later that night he went to her room to talk about what had happened.

'It was terrible, Jane. She was absolutely dry and I felt awful forcing my way into her. It obviously hurting her when I took her virginity, but after that it was still painful for her as I was dragging myself across her tight passage. It didn't actually hurt me, but there was certainly no pleasure in it - not that I expected it to be a lot of fun, but I certainly didn't expect to feel so unpleasant. I don't really understand it, it was never like that with Mary, or with you last night, come to that.'

'Silly boy, you obviously don't understand women at all, not physically anyway. We don't go around all the time with a nice slippery passage, it is only when we start to get excited that we get juicy down there. The problem you've got is that you can't do anything to get her aroused, so she'll just stay dry. I'll see if I can think of something. Now, give me a kiss and go away. You need to save all your sperm to produce a son and heir for his Lordship, there will be plenty of time to fill me up after you've done your stud duties.'

The next day Fred went about his duties as normal. He felt a little embarrassed when he first met his boss, but that was soon overcome. Edward told him that he didn't want to talk about what had happened with his wife.

'Fred, I don't think I can bear to talk about it. Just do it and I hope you can make her pregnant quickly, and it can be over with. It sounds a bit stupid to say thank you to a man for having slept with his wife, but I do appreciate it and realise that it must be a bit embarrassing for you, so let's just accept that it's happening and get on with it.'

That evening he talked to Jane again about the problem of Alice being so dry.

'I don't want to hurt her, Jane. It's rotten for her, and it doesn't feel very comfortable for me. Got any suggestions?'

'Well, I've been thinking about it, and it's obvious that you need some lubrication. I don't see that I can suggest to her she lubricates herself, and all I can think of is that perhaps you could oil yourself so you slip in a little easier. I've got some olive oil and that might help. Take your trousers off, and I'll get you hard and slippery at the same time.'

He stripped off his trousers, and she began to caress his penis which was soon fully

aroused. She pushed back his foreskin and coated the firm member with a good layer of oil, so that it was slippery. He went into the bedroom where Alice was again lying on the bed in the dim lamplight with the bedclothes turned down.

'Hello Fred, ready for your stud duties. Come on then, get on with it.'

He didn't reply to her, but moved forward and pulled up her nightdress to her waist. She parted her legs to allow him access, and he climbed onto the bed and knelt between them. He moved forwards and, holding his penis guided it to the entrance of her vagina. He pushed gently, and this time the entry was much smoother than the night before. Supporting his torso on his arms to reduce the amount of contact between them, he slid his full-length deep into her body. This time she made no sound, and he guessed that she was in less discomfort than before. He drew back, then forward again and he smoothly continued the movement till he felt his orgasm approaching, and once more his seed was sown deep into her vagina. When it was over he withdrew and stood up.

'Was a bit easier for you, Alice?'

'Yes, it wasn't painful. If only it had been Edward's penis, I think I might have found it quite pleasant.'

'Well, let's hope it's doing the trick. Shall I come again tomorrow?'

'Yes, the more times you do it the quicker it will be over. Sorry, that sounds very ungrateful, but it's just so wrong that it's you doing it instead of Edward.'

He thought of little other than his efforts to make Alice pregnant, but worried about how he could make things less unpleasant for her. He was well aware that, desperately though she wanted a baby, she found it very distasteful that it was a servant who was trying to impregnate her. Then it occurred to him that perhaps it would be easier for her if she didn't have to look at him while he was doing it. Though she looked away most of the time, obviously when she did look it was the wrong face looking down at her, so how could this be avoided? That evening when he went into her after Jane had lubricated his penis, he made a somewhat startling suggestion to her.

'Look, Alice, I know it's rotten for you to be looking at me, and having to submit to me, and I think perhaps I can suggest a way of avoiding it..'

'What do you want to do, put a bag over my head? I don't look at you a lot, but I can't really avoid it all the time. And it's not that I don't like your face, it's a rather nice face, but it's just the wrong face.'

'No, not a bag. I just wondered if you would be happier if you face the other way.'

'You mean you want to service me from behind? That's the way the animals do it, and as I'm being treated rather like an animal it might be appropriate. I'm acting like a mare on heat, so my stallion might as well mount me in the same way. So how do I do it?'

'Well, if you turn over and kneel, with your head on the pillow, I'll do the rest.'

Alice did as she was asked, kneeling on the bed with her bottom in the air and her head resting on the pillow, her face turned away from him. He pulled the skirt of her night dress up to her waist, and in the dim light he could just see the white mounds of her bottom. The crack was visible, and underneath there was just a dark shadow of her anus and vagina. He knelt on the bed behind, and, holding his penis in his hand he sought out the entrance to her lips. When he made contact, he gradually pushed forward until he felt that he was entering into her channel, and he continued pushing until he was fully engaged deep into her warmth. He was holding her hips to steady himself, but after he had made a few movements, he slid his hands forward along her side until he could feel the swell of her breasts. He was moving gently in and out as he let his hands slowly fall to cup the small, firm globes, which barely hung from her chest. She began to speak, but then stopped. He was unsure whether he should be doing this, but he carried on, moving his fingers till he felt the tiny rise of her soft nipples. He rubbed both nipples gently with his fingertips, and soon felt them begin to harden, and as he squeezed them, and gently pulled them, she moaned quietly.

Although he had taken the precaution of letting Jane lubricate his penis before he had entered the bedroom, he suddenly realised that his penis was sliding much more easily in her tight vagina, and guessed that the arousal of her body caused by his manipulation of her breasts had made her juices start to run. Now he began to move faster, and this time it was a most pleasant sensation as his tool was gliding up and down her slippery channel. Soon he was pounding her quite hard, and he moved his hands to her hips and held her tightly to him as he neared his climax. Then he felt the rush of fluid along his penis, and jerked over and over again as he shot the precious baby juice high up towards her womb. When he had finished he withdrew his dripping penis and moved away from her.

'Are you finished?' She asked.

'Yes' he replied

She rolled over onto her side, and looked up at him

'Why did you touch my breasts? Was that just because you like the feel of them? Or was there a better reason?'

'I have read that stimulating other parts of the body makes it more receptive to accepting the seed. I hope you didn't find it too unpleasant.'

'To be honest it felt quite nice. I hope it was doing something useful as well as giving me a pleasant feeling'.

'I hope so too, and I'll do the same tomorrow night if you wish me to'.

The next night he went through the same procedure of asking her to get on her knees and then uncovering her bottom. This time he realised that the light was bright, and he could not only see the white mounds, but he could see the dark shadow

of the hair covering her cleft below it. Once again he mounted her, and found his penis slid into her vagina quite smoothly, and he guessed that the anticipation of their nightly exertions had stimulated her juices. As he slowly moved he again slid his hands over her haunches, up her side and round under her torso to cup her breasts. He took his time gently moving his fingers, squeezing and releasing the firm flesh before he arrived at her nipples, which he found were already hardening. When he started manipulating them, they were soon fully erect, and she made a little moan of pleasure at his actions. He was still sliding gently in and out of her, his belly sliding over the smooth skin of her little bottom. Now he took one hand from her breast and move downwards over her tummy till his hand felt the soft furry pubis. His finger probed further till it entered her cleft, and he began to rub across the sheath of her clitoris, making her moan again. He squeezed the protective skin between his finger and thumb, causing the clitoris to emerge, and with his other finger he rubbed the sensitive flesh.

Now he began to move in and out of her more quickly, at the same time speeding up his finger movement. Suddenly he felt her vagina tighten onto his penis, and she thrust back against him. He felt her whole body shake, and now she was shouting at him.

'Oh Fred, oh Fred, oh yes, do that, do that, oh my God, what's happening to me? I think I'm going to die, my whole body is on fire.'

Fred didn't speak, but waited till her body calmed down. Then he began to move again, this time holding her hips thrusting hard into her, and after a few movements he held her tight and jetted his semen deep into her. When he was finished, he withdrew and went to get off the bed, but she stopped him.

'Tell me what happened. I thought I was going to explode, and I was scared because it was so good that I couldn't believe it. Was that something special, or is that what is supposed to happen when two people try to make a baby together?'

'That was what is called an orgasm, and I guess it must be the first you've ever had. It is always special, but it doesn't happen to every woman with every man. I guess that you and I must be very suited to each other.'

'But how do you know how to do these things? Who taught you? And if you read about it, where did you find the books?'

'I guess I found out a lot by trial and error with my wife, but I did read some books. Please don't tell your husband what I'm going to tell you, but in his library behind a panel there are several books about what men and women can do with each other. I was told about them by the old butler, and I don't know whether your husband knows

that they are there, as I understand that his father bought them and hid them away'.

'Well, I won't tell him if you explain how to find them. Then I'll find them by accident and show them to Edward, after I've read them. Now, before you go I want to have a good look at that thing you've been putting into my body. I've never seen a naked man, and have no idea what you look like. Turn the light up a bit so that I can see properly'.

She was sitting up in bed and he moved to kneel beside her so that she could look at his wedding tackle. She gazed at his flaccid penis hanging above his ball sac.

'It looks rather soggy. May I touch it?'

'Go ahead, but it's a bit sticky from where it's been inside you.'

She put out her hand and tentatively touched his member with her fingertips, then stroked it gently. As he said, she found it a bit sticky, but she carried on and wrapped her fingers around his girth. When she did that the inevitable happened, and he began to grow.

