Faith and obedience Part 1

By ByronLord

Published on Lush Stories on 14 Jan 2013

**(c) Copyright 2010

All Rights Reserved.

Permission is granted to publish and view this material on the site lushstories.com only.**

After rescuing Faith from drowning, Sir Horace has a very particular purpose for her

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/hardcore/faith-and-obedience-part-1-1.aspx

Manchester 10th January 1840

The carriage came to a stop outside a red brick house with an octagonal tower rising above the entrance. Two gas lamps flickered either side of the door.

At least he is rich enough to buy himself a new coat , Faith thought to herself. But she already knew that. The coat he had ruined wrapping it round her to keep her warm must have cost five guineas at least. More money than Faith had received in four years at the mill. The older apprentices were paid but deductions for food, lodging and what passed for schooling left only pennies. Before she was twelve, Faith had worked eight hours a day for no pay at all.

Her rescuer sat opposite, his hands folded over the silver handle of his cane. He had said nothing to here since he pulled her from the water and did not speak again until he had carried her from the carriage into the house.

"Mrs Hawclough will take good care of you child," Sir Horace said and was gone in a clatter of horse hoofs on cobblestones.

Seeing Faith standing soaking wet in the hallway, the housekeeper flew into action. Faith was led downstairs to the kitchen fire and her wet clothes stripped away. Servants were called to heat water for a bath. Soon Faith was sitting by the fireplace in warm, clean clothes as the housekeeper poured spoonfuls of hot soup into her mouth.

For the first time that she could remember, Faith was fed, clothed and warm at the same time. The memory of the mill, the apprentice house and the overseer began to fade as the soup took effect.

Faith thought no more about the overseer until she woke up the next morning. She was naked and in a strange bed. Her mind raced through all the events of the previous night in a panic then relaxed as she remembered it all.

A sudden thought made her laugh out loud. Young as she was, she was not so innocent that she didn't know the reason that men of quality might frequent the quay late at night or the type of reward such a man might expect for risking his life to save hers. She would have rather drowned than surrender her virtue to the overseer yet a few hours later she would have willingly given herself to a stranger for a warm bed and a bowl of soup and she didn't even know his name.

A little after dawn, Mrs Hawclough brought Faith a maid's uniform and told her that the owner of the house was called Sir Horace and she would be paid ten shillings a week.

Faith was no fool, she knew that a good wage for a scullery maid was five shillings a week. There would be other duties involved, of that she could be sure.

The house was actually an annexe to the larger and grander hall where Sir Horace carried out his public business as a magnate and rising political star. The annexe was the place where he carried out business of a very private kind.

For the first few months after her arrival, the annexe was quiet as Sir Horace was away in London for the season. Like the most of the staff at the hall, most of the annexe staff had followed Sir Horace to London where he also kept two houses. Mrs Hawclough saw that Faith and Peggy were kept busy cleaning and polishing but once a couch or a cabinet was cleaned it could be covered in a dust cloth so as to save them the bother of cleaning it again. In truth this work fell almost entirely to Faith since her helpmate was barely able to climb stairs, let alone clean them.

As work in the annexe neared completion, Faith was dispatched to help with similar work in the hall. The staff there were curious about the annexe. Nell, a red haired girl was particularly anxious to learn details. But following her instructions to the letter, Faith refused to say a word after which Nell refused to have anything to do with her. This was a disappointment to Faith as Nell was one of the few girls of her own age.

When she returned to the annexe that night, Faith noted a subtle change in the housekeepers demeanor towards her as if she had passed some sort of test.

A letter arrived from London. It had a blue two penny stamp, the first stamp Faith had seen and Sir Horace's seal. Faith was ordered into action before it was even opened. For the next two days Faith was busy removing dust covers and returning ornaments kept in storage to their rightful places. As

she did so the purpose of the annexe became clear.

Removing the dustcloths covering the paintings in the gallery revealed paintings of Gods and Goddesses, satyrs and nymphs, heros and heroines. Every one engaged in the pleasures of copulation. These were a rendition in oils of the *I Modi* , the sixteen positions.

