

Sir Harry and the Poacher's Daughter (Part 2)

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Bess closed her eyes and felt Eugenia lower herself on top of her

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/sir-harry-and-the-poachers-daughter.aspx>

A short recap of Part 1 recalls the scene in Sir Harry's basement as he vigorously administered discipline to the newest of his tenant's daughters. His personal punishment of her anal passage was unfortunate but necessary to maintain good discipline on the Estate. The walls of the basement had echoed these many decades with the pleas and sobs of wayward daughters requiring instruction on obeying their betters. We also met Sir Harry's eldest daughter, Eugenia, a girl of 20 years of age and a ripe body ready for picking. She has employed her oral skills these two years past to console her widowed Father devoid of spouse and bed-mate. They are very close and more like lovers than Father and Daughter. We are yet to meet his other two daughters, or the title character, The Poacher's Daughter.

Sir Harry is seated in the Dumare manordrawing room and has received strange news from his head gamekeeper.

"Sir Harry, I fear we have a poacher lurking on the Estate. He has already taken several of the game hens and I found two rabbit snares in the maze."

Sir Harry was taken aback. These poachers were dastardly fellows. Strangers to both deference or common decency. He slapped the leather arm of his favorite chair.

"We are for it then. The fellow must be found out and removed forthwith!"

Harry knew it was easy to speak thus, but more difficult to persevere in the remedy.

He gave instruction that all of the Estate staff should be on the lookout for strangers and rough looking interlopers who might fit the bill of such deviant a rascal.

The "deviant rascal" was this minute sitting down to dinner with his wife, his daughter Bess, his 10 year old spitting image son, and the infant boy recently added to the household. His son was John Junior named after himself, and the infant was simply-The Baby.

John did not think of himself as a poacher.

He knew that what he did to put food on the table was not quite considered accepted behavior, but eating was not a luxury to be lightly disregarded. He was a skilled farrier but had been without work since his tools were stolen almost a year prior.

The "Poacher's" Daughter, Bess, was a comely lass; she was slight, tis true, but firm of muscle and shockingly curved in feminine perfection. Her long shining black tresses were her crowning glory. Her beauty was such that her presence in these humble surroundings seemed distressingly odd.

Bess often helped her Father with his traps.

She was small enough to fit into the tight spaces where the most succulent animal hid out of sight of human eyes. In fact, she caught herself talking to them when she was alone. Encouraging them to come forth and meet their fate. A sacrifice to fill the bellies of her hungry family.

Bess was still a virgin. She had seen only 18 winters in the harsh rugged moors. Never a school, never a dance, and never a boy's kiss on her ruby red lips. Her Father needed her in his struggle to feed the family. The poaching was not all she knew. Bess was quite adept at lifting a wallet from a fat merchant's hip. Her silent movements were matched by her speed. On those rare days when she was detected, she sped away safely into the forest. She had never been caught, for no legs could match her lightning speed.

John knew his daughter was his secret weapon. Hardly ever suspected, she gathered needed information, set the mark and they were off. Poaching the small game was her greatest skill. She found their trails and delivered them for the dinner table on many a night.

It was the river bath that caused their undoing.

Bess was the cleanest of creatures.

Almost every day, she would hie away to the nearby river and bathe her luscious body until sparkling clean. She washed and brushed her long black hair both day and night.

She stood in the water stark naked with her hair cascading down almost to the river water itself. Bending over to soap her strong sensuous legs, her ass cheeks stretched tautly, her tantalizing black bush peeking between her sensuous and deep ass crack.

This was the view that Eugenia spied as she lay on the riverbank reading a very naughty book about decidedly non-celibate monks and nuns. Her pulse raced as she took in the sight. The ruby red lips, the sultry eyes, the delectable ass and the strong muscular legs. For some reason, her heart was beating faster, and her virginal pussy began to brim over with her own sweet syrup.

Eugenia put her hand down between her legs and was surprised that the touch of her finger matched up with the sight of the beautiful petite girl made her squirt right into her own palm. She wiped her hand on her thin Summer shift. Her own legs were unfettered by either petticoats or bloomers this day because of the heat lingering in the valley.

Eugenia stood and walked quietly to the river's edge.

"Young girl, are you one of our tenants?"

