

A Bride for Lord Esher

By

P J Perryman

©2013 by Blushing Books® and P J Perryman

Copyright © 2013 by Blushing Books® and P J Perryman

All rights reserved. No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,
a subsidiary of
ABCD Graphics and Design
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901
The trademark Blushing Books®
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Perryman, P J
A Bride for Lord Esher

eBook ISBN: 978-1-62750-2177

Cover Design by edhgraphics.blogspot.com

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

THE TAVERN	7
CHASTITY'S UNDOING	11
WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER	16
TO HONOR AND OBEY	19
AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING	21
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD	28
THE PICNIC	30
THE CAMEO BROOCH	37
A TOUR OF THE HOUSE	42
FICKLE FATE	45
LADY ASHWORTH	50
A JOURNEY HOME	52
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING	54
SPARRING WORDS	57

A PROPOSAL	60
THE INTERVIEW	62
WISTERIA HOUSE	64
THOUGHTS OF LOVE	67
COLD COMFORT	69
THE PLAN	73
A MAID'S BETRAYAL	74
DEMONS IN THE DARK	78
THE ASSAULT	81
A SAD DECISION	84
TILL DEATH US DO PART	86
Ebook Offer	88
P J Perryman	89
Blushing Books	90

[Ebook Offer](#)
[P J Perryman](#)
[Blushing Books](#)

THE TAVERN

Lord Ashworth had drunk more ale than was good for him. He sat, slumped and near unconsciousness, a pewter tankard still looped in his fingers as the contents sloshed on the innkeeper's finest table. "I'll take another."

The passing barmaid refilled his tankard, knowing he could no more drink another drop than copulate. Still, money was money and she was paid to serve.

His companion, Lord Esher, was considerably less inebriated. He grabbed the wench by the waist and pulled her down onto his lap. "You can earn an extra shilling if you take me upstairs, my lovely." His eager hands groped freely at her comely frame, and he nuzzled into her neck, expecting his attentions be received with gratitude. He did not expect the sharp slap he received in reply, and recoiled at the unexpectedness of it.

"Get your hands off me," said the barmaid. "I ain't no common whore. I serve drinks here and that's all I do, don't you gentlemen forget it."

Lord Esher's hand flew to his face and covered the spot where she had slapped him. He didn't look amused. His third companion, a Mr. Tom Warren spat his own ale out with laughter. He sat chuckling for a moment, during which time the barmaid scuttled off out of harm's way. When he was at last able to compose himself, the young man set his tankard on the table and waited till the young woman disappeared around the corner.

"That's the first time I've ever seen a wench turn you down," said Tom. And it was true, Lord Robert Esher was perhaps the most strikingly handsome man he had ever known. The two men had been friends since childhood, and Tom recognized Esher had a certain commanding air about him that drew both women of fortune and poverty alike. One lone scar cut across Esher's chin. It marred his features, but even that gave him a rugged, dangerous look which had an appeal of its own.

"That one's got a bit of spittle in her belly," said Tom.

"She'll have more than a little spittle there before the night is through, I'll wager." Robert laughed. Not one to hold a grudge, his good humor was quickly restored. "In the meantime, what are we going to do about our dear friend Lord Ashworth, here? He's positively pickled."

Tom nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, quite the mess, he's had more drink than is good for a man on the eve of his wedding. I'm afraid your sister won't thank us for returning him in this state."

"Ah, she's a woman, she'll be thankful enough when he says I do."

From the corner of his eye, Lord Robert Esher kept a close watch on the wench as she meandered through the tavern tables, serving the other customers politely, and treating all roaming hands with the same disdain. She was not typical of her class, for he found most would hoist their skirts for the price of a dinner. In truth, she intrigued him.

"You like that one, don't you," noted his friend, Tom. "Perhaps you should talk to the inn-keeper, find out how many coins will lift her petticoats. I'll wager it will not be much."

Like many of his set, Robert liked nothing more than a good bet. He leaned forward, practically climbing over his prostrate companion. His lacy sleeve dangled on Ashworth's inebriated back as he pondered the question. Lord Ashworth felt nothing, and continued to snore away.

"Very well then," he answered. "Five shillings says she'll have me, and if she does, you pay the price of my pleasure."

"And if she does not?"

"Hmm." Robert wondered what would be a fair counter bet. "Then I pay you the same amount and my manhood sleeps in my own breeches tonight."

Tom laughed. "It's a fair bet, I guess." An impish shadow passed across his own handsome face. Like the others, he had consumed more ale than was good for him, but in his case it had set him up in a devilish mood. "But I think you can do much better, that's a wager for a washer woman, not the son of a peer of the realm."

Alcohol had fuddled Lord Esher's better judgment, and instead of hearing Tom out to the end, he foolishly cut in early. "I swear on my soul, whatever you propose, I'll wager it. No man will call Lord Esher a weak gambler. I shall honor my house and put up whatever stake you propose."

Tom looked down at the drunken bridegroom snoring between them. Ashworth's tankard had now fully tipped and the warm ale had pooled under his dribbling chin. This marriage had certainly loosened up their once somber friend. Naturally inclined to trouble and mischief, a wicked thought occurred to him, and he leaned forward, so that the two drunken friends were almost head to head over the prostrate body.

"I'll pay you ten guineas which you will offer as payment to the wench if you can breach her defenses."

"And if I fail?"

"Then you marry the girl."

"Done!" An unfortunate combination of inebriation and pride were at work in the young man, and he entered the bargain foolishly and without thought.

"Then that calls for another round of drinks!"

