**Chapter Twelve**

Meanwhile in Prudence’s bedroom Jolyon had recovered and was now eager to put his perverted plan into action to further humiliate his mother-in-law. He collected a bunch of velvet strips, which was spread out on the bedside table because the women had used them earlier in their sex-play. ‘Turn over on your belly, my dear mother-in-law’ he commanded.

Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe completely tamed eagerly obeyed shivering with arousal from the way he’d reminded her of her new role in life.

‘Raise your hands above your head, and raise up your bottom half, bringing your knees up closer to your chest.’

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Prudence hesitated for a moment, but complied with a small squeak when Jolyon smacked her naked bottom cheeks hard. Taking two of the velvet strips, he tied one around each wrist and fastened the other ends to the bedposts above her head. He took a wider, velvet strip and tied it around his mother-in-law's head to blindfold her. A fourth strip unexpectedly came around her head and was settled firmly in her mouth keeping a lace handkerchief firmly filling her mouth and acting as a gag. She gave a muffled protest, feeling some trepidation about why he would want to prevent her from speaking.

‘Don’t worry, Prudence, this will increase your pleasure. It will also help you to relax and comply with my commands, as I have removed your ability to make decisions about what will happen to you.’ The explanation was growled hotly into her ear, raising goosebumps along her back.

Prudence moaned deeply, unsure whether to be scared or excited at the mention of pain and pleasure, settling herself into the position he had demanded. His explanation was punctuated by three more slaps on her raised bottom which revived the pain from the painful punishment the maid had inflicted earlier.

SSSMMMAAACCCKK!!!

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Jolyon took additional strips and tied them just behind her knees, pulling the long strips up and binding them both behind her neck, thus trussing her securely in position. After drinking another glass of whisky he uncorked the flask holding the oil, held it above the taut split of her buttocks, and tipped it over two outstretched fingers. He watched as the oil slid over his fingers, some dripping down to land in the valley between her bottom cheeks and sliding down over the tightly clenched, amber rosebud. Prudence flinched at the touch of the liquid on so sensitive a place, and then flinched again when his drenched fingers touched her bottom, smearing the liquid sensuously around the rim. He set the flask down for a moment, and used that hand to further spread her cheeks, allowing better access noticing that some of his sperm was beginning to ooze out. He began to rub the two fingers more firmly against her clenched anus, sensuously spreading the unguent in ever-decreasing circles until his fingers were centred on the small bud. He watched with fascination, his now hard-again cock dripping precome on the covers.

Prudence was gasping for breath, eager to feel the strange pleasure of his fingers entering her behind, and hugely aroused by the helpless position. She was unable to move, to avoid his caresses. A finger slid deeply into her bottom mouth, involuntary contractions trying to push him back out but only drawing him in more deeply.

‘That's it, my depraved doxy, that's it. Suck on my finger. Feel how it spreads you open, tickles your rectum. God, you are so tight even after all the rogering!’ Jolyon's voice was fractured with lust as his eyes hotly devoured the sight of his finger thrusting in and out of his mother-in-law's tightly grasping anus. He continued so for a few moments, feeling the ease with which he pushed in and out as the oil mixing with his sperm did its work. Almost before she had become accustomed to the sensation he removed that finger.

Prudence moaned a protest at the loss of sensation and was dismayed when she heard the door open and close. She lay fearfully wondering what her cruel son-in-law had in store for her. She would have been distressed, appalled and angered if she had realised that her son-in-law had gone downstairs and had instructed the Negro boxer in what he wanted him to do.

Prudence heard the bedroom door open and suddenly the finger was back inside her gaping anus. Only this time, it was accompanied by another finger, and both slid smoothly inside her tight bottom. Her back arched at the incredible sense of fullness in her passage which was still smarting from the chillies. She thrust her posterior involuntarily up into the air. The liberal application of oil had eased the entrance so that even the stretching of her rosebud was pleasurable. The remains of the chilly oil caused enough pain to satisfy her needs. Moans and cries escaped the velvet gag, and a spurt of wetness from her spasming cunny trickled down her inner thighs, dripping onto the covers.

Jolyon smiled joyfully at the sight. Rarely had he come across a woman as passionate as his mother-in-law. While sipping a whisky he was silently chuckling as he watched the black fingers steadily, rhythmically spearing in and out of her rosy bottom mouth as her head tossed back and forth, moans steadily growing louder with her arousal.

Tom removed the hand that had been spreading open her bottom cheeks, and reached around to caress her neglected clitoris. Through the gag, he could hear Jolyon’s mother-in-law moaning. Even through muted, he understood her muffled request to ‘flick my pearl, Oh God, yes, flick my pearl.’ He complied, and she came immediately, rectum clenching and rippling around his embedded fingers as a stream of almost colourless liquid jetted from her quim.

Tom breathed in hard, preventing his own climax with effort. Although he had rogered many white women he had never had one of her class and that added to his arousal. He kept his fingers inserted deeply in the white woman’s rectum, beginning to spear them gently open and closed inside her even before the orgasmic tremors had died away. He needed to stretch her anus as much as possible because of the immense girth of his prick. He also admitted to himself how much he liked to watch her rosebud wink open and closed as his black fingers scissored inside its depth.

