

Victorian Vixen

By

Maryse Dawson

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Published by Blushing Books®,

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ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

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Dawson, Maryse

Victorian Vixen

Cover Design by ABCD Graphics

EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-936-5

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# Chapter One

## Bridport Fair

*1862 Thorndyke Hall, Dorset*

"But it is not fair, Papa!" Chantal Aubrey stomped her foot angrily, her soft brown curls bouncing around her pretty face.

"Chantal! Act your age!" Her father paced up and down the study, shaking his head at his eldest daughter's stubborn attitude. At twenty-three, Chantal sometimes acted more like sixteen with her frequent tantrums and outbursts. Being married to Jack Aubrey for the last year, a respected businessman and landowner in his mid-thirties, had calmed her down somewhat, but unfortunately, when Jack wasn't around, she knew exactly how to entwine her father round her little finger. Finally, sitting down in his office chair, he rubbed his forehead and gave a deep sigh as he looked over at her.

Her intelligent blue eyes stared back at him, unblinking, willing him to agree to her outrageous proposal. He picked up a pen and started rolling it between his fingers whilst he contemplated her suggestion.

"Very well...I will agree." He held up his hand to silence her as she went to speak. "But only on this one occasion. Jack is away, and whilst you are under my roof, you will do as I say...and that means you will have to be back here by nine o'clock, at the latest."

"But Papa...that is when the music and dancing will be at its best!" she argued. "Can I not stay until at least ten?"

"No! Do not persist, Chantal, otherwise, you will not be going at all."

She knew her father meant it, so she took the wise option of staying quiet. Oh well, at least she got to go to the county fair. She knew in her heart that Jack would never have let her go, not without him as chaperone. However, as he was away on business, she cared not.

Grinning happily, she rushed over to her father and hugged him. "Oh, thank you so much, Papa."

As she went to rush out of the door, her father called out, "Oh, and by the way...Tilly will be accompanying you."

Chantal twirled around quickly, her full skirts making a draft as they swished. "Papa! Not Tilly! Bess and I will do very well on our own...we do not need a chaperone." Tilly was the head housekeeper and a stickler for propriety.

"Yes, you do...and Tilly *will* be going with you." He raised his eyebrows, seeing if she would argue further. Instead, she pouted and slumped her shoulders slightly, giving in to his orders. As much as she could manipulate her father, there was a certain point where he resisted.

She had learned to recognise his tone and knew that if she pushed him further, it may end up with her not going at all!

When she came out of the study, she leaned against the door and schemed, a sly grin forming on her face. She could easily get rid of Tilly, it would be no problem. She and Bess were much younger and fitter; it would be easy to slip away. Oh yes...she could see this was going to be a great outing. Smiling happily, she sped up the wide staircase and made her way to her bedroom.

As she entered, her maid, Connie, was putting away some of her clean clothing.

"Oh, stop that for now, Connie...I have some news. I am going to the county fair!"

"Oh my! That is wonderful, madam." Connie paused in her folding of the clothes, a small frown marring her brow. "But did your father say it was acceptable, madam? I thought Mr. Aubrey did not like you going out without him?"

"Oh, piffle to Mr. Aubrey. He is not here, is he?" She twirled around the room, laughing, "And what he does not know will not hurt him, will it?"

Connie shook her head and tutted, muttering under her breath something about her husband being far from happy if he found out.

"It is no use chiding me, Connie...go and fetch my best gown. I want to be the best dressed there – in fact, I shall be the belle of the ball." Chantal laughed as she sat down in front of her dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror.

Noting Chantal was in one of her stubborn moods, Connie left the clean clothes and went to look in her mistress's wardrobe to choose a suitable dress for the evening. Deciding on a white muslin dress with tiny pink roses and ribbons, she held it aloft for Chantal to see.

"What do you think, madam? Will this one do?"

Chantal looked in the mirror to see the dress reflected in it. "Oh, yes, that will be perfect. Do not forget my matching gloves and reticule, Connie – remember, I want to look like one of the best!"

Half an hour later, Chantal did indeed look the belle of the ball. Her long satin gloves set off the dress to perfection. Her dark brown hair had been fashioned in the latest style, thanks to Connie's great skills, and had been adorned with two ribbons to match her dress. Connie handed her a silk shawl and sighed. "Oh, you look so pretty, madam."

