**Chapter Ten**

Back in Harley Street Hilda, the upstairs maid was knocking on the study door. Cook had sent her to announce that dinner would be served in ten minutes. Not receiving an answer to her knock, Hilda knocked even more loudly and, when not receiving an answer, turned the knob and let herself into the book-crowded room. As she had guessed her master was slumped asleep in his leather chair. She was surprised to see that the empty sherry glass was lying on the carpet but did not attach any significance to it as she cautiously approached Lord Chesterwick initiating a coughing sound to warn him of her approach. He still did not react to the sound so timidly she reached out and placed a hand on his shoulder intending to gently shake him awake.

She was startled when her master slowly slid off the chair and landed on the carpet, on his back. His mouth was open and a dribble of saliva adorned his chin. When she saw the open eyes she immediately knew that he was dead. Most maids would have fled screaming loudly or even swooned but Hilda had been brought up on a farm and she was made of sterner stuff. Having helped bury her grandparents besides having seen animals slaughtered she quickly mastered her shock and knelt down after having grabbed a shiny, silver ornament from the desk which she placed an inch from the open mouth. There was no fogging on the bright surface confirming that her master was no longer breathing.

She stood up, fisted the key from the inside lock and then left the room and locked it from the outside before slipping the key into her apron pocket. She swiftly returned to the kitchen and took Mrs. Wilkins, the cook, into the pantry and told her what she’d found. The middle-aged cook had been with the family for over twenty years and was devastated by the news and slumped down in a chair and started wailing loudly with grief, tears rolling down her plump cheeks. Hilda tried to calm her down but it was only after she slapped the cook hard, on both cheeks, that the woman stopped sobbing. That a maid had taken the liberty of slapping her filled her with anger and she reared up ready to give as good as she got but Hilda managed to grab her wrists and urgently pointed out that, with the death of their master and his son having his own house and servants, they would soon all be without employment and they needed to keep a clear head to make sure that they would not be disadvantaged.

Mrs. Wilkins understood that the maid was right and gathered all the staff and announced their master’s death and pointed out that they had to be sure that they were on their best behaviour in the following days. She wrote a note and sent the youngest footman to Dr, Maguire’s house. It was Hilda who dissuaded the cook from sending for Jolyon pointing out that it would be better if their master’s protégée was on hand when the son came to the house.

Some forty minutes later Dr. Maguire hurried into the house and Hilda led him upstairs and opened the study door for him. She stood just inside the room as the doctor performed his examination swiftly coming to the conclusion that Lord Chesterwick had died from a massive heart attack. Guiltily remembering how he had witnessed the satyr subjecting his daughter-in-law to a robust and long-lasting debauchment he was not surprised that his exertion on his overweight and elderly body had placed too much strain on the heart. He pronounced his mentor dead and then asked Hilda if they had sent for Jolyon. She replied that they had not and he told them to do so immediately.

Twenty minutes later the footman knocked on the door of the Honourable Jolyon Baker-Steward’s house and eventually Rose opened the door. Grumpily she asked him what he wanted and he told her he had an urgent message for her employer. She told him that he was not home but could be found at his club and she closed the door muttering under her breath about some people not having any consideration for hard-working people who had to get up at five o’clock in the morning.

She made her way to her room, situated under the roof, unaware that she was now in the employ of Lord and Lady Chesterwick.

Fenella, now Lady Chesterwick awoke at seven as was her usual custom. She moved lethargically, wondering why her body ached so. Then the memories flooded back, and with them, mortification. She was sure that she was ruined! She could not clearly remember what had been done to her, by her father-in-law, but she suspected that he had taken unbelievable liberties with her person. She could never look him in the eye again. What if others knew what had happened?

.

She could not recall anything from the time Dr. Maguire left the room with the nurse, leaving her alone with her father-in-law, until some hours later when Dr. Maguire helped her to the hackney carriage cab. Such despairing thoughts raced madly through her brain for several minutes. Finally, she dragged herself out of bed and over to the washbasin to take care of her morning ablutions not ringing for her maid. Nothing would be gained by hiding from the world, so she might as well face the consequences and get it over with, she decided.

