

# Sir Harry and the Poacher's Daughter (part 3)

By harrylime

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Apr 2011

All Harry Lime stories are copyrighted under application made August 15, 2011 #441275 copyright @ directlegal.com All requests to download or reprint these stories will be granted after contacting the author at this site or at kattawatta33@hotmail.com. All Harry Lime stories will soon be available on Amazon.com as kindle E-books Volume I is released. Vol II will be released October 2011 and Vol III will be released December 2011. Additional copyright information will be posted on the Amazon. com site.

*Eugenia felt each blow as if it were on her own defenseless ass*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/sir-harry-and-the-poachers-daughter-1.aspx>

*A quick recap of Part 2 shows Sir Harry faced with reports of a scurrilous poacher harvesting numerous rabbits and other small game from the Dumare Estate. Eugenia has importuned her Father for a session on the spanking table, much to his chagrin. The Poacher is ensconced as a squatter in one of the Estate's empty cottages with his family and his beautiful Daughter, Bess. A lovely lass of tender years. She is more the Poacher than her Father with skills in survival rarely matched. A chance meeting between Bess and Eugenia leads to a blossoming dalliance. A trap is set for the Poacher and is waiting to be sprung.*

Eugenia gazed out the window with unseeing eyes. She thought of Bess and the tryst on the riverbank. Her legs trembled yet. With no man to bed her, her pussy was aching. She needed Bess's firm fingers and softly yielding skin to relieve her sweet longing. Her Father was a dear, but his cock was quite old. He used her mouth for much mutual pleasure refusing to make sport in her bushy garden or her sweet luscious ass.

Sir Harry was nervously tapping his pipe on the fireplace. The trap was set and the villain would be safely in hand before the dawn. This poacher would be soundly thrashed to an inch of his life. He would no more a poaching on Sir Harry's lands be found. The waiting was deucedly distressful. He looked at his fair Daughter and found his cock a rising.

Eugenia came back to Earth and glanced at her forlorn Father.

Hell's bells! His meat was bulging with obvious need.

She smiled at him with loving concern.

"Dear Sir! Have a caution. I come straightaway."

Sir Harry was consoled.

Consoled with caring hands that released him. Fingers that stroked him into firmness for discharging his load. Lips that kissed him with tender regard in all those places that made him so pleased. Soon his pre-cum was lubricating Lady Eugenia's sweet mouth.

Eugenia was sucking Sir Harry's huge cock. Her mind was on Bess and her sweet, soft mound, her tender nipples, and her wet, open mouth.

She sensed her Father's cum rising from his tight balls underneath. Her fingers did slide to his backside to coax more cum from his cock.

Sir Harry was startled to feel her fingers slide in. He shot his load quite forcefully to the back of her throat. The load was most copious and dribbled quite long.

Eugenia looked up at her Father with a tear in her eye. His cum dripped so slowly from her chin to her lap. The tear was for Bess and not any other. She longed for her touch and the feel of her kiss on the tip of her breast.

"Little Ginny, you seem so distraught. What malady consumes you, I will chase it away."

"No, Dear Father. I am happy to pleasure you, my mouth ever yours. My thoughts are so scattered, I have naught a cause."

Eugenia pushed all the creamy cum into her mouth and licked her lips to free them of it's sticky residue.

"I'm to bed, Father. Thank you for your lovely present. It will rest in my belly until the new day."

Sir Harry stirred the fire. He was staying up this Eve to confirm the Poacher's capture.

The sound of running feet woke him from his slumber.

"Sir Harry! We have the blackguard cornered. Come see us give him short shrift."

=====  
=====

Bess was panting with exertion.

She had run in all directions within the devious maze.

Where did all these fellows come from?

She thought of dropping the two fat rabbits, but it seemed so very final. Her concealment in the warren was surely her safest route. When the hue and cry did settle, she moved to the side of the path. Silently she stole away into the moonless night.

With a startled cry, Bess fell hard into the hidden pit. The bottom was a muddy mess. She lost the rabbits as well as one shoe. In a trice, she was covered with mud. Her appearance was of a chimney sweep or a small miner coming up from the depths. Bess relaxed. She was caught, fair and square. Time to pay the piper.

=====  
=====

Sir Harry and his minions looked down at the muddied heap. Their spirits were full measure and their taunts filled with spite. They knew they had caught their poacher and were ready to make sport.

Bess was dragged up out of the deep dank pit and made to lie face down in the dirt and the grime. Feet did land on her, but mostly her soft bottom. Her grunts were muted and not a word did she say.

"Strip the fellow down, boys! I am going to give him a stripe for every one of my missing rabbits and hens."

Bess was stood up and rough hands removed all her garments to her waist.

Total silence prevailed.

"Sir, Harry. It's a girl!"

This statement was all too obvious. Bess's breasts were sticking up, high and proud with nipples protruding in fear and anger.

"Truss her up, boys. She's to the basement for a taste of the table."

Sir Harry realized, poacher or no, whipping and tarring on a rail were not suited to female persuasion. No, the spanking table would be her reward for daring to poach on his sacred lands. They bound her and gagged her and noosed her behind the dog cart for her trip to the Manor. Stumbling and falling, she uttered no sound. Sir Harry could see, a brave lass she was.

The house was quite still in the early morning night. The noise of his cohorts did waken Eugenia from her bed. She hid down the stairs and was startled to find a black muddy lump at her feet.

"Father, what's afoot?"

Sir Harry decided to make use of her presence and told his daughter to have her maid draw a bath for the creature fallen so low.