'What's happening?'

'Just keep hold and you will find out.'

She did as she was told, and of course she felt the penis stiffening until it was fully erect. Fred wasn't huge, but he certainly wasn't small, and by the time he was fully grown her little hand only just wrapped around it.

'Now it doesn't look so soggy, does it? It has to be hard to go inside you, and it's sensitive so that when you touch me it makes me feel excited, and that's the result.'

'You felt huge inside me, and now I understand why. You really are huge! Tell me, why is this bit of skin a bit loose.'

She was stroking his foreskin, and could see that it was moving.

'It covers the most sensitive part. If you hold it and move your hand towards my body, you will see what happens'.

She tried what he suggested, retracting his foreskin and exposing his shiny purple glans. As she pulled backwards, his urethra opened and a drip of fluid appeared. She touched it with a fingertip, and felt its slippery and slightly sticky substance.

'Is this what you squirt into me? And are you go to squirt some more?'

'Would you like me to?'

'Lord, I shouldn't say this, but yes, I do. I never guessed that I would enjoy having you do this to me, and when you first did it, it was awful, but since you started touching the sensitive parts of my body, suddenly it was wonderful. Please do it again.'

'Alice, my dear, I must admit I hadn't looked forward to acting as a sort of stud for you, but it's been getting more enjoyable every time we do it. Now you're asking me to make love to you, and, much as I'd like to, are you sure that's what you want to do?'

'Yes, Fred, that's just what I want you to do. My body wants you, and if we're going to try and make a baby, I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it.'

'All right then. Let's start by letting me see the rest of your body.'

She sat up and pulled the night dress up over her head. As he had suspected, her body was ravishingly beautiful. Her skin was very white, and her pale pink nipples stood out against her small breasts. Her pubic hair was quite fair, and the top of her cleft was visible through the curly covering. He lay beside her and began to stroke her breasts. As his fingers searched out her nipples, he saw and felt them grow under his touch, and he squeezed first one, then the other, till they were firm. Then he leaned forward and took one of them into his mouth, holding it with his lips and licking and sucking it, his mouth now open wide to draw part of her breast deep into the warm, wet cavity. She whimpered quietly as he moved to the other breast and repeated the massage.

As his mouth enjoyed suckling her breasts, his hand was roaming over her stomach, his finger tickling her navel, then he moved lower so that his fingers found the curly fluff on her pubis. He now slid two fingers either side of her lips and squeezed gently. Her legs parted, and as he squeezed he could feel the lump of the hood over her clitoris. He now slid his fingers inside her outer lips and found the clitoral hood, and when he ran his fingers across it she moaned gently. His fingertip probed underneath the hood and the swollen bud felt firm against his touch. When he started to rub it he felt her body rise against him, and he carried on moving his fingers ever faster while he brought his other hand down and began to probe her vagina lips. By now she was thoroughly wet, and he slid first one, then two fingers up into her slippery cavity.

'Oh, Fred, that's absolutely wonderful. Please don't stop, go faster, I feel as though I'm going to burst into flames any minute. Oh yes, yes, oh.....'

She erupted into a huge orgasm, her body shaking, and her hips thrusting hard against the pressure of his hand. He rested with his hands holding her sex until she quietened, then withdrew and leaned on his elbows over her body smiling at her beautiful face, then bent down and gently kissed her mouth.

'Thank you, Fred, for waking up my body. Would I be really selfish if I asked for more? Because I'd really like you to put your big thing in me again, and try some more to make a baby in me. I feel awful asking you to do it again, because I know really it's just for my pleasure. I just want to feel you inside me again, and if we make a baby that's just a bonus.'

'Well, my lady, I'm only here to do what you want, and I must admit it's what I want to do as well. You've got a beautiful body, and it feels wonderful against me. Would you like to guide me in?'

'Why, don't you know the way?'

'I'm sure I could manage, but it will be a special feeling if you were to guide me in. It will really make me feel that the two of us are doing this together, not just me imposing myself upon you. The only problem I have is that this makes us more like lovers than just me trying to plant a baby into your reluctant body.'

'Fred, we are lovers in the physical sense. I love what you're doing to me, and I sense that you love what you are doing as well. But that doesn't mean that I love Edward any less and he will always be my real lover. Now, please, I'm aching to have you back inside me, and I'll be very happy to guide you in.'

He kissed her gently again, then moved between her legs, which she had spread for him without any invitation. He moved towards her and she put her hand down and gently grasped his rigid penis. As she drew him toward her, the tip of his penis touched her clitoris, and for a moment she used it as a toy to stimulate herself. Then she pushed lower and guided him into the wet embrace of her vagina lips. He carried on the push until he was fully engaged, deep in her body.

'Be quick, Fred, I want you now. Don't be too gentle, let me feel how strong you are. Hold me tight while you do it, with all your weight on me'.

He needed no further instructions, lowered himself onto her body, and slid his hands down underneath her and grasped the firm mounds of her arse. He drew back slowly until his penis was nearly out of her, then thrust hard into her till his pubis was hard

against hers, then he pulled back slowly and once again thrust into her slippery vagina. Each time that he thrust she made a little grunting noise, and as he picked up speed she began crying out with each impact. His belly was sliding over hers, making a slightly obscene noise, but they both wanted to make the maximum contact, his chest against her breasts, his belly against hers, their pubic hair mingling and their thighs rubbing against each. It couldn't go on too long like this, and soon he was clutching her even tighter, his fingers deep into the cleft of her arse, and hers dug into his back. Finally the climax arrived, and he rammed into her even harder, then held her tight as his penis pulsed and jetted seminal fluid deep into her vagina. She had responded to his pressure, and had thrust back to him in return, then her vagina was clutching him and she came to a screaming orgasm.

He continued to lie on her as his passions subsided, then at last he lifted himself onto his elbows and gazed into her face. They were both running with sweat, and her hair was dishevelled, her lips parted as she was panting with exertion. He leant down and his lips found hers in a long, soft kiss.

'I think you are squashing me rather. I didn't notice it till now, but I think I'm getting short of breath so perhaps you'd better get off.'

His now flaccid penis slid out of her vagina, followed by an oozing trickle of fluid, and he climbed off and lay beside her.

'I hope I wasn't too rough. It was just so exciting, I couldn't help myself. Your body is so beautiful and it fits me so well that we might have been made for each other. I know this can't go on much longer, but I'll always have wonderful memories, and I hope you will too'

'Fred, you know you don't really need to ask. I never had any idea that two bodies could do so much to each other, and if I never make love again, I'll still have been a very lucky woman. And if this makes a baby, it's even more wonderful. Now, will you spend the night with me, please?'

'I really don't think I ought to, much as I'd like to, so I think I better go before you tempt me.'

'I suppose you're right, please come again tomorrow, and keep coming to my bed until I'm pregnant. And now I come to think about it, I'm sure Edward wants more than one child, so I'm afraid you'll have to keep coming till he thinks we've got enough.'

'Alice, you are a very naughty girl, but I shall just have to do as you say as you are the boss, or at least, Edward is, and if that is what he wants, that is what he will get.'

With that he gave her a quick kiss, and left the room.

Edward and Jane

Fred and Alice continued their pleasurable efforts to get her pregnant and after a few weeks Edward invited Fred to join him in his night time drink. It was apparent that he had already partaken of a few glasses, and he was in a slightly lachrymose mode.

'Fred, Alice has been talking to me about what you and she have been doing together. She seems to be ashamed that she hasn't found it to be as unpleasant as she expected, in fact, she admitted she was enjoying it. I'm not sure what to think. I hate the idea that she has to have a man other than me to try to get her in child, but I don't see why she shouldn't enjoy the process.'

'That's very gracious of you, Edward. I've been feeling very guilty because, quite frankly, making love to your beautiful wife has been a very pleasant experience for me. In fact, I just said "making love" when what it should have been was just having sex.'

'Pour me another drink, Fred, and one for yourself, and make yourself comfortable. There's something I want to tell you that I have never told anyone else.'

Fred did as he was told, and settled down into an armchair, and Edward began to relate some of his personal history.

'When I was 16 my father decided that it was time, in his words, that "I became a man", in other words that I should go with a woman for the first time. As you know, my father was not a very subtle man and he arranged for me to visit a prostitute. He told me where to go, and gave me the money to pay the woman. I went to the house, and knocked on the door. It was opened by a woman who must've been nearer 50 than 40, and she was no great beauty. She ordered me into the house, and took me through to a somewhat sleazy bedroom. I stood there, not knowing what to do. "Get your clothes off boy" she commanded me. I took off my clothes, but before I had finished, she was already naked. She was not a pretty sight. Her breasts were saggy, as was every other part of the body. I had never seen a naked woman before, and I didn't realise that women have hair down between their legs. Hers was grey and looked scraggy, and quite frankly I was totally put off by the sight of her. She lay on the bed and open her legs wide and for the first time I saw what a woman had down there, and it didn't look very pretty.'

"Come on then get on with it" she said. "This is my cunt, I suppose you've never seen one before by the look of your face. Well it's where you are going to put your cock

and fuck me, if you're man enough. Come on, get on top of me and stick that miserable little prick of yours where it belongs."

