

# Harry Prepares 4 Daughters for Marriage Part III

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<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/harry-prepares-4-daughters-for-marriage-1.aspx>

When Harry awoke on Sunday morning, he still had 4 unmarried daughters to match with husbands who could support them in a manner befitting their upbringing and station in life.

At midday, he was suddenly the proud Father of two daughters spoken for and with firm proposals of marriage safely in hand.

He only had his Rose and his Lilly to attend to in like manner.

The good fortune of his youngest daughter, Daisy, to secure the heated attentions of a widowed Duke was beyond his expectations. She had made haste to return home to impart the news to the family. When she and Harry were alone in the study the bubbling young girl thanked her Father for his years of instruction on anal pleasures. She had duped the Duke into thinking her an anal virgin as well as vaginal virgin by resisting his advances on her beautiful posterior. Her reluctant offering of her rear door pleasures sealed the deal with the Duke and he tirelessly rode her bottom morning, noon and night. The Duke considered himself the most fortunate of men to have found a winsome young girl of good character with an acceptance of his most favored delight.

Harry was sorry to lose the anal favors of his youngest daughter, but it was time for the young girl to enter married life and make her own decisions.

His eldest daughter, Petunia, had accepted the proposal of the Honorable Clement Tarkington. Harry remembered the older gentleman was much enamored of Petunia's bottom. He had only recently

been stretching her sphincter muscle after Daisy went to find a husband at her Aunt's spider web of matchmaking. He wished the stately gentleman good fortune riding his Petunia's rear end in his well-appointed country estate. Harry knew Petunia was ever an obedient girl and he had a suspicion that is exactly what Sir Clement wanted above all else.

He sat now in the drawing room with his two unmarried daughters, Rose and Lily.

Rose was bubbling over like a tea kettle left on boil. Lily, as usual, was reading a very serious book and had little interest in either romantic or marital intrigues of any nature. Harry looked with interest at Rose's heaving bosom.

"Egad! The little minx has been hiding her cleavage under billowy and dull dresses."

He was going to have to buy his little Rose some bright and appealing frocks to attract some honey bees to the honey pot. He looked at Lily and just shook his head. That was going to be a major endeavor.

Harry knew there was no training necessary for Rose. If anything he would have to curb her enthusiasm for sexual activities. He was certain that all of the male servants had contributed to her sexual education in many different ways. Harry remembered one summer afternoon when Rose had just turned 18. He was dozing in the side portico and was awakened by the sound of loud whimpers. He looked through the bushes and saw Rose bent over in front of the footman. The sound of his meaty and sweaty groin slapping into his daughters bottom was enough to bring him to full alertness. Harry could see that his daughter was being transported to a state of complete and total release as her orgasm shook her entire body. She fell to the cobblestones as the footman withdrew his mighty tool. It looked to Harry to be a full 12 inches long and quite sturdy in girth. He was amazed that his petite daughter could handle a staff of that size without difficulty. She apparently had been getting plenty of sexual exercise while he was busy with little Daisy.

Knowing he had no duties where Rose was concerned, Harry turned his thoughts to the very passive Lily.

"Lily, my dear, have you any thoughts on your sisters upcoming marriages?"

Lily looked up from her book, a little perturbed at being disturbed in her concentration.

"No, Father. I wish them every happiness in their new lives."

Rose moved away, bored with the direction of the conversation.

“Lily, have you been bedded by a man as yet?”

His daughter blushed a rosy tint. She was embarrassed by the direct question.

“No, Daddy. I have my hymen intact. In fact, my posterior has not yet been probed as well. Even my mouth remains virgin to the touch of a man’s cock.”

Harry had suspected as much and was much distressed by his lack of attention to Lilly’s sexual education.

“Young lady, this very evening you will become familiar with the delights of cock play. You will come to your mother’s bed and do not disturb your sisters.”

Lily went back to reading her book. She was not in the least bit nervous. She knew it was time for her to become schooled in the way of men. It was better that her Father did the teaching and not a lowly servant who wished only to degrade and humiliate her to punish her for her upper class affectations.

Harry called Rose into the library shortly before tea time.

“Rose, you have been a very naughty girl with several of the male servants. Do you have anything to say before you are punished?”

Rose started to cry and beg her Father for mercy. She told him that she was lonely and needed the touch of a man’s cock to make her feel safe and happy.

Harry was filled with overwhelming sympathy, but he knew the deed had to be done.

“Come over here, Missy, time for you to learn your lesson.”

Harry pulled Rose over his knee. She squirmed and wiggled and only succeeded in making her pussy start to leak pussy juice onto her clean white drawers.

“Daddy! I am so very sorry. I want to be a good girl, Daddy. I just have to have it sometimes. I can’t help it. It feels so good when a cock is stretching me down there. I can’t help myself. I want to stop, but I can’t. Make me be good, Daddy. Hit me hard and make me be a good girl. Please, Daddy.”