Chantal grinned happily and made her way downstairs to the waiting carriage. Bess had already been informed what time she would be picked up, via one of the stable boys who had been dispatched with a letter from Chantal. Poor lad had looked quite pleased to be doing something other than muck out the horses' stalls. Especially as he'd always had a soft spot for her.

As she stepped up into the carriage, Chantal found Tilly already inside, dressed from head to toe in her favourite shade of black. Chantal barely nodded her head to acknowledge the housekeeper's presence. Tilly always seemed to know what she was thinking and had practically brought her up when she was younger, so Chantal decided the less they spoke, the better.

As the carriage made its way to her friend Bess's house, both women sat in silence, enjoying their own thoughts.

### *Forest Gate, London*

Up in London, Jack signed his last document and sighed with relief. Thank goodness, that was all over. The last few days had been quite trying, and he was glad that it was all finished and

he could go home. As he leaned back in his chair, he put his feet up on his desk and clasped his hands behind his head. Yes, home! Where his little minx of a wife would soon be, once he'd collected her from her father's house. It had been safer to leave her with her father, as they'd had a few problems recently with the local gypsies trying to get onto their land. Couldn't leave his slip of a wife at home with those ruffians around. Anyway, she could be a bit of a handful, and without Jack there to supervise, who knows what she would get up to? At least, under the careful eye of her father, she would remain out of trouble.

He smiled as he imagined her face when he arrived home a couple of days early, especially when she saw what gifts he'd brought back with him. Of course, then she'd have to thank him properly later, when they were alone. Jack's grin deepened as he pictured his beautiful wife naked. Shaking his head to clear his lustful thoughts, he rang the bell for his manservant, James. Time to pack his bags and get back on the road.

### *Bridport County Fair*

Chantal and Bess giggled as they hid amongst the crowd of people. Poor Tilly was frantically calling their names, but now they had finally managed to slip away from her, there was no chance they were going to reveal themselves.

"Chantal, do you think she will find us?" Bess whispered next to her.

Chantal tossed her head, her dark ringlets bouncing softly. "No, she will most probably get bored in a minute and go and sit in one of those refreshment tents. She can talk to all the other old crones!"

Bess sniggered. "Oh, do not be so mean, Chantal. Poor old Tilly. She has been good to you."

Chantal shrugged. "Yes well, that was then; this is now." Grabbing Bess's hand, she moved even deeper into the crowd, until they were at the front and could see the two boxers sizing each other up. Tilly had told them that 'ladies' don't watch boxing, but both girls loved seeing the rippling muscles on the men, and anyway, who was going to see them – certainly not Tilly.

Bess winced as one of the boxers took a hefty blow to his jaw; he stumbled slightly but managed to right himself at the last minute. Looking over, he saw Bess and winked at her, causing her face to suffuse with colour.

Chantal, not missing a trick, nudged her friend in the side. "Oh, he has taken a liking to you, Bess."

"Sssh Chantal! He might hear!"

"With the noise of this crowd? Never! Anyway, he is only appreciating your beauty; there is nothing wrong with that."

"Yes, but he is one of those gypsy sorts. Papa would certainly not be pleased. Anything but!"

Chantal crossed her arms. "And how is he going to find out? There are only you and I here, Bess. Tilly's not here to tell on us, and I do not see anyone else we know. For goodness' sake, relax – we do not often get the chance."

Bess giggled and chewed on her lip as the boxer glanced over at her again. "He is rather nice, is he not?"

Chantal laughed knowingly when she saw her friend was smitten with the gypsy. "Come on, Bess, let us go and find out what time the dancing starts."

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Jack was tired and more than a little dusty when he arrived at his father-in-law's house. He'd decided to ride rather than take the carriage, as it would be quicker. The quicker he was home, the quicker he could see his wife.

Jumping down from his horse, he handed the reins to the waiting stable boy and dusted himself down, stretching his limbs to ease their ache. Ah, it was good to be back in Dorset, the air was so much cleaner than London.

As he approached the house, Chantal's father came out to greet him and shook his hand. "Good evening, Jack. How did the meeting go?"

"Oh, very well, Sir James, very well indeed."

"I see you finished earlier than you thought. I expect you would appreciate a nice hot bath and a hearty meal? I shall organise something from the kitchens and get Fred to draw a bath for you." He patted Jack on the back as they both made their way into the house.