'Well, there wasn't any chance of me sticking anything into her. My penis lay there completely limp. She grabbed hold of it, and I thought she was going to pull the bloody thing off. "What the fuck use is that?" she said. "That thing will never be any good to anybody, your old man told me to make a man of you but I'm a tart, not a fucking magician. Give me the money and piss off, and tell your father to send you back when you've finished wearing nappies."

'I've never been so glad to get out of anywhere before. Since then, the idea of having sex is anathema to me. I had hoped that I would be all right with Alice, because she was so clean and fresh, but it just didn't work, and I don't think I'll ever be able to do it.'

Fred didn't say anything for some time while he thought about what Edward had just told him. He felt so sorry for his boss and tried to imagine how he might be able to help. It occurred to him that possibly a sympathetic and experienced woman might be able to use her feminine wiles to overcome his aversion.

'Edward, would you mind if I talk to Jane about this? She might have some bright ideas'.

'Yes, all right, but I don't want anyone else to know.'

Fred discussed Edward's problems with Jane, and between them they thought up a plan which might be helpful. The next night Fred prepared Edward for bed as usual, and settled him down with a glass of whiskey. He then left the room, but as soon as he had left Jane entered.

'I hope you'll excuse me coming into your room like this, my lord, but Fred and I wondered whether I could help you in anyway. If nothing else, it just might help you to talk about your problems with a sympathetic woman, because I understand that your previous experiences have not been particularly pleasant.'

'Well, I don't suppose you'll do any damage, no more than has already been done. If you're going to be my counsellor, you'd better call me Edward. Come and sit here on the side of the bed.'

Jane crossed the room and sat on the bed beside him.

'Do you know, you remind me a little of my stepmother. You look a little like her, and you are built the same, if you'll excuse me mentioning it, with a nice comfortable

body. So let me tell you something I didn't tell Fred.'

'My real mother died when I was only seven, but I didn't miss her very much. She was quite a hard woman, and shared my father's views that discipline should be reinforced by generous use of the cane or the belt, so my childhood was not very happy. However, a couple of years later my father remarried. His new wife was a country girl, quite a lot younger than he was, and she was a much more sympathetic character. Although she couldn't stop my father beating me, she would comfort me afterwards when I came to her in tears. She would come into my bedroom and sit beside me, rather as you are doing now, and she would pull my head down onto her breast and stroke my head until my tears stopped, and stay with me until I slept.'

'Would you like to try putting your head on my breast, and see if it brings back happy memories for you?

'I think I might like that very much. Let me try'.

Jane shifted around on the bed so that she was up against the pillow, then drew his head down until it was resting on her generous bosom. He was looking up at her, and a big smile crossed his lips.

'What I didn't tell you was that at that time my stepmother was breastfeeding my young sisters, and sometimes she would open the her dress for me and let me suckle her, and I can even now remember the sweet taste of her milk and the softness of the breast and the big nipple in my mouth.'

'Sorry Edward, but I'm afraid I don't have any milk for you, but if you would like to suckle my breast you would be very welcome'

'Oh really, that would be taking advantage of your generosity too much'.

As a reply Jane pushed his head down, and opened the buttons on the bodice of her dress. Beneath it she was naked, and her full breasts were proudly on show. She drew his head back to her breasts, and murmured " Suckle me".He hesitated for a moment, then took her nipple into his mouth and began to gently suck and lick it. Then his hand reached for her other breast and began to stroke and squeeze it, and to pull on her nipple. Jane found this very pleasant, and was delighted that Edward seem to be finding pleasure in it as well. When he was well settled she put her hand under the bed clothes and reached down to find the bottom of his nightshirt. She slid her hand underneath and moved up his thigh until her fingers touched his scrotum. She felt the weight of his balls in her hand and caressed the hairy skin, then she moved a little until touched the shaft of his penis. She stroked it with her fingertips, then enclosed it in her hand. It was lying limp, but nevertheless felt of a substantial size.

She slid her fingers to the tip and held his foreskin, which she drew back a little way. Then she began to very slowly slide the skin back and forth with a soft, gentle movement.

Edward was still suckling her breast, and was making tiny noises of satisfaction, and Jane had no doubt that he was thoroughly enjoying what was happening to him. His penis showed no signs of growing under her touch, but after quite some time she felt a slight pulsing in his shaft, and then she realised that her hand was wet. She stopped her movement and stayed still, still holding him. She felt his mouth releasing her nipple, and his hand relaxed on her other breast. His head dropped away from her, and she suddenly realised that he'd gone to sleep. She withdrew her hand, and wiped it with a handkerchief, then she gently pushed him over, and covered him up. She left the bed, extinguished the candle, and returned to her room. She found Fred in her bed waiting for her.

'Well, how did it go?'

She told him what had happened. They talked about it for some time, and decided what she was doing had to be the right thing for Edward. After that, the inevitable happened, and their bodies came together in a gentle caresses without actual penetration, both of them relishing the fact that this was just for them, and they weren't trying to give sex instruction.

The next night Jane took in Edward's nightly whisky. This time she was wearing only a dressing gown over her naked body.

'Did you find our little session together pleasant last night?'

'Jane, I don't think you really need to ask me that. I've not relaxed like that with a woman since my stepmother looked after me, all those years ago. And I don't think I've slept as well as I did for a very long time. Would it be too much to ask you to do the same again tonight? It must be frustrating for you to be treated like a wet nurse by a middle-aged man, and I'll certainly increase your wages to compensate you a little, if that doesn't sound too much as though I'm treating you as a prostitute.'

'Don't be silly, Edward. If I can do anything to make you more confident with women, I'll be very happy to do so. And incidentally, I just love the way you suckle my breasts. I've always enjoyed that, and no one has ever done it for as long as you did. It was nearly as good as having a baby, not that I've tried that yet. Now, put that whisky down and let me come into bed beside you.'

Jane slid into the bed beside him, opening the top of her dressing gown and exposing her breasts. She drew Edward's head down and he happily began to kiss and caress

the firm mounds before taking the nipple into his lips and beginning to suck. Jane was rather startled when she realised the effect that he was having on her. The previous night it hadn't really felt anything special, but tonight she could feel that familiar tautness down in her belly, and knew that she would soon be wet between her legs. Now that she was in bed beside him it was easier for her to pull up his nightshirt and begin to caress his belly and down into his pubic hair. Her fingertips felt the swell of his penis, and she slid them along its length until she was holding it. It was limp again but when she started sliding his foreskin back and forth she felt the slightest swelling under her grasp, and before long he was semi-erect. They lay side-by-side for a long time, his attention to her breasts making her gently aroused, and her long, slow motion on his penis bringing him towards an unexpected climax.

She had become aware of the sticky witness of his pre-come, and then to her great pleasure, her fingertip on the underside of his penis felt the swelling as he was about to ejaculate. She pressed hard against the channel, delaying his release, and felt the pressure subside. Then she began to move again, this time more quickly, and soon felt him jerk under her fingers, followed by the wetness as his fluid spurted. She continued to hold him in her hand as she felt him soften, when she released him and wiped her hand on a cloth that she had remembered to bring with her, and which she then used to clean him up a bit. He released her breast and lay back on the pillow.

'Thank you Jane. I can't describe how good that was, but now I feel so relaxed that I know I'm going to sleep well again.'

'I don't quite believe this, but it did something for me as well. This is only the start. Edward. I'm sure you and I can go even further, as long as you're not afraid of me and what I'm doing to you.'

'The only thing I'm afraid of is that this is too good to last. All I really want is to be able to be a proper husband to Alice, and if you can help me to do that you will have worked a miracle. Now, please cuddle me for a few minutes before I go to sleep.'

Jane lay beside him with her arms around him, and kissed him gently. He turned over and she lay behind him, holding him until she felt him relax into sleep, when she slid out of the bed and returned to her own room.

The next night Jane decided to take things a stage further. Before she got into bed with Edward she took off her robe and stood beside the bed naked. Edward looked away from her.

'Look at me. Edward. This is what a loving woman looks like, not some old prostitute. Take off your nightshirt for me please, and let us lie together, so that you can feel how good a woman's body can be when it's close to you.'

He looked at her, and took in the beauty of her ripe body, her full breasts, her rounded belly and her broad hips enclosing the dark triangle of curly hair. In the dim light of the candles it was difficult for him to see her in detail, but he got the general impression of a round, soft, desirable body, so very different from the only naked woman he'd seen before, that dreadful prostitute that had so revolted him before. He sat up in bed and pulled his night shirt up over his head, and lay back down again. She looked down at his well muscled body, with curly dark hair on his chest thinning out over his belly and thickening again over his pubis. It was the first time that she had seen him naked and her eyes focused on his penis, lying limply over his scrotum, and remembered how it had grown in her hand the previous night. This time she hoped she could making him grow to full size, which, looked as though it would be considerable.

Jane climbed into the bed beside him and drew him close to her. He was a little reluctant first, but when he felt the warm softness of the body he relaxed and allowed her to pull him close. She lifted his leg and slid hers in between his, her hand on his buttock holding him against her. After a while she released him and began to kiss his cheek, then down his neck, then slowly down his chest. Her hand was resting on his penis, which she could feel growing under touch. She moved her head lower and he watched with fascination as a succession of kisses moved down towards the root of his sexuality. He couldn't really believe that she was going to touch him with her mouth, and found the thought slightly unpleasant, not for himself, but the thought that she would actually kiss a part of his body that he always had been told was disgusting and should not even be thought about.