Bess was startled out of her daydream. She defensively squatted down like an animal at bay, and looked all about for other people in close proximity. No, just this girl with the prettiest face she had ever seen. From her words and her appearance, a lady of quality. She noticed the light behind the girl outlined her legs and hips to make it appear that she was as naked as she was herself. The proud back, the curved ass cheeks, Bess licked her lips at the sight. This was much better than any small game.

Eugenia was surprised when the strange naked girl came close to her and leaned in to sniff her hair and her body.

"I say! What are you doing, you silly girl."

Bess reached out and cupped Eugenia's firm bosom. A bosom much larger than her own. Tenderly she rolled the nipple and looked closely into Eugenia's beautiful eyes.

"Oh, my! Desist at once. unhand my tit, you naked thing, you."

Bess could see Eugenia was flustered. But she also saw the telltale sign of sudden sexual

excitement. A yearning very similar to her own.

"Take off that dress and come join me in the stream. It will cool you off straight away. Where's the harm. We're both females. What could possibly happen?"

Eugenia needed no further invitation. She quickly stripped off the dress and the two of them ran laughing into the river holding hands. It was so relaxing to be so carefree and happy with another girl. Her sisters never played with her like this. They were far too reserved and ladylike.

When they returned to the river bank, they both sank down to the blanket spread earlier by Eugenia as she read her book. Eugenia's face reddened when Bess picked up her book.

"It's just a tale of religious folk, you wouldn't like it."

Not realizing that Bess could not read a single word, she was most assuredly relieved to see her put it down and lay back on the blanket. Eugenia laid down beside her without a single word more. She put her hand on Bess and let her fingers explore all the secret places of her body. Her tiny boobs and button like nipples, the flat tummy and the black hairy patch that covered her dampened slit. Eugenia was breathing rapidly and felt her emotions rise as her vagina brimmed over and her pussy juice ran down the inside of her leg.

Bess was breathing rapidly as Eugenia touched her pale white body all over. Her ass cheeks clenched tightly as her juices rose to the lips of her swollen womanhood. She closed her eyes and felt Eugenia roll over on top of her as she imagined a young lover would cover his betrothed. She felt Eugenia's soft breasts rub tantalizingly over her smaller and less voluptuous boobs with their hard button nipples in full arousal.

Eugenia forced her legs to open and receive her hips onto her pulsating pelvic area.

Bess felt the soft downy patch of lightly colored hair mash in against her dark black bush. Eugenia held her tightly with encircling arms as she ground down hard into her pubic mound. The friction alone was all it took to bring Bess to a shattering, shuddering climax. She wrapped her strong muscular legs around the genteel ladies' hips and ass cheeks and hung on until her convulsions subsided.

As she looked down on the naked girl's body beneath her, Eugenia kissed her closed eyelids tenderly and released her pent-up liquids in forceful squirts onto her throbbing pussy. She felt so at ease, so complete, so very satisfied that she had given pleasure to this strange girl. Better even than when her Father's cum shot up his lengthy shaft into her waiting mouth.

"Oh, my sweet lady! You have reached my very soul. Let me be your devotee from this moment on."

"Silly Girl! You mistake me for a suitor. I am but your friendly pleasure seeker. We mix well together, it is a certainty."

"Will you embrace me likewise anon, my precious soulmate?"

"Tis but a dalliance, little Bess. Yet still rather pleasing and I will continue to tend to your needs. Most discreetly, of course. This female conjoining is frowned on as some form of witchcraft. So take a care!"

Bess did not mention this meeting to her Father.

Eugenia did not say a single word of it to Sir Harry.

Later that very night, Bess would be joining her Father as they cleared the rabbit traps on the Dumare Estate. She had not inkling that her nocturnal activities would cause her to be soon displayed in fully naked form on the spanking table in Sir Harry's basement.

Eugenia was in a strange mood, Sir Harry thought as she sat gazing out the arbor window into the dark night. He thought of imposing on her for a pleasurable suck, but was put off by her vacant musing and distracting stroking of her long tresses for no reason. Whatever can she be thinking of?

Eugenia never expected that the next time she saw poor Bess would be face down on her Father's spanking table.

(To be continued in Part 3 The Poacher's Daughter on the Spanking Table)