Faith stared open mouthed at the pornographic display. There was no escaping it: Erect penises plunged into open vaginas everywhere she looked. Briseis stood to receive the prick of Achilles while Juno lay back to receive the same attention from Jupiter. Julia, daughter of Caesar squatted to take the cock of an athlete.

"Its nothing to be ashamed of," Peggy told Faith, "Here, sit down and rest awhile."

They sat down in front of a large oil in which Cupid watched while Didon lay back as Aeneas fingered her cunt. By instinct, Faith's own hand reached for her sex then realizing what she was doing, Faith tried to pull it away but the other woman was too fast for her. With a deft movement that defied her years and arthritis, she brushed the skirt of the girl's dress up over her midriff leaving her sex naked and open.

The old woman's bony fingers played across Faith's pussy in a mirror image of the ministrations being received by Dido. It was wrong, it was repulsive. Faith tried to make her limbs respond, to pull away. But it was no use. Her dress was lay accusingly on the floor as the ancient hands drew waves of pleasure from her breasts and sex. Faith's nails dug deep into the older woman's arm as her body jerked and she gave a loud cry.

* * * * *

A hundred miles away, Nell moaned slightly as Sir Horace sank his cock into her ass. As always, she had been prepared to his exacting specifications by the housekeeper and her assistant. All traces of hair had been removed from her legs, armpits, sex and ass with hot wax to achieve what the baronette called 'the Turkish style'. She had reclined on a bed while water was dripped into her ass from an enamel can with a tap. Her skin had been scraped, massaged and oiled. Her hair washed cut and styled.

She had completed this routine at least a dozen times and it had become a comforting ritual before what might be a painful ordeal. However this time was different as every step in her preparation had been observed by a stranger.

Nobody had bothered to tell Nell the woman's name or the reason for her presence. Nor would it have occurred to Nell to ask. The stranger was quality, that was clear enough. Her clothes were expensive

and cut to the latest London fashions.

As she raised her legs to display her sex and offer herself to Sir Horace, Nell wondered briefly what it must be like to be a person of quality like the stranger and not need to worry about a place to live or where the next meal would come from. Then he was inside her and all other thoughts vanished.

When he was finished using Nell, Sir Horace crossed the floor to the card table from which the stranger had watched the servant girl being sodomized.

The fashionably dressed young lady turned away as he approached. But Sir Horace would brook no resistance and pulled her head round by her hair to face his cock still wet from coming in Nell's ass.

"The lesson isn't over," Sir Horace snapped.

His student shot him a fiery glance in return but obediently opened her mouth. Sir Horace slowly shook his head and smiled as he saw the eyes of his charge follow the direction of his outstretched palm then open wide as they found the bed.

After a pause but without a word, the young lady removed a pair of fashionable gloves to reveal a plain gold band on the ring finger of her left hand. After carefully folding her gloves and placing them on the card table, she stood up and slowly approached the bed as if mustering every ounce of poise and grace that she had acquired from hours of private classes in deportment. She did not so much walk as glide, her skirts concealing all evidence of cause.

Nell still lay on her back with her legs spread to show her sex and cum-wetted anus. She made no sound as the lady reached out and ran her finger along the servant girl's sex. The Lady examined her fingertips as if she had been checking to see if a maid had done a satisfactory job of dusting .

The examination was repeated drawing another small sigh. The sighs became louder as the strokes became firmer and the tip of a finger was pressed inside Nell's pussy.

The lady moved her face close and the sighs turned to gasps as the lady began working Nell's sex with both hands, finger fucking her with three fingers of her left hand and rubbing the girl's clit with the other. Nell closed her eyes to concentrate on this new sensation. Then opened them wide as the lady tried to squeeze her whole hand inside her. But it was no use in this position.

Nell bent on all fours close to the edge of the bed, her knees parted to open her sex as wide as possible. This allowed the lady to sink her whole hand up to the wrist into Nell's sex causing her almost immediately with a loud cry that brought a triumphant smile to the lady's lips.

Across the room, Sir Horace nodded in congratulation and held up the gloves as if signalling that the lesson was complete.

But his companion was not finished yet. Her whole fist still inside Nell's sex, the lady bent down swiftly and pressed her tongue inside her cum-filled ass.