'Jane, you shouldn't be kissing me down there. It's not nice.'

'Why, doesn't it feel nice? It certainly feels nice to me. Just you lie there quietly and and see just how nice it can feel.'

She went back to kissing him and now her lips were touching the root of his penis. She held him lying gently in her hand, and began to kiss from the root to the tip, her tongue darting out as she did so. She could feel him begin to grow under her touch, and with her fingers she carefully withdrew his foreskin. She could just see the purple helmet glistening in the candlelight, and she put out her tongue and gently caressed it. Now he began to really harden, and a drop of pre-come appeared at the tip. She licked it off and tasted the salty, musky flavour. Now she opened her mouth and slid her lips over the end of his penis, taking it deep into the warm, wet cavity. As she held him she began to slide her fingers back and forth along the length of his tool, and now she felt he was really firm. She had only intended to get him ready for intercourse this way, but she had only stroked him for a very short time before she felt the tell-tale swelling of the channel under his penis as he began to ejaculate into

her mouth. She held him there, feeling the jerking as his sperm shot into her mouth, which she quickly swallowed, and then she felt him softening between her lips, and she released him, licking him clean.

Edward was appalled at what had happened. Although for him it had been a wonderful physical release, he assumed that she would be totally disgusted at what had happened.

'Jane, I'm so sorry. I just couldn't control myself, or I wouldn't have dreamt of letting that happen. You must think I'm totally disgusting.'

'Don't be silly. Edward. I love doing that, and you tasted really nice. You did enjoy it really didn't you?'

'Oh, that is a relief. I did sort of enjoy it, but it didn't occur to me that it could be nice for you as well. You're not just saying that to make me feel better, are you? Have you done it before?'

'Yes, I have, and I enjoy it. Now, do you want to go to sleep, or shall we have a little more fun first?'

'I'm not sure what could be more fun than that, but perhaps you're going to show me, and I'm in no hurry to go to sleep, if you're not.'

'I think it's time you found out a little bit more about me, about my private parts. Come down the bed and let me show you. No, wait a minute, I'll light a couple more candles so that you can see better.'

She got out of bed and lit three more candles, which certainly improved the lighting of the bed. Then she got back into bed and sat on the pillow beside him. She spread her legs wide, so that he could see the shape of her outer lips, with her vagina lips just peeping out between them.

'Look, it's not too complicated. I've got these two outside lips to protect the sensitive parts, and when I spread them like this you can see the lips inside, and when I spread them you can see the entrance into my vagina - that's the proper name but I usually call it my cunny. That's where your lovely tool is going to go in a minute. The other interesting bit is this little lump here. All it's for is to give me pleasure, and it's called my clitty. If I rub it or if you rub it for me it feels absolutely wonderful. If I do it long enough it's like a sort of explosion inside me, and it's the same sort of thing for me as it was for you when you squirted your juice into my mouth.'

She took one of his hand in hers and laid it on her pubis. Then she took his middle

finger and pushed it down onto her clitoris and and moved it to and fro, so that he could feel little bump growing under his touch.

'Yes. Edward, do that. It just feels wonderful and you are making such a good job of it. Just do that for a bit longer, oh dear, you make me feel all hot and excited inside. Now move your finger down and feel the way into my cunny. Don't be shy go right inside. If you feel how wet and slippery it is, that's because you've got me excited and getting ready for you to put something into me.'

She let him slide his fingers in and out of her vagina for a while, then she took his hand away.

'I think it's time for something a bit more adventurous now Edward.'

She pushed him over onto his back, and he lay with his penis semi-erect. She leaned over him and and slid her mouth over the end of his penis, and immediately felt it grow under her touch. When it was fully erect, she released him, and moved so that she was kneeling above him.

'I think you are ready for the big event. Would you like to come inside me?'

'I'm a bit scared that it won't stay hard enough to go inside you, but I shan't find out until we try, shall I.'

She smiled down at him, put her hand down between her legs and gently lowered herself till the end of his penis was touching her vagina lips. She paused there for a moment, rubbing the end of his penis against her clitoris and her vagina lips, then she placed it against her lips and lowered herself a little further, and he felt for the first time the soft embrace of a wet vagina on a hard penis. Then she slid slowly down his length, and felt the full intrusion of a very large penis into her innermost recesses. She stayed still for a while, enjoying the feel of him inside her.

'Oh, Edward, that feels so good. Your tool is so big and hard, I feel really filled up. Now I want to see if I can pump it, so that you can fill my cunny with your lovely baby juice. Are you ready to do that for me?'

'I don't know yet, but as it's stayed hard I hope it's going to work. It did it in your mouth, and it feels so much better inside your body. I never thought it could feel this good, it's soft and warm, but it seems to be holding me like a gentle hand.'

Jane began to move up and down, slowly at first, but as she became more aroused she moved faster, her generous breasts swaying with her movements. Edward reached up and held the firm globes, squeezing her flesh and tweaking her nipples, which grew

hard under his attention. Then she took one of his hands, and put it down between her legs, placing his middle finger on her clitoris. He began to massage it vigorously, and she squealed with pleasure. Suddenly he felt his penis gripped firmly as her vagina, muscles spasmed in her first orgasm with him. She stopped moving, and her body became rigid, then she flopped forward down onto his torso, panting heavily. He had no idea what had happened to her.

'What's the matter Jane? Are you ill?'

She didn't answer for a few moments, then she pushed herself up and kissed him gently.

'Oh no Edward, I'm not ill. You just took me to heaven for a few moments. This is what happens to a woman when a man excites her so much that she loses control of the body. I couldn't possibly describe it, except to say it's wonderful. Now, I think it's time that you took control.'

She eased her body off him, leaving him with his penis glistening and pointing firmly skywards. She lay beside him and drew him over on top of her. Her legs spread wide, and she reached down and took hold of his penis and guided it into the entrance of her vagina.

'Now Edward, it's for you to do the rest. Fuck me hard and finish off what I've started.'

He pushed his penis gently and slowly until he was deep inside vagina, then withdrew a little and repeated the movement. She murmured words of encouragement, and, after one occasion when he withdrew too far and she had to guide him back in, he was soon moving fluently. He had been supporting himself on his elbows, but she pulled him down so that all his weight was lying on her. He was beginning to move really quickly, and he reached down with his hands to grasp her buttocks, and she gasped as he now began to ram her fiercely. Her legs were raised, and her feet were beating a tattoo on his arse. Soon his climax arrived. He held even tighter, his penis thrust as deeply into her body as possible, their pubes locked together. Then she felt his first spasm as his penis jerked and his seminal fluid was jetted into her, high up at the entrance to her cervix. He jerked again and again, and she felt as though she was being filled up with his juice.

At last he lay still, panting heavily. His head was buried in her shoulder, his lips gently nibbling at her neck. Then he eased himself up and smiled down at her.

'I did it, thanks to you. You can't imagine what a relief it is to me, I've been certain that I was impotent, but now I know that I can perform, at least with you.'

'Edward, you are a lovely man, and I'm so happy that I have been able to make you realise that you are in every way a real man. Now, you are rather heavy, so perhaps you wouldn't mind getting off me.'

He raised his body and his now limp penis slid out of her vagina, and as he moved away it left a trail of slippery fluid across her thigh. She lay with her legs still parted, and a dribble of fluid oozed out of her gaping vagina. They lay side-by-side quietly for some time, looking at each other and his hand resting gently on her breast.

'Will you stay with me tonight, please Jane? I don't want to sleep alone tonight.'

'Well, I really ought to go, but if you order me to stay, then I shall have to, shan't I? So shall I blow the candle out?'

'You do that. And then let me cuddle you.'

She drew up the bedclothes, gave him a quick kiss, and then turned away from him. He took the hint, and spooned up behind her, and they were soon both asleep, tired after their exertions. They slept till the early hours of the morning, when Jane woke to feel his penis stirring against her bottom. She put her hands behind her back and found that he was semi-hard, but as she caressed him he quickly hardened. She moved up the bed a little, put her hand between her legs, and guided his large cock into her still wet vagina. He began to move gently in and out of her, and she took his hand and placed it on her clitoris. He began to rub her as he moved and she was soon moaning with pleasure.

'Your cock feels just as good from behind as it does from in front. This is a nice way to be woken up in the morning, by a big hungry cock. Squeeze my nipples, please.'

He did as he was asked, and she replaced her hand with his own on her sensitive clitoris, which had hardened under his touch. She began rubbing herself vigorously, and soon she was thrusting back at him, her vagina clamping on his penis, she felt her hand getting wet as she squirted a rush of fluid. This had never happened to her before, and she wasn't quite sure why it had done so this time. However, it was an absolutely wonderful sensation, so she wasn't going to question it. Almost as soon as she had reached her orgasm, he too began to jerk as he squirted another load of semen into her fecund birth canal, adding to those which were already finding their way into her womb, and searching out a fertile egg to mate with.

His limp penis slid out of her, and she climbed out of bed. She put her hand under the bed and withdrew the chamberpot from beneath it. She squatted over it, and he heard a rush of liquid as it hit the porcelain. She seemed to go on forever, but, after

a bit, she stopped and then stood up.