"Where is Chantal?" Jack enquired.

"Ah, she has gone to the county fair with Bess." He paused as Jack frowned. "It is fine, do not worry, Jack. They have Tilly as chaperone. As well, the carriage is going back at nine to collect them. I would not have them staying late on their own."

Jack visibly relaxed. Good old Tilly...she'd make sure they didn't get up to mischief.

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The trouble was that mischief was just what they were up to. The dancing had started an hour ago, and both Chantal and Bess had been dancing non-stop with some of the local men and also a couple of the gypsies. Chantal laughed gaily as she pictured Tilly's face if she could see them. Oh dear, the woman would be quite unwell! Her current partner looked down at her happy face and decided that it must be because of him. He twirled her round and round until she was quite dizzy. As the song drew to a close, the dancers stopped and applauded, before either making their way to a seat or starting the next dance. Chantal chose the former as she was parched. Excusing herself from her admiring dance partner, she followed Bess over to the drinks table. "Oh, Bess, this is so much fun!" Reaching over, she picked up two glasses. "Here, have one of these."

She handed Bess a glass of punch and took the other for herself before finding a seat.

"Ah, my feet are positively aching, Chantal. I have not danced so much for ages."

"And me." Suddenly, she grabbed Bess's arm. "Oh look, Bess...there is that gypsy. You know, the one in the boxing competition!"

Bess followed her gaze to see the boxer, now smartly dressed, dancing with one of the local girls. Quickly downing her drink, she handed the glass to Chantal, her cheeks flushing from both the alcohol and excitement. "Fetch me another, would you?"

"I do not mind if I do!" Chantal giggled back and headed off to get another two glasses of the strong punch. When she came back, the gypsy had already spotted Bess and was now sitting next to her, making her blush and giggle. Deciding to keep her distance so as not to disturb them, she headed off towards the exit, intending to get some fresh air, handing Bess's untouched glass of punch to a passing waiter. On her way out, she glanced at the clock on the wall, and her stomach flipped. Oh, lord, it was ten past ten – her father was going to kill her!

Quickly gulping down the rest of her punch, she spun on her heels and pushed her way through the dancers to go back and fetch Bess...only to find she wasn't there. Her chair was vacant. Chantal looked around in panic. Where could she have gone? She was there just now, for goodness' sake! And she was with the gypsy – oh, Lord! Worse was to come, however. When she turned around, deciding to go outside and search for Bess, she found Tilly staring condemningly at her from the doorway and standing right beside her was Jack! Her stomach flipped. What the hell was he doing here? He wasn't due home for another two days yet!

She looked at his angry countenance and clenched her buttocks self-consciously. She was in for it all right. She started to back up, and he crooked his finger, beckoning her to obey and go to him. She shook her head obstinately, and his look grew even darker. Narrowing his eyes, he strode across the dance floor and grabbed her arm.

"Not a very nice greeting, madam. Not pleased to see me?"

Chantal swallowed hard and looked up at him. "J-Jack...errr, yes, of course, it is lovely to see you. I was just a bit surprised to find you here – that is all!" She tried shrugging his arm off, embarrassed that other people were starting to look at them, but Jack just kept a firm grip on her.

"I bet you were!" he said through gritted teeth, keeping his voice low. "Where is Bess?"

Oh crikey, Bess! "Um...I think she was just powdering her nose. I shall go and find her."

"No, you will not, madam. You will stay exactly where I can see you." Turning to Tilly, who had followed immediately behind him, he gave her an order, "Go and find Bess in the ladies' room, Tilly. Tell her to come here at once."

Chantal gulped as Tilly left and looked down at the floor, not willing to meet Jack's eyes. She knew he was disappointed and angry with her. She had been so looking forward to seeing him as well.

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Jack was so angry he couldn't speak. Best left until they were back home alone. He might have managed to calm himself down a bit by then but, at the moment, all he wanted to do was smack the living daylights out of her delectable hide.

Tilly came back empty handed. "She is not in there, sir. I asked around, and no one has seen hide or hair of her."

Jack looked down at his wife. "Did you tell me the truth or are you hiding something, Chantal? Look at me." He put his finger on her chin and forced her head up until she had no choice but to look into his eyes. "Yes, you are. Tell me what you know, right now."