Each step she took reminded her that she must have engaged in some unusual exercise the previous day. Her thighs, arms, back and anus ached. The ache was more pleasurable than painful, though, akin to the feeling that resulted from a long, arduous walk.

Fenella went down the stairs towards the dining room. Despite her worries, she was hungry. Savoury smells greeted her from outside the dining room. Could someone else be awake in the household?

Jolyon usually did not rise till eight o’clock so it was with trepidation that she opened the door of the dining room to happily find that it was empty.

**Chapter Eleven**

Jolyon, now Lord Chesterwick, urgently needed to find a way of easing the stress of the last few days. Having to organise his father’s funeral, sorting his financial affairs, negotiating with Dr. Maguire to take on his father’s practice and all the other duties which had fallen on him had left him no time for any form of home life or relaxation. He was also very angry and worried because he had discovered that his father had lived well beyond his means and had borrowed a large sum of money from moneylenders but the largest loan was from a bank in South America. There was every chance that he had inherited the debts and, because he had not the means to pay, he would have to seek refuge in bankruptcy. He shuddered at what that would mean! His father had given him a generous allowance but even that had not been enough and he, in turn, had borrowed money to fund his living expenses.

He was at his club waiting for Tom ‘Lightning’ Cole, a Negro boxer which he part owned. The man had not been as proficient of late and had nearly been beaten in his last bout so he had summoned him to his club to read him the riot act. While waiting he had sunk a large amount of whisky which had fed his anger and disappointment. However when the porter announced that his man was waiting outside the club, the memory of his mother-in-law’s haughtiness popped into his head. What greater incentive could he dream up to enthuse the boxer into giving of his best in his next bout?

Stepping out of the club and telling the boxer to come with him he hailed a hackney carriage to take them to Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe’s house. The last time he had visited her house he had obtained a spare front door key from the French maid so he let himself in to find the downstairs empty. He told the boxer to wait in the parlour and strolled up the stairs. He paused outside his mother-in-law's bedroom door. Before he even reached for the handle he could hear throaty cries of pain and pleasure echoing from the room. His guts clenched in lust as he thrust open the door and stood in the doorway and in an instant took in the scene.

The two lovers inside were oblivious to his presence, wrapped in a passionate embrace. The French maid, Yvette, was wearing a leather harness round her hips from which a long, stout imitation penis swept up in a curve from her pelvis as she knelt over Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe, who lay on her back, stout legs raised in the air. Both were naked. The maid’s hands were mauling Prudence’s massive breasts, tugging and pinching the fat nipples viciously. The leather dildo rubbed up and down the valley between her spread thighs, nudging against the prominent clitoris at the end of each stroke. The leather appendage gleamed with the older woman’s abundant sex juices.

Fuelled by alcohol and his rage Jolyon was about to storm into the room. By damn, he'd beat Yvette to within an inch of her life! He had forgotten that he had appointed the French woman as his deputy to keep his mother-in-law compliant. However, despite his anger, reluctantly, he allowed his mounting arousal to cancel out his pique as he took in the Sapphic embrace. He stepped into the room and quietly closed the door before stepping over to the bedside.

‘What is the meaning of this?’ he asked in a menacing growl.

His mother-in-law shrieked in surprise, but the French maid just turned her head and smiled lazily at him. ‘Bonjour, Mr. Baker-Steward. Pardon me, Sir, it should now be Lord Chesterwick. Have you come to join the fun, my Lord?’ She said mischievously as she spread open her Mistress’ stout legs even wider apart and pushed against her rosebud with the stout dildo, watching her employer’s son-in-law’s reaction.

Prudence cried out in distress, her legs jerking in Yvette’s hands as she felt the tip of the leather godmiche pressing against her puckered anus.

