

Seductive Beauty
The Beauty Series – Book Two

By

Maryse Dawson

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Table of Contents:

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two.....	11
Chapter Three.....	18
Chapter Four	24
Chapter Five.....	31
Chapter Six.....	38
Chapter Seven	45
Chapter Eight	52
Chapter Nine	59
Maryse Dawson	65
EBook Offer.....	66
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	67
Blushing Books.....	68

Chapter One

Year 1781...

Louisa Armitage snuggled against her husband Finlay's broad chest and sighed contentedly as the carriage rattled along the moonlit track towards Broadmayne Manor, a majestic house that was now to be her new home.

They had spent the last two weeks on their honeymoon in London and, although she had enjoyed every minute of it, she was excited to be returning home to Dorset. She had missed her dear mother and sister and couldn't wait to visit them and regale them with all the wonderful places she had been. She'd already decided she would visit them on the morrow at Belstone Cottage.

Broadmayne Manor came into view, its façade illuminated not only by the moon but several lanterns strategically placed on the front steps. It looked a little imposing at night, and Louisa wondered how she would feel living in such a big house, after spending the last year living in the small cottage at Lulworth Cove.

She would share the house with Finlay's sister, Millicent, his brother, George, and his parents, Thaddeus and Olivia. They were to have their own suite of rooms so it would be quite private or so Finlay had assured her. The house boasted twenty bedrooms so she couldn't see that privacy would be a problem. She chewed her bottom lip nervously, realising how embarrassing she would feel if anyone overheard Finlay chastising her. She had a penchant for getting in his bad books, which nearly always ended up with her receiving a sound spanking – and when her husband spanked, he made sure it hurt. She would certainly never be able to keep quiet, under the circumstances.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the carriage came to a halt and a footman instantly appeared at their side, opening the door and holding his hand out for Louisa to take.

The butler, James, came out to greet them. "Good evening, Mrs. Armitage."

She smiled tentatively. It still sounded odd when people addressed her using her married name but it was obviously something she would become used to in time. She stepped onto the gravel drive and waited for Finlay to join her.

"Evening, James. Are my parents still up?" Finlay asked, the deep timbre of his voice filling the night air.

"Good evening, sir. I believe they retired a little while ago."

"I see."

"Master George is in the parlour," James volunteered.

"Ah, very good. See that our cases are taken up to our rooms, would you?"

"Of course, sir."

Finlay placed his hand against Louisa's lower back and ushered her forward. "You look like a frightened rabbit, my dear. There is no need to be nervous, I assure you."

"I cannot help but feel anything else, Finlay. It is all very well, them accepting me as your wife, but to live under the same roof? What if they dislike the idea?"

Finlay stopped and looked down at her, his eyes full of reassurance. "It was my parents who suggested it, in the first place, my love. Please do not fret so. 'Tis not warranted." He placed a hand on her chin and stroked her jaw gently. "This is now your home and I want you to be happy."

"I am happy, Finlay, if a little overwhelmed." A small frown appeared on her face and he lifted his hand to smooth it away.

"I will always be by your side, Louisa – you have no reason to fear anything."

She looked into his eyes and, seeing the truth in his words, her confidence returned. "In which case, why are we dallying?" She smiled impishly up at him, and his eyes darkened with desire.

"Come then, Mrs. Armitage." Leaning nearer so the footman wouldn't hear, he whispered, "The sooner I have you warming my bed, the better!"

Louisa giggled and allowed him to usher her up the steps. They passed through the ornate double doors into the illuminated hallway. James immediately took Finlay's hat and gloves and waited patiently whilst Louisa untied the ribbon holding her bonnet and removed it. She handed him her bonnet and shawl before slipping her hand through her husband's arm. He led her towards the parlour and, opening the door, strode in.

George was alone, staring into the fire, his face brooding. He quickly looked up when they entered and stood up politely, a smile forming on his face. "Finlay. Louisa. Welcome home. I trust your honeymoon went well?"

"Very well, indeed." Finlay replied. "Did we miss anything whilst we were away?"

George's face darkened perceptibly but he tried to hide it. "Nothing we cannot talk about on the morrow. 'Tis late, and I was just about to seek my bed as I am certain you two will be doing. Travelling is a tiring affair."