'I needed that, I thought I was going to wet the bed. Now I'm up. I think I'd better go. We don't want Fred coming in with your breakfast and finding me still here. Of course he knows what we are doing, but I think it would be more sensitive if he didn't find us naked together in bed.'

'That was a perfect night for me, Jane. However, I think I need more practice, so would you mind coming tonight again please?.'

'Of course I will, My Lord . Your word is my command, especially when it's something that I want to do anyway. Now I really must go.'

She put on her robe, and left the room, leaving a very happy man. The next night, she returned to his bedroom, and they spent another happy session together. This time she persuaded him to learn the joys of kissing her vagina lips, and sending her frantic by licking and sucking her clitoris. These happy nights continued for several days, but eventually she felt that it was time for him to share his new skills with his wife, though to be honest, she was quite reluctant to stop sampling the joys of his very large and rampant cock. So she decided that she should put the matter to him.

'Edward, my Lord, and my love, much as I'm enjoying these nights with you, I really think it's time that you should visit your wife's bed, and show her that you have overcome the little problems you had. I'm sure she'll enjoy the delights of your cock as much as I have.'

'Jane, my dear, I suppose you're right. I'm glad that you find my cock enjoyable, though I've no doubt that Fred could give you equal satisfaction, if not more. From what Alice has said to me, she's certainly enjoying his attentions, and I find it hard to complain about that, seeing how much I'm enjoying your bodily delights. I do have one problem though.'

'Oh, what's that?'

'Well, although I seem to be performing well enough with you, I'm not at all convinced as to how I will manage with Alice. Remember, you have led me all the time, and I'm not at all sure that with a woman with less experience I will be up to the job.'

'Yes, I can see why that might worry you, though I think you're probably mistaken. You seem to have plenty of confidence, and I'm sure that you will make Alice very happy. On the other hand, it might be a good idea if you are to have experience with somebody else who doesn't have my level of confidence and willingness to try anything.'

'Well, that rules out a prostitute - not that I would sleep with a prostitute under any circumstances. And I can't imagine where I'm going to find a woman who is inexperienced and is willing for me to experiment. It's not like the old days, when the Lord of the Manor could have gone and grabbed the nearest virgin and deflowered her. So, unless you've got any bright ideas, I'll just have to take a chance and hope I don't disappoint both Alice and myself.'

'As it happens I believe I know someone who fits the bill perfectly. Mary Thomas, your shepherd's wife is desperate to have a baby. They had been married for five years, without success. As I understand it, he hasn't got a clue, and behaves as though he's a ram with a ewe, not what he's achieved anything up to now. I think if I chatted to her, I could persuade her that one or two nights with you would be more productive for her. And now is a very good time, because, as you know, he's spending all his time with his sheep during lambing, and sleeping in his hut up on the hills.'

'I can't really believe that she would be willing. And what would happen if her husband found out? What sort of employer would I look, fucking my employee's wife while his back is turned?'

'I wouldn't get too excited about your conscience. Let's face it, if he found out he's not going to make a fuss, is he? You are by far the best employer in the district, and he's not going to risk losing his job - not that for one minute would I suggest that you would really do such a thing. Anyway, if she gets pregnant, you'll have done him a favour.'

'Well, all right, have a discreet word with her. I guess I can trust you to be diplomatic enough that if she refuses she won't make a scene about it. But I can't believe she'll do it all the same. Now, let me taste your cunny again. I would never have believed that I would do a thing like this a few weeks ago, you really are a good teacher.'

Jane had a quiet word with Mary, and after a while persuaded her that it would be a good idea if she were to have sex with Lord Blaine. As she said, it gave her the possibility that she might have a baby, but also his Lordship might well look on her husband favourably if he enjoyed himself with her. She arranged to bring her to Edward's bedchamber the next evening. She also suggested some appropriate clothing that would be easy to disrobe. As she said, she didn't want to be fiddling about with buttons and hooks when he wanted to concentrate on something far more interesting.

Edward and Mary

Although Mary had met Edward on many occasions, it had always been as a servant or as the wife of a servant, so they both felt a little awkward when she came into his room to meet him. Edward was aware that for the first time he was going to have to seduce a woman, rather than being seduced himself. He held out his hands to her, and led her across to the settee. He offered her a drink of wine, but she said she didn't think she would like that, so he gave her a drink of elderflower cordial, which Jane had prepared, and which she had laced generously with gin. Edward sat down beside her with a glass of wine in his hand, and they exchanged pleasantries as they sipped their drinks. After a few minutes he decided it was time to get down to business.

'Mary, I know this must be difficult for you. A woman of your age would expect to have started a family before now, and I know it's worrying you. It's not your fault, and is probably not your husband's, it's just you been unlucky. There are some men who can lie with a woman and have a sexual relationship with her but who don't have the ability to produce children, and maybe that's your problem. Another thing, may be that you haven't got the right way about it. Although he's planting his seed inside your body, if you aren't properly prepared for it, it may not work even if it is potent. I've got a suggestion to make, but I need to know that you are prepared to try anything with me to see if we can succeed. Are you?'

'My Lord, I'll do anything you suggest. You are an educated man and will know these things better than I do, or my husband. Please, do whatever you think best.'

'Right, the first thing that seems to be important is that your body should be fully prepared, it's no good me just climbing on top of you and pumping my seed into you. What I think we should do is we should be lovers while we're together, and do the things that lovers do to excite each other. So we should kiss each other and touch each other and explore each other's bodies until we're both ready for the ultimate act. Forget that I'm a Lord and that I'm your husband's employer. We're just a man and a woman who are going to have what I hope will be a very pleasant experience for both of us. Does that sound all right to you? Oh, call me Edward while we doing this.'

'All right, my Lord, sorry. Edward. That doesn't sound right really, but I'll do as you say.'

She had finished drinking her gin cocktail, and she felt slightly odd. She never been drunk in her life, but now she felt quite happy and much more relaxed than she had been when she first came into the room. Edward took her glass away, then slipped his arm around her shoulder. He put one finger under her chin and lifted her face up towards him, and gently placed his lips on hers. Her lips were soft, but she kept them firmly closed.

'That wasn't too bad was it? Now, stick your tongue out at me.'

She did as she told, but just the tip of her tongue appeared.

'No, pretend you're a little girl being rude to me behind my back. Stick it out properly.'

Again, her tongue came out, this time long and pink and she wiggled it at him, then she burst out into a long fit of the giggles.

'That's better, and it's nice to see you giggling. You've been looking a bit serious up to now. Now what I want you to do is to stick it out a little bit while we're kissing, and I'll do the same to you. Don't look so worried, I think you'll find it's rather fun.'

Again he brought his lips down onto hers, and this time her lips were more relaxed. After a few moments she hesitantly put the tip of her tongue between his lips, but quickly withdrew it. He responded in kind, his tongue first exploring her lips, then probing deeper into her mouth. At first she drew back a little, but then decided that it was a pleasant sensation, and pressed her lips harder against his. Soon they were exchanging these pleasant caresses, and her lips were now widely separated, allowing him complete access which he gladly accepted. After a while they separated.

'Well, was that enjoyable? I certainly like it, your lips are so soft and you taste so sweet.'

'Oh yes, I never knew that kissing could be so much fun.'

'I think it's time to move on a little.'

'What do you mean?'

He didn't reply, but the hand that had been resting on her waist moved up slowly until he felt the warm swell of her breast through the soft cotton blouse that she was wearing. The small mound was firm under his touch, as he let his fingers roam around, and he gently squeezed the pliable flesh, then his finger traced across the tip of her breast and he was just conscious of her nipple. He gently rubbed across the tiny swelling and felt it growing under his touch until the little bud became firm.

'Your breast feels wonderful, may I look and see if it is as beautiful to look at as it is to touch? Please open the buttons for me.'

She didn't reply, but timidly began to open the buttons of her blouse. While she was doing it she was looking down, and she didn't look up when she finished. He put a finger under her chin and lifted her face up toward him. She was blushing seriously,

and he bent forwards and kissed her gently.

'Now let's see what you've been hiding. Oh my, you are so beautiful. Your breasts are just perfect, they are so firm and white, and your nipples look like little raspberries. I must see if they taste as good.'

While he had been speaking, he had drawn her blouse open disclosing the lovely sight of the firm mounds. Her mother was Irish, and she had inherited her ginger hair and a very white freckled flesh, upon which her small nipples were pale pink. He leaned down and touched one of the little buds with his lips. He gently nibbled at the firm flesh, then began to rake it with his tongue, while his fingers caressing the other breast and pinching the nipple. She lay back against his arm, feeling sensations that she had never known before. Her husband had never even tried to touch her breasts, and although she sometimes squeezed her own nipples and found that it pleasant, it was nothing compared with his ministrations. His hand caressed her back as he kissed her, then he moved it down until he could squeeze her firm buttocks.

'Shall I carry on? You don't seem too unhappy, and I love the feel of your body against mine.'

'Oh please do. It's making me feel funny all over, I don't know quite what's happening to me but it's very nice.'