Prudence had barely caught her breath, from the incredible orgasm, before he began to arouse her again. She was moaning weakly into her gag, the velvet soaked with her saliva. She bent her head down, resting it on the bed. The movement caused her knees to pull forward even more, further opening her to Negro’s lustful gaze and erotic caresses.

Tom quickly stripped off his clothes revealing a massive cylinder of black flesh protruding proudly from his groin. Jolyon was amazed by the size of the boxer’s prick and wondered whether it was wise to allow the man to use it on his mother-in-law’s bottom. He was drunk enough not to care and looked forward to seeing how she would cope.

Tom, spying the flask, dripped some the oily fluid onto his heavily engorged cock. The older woman would have cried out in alarm had she been able to see his thick, pulsing cock, the head a deep black, drooling precome almost continuously as it approached her still sensitive bottom mouth. The boxer’s two fingers were no match for the thickness of his cockhead. His hot, hugely swollen cockhead nudged against Prudence’s pink rosebud, sending shivers down his back. He could feel small fluttering from her bottom mouth, almost mouthing the tip of his shaft. His oiled shaft slid pleasurably through his fingers as he positioned himself firmly against her bottom. He braced himself, holding one of her hips with his free hand, crouched on his knees behind her upturned posterior, and took a deep breath. Then he thrust forward with all the power of his athletic body.

The first thrust opened up her anus and slid the head of his cock inside. Prudence's head jerked up, her mouth open in a soundless scream as her bottom mouth snapped closed on the portion of his cock behind the head. His gargantuan cock was embedded two inches inside her rectum. He stared down in awe at the sight of his black cock, extending out from her hugely stretched pink anus. The light amber ring around her rosebud had been stretched into a thin band. He threw his head back, taking deep breaths to control the urge to thrust fully inside her. He knew that he must wait for her to grow accustomed to the invasion of her bottom before ploughing any further.

Prudence had been surprised by the girth of the invader; it seemed so much bulkier that it had been previously. She could not contain a muffled scream of pain at the sensation of something so large stretching her bottom. It was much larger than anything that had been inserted in her bottom previously. She felt a burning pain invade her fundament. As Tom remained unmoving inside her, though, the first stinging pain was transforming into a strange achy pleasure. It felt so odd, having something so large ensconced in her bottom. She panicked for a moment, feeling the urge to expel his penis and afraid that she would lose control over her bowels if she tried.

In the midst of this panic, Jolyon leant forward, carefully not touching her, and breathed into her ear, ‘Relax, mother-in-law, relax your bottom mouth. Push out and take the prick all the way inside.’

Prudence tried to follow his directions. The sensations, while somewhat painful, were also too pleasurable to give up. She felt an itching inside her bottom, and suddenly desired her tormentor to push inside her more deeply. Remembering how long and thick her son-in-law was, she wondered when he would try to push the whole shaft into her. She also wondered how she would survive such a thing.

Tom felt the slight relaxing of her bottom's tense grip, and pushed forward immediately. He gained another inch, then stopped and waited again, while Jolyon continued murmuring soothingly in the woman’s ear all the while. Again, he pushed forward and watched as another inch of his massive black cock entered into her tight, hot rectum, then another inch. At that point, Prudence cried out in protest, and he instantly stilled, waiting for her to grow accustomed to something so large so deeply inside her. Unknowingly he was past the point where anything else had ever penetrated previously. He pulled out slightly, hearing a sharp gasp from the woman, then pushed forward again to his previous position. He repeated that motion, but when he pushed back in, he kept going and slid another inch into her rectum. Only two inches remained outside her tightly-packed anus, and he was determined to feed them to her before he exploded. His balls had long since drawn up tightly in his scrotum. Jolyon watching eagerly could tell that the black man would positively flood his mother-in-law’s bottom with his sperm when he finally allowed himself to climax.

Tom slowly stroked in and out, while Jolyon was assuring Prudence in a husky voice that the discomfort would pass, that soon she would feel nothing but pleasure. He constantly reminded her to push out with her muscles as the black man pistoned his huge member in and out of her fully stretched anus.

Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe knelt on the bed in a welter of pleasurable agony. Her mouth hung open around the gag, and she took huge breaths through her flaring nostrils. With her eyes covered, she was completely focused on the sensations of touch and smell. The musky scent of sex in the room; her wet cunny dripping her juices on the bed; the herbal odour from the unguent; the sweat dripping onto her gleaming back - all were far more intense without sight. Her stretched-open rectum, full of thick, hard cock, burned and throbbed as muscles involuntarily spasmed around the embedded shaft. She felt the mighty cock-head flex deep inside her, growing larger for a moment and dragging a gasping moan from her throat.

Tom heard her and did it again. He pushed forward slightly, sliding an additional half inch inside her passage. He slid his hips in very small circles, stretching her bottom mouth even more. He pulled back, sliding his cock out until the head began to emerge, and watching lustfully as her rectum clung to his black flesh on the outstroke. Then, he pushed all the way back in one long thrust. This time only an inch remained outside her aching bottom.