Finlay stared at him for a moment, deciding whether to pursue the reason behind George's pensive look, but a quick look at his wife, and he knew exactly what he wished to be doing at this very moment – and it certainly wasn't talking. He nodded at his brother. "We are rather fatigued. We shall see you at breakfast. Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight."

They left him, once more staring into the flames. Louisa wondered what caused him concern but immediately forgot about it when Finlay reached the top of the wide staircase and lifted her straight up into his arms. She giggled and entwined her hands around his neck. "Husband, what if someone should see us?"

"Everyone is asleep, my dear, and besides, in my own home I care not a jot if they see us or not. I am not doing anything untoward – yet – I am simply carrying my poor fatigued wife to her bedroom."

Louisa stared at him, her eyes sparkling with wickedness. "Yes, I do feel rather tired. I think I shall go straight to sleep."

Finlay's eyes darkened hungrily. "Not yet, you won't, madam."

He reached down and opened the door to their rooms. As he carried her inside, Louisa looked around with interest. Several oil lamps had been lit around the first room—a parlour—and a fire crackled in the hearth, offering a lovely warmth and glow. Finlay set her down whilst he walked back to close the door, giving her time to inspect her new surroundings.

Several comfortable padded chairs were positioned around the room, which also included a table, two bookcases and a very large ornate rug in the middle. There was a large mirror at one end on the wall, amongst several paintings. Louisa walked over to it and patted her blonde hair neatly. Finlay quickly joined her, wrapping his strong arms around her slim waist and looking at her reflection in the mirror.

"Do these rooms meet your approval, madam?"

Louisa arched an eyebrow. "Well, I cannot say, for I have only seen the one room. Perhaps the bedroom will make up my mind?"

He nuzzled her neck and she closed her eyes as a shiver of excitement rushed through her. Since their wedding night, they had made love several times a day. Louisa had never known such pleasure could be attained from the marriage bed. Her mama had told her a little about what would occur on her wedding night but she could tell that the little information she had divulged had given her much embarrassment, so Louisa had not pried any further.

Her mama's advice had been to obey Finlay and allow him to lead the way then all would be well. She had said that her first time may hurt a little but, afterwards, her body would adjust to her new husband. As long as she learned to curb her wayward behaviour then her husband would respect her. No husband wished for a naughty wife.

What her mama had failed to tell her was the wonders of an orgasm. The first time had hurt, even though Finlay had been as gentle as he could but, afterwards, he had teased and coaxed her body until she became lost in a sea of rapturous pleasure. It had been heavenly.

Ever since, they could not seem to get enough of one another. Finlay had taught her to take him in her mouth, kissing and licking his thick weapon before he rammed it into her willing body. He had equally done the same to her, searing her womanhood with his wicked tongue, teasing and nipping at her sensitive folds until her body tightened and her world disappeared, for a moment, in a myriad of stars.

The wicked thoughts flew threw her mind and, combined with his teeth nipping at her neck, she felt her nether regions grow moist with want. Finlay placed his hand over her bodice and squeezed one of her breasts. Her nipple hardened instantly at the contact and she sighed, arching her back against him.

"Time for bed, my little seductress," he said, his voice full of passion.

He scooped her up in his broad arms and strode through another doorway into a dressing room and then yet another doorway into a bedroom. It was tastefully furnished but Louisa couldn't have cared less. Her main preoccupation at the moment was to feel Finlay's hard cock inside her.

Finlay set her down next to the bed and began to undress, his eyes fixed on her whilst she did the same. Louisa quickly unfastened her bodice and shrugged her dress from her shoulders, stepping out of the fabric as it pooled at her feet. She unlaced her petticoats and stays. By the time she had reached her shift, Finlay was naked and already at her side. Raising her arms, she let him help her off with the long garment. Her nipples tightened under his lustful gaze, and before she knew what he was doing, he had positioned himself on the bed and drew her straight down over his lap.

"Finlay, what do you do?" she protested, trying to rise but he kept her firmly held down with one thickly muscled arm. "I have not been bad," she squeaked in alarm. "Are you going to spank me?"

His deep voice reached her ears and she shivered expectantly. "No, my love, I am just unlacing your drawers and wanted to admire your pert little bottom whilst doing so."