He undid the waistband of her skirt and let it drop to the ground, and she stepped out of it. Then he undid his trousers and took them off, before holding her close again, this time with one of his legs pushed between hers and his hand pushed down inside her drawers and grasping the warm flesh of her buttock. He was semi-erect, and she could feel the mound of his sex pressing against her lower belly, and for the first time in her life she was looking forward with pleasurable if slightly fearful anticipation of what was going to happen next. He held her close, kissing her gently, then he picked her up and laid her on the bed. He lay beside her, gently stroking her breasts, then laid his hand on her sex, again feeling the damp patch on her drawers.

'Now I think it's time to unveil the rest of your beautiful body. Let's take these drawers off shall we.'

'Oh, please blow out the candles before you do that.'

'But I want to see all of your body, I'm sure the rest of it is as beautiful as what I've already seen. Come, let me take them off and look at you.'

'No, please do it in the dark'

He looked at her face, and he was perplexed because she seemed to be near to tears.

'I don't understand. You are happy for me to see your breasts, so why should you be shy about your private parts. I'm sure they are lovely, there's no need to hide them.'

'Please, I'm so embarrassed. Please don't force me.'

'Of course I won't force you, but I just want to understand what is so embarrassing for you after you've gone this far already.'

'It's too difficult, but I suppose I must tell you. When I was about twelve I started to grow hair under my arms, like other girls. But then I started to grow hair down on my belly and between my legs. It's horrid, and I can't let you see that'

'But what's horrid about it? It's quite normal.'

'What you mean, it's normal?'

'Every woman grows hair when she reaches puberty. So do men come to that.'

'You really mean that? So all women have hair on their sex? And you mean my husband has hair down there as well?'

'Haven't you ever seen a naked woman? Or your husband naked?'

'No. The only naked female I've seen is a baby. My husband only ever does things to me in the dark under the bed clothes, so I've never seen him naked. You are telling me the truth? You not just saying it to make me feel better.'

'I wouldn't lie to you, Mary. And I'll show you my hair in a minute, and I'm sure Jane will be quite willing to show you hers, so you will see that you are quite normal.'

'I'm sure I must believe you, so go ahead, undercover me if you want to.'

'Oh, I do want to, very much.'

He took the waistband of her drawers and as she raised her bottom from the bed he slowly drew them down her legs and discarded them. When he gazed at her beauty he was astounded to find that she had a curly mass of red hair. It never occurred to him that a woman's pubic hair might be the same colour as that of her head, but as he had only ever seen Jane and the prostitute naked and had seen a couple of paintings of naked women, all with dark hair, it wasn't so surprising that he had never made the connection.

'You are so beautiful.'

'You don't mind my red hair, then? All these years I thought that I was deformed, now you tell me I look nice. That's such a relief.'

Edward sat on the bed beside her, and stroked her breast, and then moved down onto her flat belly. He caressed her gently, his finger probing into her little navel, which made her laugh. Then he moved down further until his fingers came to the soft curls. He moved very slowly, stroking her from side to side, until he came to the top of her thighs. Her legs were close together, but he slid between the firm thighs, and pressed outwards. She responded by parting her legs a little, and he now began to caress the inside of her thighs, moving upwards till his fingers found the soft puffy bulge of her outer lips. He stroked her gently, moving from one side to the other, and he felt the warm dampness of arousal. Now, he was parting her lips a little, and he slid into the warm, wet gap between the inner and outer lips, and his probing finger pressed gently down onto her vagina lips so that they parted little for him. He slid his finger in a little way and rested his hand there for a moment, her sex cupped in his palm, then he withdrew.

'You're so pretty, I must kiss you on this lovely spot.'

'Oh no, that would be awful! That's where I piss from, it wouldn't be nice at all to put your lips near that.'

'That's just where you are wrong. It's a lovely place to kiss and to lick and suck. I'm sure you will taste as good as you look.'

'Oh dear, I really don't know very much do I? I couldn't imagine a man would want to kiss me down there, but tonight is all surprises, I just keep learning new things. I can't imagine why you would want to do it, but I expect it will be nice for me just the same, so you'd better go ahead.'

He moved down the bed and pushed her legs apart, raising her knees at the same time. Now the pink gape of her vagina lips was on show between the ginger hair surrounding her sex, and he leaned down so that his lips resting gently on them. He slowly put his tongue, parting the lips and sliding between them, and he pushed in as deeply as he could, savouring the sweet taste of her juice. As his tongue moved inside her, she lost any doubts as to whether this would be an enjoyable experience, and the feel of his tongue writhing happily began to raise a level of excitement that she had never known before. Then he withdrew his tongue and moved up through the cleft the came to the little bulge of the sheath over her clitoris. He drew it between his lips and licked vigourously, and felt the little bud growing under his attention, and heard

her cry out at the unfamiliar sensation. Then he slid two fingers slowly into her vagina, and hooked them round, groping as he did so till he found the rougher patch of skin deep inside her passage, and began to massage it.

Now, Mary was on the verge of her first ever orgasm. She had no idea what was happening to her, just that she felt a wonderful sensation deep in her body, and could feel that her vagina was contracting on his fingers. He felt the response and moved quicker, and felt her back arch as she came to a climax. His hand was soaking as her juices ran, and he pressed hard against her till he felt her begin to relax, when he withdrew his fingers and moved up her body to kiss her lips. She was panting, but a great beautiful smile spread across her face.

'Now I know what I taste like, down between my legs. It's quite nice, really, I thought it would be horrid. Is that all you are going to do to me, or have you got any more lovely surprises?'

'I've only just started. Now I think it's time for you to see the rest of me, don't you? After all, I've seen all your beauty, I'm afraid I don't look as nice as you but you might as well know what a man looks like, as you've never seen your husband. Now, take my pants down.'

She did as she was told, and, as he lifted his back, she slid his pants down his legs, exposing his penis semi-erect on his belly. She had had no idea what to expect, though she had felt a penis pushed into her vagina, it had given her no idea as to the shape and appearance, so she gazed at him with fascination. She had seen plenty of male animals, so she knew that they had balls, but it hadn't really occurred to her that a man would also have such an appendage.

'Go on, touch it, see what it feels like. You won't do any harm, just don't squeeze too hard.'

She reached out and with her fingertips stroked the tip of his penis, feeling the silky soft warmth. She slid her fingers around his shaft, and as she did so it began to grow under touch.

'Oh dear, I didn't expect that to happen.'

'Your hand feels wonderful, that's why my penis is reacting. Now, hold the skin and slide it back towards my body and see what happens.'

'Gracious, the skin's all loose, and you're, all shiny underneath it. And what's that drop of liquid doing on the end? You're not pissing, are you?'

'No, I'm not. If you feel that drop you find that it's all slippery. That's so that the end will slide into you easily. Just touch it and see.'

'Oh yes, it is slippery. I'm going to taste it, seeing as you tasted me.'

She had lifted the drop of liquid onto her finger, now she lifted it to her lips and tasted it. She found it not unpleasant, and now she bent down and licked the tip of his glans, then slowly enclosed the shiny helmet with her lips. As it slid into her mouth she felt it growing, and soon found that her lips were spread wide to accept it. Her tongue caressed the smooth surface, and she could feel him throbbing inside her. Edward didn't think that she was ready to accept a mouthful of sperm, so he gently drew her head away from him.

'I think it's time that I put this where it belongs, inside you. Are you ready for me?'

'Yes, I think so. But it does look awfully big, will it go in me all right?'

'I don't suppose it's a lot bigger than your husband, and certainly not as big as the baby that will come out of you in a few months if we are lucky. Don't worry, I'll take it slowly, I'm sure I won't hurt you.'

He spread her legs wide, and knelt between them. His penis was rigid and fully engorged, and he supported himself on one hand while guiding it to the mouth of her vagina. He slid the tip up and down, pressing gently, and her vagina lips began to part. He pushed forward slowly, and watched the pink flesh opening like a flower to allow him to begin to enter. Slowly, gently, his glans disappeared into the slippery gap, and she gasped as she felt her vagina being spread. He moved in a little further, then withdrew slightly, then repeated the process moving each time deeper into her birth canal. All the time he was watching her face to make sure she wasn't showing any signs of discomfort, but all he could see was a blissful expression of pleasure. Happy that he wasn't hurting her, he pushed deep into her, till their pubic hairs were mingling, and his glans was right up to her cervix.

He withdrew, but a little too far, and his penis slid out of her vagina lips. She made a little cry of disappointment, but he quickly pushed back and her lips spread wide to welcome him. Again he plunged deep into her welcoming channel, and then he began a slow process, moving in and out along the hot, slippery path towards her womb. She was moaning gently as he speeded up, his need becoming more urgent, till at he was ramming hard into her and her body responded with with thrusts against him. Soon the end was near, and with a loud cry, he released his semen deep into her body. Time and again his penis jerked as he pumped the fluid on its way towards her womb. He could feel her vagina clasp his penis as she, too, began to orgasm and now she cried out with the joy of her first experience of an orgasm during intercourse.

When they both quietened down he leant down to kiss her. Her face was flushed and she was sweating gently. After a long kiss he released her, and his now flaccid penis slid out of her vagina, followed by an ooze of white liquid. He lay beside her, still breathing heavily from his exertions.

'Well?'

'Very well thank you. Now I know what I've been missing. I never guessed that lying with a man could be so wonderful.'

'It was good for me too. Your body is so beautiful and so responsive, I can't imagine why your husband doesn't make you happy.'