"It is fitting you women make this poacher clean for her punishment. Scrub her up good and bring her to me. I will be in the basement, you want so much to see. You can watch this strumpet get her just due for breaking the law."

Eugenia was surprised to discover the lump was of the gender....female. She obeyed her Father with nary a contraire and smiled at the thought of watching a spanking table session in all its regale.

The bath was ready. The poacher disrobed. Eugenia was shocked to see Bess standing in total disarray.

"Into the tub with you this very instant!"

Eugenia dismissed her maid who scampered away. Happy to be shut of this strange sight indeed.

She washed Bess all over and cleaned her so well. Her hair was carefully scrubbed by her hand. So delightful a creature did rise from the tub.

Eugenia felt her heart jump when she took in the sight. Her true love so near and close to the touch.

Bess was fearful and asked Eugenia about the spanking table. Eugenia explained its purpose and its use to the best of her knowledge. Bess could see Eugenia was enamored of the table and grew steadily less afraid. She told Eugenia that she would take the punishment intended for her Father. His weak heart was too fragile to handle the whipping.

"My sweet Bess, I wish I could take it all for you. I would suffer tenfold the spanking to relieve you from stress."

Bess kissed away Eugenia's tears and donned the short shift which would be her uniform for the spanking session. It left nothing to the imagination, all her luscious wares surely exposed. Part of the session, to heighten the distress. She told Eugenia that each indignity would be her gift to her Father and to Eugenia, her lover sublime.

The basement was crowded with the men from the chase. Their reward would be seeing the poacher's just due.

Sir Harry motioned his daughter to move back into the shadow where the men could not see her heaving breast so tempting to make them reach out. He cautioned her that she was to watch and not speak to preserve her reputation. No tongues would wag of her wanton desire. He was unaware of her liaison with the beautiful young poacher. He turned to the girl and grabbed her long hair.

"Do you plead guilty and accept your punishment here?"

The stunning beauty looked up at her captor.

"I do so plead. I do accept. I ask for mercy, if it suit your grace."

Sir Harry's smile turned cruel.

"No mercy here tonight, you poaching strumpet. Strap her in, boys. Get her ass up nice and high."

The shift was pulled up to waist. Her ass was raised high on the table. Her head was held down low making her slit spread apart. The young girl's ass cheeks were most deliciously parted. Her tiny little nether hole was opening and closing in dreaded anticipation. Sir Harry felt compelled to reach forward and explore the tantalizing pucker hole. It was tight and unstretched. He heard his Eugenia's gasp of distress. How odd he thought, you would think it was her.

He checked all the straps for tightness and placement. They were all in order and no amount of wiggling would help her to avoid his hard strokes a'coming with greatest of dispatch.

Sir Harry pulled Bess's hair back so her face could be seen by all the bystanders as she received her just dues.

"We will start with 25 hard ones on your sweet rump. Are you ready, filthy poacher?"

Bess nodded her acquiescence, her dignity full flown. She looked at the men and saw no sign of pity, only sheer lust.

Sir Harry ran his hands over the rounded ass cheeks presented high for his inspection. He saw two bruises low on her right cheek. Probably from her ass kicking as she was extracted from the pit. He touched them lightly and was pleased to see the little wench wince just a trifle. He would save those spots for his ending when she would be sorely pressed.

"Let me hear you sing loud, little miss poacher. Your sobs will be my music this night."

He started with a hard and heavy hand. The onlookers were surprised with the force of his blows. Normally, Sir Harry was much more tender with the wayward minxes of the Estate. But this was a poacher and his force was much admired. Except by Eugenia lurking in the shadows. She felt each heavy whack on Bess's posterior as if it was her own. Yet her juices were running and she knew naught why.

After the twelfth hard spank, Bess wiggled her rump. Her mouth opened slightly and she ventured a groan. The onlookers were thrilled to see her move thus. She was feeling the reward of committing her crime.

Sir Harry moved slightly lower and the bruises were his target. Bess's head came up higher, her voice loud and shrill as she shouted her protest at the placement of her stroke. Sir Harry knew he was not truly fair, but she had accepted and admitted her guilt. Eugenia in the back did allow her tears to flow at the treatment of her true love, the dignity quite lost.

Bess gave in full measure and begged for respite. Sir Harry smiled and administered her last five blows with concentrated intent. Each blow brought a sob and yet another plea. It was only fodder for the male onlookers who watched with delight. Eugenia came forward and applied the healing salve to poor Bess's tattered bottom. As a final gesture of humiliation for all wayward girls and poachers daughter, Sir Harry lubricated his long finger and slid it deep into the miscreant's pucker hole and cautioned her to mend her ways. He worked it in and out and side to side, watching her lose her juices on the cobblestones below. She was full heated and ready to squirt, the discipline was needed and she took it in stride. Slowly, he withdrew his digit and watched her brown hole open and close in a dance of anticipation and much needed relief.

He bade Eugenia to remove the poacher to her quarters for rest. In the morn, he would decide her fate.

Eugenia smiled and obeyed without comment. She expected some company in her bed this very night. She would console her and keep her safe in her arms.

Sir Harry thanked the men for their relentless pursuit of the poacher and told them they could be proud of their defense of the Dumare Estate and their very own homes.

Sir Harry imbibed a drink before bed and dreamed of helpless damsels and ripe asses ready to be touched. The dream was so vivid, he cried out in his sleep. Eugenia and Bess woke not from their slumber, entwined so closely you would think they were one.

(Continued in Part 4 A Husband for Eugenia)