‘No, no, Madame, be still. I told you, I need you to be a bonne fille and do what I say, or I'll have to

spank you again.’ Yvette crooned lovingly down at her employer, pinioned beneath her body.

The older woman rebellion subsided; her eyes were closed in mortification from knowing that her son-in-law was a witness to her degradation. A fierce blush swept her entire body.

Meanwhile Jolyon realised that this was exactly what he needed to relax him and he began to divest himself of clothing, hands fumbling slightly while he kept his eyes locked on the two naked women. He could see that his mother-in-law’s bottom was bright red and covered in wealds and realised that the French maid must have subjected it to a fierce thrashing.

Prudence's eyes popped open as she felt the mushroom head of the leather dildo enter her bottom mouth, at the same time as the bed depressed under her son-in-law’s weight. Her head arched back at the faintly-painful eroticism of the slow entry into her bottom. The leather rod entered slickly, easily, greased with oily lubricant. Within moments the seven inch imitation cock was ensconced to the hilt in her fundament, as the maid stayed motionless for a moment making sure that her mistress realised that once again she had been totally conquered by her inferior.

Yvette quickly glanced at Jolyon to verify that the man's cock was fully erect, much bigger than the imitation buried to the hilt in Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe's fundament. She was not worried about hurting the woman as she had been exerting her dominance over her employer ever since her son-in-law had put her in charge, but she realised that even the most seasoned of anal enthusiast needs a moment to come to terms with an unexpected intrusion of something as hard as a leather dildo.

Prudence squirmed under Yvette, and the French maid took that as a sign that she was ready to proceed to the next stage of her humiliation. Still ignoring Jolyon, Yvette began short, stirring thrusts of the dildo in and out of the older woman’s rectum. After a few thrusts, she pulled all the way out, watching the gaping bottom mouth begin to slowly close, and then plunged all the way back in. A projection, on the inside of the harness, was buried inside her quim while a smaller button stimulated her clitoris, each time she pushed her pelvis against her employer’s, and she quickly soared towards her first climax however Prudence beat her to it.

Jolyon had placed two fingers around his mother-in-law’s erect clitoris and two around her right nipple and begun squeezing both very hard, in time to the maid's thrusts. Prudence felt the dark wave of lust sweeping over her again from the pain mixed with pleasure and automatically wrapped her legs tightly around Yvette’s hips as she climaxed loudly and wetly before the two of them subsided momentarily in a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs.

Jolyon was too randy to wait out the women’s post-orgasmic glow to wear off. He strongly pulled Yvette off his mother-in-law hearing a ‘pop’ as the leather dildo pulled free of the anus. Dripping oil on his hard cock, he moved over the older woman, raised her legs further in the air, and thrust against her pouting rosebud with his mighty pego. The oil and the previous exercise had relaxed the anus sufficiently that he was able to push the whole head of his cock inside immediately. However, the woman stiffened and cried out with pain at the unexpected dilation of her aching hole by such a large object.

Yvette immediately grabbed hold of Jolyon’s hips and pulled them backwards, wrenching his cock out of the defiled hole. ‘What do you think you are doing?’ she demanded. ‘Madame is not ready to take you so quickly.’ She leaned over and rubbed Prudence's buttocks soothingly for a moment. ‘Prudence, dear, please forgive your son-in-law. Men are often controlled by their lust rather than their brain. I realise that you know how much pleasure he can give you though, so let's try that again. I am going to open her up a little bit more for you, Sir, so please be patient, it will worth it I promise.’ The French woman was an expert in using fear and degradation to soften her victims.

Although Jolyon complied, stinging under her criticism, he made a note of her insolence and was determined that she would pay for it at a later date. He didn't need the French maid to tell him how to bugger a tight bottom. He had buggered many a tight male bottom at school before exerting his skill on the female gender. Even if he had hurt his mother-in-law it would not be the first time and she would have eventually relaxed but he decided to bide his time, play the game, and allow the bossy French maid to give the orders...for now.