'I think because we were both too afraid of our bodies, and we've been brought up not to look at each other and to think of sex as dirty, just something to make babies, something for the man to enjoy but not for the woman.'

'Now you know something for both to enjoy. I'll tell you a secret. I've only just learned how to make love properly, or even how to make love at all, and now I want to make up lost time. Would you like to do it again?'

'Oh, my Lord, what are you suggesting? You've made a baby in me already, haven't you? Why would you want to do this disgusting thing again?'

'Just for the fun of it.'

'Well, I suppose I'll have to submit to your evil desires. Do you want me to suck your terrible cock to make it grow again?'

'Yes, woman. You do that, and I'll show you how I can play tunes on your body. Now, stop talking and fill your mouth with my flesh.'

She giggled then bent down and her lips enclosed his soft member, which soon began to grow again. Once again they made the beast with two backs, this time entering her from behind, caressing her breasts and clitoris so that she had three orgasms to his one. Afterwards they lay together, kissing and caressing each other, until they finally fell asleep.

Next morning he woke to find that she had gone, and he happily remembered that he had proved that he could make love to more than one woman, and this could well be the way towards consummating his love for Alice. However, he intended to enjoy making love with Mary for some time, both because the pleasure was giving him, and

because it increased the possibility that she would become pregnant.

After a few days, Jane delicately asked him if he was being successful with Mary.

'I just wondered whether you were profiting from what you and I have done together? Mary certainly seems happy, so I presume you've been successful, if you'll excuse me being presumptuous in asking'

'Thank you for asking. You presume correctly. Obviously you've been an excellent teacher, and Mary certainly seems to enjoy what I've been doing with her.'

'I'd love to see you two together, just to see whether you've remembered all the things I've shown you.'

'I don't see why you shouldn't watch. I don't mind, and Mary needn't know. Why don't you come in tomorrow morning. I'll make sure Mary stays until after you've come.'

That night, after he and Mary had pleased themselves, he told her not to leave during the night, but to stay till the morning.

'I'd like to wake up with you still beside me, and who knows what might happen.'

The next morning she did as she told, and stayed with him all night. Early in the morning, Jane came into the room, bearing a tray with tea for him.

'Oh, I'm sorry sir, I didn't realise you still had company. I'll come back later.'

'No, don't go Jane. You can settle something for me. I don't think Mary really believed me when I told her that everyone has hair down between their legs. She thinks that I've just said that to make her feel more comfortable because she's hairy. Perhaps you'd like to show her what you look like, then she'll feel happier.'

Jane responded by undoing the buttons on her robe and pushing it from the shoulders so that it fell to the floor, leaving her beautifully naked. Mary gazed at the naked body, very different from our own. Jane was far bigger built, with full breasts, broad hips and a bush of dark hair covering her lower belly and her sex.

'There Mary, you see I was telling the truth.'

'I always believed what you told me anyway, but you didn't tell me that the hair would be a different colour from mine.'

'What do you mean different from yours?' said Jane.

Edward pulled down the bedding, and Mary immediately covered her breasts and her pubis with her hands, but he took them away so that Jane could see the curly red hair. She was entranced.

'But you're beautiful! I always thought that everyone had dark hair down there, but you are a lovely red. And it looks so soft and curly, I must touch it.'

'No, no, you mustn't, you mustn't touch me, that wouldn't be right, especially in front of his Lordship.'

'But I can't imagine anything nicer than watching two beautiful women caressing each other, especially in my bed. Do let her touch you, so she can feel how soft your hair is down there.'

Mary was horrified by the idea of being touched by another woman, but she supposed her employer said it was all right, she had better submit. Although Edward had never made any suggestion that her job as a maid, or her husband's job as a shepherd, could depend upon her co-operation in bed, this sort of attitude was so common amongst the landed gentry that she was subconsciously fearful of not doing as she was asked. After all, she had come to his bed voluntarily in the hope of being made pregnant, she could hardly fail to agree to any suggestion that he might make.

Jane was fully aware of Mary's reluctance, but she was quite sure that this would fade once she felt her body being caressed. She rested her hand gently on Mary's stomach, and then slowly slid her fingers down amongst the curly hair, which was even softer than she had imagined. The fingers probed downwards, until she felt the beginning of Mary's cleft. She had never touched another woman before, and she was amazed and delighted at the soft, warm feel of the young woman's body. She slid her hand over her pubis until it cupped her sex, and her fingertips were resting on her plump labia. Mary and Edward were both watching her hand as she caressed the warm bulges, and as her middle finger separated the two revealing her pink inner lips. Mary was still moist from the last evenings love-making, and Jane's finger easily slid into the hot slippery channel.

'Oh, Jane, you really shouldn't do that, it's not right.'

'Why doesn't it feel nice?'

'Well, yes it does, but.....'

'But nothing. You like the feel of it, I like doing it, and Edward likes watching it, so

we're all happy, aren't we?'

Mary didn't reply, partly because at that moment Jane had found her clitoris with her thumb and had started to massage it vigorously, and the young woman's body reacted as the pleasure of it flooded through her. Jane now rested her other hand on Mary's breast, and began to caress it, her fingers teasing and squeezing the small pink nipple. Jane's lips now descended on Mary's, and she began kissing her passionately, with an immediate response. Their tongues were soon entwined, their lips and teeth biting and being bitten, delving in and out of the hot wet cavities. Jane had now pushed a second finger into Mary's vagina, and had searched out the rough area - what we nowadays call the G spot, but at that time didn't have a name, but was just as much fun. As Jane's thumb rubbed Mary's clitoris at the same time as she was carrying out the internal massage, Mary felt as though her body was on fire. Edward could see the blush on her breasts, and the reddening of her vulva lips, swollen with a rush of blood. She was moaning quietly, and her body was thrusting upwards against Jane's hand, then she went rigid and cried out as her orgasm flooded through her. Jane felt her fingers being clasped as Mary's vagina muscles contracted.

Mary slowly relaxed, and Jane withdrew her sopping wet fingers, and lay back beside the other woman who was gently panting from the explosion of orgasm. Edward looked at the two women, the dark haired full body of Jane, alongside the slight, pale, red haired Mary, and couldn't imagine anything more beautiful.

'You two ladies certainly seem to enjoy each other's bodies. It nearly as good watching you as it is actually making love to you. Now, Mary, I really think you ought to return the pleasure that Jane has given you, so let me enjoy watching you doing the love-making. I know that Jane loves having her nipples sucked and bitten, and she just adores having a tongue inside her cunt.'

Mary seemed to have lost all her inhibitions, and she needed no further encouragement to attack Jane's body with enthusiasm. Jane was soon encouraging her as, first of all, she began squeezing and kissing her big breasts, and causing her nipples to grow long and firm. Then she moved down between Jane's legs and buried her face in the crisp dark hair, her fingers probing to massage her clitoris, and her tongue probing deep into her vagina.

To get into this position she had knelt with her lovely white firm bottom high in the air, and Edward couldn't resist. He moved behind her, caressing the freckled skin of her globes, then slipping his fingers deep into the hot sweaty crack until he felt the indent of her anus. He spread her cheeks wide and leaned forwards so that he could kiss the pink wrinkled skin, then he pushed his tongue out and licked all around before pushing the tip hard against the puckered orifice. Mary had been preoccupied with

what she was doing to Jane, but now she became aware of the intrusion into a very private part, and she raised her head.

'You mustn't touch me there, it's dirty.'

'That's what you said when I first kissed your cunt, but you liked that in the end, and I'm sure you're going to like this too. You stop me when you decide you really don't like what I'm doing, all right?'

'I suppose so. You haven't done anything I haven't liked yet.'

Edward knelt close behind her and rubbed the tip of his penis in the lubrication that was oozing between her vagina lips, and when it was thoroughly soaked he introduced it to her wrinkled anus, and pushed gently. At first he was able to enter the tip of his glans, the orifice parting against his pressure, but as soon as he felt some significant resistance he withdrew but then pressed forward again. This time he went a little further and he kept repeating the process, pulling back and then pressing forward and he saw her little anus opening wider under his attentions. Mary had become conscious of the increasing intrusion, and she had stopped her vigorous licking of Jane's sopping cunt, but she said nothing until Edwards cock succeeded in pushing his helmet through her sphincter. She felt the pain of her virgin hole being ravaged, but with it she also felt pleasure at the sensation of her passage being filled by his throbbing member.

Edward started to stroke slowly in and out, and Mary found that the pleasure more than compensated for the discomfort, which was becoming less noticeable. Now Jane, impatient for the orgasm which had been surging into her loins, pulled Mary's head back hard between her legs, where she willingly resumed licking and sucking pussy lips and her engorged clitoris. Edward movements became firmer and faster and, as he moved, Mary's head was forced into Jane, and her own climax approached, encouraged by Edwards hands, one of which was squeezing her breast, while the other titillated her clitoris. She could feel his jerking as she squirted the fluid deep into her arse, and both she and Jane came to a screaming climax together. Edward stayed coupled to her until his penis subsided, and when he withdrew he saw her arse gaping as his white ejaculate oozed out, then it gradually closed.

The three lovers subsided onto the bed, exhausted by their efforts. They lay for some time without speaking, Jane finally broke the silence.

'Well Edward, I think I can say with some confidence that you have overcome your inhibitions about sex. I never thought that you would do what you just did to Mary, and I never thought that she would let you. You never did that to me.'