Chantal looked petulant and let her lashes fall to shield her eyes. "I do not know, Jack. One minute, she was over there, the next, she was gone!"

Jack sighed and stared at her for a few seconds, trying to figure out if she was telling the truth. "Stay here with Tilly. I will go and see if she is outside." He looked over to Tilly. "Do not let this little madam out of your sight."

"Oh, no, sir. She will not be going anywhere." Tilly kept her eyes fixed on Chantal, and Chantal resigned herself to her fate.

It was a full twenty minutes later when Jack reappeared with a very scared looking Bess. Her eyes were like saucers, and she was as white as a sheet.

Chantal rushed up to her. "What is it, Bess? What happened? Are you well?"



"She was in the clutches of a gypsy – if I had not turned up when I did, I do not know what would have happened!" Jack took off his jacket and put it round Bess's shoulders. "Come on; the carriage is waiting. Let us return home."

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Bess and Chantal huddled together in the carriage whilst Jack stared out of the window into the chill night. Tilly was pursing her lips and frowning at the pair of girls. She knew she'd be in for a reprimand from the master as she'd managed to lose the pair of them; the fact that they were a pair of disobedient chits didn't come into it. She should have kept a closer eye on them. It still didn't stop her feeling angry with them, though.

As they neared Bess's house, the driver slowed down to pull into the long drive. Chantal grabbed Bess's hand. "I am concerned for you, Bess," she whispered worriedly.

Bess drew Jack's coat closer round her shoulders. "There is no need. To be truthful, I cannot wait to get back to the safety of home." She whispered, "That gypsy frightened me Chantal...he had seemed so nice as well. He asked me for a kiss, but then his hands started roaming and..." She gulped and looked over at Jack, "I do not know what would have happened if Mr. Aubrey had not come upon us. He pulled the gypsy off me and then knocked him clean out, with just one punch!"

Chantal's eyes widened and she darted a glance at her husband. His eyes were fixed on hers accusingly.

The carriage came to a halt and Jack opened the door, jumping down to assist Bess, not even looking at Chantal. She could see he was still simmering. She shifted in her seat uncomfortably, dreading their return home and the confrontation she knew was heading her way.

Once he had handed Bess over to the care of her parents and reclaimed his jacket, Jack came back into the carriage, ordering the driver to continue to Thorndyke Hall. Chantal didn't like the tone of his voice; he was still very angry, she could tell. As the carriage drew up to the front of the house, Chantal made to get out, but Jack grabbed her arm. She looked over at him in surprise.

"Oh no, madam. We are not staying here. We are going home."

"But...but...my things...my clothes..."

"They will be forwarded on tomorrow. Can you see to that, Tilly?"

Tilly nodded, it was the least she could do after losing his wife. She stepped out of the carriage and was just walking away when Jack spoke again.

"And can you explain to Sir James why we have returned home so suddenly? Thank him for his hospitality earlier as well. I do not wish to appear rude."

Chantal went to argue further, "But, Jack, surely we can..."

Jack barked at her, "Be quiet, not another word from you!" Then he ordered the driver to take them home.

Chantal sat back and sulked. This wasn't fair! Huh! Just because they'd lost Tilly. That stupid gypsy had spoiled the whole evening, and it was all his fault. Folding her arms, she sat petulantly and stared out of the window, not wanting to meet Jack's gaze.

When they neared their destination, Jack leaned over to her. "When we get back, you are going to go straight to your room, no ifs or buts, straight there. Do you hear?"

Chantal glared back, saying nothing, but nodded affirmation. When he was in this mood, it was best to keep quiet.

Once inside the house, Chantal gave her shawl to the housekeeper and made her way upstairs with Jack following closely behind. One of the maids had rushed upstairs to assist her mistress with her garments, but Jack stopped her as she went to enter the bedroom. "Leave us. Your mistress will see you in the morning. I shall assist her tonight."

As the door closed behind the maid, Jack and Chantal faced each other. Chantal's heart was hammering in her chest, and her breathing was suddenly shallow. She knew what was coming and knew it was going to hurt. Should she reason it out with him? Perhaps she should run back out of the room. Glancing from Jack to the door, she decided she wouldn't make it; he would grab her before she had a chance to reach the doorknob.

Jack slowly took off his jacket and began to roll his left shirtsleeve up – a bad sign.

He levelled his eyes on her. "So, first of all you decide to go to the fair – ignoring my express orders that you were to stay at home."