This time, when the barmaid came over, Robert Esher noticed that though she remained professional and polite, she now stood by his companion and stayed well clear of his hands.

"What can I get you gentlemen?" she asked. Her voice was cold, but still polite.

"I'd like a little of your time, sweet lady. Would you be so kind as to give me your name?"

The two men chuckled in drunken stupidity and leaned conspiratorially into one another. The girl looked at Robert as if he had sprouted a second head.

"My name shouldn't matter since I'm only here to serve you ale."

"Then there'd be no harm in the telling of it," said Robert. His glib answer didn't warm the barmaid to him. Her brows knitted into an angry knot, and she opened her mouth to reply when a rough man appeared at her side.

"Is my daughter causing you any trouble?" Henry Howard, the innkeeper, pushed the girl away and nodded toward some of the other tables where men sat with empty pitchers. "There are plenty of gentlemen in need of service. Go see to them and I'll take care of these fine men here."

He turned his spry head back to the gentlemen. "Forgive Chastity, she is inexperienced and not yet acquainted with how to handle our better clients. But trust me, she will learn." Her father slapped the palm of his hand to demonstrate the kind of education he had in mind.

Robert's own hand rose to his cheek, the sting was long gone but the memory of her passion and the blaze in her eyes lingered. "Aye, she could use a lesson in a little discipline. The little madam gave me quite the reprimand earlier."

The innkeeper looked truly penitent. "I'm sorry sir, I truly am. She's only young and this is her first day with me. Up until now she's been raised by her grandma but now the dear old soul has passed on herself and I have to keep her here with me. Don't you worry, Sirs, I shall think of a fitting punishment soon enough. Probably take a switch to her when she's done working. That should do it."

Robert's eyes lit up at the notion. "Perhaps, seeing as it was I who suffered the brunt of her temper, it would be fitting if I whipped her? My honor, sir, needs to be placated. I am the victim here after all."

Though the innkeeper was of sound body, his wits were slow and he failed to notice the two men give each other meaningful glances. Their ill-disguised smirks passed unnoticed.

"I dunno, sir, I mean, I need her in sound working order. I've many a customer that needs looking after. I wouldn't like to see her hurt too bad. It would be bad for business."

"Perhaps five guineas will cover your losses?"

The old man's eyes narrowed shrewdly at the thought of all that money. It was more than he had earn serving ale and grub in a week. He was fond of his daughter but this was too much to pass over. He nodded his consent. "Perhaps that would be the right thing, I'm sure you gentlemen would make a better job of it than I would myself. Let's see your money up front."

Lord Esher placed the note upon the table and Henry Howard grabbed it before they could change their mind. As soon as the money was in his hands he turned and called to Chastity. She was busy serving customers on the other side of the room. "Come over here, girl, I need you at this table right now."

It was clear to anyone who watched her that the girl anticipated some form of trouble. But though she tried to fathom his meaning, she couldn't read anything in her father's eyes. "What is it, Father?"

"I've told this gentleman you must be punished for your unfeminine behavior. Did you strike him?"

The girl put her hands to her hips. "I did, Father, for he put his hands where he shouldn't. I shouldn't have to apologize to *him*, but rather *he* should apologize to *me*."

"Now, now girl, let's not be upsetting these fine upstanding customers now."

Chastity's eyes blazed but before she could utter another word, Robert Esher rose to his feet. "Don't make it any worse for yourself, woman. Let's step into a private corner and settle this, just the two of us." The two friends exchanged another knowing glance. Robert grabbed her arm, and started to pull her to a private chamber off away from the main room. Chastity yanked her arm roughly away.

"I'm not going anywhere with you, I'm no fool, sir. My father wouldn't let you take me back there alone."

"Oh, it was his idea," said Lord Robert.

Flabbergasted, Chastity saw the note clutched in her father's hand and realized he wouldn't look her in the eye. Her mouth dropped in horror when, in front of all the customers, she was dragged away to the back room. As she was pulled through the door, she could still hear the screams of laughter and the clatter of tankards as they crashed jovially down on the tabletops.

The moment the door slammed shut, she turned on Lord Robert. He was closer than she expected, and his groping hands immediately pulled her to him.

“Ow!”

Instead of the kiss he had hoped for, Chastity planted a well-timed knee into his half-swollen member. The young lord fell to the hay-strewn floor in agony. The door slammed again as she ran from the room and up a flight of stairs, and this time the laughter from the customers was directed at him, and not at her.

When at last Esher was able to get to his feet, he found Tom Warren chuckling into a fresh tankard of ale. “Well played, that young lady,” he laughed. “Who would have thought Lord Esher, who only has to look at a woman to get her on her back, would be bested by a simple tavern wench. Landlord, more ale if you please.”

The innkeeper served them sheepishly, leaving a huge jug on their table. He kept his head bowed and disappeared as soon as he could. Tom Warren stared after him thoughtfully. A dark and mischievous shadow flitted across his eyes.

“Never mind, Esher, you can't win 'em all. Drown your sorrows in a tankard of this fine ale. I'll be back shortly, for I have something to discuss with the landlord in private.”

Robert Esher nodded dully and drank his ale faster than he usually did. When Tom returned, the youthful gentlemen continued to drink, ordering more ale than was good for them. Only when their funds were depleted did Tom Warren stumble from the table and pull both his companions to their feet.

“Come, let's get Ashworth here home, or a bride will be bereft of a groom come the morrow. There is a wedding we cannot miss.”

Lord Esher's eyes were near closing, but he managed to stand up and carry some of the unconscious groom's weight. The three men lunged forward, casting the tavern doors open, and soon disappeared into the night.