Harry tucked Rose’s skirts up into her waist belt. Her white bloomers were now exposed and he could see the telltale wet spot that identified the girl’s wantonness.

He pulled her drawers down with a finality that informed Rose of the seriousness of her situation. Her pale white ass cheeks jutted up into the air. A man servant came into the room and asked if there was anything else required. Harry realized the fellow had probably been humping his daughters shapely ass long enough to recognize it even in this position. He waved the fellow out of the room. Harry did not wish to add to his daughter's indignity.

The spanking was vigorous. It was quite long. The sound of Rose's sobs and pleading whines echoed in his ears.

Harry was very pleased.

The sight of Rose's bright red ass cheeks attested to his forceful discipline for her sexual misconduct.

Rose was hiccuping non-stop and her tears were still flowing.

"Forgive me, Daddy. I don't want to be a bad girl."

Harry held Rose in his arms and held her tight. She was high spirited and overly sexed, but she was still his daughter and he would do right by her. He would find her a good husband to start her new life. A life of conjugal bliss and not sin and shame. He would find her a man to pound her ass into the sheets each and every night and give her enough sons and daughters to occupy every spare second of her time. She would have no time for dalliance or flirtations after she was wedded, bedded and with child.

After the lights had been snuffed out later that evening, Lily crept down the hall to her mother's bedroom. She saw her Father in the bed holding the cover up for her to crawl in beside him. Lily was shivering a bit. She figured it was a combination of the cold night air and a little bit of fear. Daisy had told her all of the depraved nightly adventures in her mother's bed.

Lily had already removed her night time bloomers and had taken a precaution to lubricate her bum hole with a stick of butter. No sooner was she horizontal on the sheets, she felt her night shirt being pulled up in the back and her Father's rock hard 10 inch cock pressed hard against her pucker hole. The butter was a life saver. His huge cock slid into her without any effort. She took it all and did not complain. The feeling of complete fullness spread up into her belly. Her front slit was starting to leak with the sprinkling of her female juices. Lily started to grunt each time her Daddy pushed his huge cock deep inside her bum. It was so deliciously dirty. She had read about this in novels and her sisters told her about the feelings. Still, it was a mystery to her. All she knew was that it was a good

feeling and she could sense that she was headed to a climax of pleasure that she had never experienced with mere masturbation.

Harry pulled out of Lily's ass and look down at her. She was a tight one and had surprised him with the butter on her tail. She looked so innocent looking up at him.

“Daddy, you can put it in my pussy if you want. I don't want to be a virgin any more. I want to know the feel of a real cock in my pussy.”

He spread her legs wide and saw her juices flowing out. Her hair was matted and curled at the edges. Harry pushed his cock up and down the dripping slit. Lily stirred and panted like a runner at the finish line. His cock slipped inside a few inches and was stopped by her virginal membrane. Harry grabbed her shoulders and pushed her down on his cock. A quick rip and she was a virgin no longer. The initial stab of pain was quickly replaced by her building orgasm as Harry slid in and out of her tight little pussy.

His hand on her ass spread her ass cheeks and his finger pushed up into her brown hole just as his creamy cum exploded into her thirsty womb.

Lily was holding onto Harry's shoulders. Her legs were wrapped around his thrusting body and her rounded heels kicked into the soft cheeks of his ass as she experienced her first full body orgasm.

Her voice cut through into Harry's consciousness.

“Thank you, Daddy. Thank you for your cream, Daddy. I am all filled up with your lovely cream.”

Harry wrapped his arms around her. They both fell into a deep and restful sleep. The next morning, the chamber maid peeked into the bed and saw Sir Harry's cock hard as a rock resting in the slumbering young girl's hand.

It was only a short week later that Harry broke the news to Lily that young Rupert, the son of Lady Camilla Jones-Smythe had asked for her hand in marriage. Lily was a little surprised because she had perceived Rupert's taste ran more to young men. Harry reassured her he was fully prepared to do all his husbandly duties and present her with young heirs for the Jones-Smythe fortune. Lily was satisfied because a husband who was not overly demanding on her favors was a distinct advantage in her quest to read every book in their vast library.

Harry was not surprised when his last daughter, Rose, ran away with the footman with the 12 inch cock. He thought to himself,

“Were I a female, I might be tempted to do the same thing myself.”

Harry managed to carve out a chunk of the Jones-Smythe fortune and send it to his daughter Rose, her new husband, Jock, and her twin daughters, Bessie and Nellie.

His marriage to the widow, Lady Camilla Jones-Smythe was rumored to have taken place to help pay off his many creditors who had tired of his endless excuses.

His new wife Camilla doted on her new Granddaughter, Bridget. The child was her new reason for living.

Well, that, and the ever aroused cock of her devoted husband, Sir Harry Higgins.