"But, Jack, Papa said I could go...and we were with Tilly!"

Jack raised his eyebrows at her last remark and carried on speaking, "Secondly, you deliberately set out to lose Tilly – a completely foolish thing to do!"

"But, Jack..."

"Thirdly," he interrupted whilst rolling his right shirtsleeve up. "You leave your friend in the clutches of a gypsy!" Walking over to her, he grabbed her shoulders and looked down into her upturned face. "Did I forget anything?"

Chantal gulped and stammered, "N-No! It was not like that. Honest, it was not!"

Jack sat down on the bed and pulled her so she was standing between his thighs. "Oh, really? Go on then, madam, enlighten me with your version of events. Because the way I see it at the moment, you are in a whole heap of trouble for behaving like the wayward wench you are!" He sighed and ran his hand through his dark, wavy hair before turning to stare at her once more.

Chantal swallowed hard and tried to think clearly. The trouble was that standing this close to him was disconcerting. She loved his clean smell and being imprisoned between his hard, masculine thighs was doing the usual crazy things to her stomach. Claspng her hands together in front of her, she shuffled her feet a bit before replying. "Look, Jack, really it seems worse than it is. It was not our fault we lost Tilly. She just failed to chaperone us properly. She should have kept up. It is not for us to keep an eye on her; her job was to keep an eye on us – not that we need it, you understand!" she added hastily as Jack's look darkened.

"What about the gypsy?" Jack watched her steadily.

"The gypsy? Well, I know nothing about him, really. One minute, Bess was sitting waiting for me; the next thing she disappeared. That is all I know, truly, Jack." Chantal made her eyes as big as possible, hoping against hope he would believe her.

Jack sighed and held her hands. "I was hoping you would tell me the truth, but it seems you cannot, can you? For your information, Bess has already told me what happened this evening." Her face fell. "Down to every last detail."

Chantal paled and realized she'd fallen into his trap. She should have learned by now that she should always tell him the truth. He nearly always found out she was lying and then she was in more trouble than when she started.

Without saying another word, Jack pulled her face down over his solid thighs. She struggled and kicked, but it was no use. He had one arm firmly pressed against the small of her back, and he skilfully maneuvered her legs so they were imprisoned by one of his own.

"Jack, do not do this! Please! I will be good next time – honest I will!"

"Chantal, it is bad enough the way you behaved tonight without making it worse by lying to me. Remember what I said last time you lied?"

Chantal examined the floor in minute detail, trying to remember what he'd said.

"No? Well, let me remind you. I said, if you ever lied to me again, you would get an extra twenty swats with the hairbrush. Remember now?"

Chantal gasped. "Jack, that is unfair!" She tried her best to struggle, but she was no match for his strength. Realizing that the spanking was inevitable, she started to cry.

"Oh, tears now, is it? Is that remorse for the way you have behaved or tears for the fact you have been caught out? I think the latter!"

"No! I am sorry. Truly I am!" she wailed.

"Not sorry enough, it seems."

Jack proceeded to pull up her skirt and petticoats until all that was left between him and her bare bottom was her bloomers. Chantal held her breath as she felt his hand slide over her bottom then trail lazily down her thighs. As his hand ran back up, she couldn't help moaning softly. However, that soon changed to a shriek as his hand came down with full force on her bottom.

"Ow!" she yelped.

*Smack!*

"Ah!" *Smack!* "Aouch! Jack, that hurts! Stop it please!" She tried putting her hands over her bottom to stop him, but he simply grabbed one arm and pinned it underneath her, and with the other, he held down on her back.

Jack continued smacking her bottom, ignoring her pleas.

*Smack!*

"Agh! No!" She wailed, her face screwing up with the pain.

She could feel her bottom getting warmer and warmer, the sting intensifying with every stroke. Instead of tears of self-pity, she was now crying from the pain. Her tears landed unheeded on the floor.

Finally, Jack stopped. He hooked his fingers in the top of the bloomers and slowly pulled them down to her knees. Her bottom was a nice rosy red from the spanking, and he gently kneaded the soft orbs, admiring her soft skin. Releasing her arm, he helped her stand upright and turned her to face him.

"Right, I want you to go and get your hairbrush, the wooden one. Now!"