Louisa closed her eyes and sighed with longing when she felt his hands begin to unfasten the ties on her lacy white drawers. His touch was electric. He parted the fabric and ran a hand over her buttocks before tugging the drawers down to her knees and then removing them completely. She went to rise but he stilled her again, running his hand lightly up the back of one of her legs and then up towards the curve of her bottom. She parted her thighs, needing his attention on her womanly centre.

Suddenly, he smacked her. Her eyes widened in alarm.

"Finlay!" she gasped but, before she had a chance to protest further, he spanked her again and then again. She tried to shift forward but he wouldn't let her and, instead, carried on with a steady rhythm that soon had her bottom heating up. "Finlay, stop!" she hissed.

He stopped for a moment and rubbed her heated flesh. She immediately moaned. The sting in her bottom gave a delicious mixture of pain and pleasure. He moved his hand lower, his fingers sliding sensuously over her slippery folds. She gasped and opened her thighs, giving him easy access to her hidden treasures, wanting to feel his touch on her sensitive flesh.

When his finger slipped inside her tight sheath, she almost climaxed on the spot. He slowly withdrew and then slipped inside again, adding another finger in the process. Holding her waist tightly against his side, he set up a steady pace that soon had her begging for release.

"Please, Finlay."

"Soon, my love, soon." He withdrew his fingers and, lifting her up, carried her pliable body over to the bed. Laying her down on the soft covers, he pulled her to the edge and, raising her legs, set his tongue against her hot folds. Louisa writhed with unabashed pleasure. His tongue on her clit sent her body spiralling into a dark abyss, her muscles tensing as her orgasm took over her mind, body and soul. All she could think about was Finlay and the intense pleasure he generated in her very being.

* * *

When his name spilled from Louisa's sweet lips, Finlay knew satisfaction. He loved pleasuring her, hearing her joyous gasps fill the air, her body tightening with desire. His cock was so hard it hurt. Quickly, he manoeuvred Louisa further up the bed and positioned himself at her entrance. Her eyes were closed, still lost in rapture but she opened them immediately as he began to push into her lush body.

His eyes dark, he watched when her eyes widened as he filled her inch by solid inch. He was big but Louisa was gradually adjusting to his size. Fully in, he closed his eyes as her tight sheath encased him. He stayed still for a few moments before pulling back out slowly and then sliding full length into her warmth. Leaning forward, he kissed her parted lips, his tongue seeking entrance just as his cock did the same below.

Louisa. Beautiful, feisty Louisa, and she was finally his. He thrust himself into her, over and over, until he felt her tighten once more and her soft cries fill the air. With one final thrust, he took his release, gripping her hips tightly as he rode the heady wave of pleasure.

Satisfied, he collapsed onto his side, taking her with him. She snuggled into his chest and sighed softly. When their breathing had quietened, he raised a hand and brushed her hair from her face, running a finger down to her delicate jaw and over her soft lips. "You will be happy here, Louisa. I will make certain of it."

She looked up at him tenderly, her eyes soft with her love for him. "I know you will, Finlay, and I love you for it."

He kissed her warmly and drew the covers up over them. "Sleep, my love." In the dim glow from the oil lamp, he watched her eyes flutter closed as fatigue overtook her and she drifted off to sleep.

He closed his eyes and tried to do the same, but his thoughts kept drifting back to his brother. Nothing much bothered George. He had a laid-back disposition and rarely let anything rile him but something obviously had now. He sighed and kissed the top of Louisa's head as she

slept, deciding that worrying about it now would do no good. It would just have to wait until morning.

The next day...

Louisa clung onto Finlay's arm as he escorted her into the dining room for breakfast. His family were already seated, but his brother, George, and father, Thaddeus, stood up politely when she entered. Feeling decidedly nervous, although Finlay had assured her there was no need, she took her seat next to him at the long mahogany dining table.

"Good morning, Finlay, Louisa," his mother, Olivia, said brightly. "You both look exceedingly well. It is lovely to have you home."

"Morning, son, Louisa," Thaddeus echoed, taking his seat again. He smiled warmly at them, and Louisa immediately felt at ease.