Yvette smiled tenderly at her employer as she poured a generous amount of oil onto one hand, dripping it over three fingers and into the palm and then she rubbed both hands together, coating them with the oil. Neither her employer nor the son-in-law realised was that the oil was from a different bottle and that the slippery liquid had been infused with chillies.

‘My Lord, could you please hold her cheeks open for me. Prudence, darling, I'm going to open you up very wide, so that your son-in-law’s cock can get into you without causing too much damage. I want you to push out when you feel my fingers going into you, the same way you do when I drill you with my prick?’ Yvette knew that reminding her employer that she was about to be sodomised by her son-in-law would add another level of degradation to the buggery.

Jolyon leaned over and muttered in her ear, ‘Yvette, for Christ's sake, the silly cowl likes to be told what to do, do not ask permission. Would you hurry it up I am going to explode all over the goddamned bed in a moment.’

Yvette smiled at him condescendingly. ‘I know that she enjoys being ordered around, but you must allow me to do this my way, my Lord, I promise you it will be worthwhile.’

Jolyon clenched his teeth on a sharp reply, the maid’s tendency to boss him around got on his nerves however she seemed to be controlling her mistress successfully and, when it mattered, he could be very patient.

The French maid leant closer to her mistress. ‘Raise your legs up, Madame, and hold them with your hands. That's it. My Lord could you please hold her fat buttocks open for me?’

Every word, every gesture was meant to degrade the older woman further until she became as compliant as the filthiest whore.

‘Don’t be such a baby, that's just two fingers,’ the maid said tersely as her mistress flinched and moaned. ‘You can take two fingers easily, now, let's try three. Good girl! I can feel your bottom mouth sucking on my fingers. Let me just...move...there.’

Prudence shrieked and bucked back into Yvette's hand.

‘What did you do, Yvette?’ Jolyon’s curiosity got the better of his pique.

‘Oh, just something my previous mistress taught me.’ Yvette replied as her hand continued to move, fingers twisting mysteriously in Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe’s fundament, eliciting more deep moans and screams from the woman. ‘You can sometimes press up against a spot inside a woman's vagina, from inside the anus. It feels bloody marvellous. Ah, yes, that's the spot, isn't it Madame. You like that, don't you?’

The older woman moaned ‘Yes, yes!’ over and over again, her eyes clenched tightly shut as the waves of pleasure built up into a giant rush of orgasm. Before the first orgasm could subside, she suddenly felt her nether hole dilating wider than it ever had. Yvette had added a fourth finger. She wasn't able to go quite as deeply into her with the four fingers bunched together, so she couldn't quite press against that magic spot inside the bottom. However, the stretch of the fingers was so erotic that her mistress peaked again, her legs and arms trembling from the stress of the orgasms. As she collapsed onto the bed, the fingers were pushed out of her dilated rectum. Yvette brought the hand to her mistress’ mouth and ordered her to clean them and the older woman used her tongue to scoop out the mixture of fluids which coated the fingers which had ravaged her bottom. She was surprised by the heat of the melange but did not give it another thought. The French maid knew exactly how to humiliate her employer.

Jolyon sat back in amazement. The French woman had gotten four, admittedly slender, fingers into her mistress' rectum, and she'd liked it. He wondered for a dizzy moment if the whole hand would have fit inside her and made a note to encourage her to try in the future.

Yvette urged Prudence over on her stomach, and then slid a pillow underneath her hips. ‘Alright, my Lord, it's time for your pleasure. I'm going to open her up again, and when I say, you slide your cock between my fingers and right on into her bottom.’ She used two fingers from each hand, pushing them into the older woman’s relaxed anus and pulled them outward till the hole gaped like a miniature crater.

Prudence cried out, hollowing her back to push her bottom up into the tormenting ecstasy of the cruel maid’s hands. She felt as though there were a gaping hole between her buttocks that the entire world could fit in there and it seemed to be on fire not realising that the chillies had begun to be absorbed.