'No, I didn't, but Mary 's little bottom was so beautiful that I couldn't resist. I hope it didn't hurt too much.'

'It was a bit of a shock, and it hurt at first, but then it got better, and I really enjoyed it. I feel like a real harlot, but I don't care, but I'm afraid it's going to be a bit of a let-down when I go back to my husband.'

'Well, you just have to show him all your new tricks, I'm sure he'll enjoy them as well.'

'That's all very well, but how do I explain that I suddenly have all this knowledge of how to please a man and to enjoy myself. After all, all he's ever done is to climb on, stick it in, push in and out of it, and then climb off. He'll be very suspicious if I start playing games myself with him.'

'I've been wondering that,' said Jane 'and I've had an idea. Why don't you tell him that I've shown you some of Edward secret books about how to make love, and that you like him to try some of the things that you have read about.'

Edward was astounded. 'What secret books? I don't have any books about sex.'

'I mean the ones in your library, behind the secret panel.'

'I didn't know anything about the secret panel or secret books.'

'Oh Lord', said Jane 'There's a secret panel in the library, and behind it there is a collection of erotic books, all illustrated and describing every sort of sexual performance that you could imagine. Fred showed me, and of course I assumed that you knew all about it.'

'But you're going to have to show me now, aren't you. And if they're as good as you say - or should I say as bad as you say - it sounds as though it will be a good way for Mary to convince her husband that he should be a bit more adventurous. Now it's time we got out of this bed before we start playing some more games.'

Later that day. Edward called Fred and told him to show him the collection of erotic literature. Fred showed him how to twist a knob concealed behind some very boring Latin books, which revealed a very esoteric collection of pornography, dating back to the Kama Sutra, up until quite recent descriptions of very adventurous sex play.

'Why haven't you shown me this before? And how come you knew about it and I didn't?'

'I'm sorry, Edward. The old butler showed me this, and it never occurred to me that you didn't know all about it.'

'Never mind, now I know and I'm going to spend a few happy hours learning some very new tricks, which should keep me amused for some time - and hopefully whichever lady I practice them with.'

Edward and Alice

That evening when Jane came to him he had decided it was time for him to take his wife back into his bed, and to become her husband in a very real sense. They talked together, and decided on a plan of action. Edward's room was separated from his wife's room by an antechamber. He undressed and put on a dressing gown, and he and Jane together went through the anteroom and quietly opened the door into Alice's room. There was a curtain across the doorway so that they could hear what was going on between Fred and Alice, and from the squeals and moans it was obvious that they were enjoying a very active coupling. Edward eased the curtain aside a little, and could see that Fred had his head buried between Alice's legs and was enthusiastically attacking her private parts. The sight of his wife's lovely body being aroused by this other man had an immediate effect on Edward's penis, which grew hard and strong. He felt a hand parting his gown and then caressing his genitals. Then Jane dropped to her knees in front of him, and took him deep into her mouth. She had turned him to one side so that she too could watch the lovemaking, and when Fred mounted Alice and thrust deep into her body she began to massage the root of the tumescent member with her hand as her tongue ravaged his sensitive glans. The faster that Fred thrust into Alice, the faster Jane's hand and tongue moved, and as Alice cried out in the joy of her orgasm, Edward pumped his sperm into Jane's welcoming mouth.

Jane carefully pumped the last remaining drops of sperm from Edward's tool, then stood up beside him. He turned to her, and kissed her gently, his tongue probing her mouth to savour his own taste. They watched together as Fred dismounted from Alice and lay beside her, then they drew back the curtain and entered the room. The two lovers sat up when they realised they were being watched, but made no effort to cover themselves.

'Well Fred, I think it's time I claimed my wife. I'm sure that I've learned enough from Jane so that I won't disappoint her too much.'

'My Lord, I'm very happy to hear that you're going to reclaim her ladyship, though I must admit I shall have some regrets relinquishing my task as a stand-in for you. I doubt that I'll ever be given a task that I should enjoy more. I'll leave you, and wish you every happiness together.'

'No, no, don't go. You and Jane together have made this possible, and I'd like you both to stay. Jane, I think you should take your clothes off as well, and this will be a real family affair. Mind you, I'm being so rude to my wife. Alice, would you like these friends to stay while I take you for my wife, and show you that I love your body as well as your mind?'

'It's not every woman who makes love to her husband the first time with two servants sharing the bed, but I think it's probably a good idea.'

Jane slipped her dress off, and was naked underneath. Edward sat on the bed beside Alice, with Jane next to her and Fred behind. Edward had never seen his wife naked before and he gazed with love at her slim, white body, her small white breasts with roseate nipples, her flat belly, the triangle of fair hair at the top of her long, slender legs. He leaned over her, and his lips found hers, soft and moist and slightly parted. He probed gently with his tongue, and from her immediate response he knew that she must have done this many times with Fred. While he kissed her, his hands began to caress her body, cupping the small breasts, and gently squeezing her nipples, which began to grow under his touch. He raised his head, and she smiled happily at him, as he lowered his lips to her nipple, sucking and kissing it, before moving to the other and repeating the process. His hand was now wandering down across her belly, and his fingers probed into the soft mass of hair.

As he probed his fingers found her hair was sopping wet, and when he came to her labia, he could feel the sticky moistness where Fred's juices had oozed out from her vagina. He searched amongst her lips until his fingers found the entrance to her love canal, and he slid two of them gently deep into her. Despite Fred ministrations, she was still very tight, but with the lubrication of Fred's spunk, he had no problem entering her. He felt around until he touched the roughness of the G spot, and he felt her body responding to him. With his thumb he began to massage her clitoris, at the same time that he was moving his fingers inside her, and from the moans of joy he knew that he was in the right spot. Then he felt a movement against his chest, and realised that Jane had started to caress her breasts, and Edward found it tremendously exciting that there were now three of them making love together. He told Fred to join them, and he came out the other side of the bed so that he too could join in the caresses.

The sensation of three pairs of hands stimulating her body sent Alice into raptures, and her body was thrusting up against her lovers. She began to shake, and her moaning grew louder, culminating in a great wail as her orgasm racked her body. Her lovers stopped their caressing, waiting until the young woman calmed down.

'Edward, come and make me your wife. I'm ready for you.'

Edward needed no further invitation. He knelt between her legs, and felt Jane's hand around his penis, guiding him towards the waiting lips of his beloved. She moved his turgid penis against Alice's clitoris, then pushed it into the lovely slippery embrace of her hot vagina. He slid gently forwards till he was deep inside her, and realised that at last he was consummating his marriage to the girl he loved. His lips found hers, and they lay still for a moment while they gently kissed, then he felt Alice's hands grasping his buttocks and pulling him hard against her. He began to move gently at first but then steadily faster until his belly was slapping against hers, making an obscene sound. Neither of them needed long to reach their climaxes, and finally they were desperately hanging on to each other as he pumped his seed deep into her body. They stayed for what seemed an age in this tight embrace until his spasms died down and her vagina relaxed.

At last they separated as he rolled off her, and he became aware that his two servants were sharing his bed and that Fred was gently caressing Jane's breasts. He had never known such happiness, at last he had consummated his marriage and the sensation of his body against Alice's had been even better than he had hoped.

'I'm not sure whether this is a good time, but I've got news for you' said Alice. 'I haven't bled for two months and I think I must be pregnant.'

Before he could reply, Jane spoke. 'I don't believe it, because, so am I.'

Fred and Edward looked at the two women, open-mouthed. There was a long silence, before Edward finally spoke.

'Well, Fred, you've really done well, getting two women pregnant at the same time.'

'It isn't Fred has got me pregnant' said Jane. 'He hasn't been with me since the last time I bled, the only man who has is you.'

Edward started to laugh, and before long all four of them were in a state of mild hysterics. After a bit, they sobered up and Edward spoke.

'So Fred and I have managed to father each other's wives babies. If it's all right with you both, I'd like to keep this to ourselves, so Alice's baby will be mine and Jane's baby will be Fred's. Of course, I will look after both babies financially. Nobody else knows what we've been up to, and nobody needs to. Oh, and by the way, you two should get married quickly - I don't want my child to be a bastard.'

'I think Mary knows, but she won't say anything in case we tell her husband what she'd been up to with Edward, especially if she gets pregnant' said Jane.

'Fred, go and get a bottle of champagne, or even two. This really does call for a celebration.'

As Fred got up to get the bubbly, Alice said, 'And after we've had a drink my lovely husband can show me again how we can fill me with his love, and you two can stay and help.'

And that's what happened, the rest of that night all four of them enjoyed every form of sexual fun that they could think of, and when morning came the bed looked as though a bomb had hit it - a bomb that spewed out male and female bodily fluids in abundance!

And that's the end, apart from a few small details. A few weeks later Mary announced that she, too, was pregnant, and that her husband was more than pleased with the sexual tricks that she had told him she had seen in Edward's books and firmly of the belief that this was what had brought on the pregnancy. So, some months later Alice had a daughter while Jane and Mary both had sons. Fred and Jane were soon married, and all four continued to enjoy loving sex together - well, all five, as Mary joined in when she could get a chance - until the babies were born. After that Edward only allowed Fred to have anal sex with Alice from time to time, so as to ensure that he would father her next child, which duly turned out to be a son and heir.