Prudence squealed as the cockhead was removed with an audible ‘pop’. A moment of silence followed, where she was hotly aware of the air moving over and into her open hole, and could almost feel his hot eyes devouring the sight of her slightly gaping rectum. Three fingers were suddenly thrust into her rectum without warning. She huffed out a breath, stunned at the sudden fullness and burning stretch. His three fingers were a little thicker than his cockhead, but still they entered with ease. She moaned with mortification at his laugh. Prudence moaned unthinkingly through the gag, and then stopped as a truth slammed into her. She liked to be ordered around, made to do things, firmly-handled. It made her cunny even wetter than naughty talk and carnal caresses!

The three fingers were suddenly removed, and she expected the return of the cock. Tom dripped a little more oil on his throbbing cock, concentrating on the base of his shaft. He aimed lower and his cock slid smoothly into her hot quim, deep inside, four inches, five inches, six...seven, and then, with one strong push and a sharp cry from Prudence, his pelvis rested against her heaving bottom. The warrior rested there a moment, stunned that he'd conquered the white woman with his gargantuan black cock so quickly. But his aching testicles reminded him how long he'd been waiting to climax, and he began to slowly withdraw and push back in, in and out slowly, steadily, until the white matron was once again responding, pushing back against him and making moaning, gasping grunts into her gag. Her cervix had given up the unequal struggle and had dilated to allow the massive cockhead to penetrate deep inside her womb. Reason had disappeared and she was just a female waiting to be bred by a superior male.

The black athlete reached around and slid one finger into her dripping slit and began to flick against her pearl, quickly, rhythmically. Within seconds, Prudence screamed out in a hip-shaking, head-tossing orgasm, her hot, tight vaginal sheath rippling and clenching around the swollen, black cock. The pleasure was unbelievable! Even though her loins still ached it still felt better than anything she'd ever felt before. Just as the older woman was coming down from her peak, the black man began his. No longer concerned with her pleasure, he began thrusting faster and harder, pounding her peach as he sought his own long-delayed orgasm, his gargantuan prick continually spearing into hitherto uncharted territory.

Even though Prudence was exhausted, from the many orgasms she’d experienced that evening, and aching from the unaccustomed activity in her quim and fundament, she still thrilled as the obvious excitement of the male rogering her increased. Then the man jammed his mammoth prick all the way into her, pelvis flush with her body, and became still. She felt several pulses of warmth inside her plugged womb, and realized he must be spurting his juice into her and she was amazed that her son-in-law still had so much to give her. She remained obediently still, accepting what she believed was Jolyon’s breeding juice deep into her womb. Tom had so much sperm that it began to back up in her passage, oozing out around his deeply embedded cock and trickling down her inner thighs. The defiled matron moaned at the naughty sensation. Finally, she felt his cock softening and growing smaller inside her, first it exited her womb and then it plopped wetly out of her vagina, leaving her hole so dilated that its depth were fully revealed to her fucker and her son-in-law before it slowly shrank and began to close. The skin around her rosebud gleamed wetly, reddened from the rough treatment of the last hours.

The black man silently stood up and, nodding to Jolyon, silently left the room, leaving his employer watching as his mother-in-law’s rosebud and quim slowly recovered from the black athlete’s pounding. Dribbles of oil, semen

and sex juice began to ease out of the loosened holes. He picked up one of the cloths arranged on the side table and wiped her sex and bottom carefully.

Mrs. Peregrine-Smythe almost wept with gratitude when she felt the ties around her arms and legs being loosened and then removed. She ached from being in one position for so long, and from the unaccustomed activity in her anal and vaginal passages. She wanted nothing more than to curl up under the covers and sleep for days but her son-in-law excited by the vile trick he had played on her was once again aroused. He lifted her up and pulled the covers down, then placed her face down on the bed and tucked her bottom again with no regard for its condition. In the midst of his ministrations, she dropped off into a deep, dreamless sleep of physical satiation.

Having finished his degradation of his mother-in-law Jolyon tiredly dressed, He had another whisky before leaving the house, however he still felt tense and angry at his bad luck and more than a little drunk, as he headed for home.

As Jolyon left the house in the French maid’s room, unbeknownst to him, the black boxer was slamming his huge ramrod into Yvette's opened bumhole. His hands held her cheeks widely open, allowing him to slide in and out at high speed. His organ was encased in hotly gripping rectal walls. Yvette knelt in her favourite position, open mouth pressed into the bedclothes, bottom thrust up in the air, hands clenching the covers. She had already climaxed twice, and was fast reaching a third one. She reached back with one hand and began to play with her dripping slit, sliding two fingers through her sopping groove, as the black man began the short, rapid thrusts that would quickly end in a massive spend inside her bottom. She moaned encouragingly, thrusting back in time with his movements, working to take his mighty tool into her all the way to his pubic hair on each thrust. Finally, he groaned loudly and began spurting into her anus. Yvette came with him, fingers slipping and sliding around her sensitive clit. She wondered, just as she dropped off to sleep, how her mistress had fared.