‘Now, my Lord!’ Yvette called triumphantly as she attained the width that would allow Jolyon's cock to slide in to the hilt into the sweetly gasping older woman’s voluptuous bottom in one go.

The randy rake wasted no time. He got up on the bed behind his mother-in-law, quickly dripping a generous portion of the normal oil on his straining cock, and then, pushing between Yvette's fingers into the open rectum. She removed her fingers as soon as the thick head of his cock entered her employer’s anus. He pushed smoothly in, listening to the older woman’s muffled screams into the bedding, further, deeper, feeling the tight channel rippling around him, all the way in to his pelvis unaware that his entry was pushing the chilly oil even deeper inside his mother-in-law’s bowels. His large testicles thudded into the pillow between her thighs as he reached maximum depth. Yvette's restraining hand on his hip reminded him to hold his position for a moment, although every screaming nerve in his hard shaft demanded that he push and thrust and ream out the tight opening below him immediately and violently.

Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe was the first to move, pushing her hips backwards against him and moaning out entreaties. ‘Please, Master, more, please, do not stop...I need it.’

Her fractured pleas drove her son-in-law over the edge, and he began hammering his steel-hard pego into the welcoming, clenching rectum with all the power of his body. His hips drove forward, slapping his pelvis into her rounded buttocks over and over causing the rosy flesh to ripple again and again. It couldn't last long, not after the long build-up of his arousal and the tension of the last few days. The heat caused by the friction of his huge cock sliding back and forth stired the chillies and Prudence’s anus began to burn with a sharp intensity.

The French maid recognized that fact and quickly reached under the pillow to locate Prudence's pearl, drubbing the little bundle of flesh to a hard spend just as Jolyon exploded into her bottom with a triumphant yell. He collapsed on top of mother-in-law, his spent cock embedded deep in her clutching anus, too drained to move.

Yvette allowed the exhausted pair to lie still for a few minutes, but her own cunny and bumhole were aching for attention. ‘Move, my Lord,’ she advised Jolyon finally, when her patience had run out.

‘Wha...why?’ he asked somewhat groggily.

‘Because you interrupted me, and Madame owes me some attention,’ she replied impatiently.

Prudence raised her head and gazed blearily over her shoulder at Yvette and the maid stared back at her.

‘Surely you didn't think you were done, Madame? We have all night ahead of us. It's time you used the dildo on me, and feast on my woman's juices’.

Even though her ravaged anus was burning fiercely from then on Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe got very little rest. Her son-in-law and her maid kept her busy, bringing Yvette to orgasm, deep-throating Jolyon, and she had her first ‘taste’ of male analingus when Yvette forced her to ream her son-in-law’s bottom with her tongue. Then it came time to strap on a harness and pleasure her maid as she herself had been pleasured,

Jolyon was admittedly attracted to the French maid’s erotic body, to her large breasts and shaven mound, and most especially to her lusciously rounded derriere. The thought of other men and women fucking her both aroused and repelled him.

Prudence, driven mad by the lustful pair, reached out with a handful of oil and grasped Jolyon's semi-erect cock as her son-in-law suddenly crushed Yvette to him in a hard kiss before he flipped her onto her back on the bed, spread her legs open, and with the help of his mother-in-law shoved his now hard-again cock into her cunny, in one long, hard plunge. The maid cried out, coming instantly, her vagina clasping his cock with powerful muscles.

‘Oh, God, my Lord you feel so good inside me. Yes, pump me harder. Ooooohhh, you feel so big in ma chatte!’

‘Aaauggh! Take it all!’ Jolyon grunted as he came within a dozen thrusts before he collapsed on top of the French woman before disengaging and curling up behind her, stroking her hair and tenderly kissing the back of her neck. The trio rested without saying a word then the French maid disengaged herself from the clutches of her employer and son-in-law and left the room. Her body ached pleasurably with each step as she left the room and sought her own. Those two would not need her again this night, she thought with a smile.