Chantal considered rebelling, but decided against it when she looked into Jack's eyes. He was going to brook no disobedience from her, whatsoever. She knew from past experience that to resist only meant more swats to her bottom and she was due an extra twenty for lying to him already. She certainly didn't want to add any more.

With her bloomers still round her knees, she shuffled over to her dressing table and slowly picked up the brush, using the time to try to stall the inevitable.

"Quicker, Chantal. You are delaying!"

Chantal pouted and moved back to stand between Jack's thighs, handing him the dreaded brush at the same time.

"Right, over my knee! Now!"

Sighing heavily, Chantal reluctantly complied as Jack helped her into position. Once again, his leg captured hers, so she couldn't struggle. She felt him pull up her skirts and then his hand caress her bottom. As his hand kneaded the soft flesh, she couldn't help moaning with pleasure.

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Jack smiled to himself as he heard her moan and watched as she parted her thighs slightly in the hope his hands would roam lower. He knew his wife so well, every little thought, every little move – and he knew that when he spanked her it never failed to turn her on. Slowly, he trailed his hand lower and gently slid one finger into her moist centre, the other hand still caressing her silky bottom. Chantal closed her eyes and moaned, pushing her bottom higher to try to gain more pleasure. Jack obliged by sliding two fingers in; moving them rhythmically in and out. Just as Chantal's moans increased, he withdrew.

"Oh no, not yet, my little vixen. I have not finished with your spanking. Let me see now – twenty for your escapades tonight and then another twenty for lying."

"Jack no! That is too many!" Chantal tried to reach round and cover her bottom, but Jack just slapped her hands away and pushed her further over his knee, so she had to use her hands for balance on the floor.

He brought the brush down firmly on one plump cheek. Chantal immediately shrieked.

"No! Ah!"

*Thwack!* "Please, Jack. No!" *Thwack!* "Oh!"

On and on, Jack spanked her with the hairbrush until her bottom was a bright crimson and she was sobbing quietly into his leg. Finally, he stopped. Putting the hairbrush down next to him, he pulled her up so she was sitting on his lap and lifted her chin so she had no choice but to look at him.

"So, have you learned your lesson?"

Chantal sniffed. "Yes, Jack. I promise I will behave in future. I did not mean to upset you. It just seemed like fun at the time."

"Well, it might have seemed fun, but it could have turned out a nightmare for the pair of you. You really must think more on your actions, Chantal. You know we have had problems ourselves with people on our land trying to steal and generally making a nuisance of themselves. Then you go and entertain one at the fair. It makes no sense!" Sighing heavily, he looked deep into her eyes. "If you ever, ever do that again, I will spank your bottom until you cannot sit down for a week. Do you hear?"

She looked down at her hands, "Yes, Jack"

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"Why not give me a proper greeting, now I am home?" Jack pulled her closer, and she raised her mouth to meet his kiss. Her bottom felt like it was on fire, but it also ignited other feelings inside her. Their kiss deepened until Chantal was almost breathless. Pushing her away slightly, Jack skilfully divested her of her dress and underwear until she was sitting naked on his lap, the warm night air caressing her silky skin.

Laying her down on the bed, he quickly undressed before joining her. Chantal's eyes roamed over his magnificent form as he covered her body with his own, his muscular arms pulling her slim body against his. Entwining her legs around his midriff, she urged Jack to enter her, as she was too highly aroused to wait any longer. Sliding into her welcoming body, Jack groaned with pleasure when she arched her back as she rose to meet the thick, solid length of him.

He grabbed her tender buttocks and entered her again and again as they both began to reach a climax. Jack could feel Chantal was near her peak, so he slowed down his strokes to delay his own pleasure.

"Oh, Jack! Yes! Oh!" Chantal trembled as her orgasm took over her whole body, her hands clasping his broad shoulders, her soft cries of ecstasy filling the air. Jack claimed her lips with his own, his tongue duelling with hers, and started pumping faster and faster until, with a groan, he found his own release, his body tightening with undisguised pleasure.

Jack collapsed onto his side and pulled Chantal so she was facing him, his arm still lying over her waist. When their breathing had returned to normal, he started lazily trailing a hand from her waist down to her bottom and back again.

"So, madam, are you going to be a good girl in the future?"

Chantal smiled languorously. "Of course, I will be, Jack."

Jack looked into her impish blue eyes, seeing the devilment within and wondered why he'd even asked.