A servant was instantly at their side, offering them a choice of beverage. Louisa opted for tea. George handed her the toast rack and she gratefully took a couple of slices, realising how hungry she was.

"Where is Millicent?" Finlay queried, helping himself to some toast. "Surely, she is not up and about, already?"

George's jaw tightened a little. "Our sister has already left for town with Aunt Beatrice."

Finlay raised an eyebrow and paused, mid-way through buttering his toast. He went to say more but George warned him to silence with a single look. He immediately understood and replied simply, "Shopping, no doubt?"

"Aye," Thaddeus grumbled. "Spending yet more money on fripperies." He glanced at his wife, his eyebrows waggling with reproach. "You really must curb her spending, m'dear. Not a day goes past without a bill arriving on my doorstep from one vendor or another. Your sister is just as bad, encouraging her to buy all and sundry."

Olivia patted his hand, placating him. "Millicent will marry soon then you shall have nothing to worry about."

"Who will marry her? No man would care for a wife who is so outspoken. I fear you have spoiled her, madam!"

Olivia pursed her lips and took a sip of her tea, refraining from saying anything further. Thaddeus picked up the neatly folded broadsheet next to him and stood up. "If you will excuse me. I shall be in my study."

There was a noticeable silence when he'd left but Olivia broke it when she asked about their honeymoon. "Did you enjoy London?"

"We had a lovely time. The weather held out for us, thankfully." Finlay smiled.

"I find London a trifle intimidating," Olivia declared, wiping her mouth with a napkin. "What did you think of it, Louisa?"

"I enjoyed every minute but it feels nice to be back home. I do love the countryside and the air seems so much fresher here."

"Oh, most definitely. The land is so much more open here, and with fewer buildings, there is far less chimney smoke." Her nose wrinkled with distaste, and Louisa couldn't help but laugh. Her mother-in-law smiled in response. "You must take a ride across our land, today, both you and Finlay. It is a beautiful day and you can explore your new home properly."

"I should love that." Louisa looked at Finlay expectantly.

He lifted her hand and kissed it. "Anything for you, my love. First, I wish to speak with George. Do excuse me."

He stood up and a servant instantly pulled his chair back for him. He looked at his brother. "George?"

George excused himself and followed Finlay out of the room. Louisa watched them go and a small frown marred her brow. Finlay's visage had grown quite serious just then and she wondered what they would be speaking about, but before she had time to think any further on the matter, Olivia took her attention away.

"So, my dear, what do you think of your rooms? If you wish to change any of the furnishings, please do so – this is your home now, after all."

Louisa smiled. "Truly, I like everything I have seen so far but thank you for the kind offer."

"There is also a glut of furniture in the attic. Thaddeus inherited most of it from an aunt in Norfolk. You are welcome to look through it all, although it may be a little dusty. Any one of the servants can help you."

Any qualms Louisa had about fitting into the family and Broadmayne soon disappeared when she became lost in discussions of fabrics and furniture with her mother-in-law. Olivia put her at her ease and seemed genuinely thrilled to have her living under the same roof. She just hoped Finlay's sister would feel the same.

* * *

Meanwhile, Finlay and George were in the library. George paced up and down in front of the fireplace, whilst Finlay looked at him askance.

"You are certain of this?" Finlay asked him.

George ceased pacing and rubbed his forehead. "As much as I can be. Jacob Wright told me he saw Millicent and a man disappear inside the inn at Finglesbrook."

"And they were familiar?"

"He had his hand on her waist, Finlay. How much more familiar do you want?"

"Perhaps there is an easy explanation for this. Have you asked her?"

"No. Not as yet. I thought I would wait for you to return and we could confront her together. She is a stubborn girl, at the best of times."

"On that we are in agreement, brother." Finlay thought hard. "And Jacob did not recognise the man, at all?"

"No. He did not get a good enough look at him. Only to say he had sandy coloured hair and was a few inches taller than Millicent."

"Well, we shall talk to her upon her return from town. There is no need to involve our parents, as yet." He sat down in one of the padded chairs in front of the fireplace and leaned back, thrumming his fingers on the arm. "As reckless as Millicent is, I cannot see she would flout social boundaries in such a way. But Jacob is an honest man and I trust his word." He shook his head. "Silly girl, what was she thinking?"