

# War For A Rose: 1455

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*War Erupts Between Contenders To The Throne of England*

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The man was bleeding heavily from his thigh. The arrow had seared and torn through the chainmail that was wrapped around his leg. Blood had begun to seep through the inter-linked chainmails and into the grass as the man fought with all his strength, dragging the injured limb along as he made his way into the nearby forestry. "Just a bit further, before I get caught by these Yorkist dogs!" The man shouted in a final effort to motivate himself. If he was caught he would be tortured until he told them what they wanted to know; why had he gone and broken into the hold of Sir Berren, a bannerman to the House of York and attempted to murder him and his wife. Bartand was the injured man. He squeezed the injury on his leg. He was a sellsword, a man paid to kill or fight in battle. If the Yorkist forces tortured Bartand they would discover who Bartand really was: a sellsword, mercenary to the House of Lancaster, paid and given assignments in this war for the throne. To attack the House of York, and thwart their attempts at holding onto the throne. Henry Tudor was the head of House Lancaster, and he was seeking the throne himself, to wrestle it from the hands of the Yorks. Bartand was approached only a few months before, by a messenger sent by the House of Lancaster wishing to employ him into their service in the war, killing those they wanted targeted through whatever methods were deemed necessary, be it assassination, deceit, poisons, disguises and even murder. His first assignment was to murder Sir Berren and Lady Berren of House Berren, loyal to the House of York and sworn to use their power to help in the war. If Sir Berren and his wife were murdered and it was made to appear that House Whent was behind the killings, as part of a blood feud going back a hundred years their support could be called into question as House Whent was bound to support the House of York also. House Berren, in thinking that House Whent was behind the murders, would ignore the war and turn their attentions on their old rival enemies. But the plan had gone awry. Bartand had been caught entering the room by a handmaiden in his armor and weapons, with a dagger in hand and she screamed and fled the room calling for the guards. Bartand had fought his way out of the castle with his sword and shield but by the time he got out of Castle Berren he had lost his sword belt, shield and had taken an arrow from a longbow to his leg. His chainmail could put up a defense, but the longbow was shot at him from quite close, only a few yards away and it tore through the chainmail on his leg like paper. He had to roll out of a window, into the horses but luckily he had

rolled into a bail of hay, thus softening his fall. From there it was a limping dash through the town's gates, that were manned by only two guards he swept past. However by the time he made it out into the fields of crops, he had lost his only dagger. He was too far away from his drop-off point where he left his provisions and kit, where he had more daggers, his Longsword and a bow, even a poultice that could heal his injury. But there were just over a dozen Yorkist men-at-arms, a few bowmen and two scouts on horseback hunting for him that were between him and what he sought after. His only good bet, was to dash into the nearby forest and wait it out for his hunters to pass by him. But that was best hoping, this was Yorkist territory, these soldiers knew these lands and grounds better than he did. He soon heard mutts growling, dogs were brought out to help out in the hunt. He knew these dogs would help their hunt, his scent was out and in the open as these dogs growled. He had to cover his scent, he dragged himself further into the forest and found a muddy pond. He threw himself into the pond, soaking himself from head to foot and crawled into the nearby muddy patches and covered himself in splashes of the mud, putting some on his face all over his black beard. He heard the growls of the dogs, as he checked his sword belt. It was empty. He had lost his dagger, his sword and even the small blade he hid on the inside of the belt. It was extremely small and thin, it was his last resort weapon if needed but it was gone. How could he even fight these dogs. 'Better to fight with my hands and fists, than let one of these dogs have a bite at me without even a smidgen of resistance,' Bartand thought, readying himself in the mud for battle. But the dogs came no further, nor did their growls become louder; they in fact quietened down and eventually they were gone so were the noises of the men-at-arms looking for him. 'Did they give up the chase?' He wondered. 'Why they had me surrounded and caught in this wood'. Bartand couldn't think properly, his head was a daze and he fell sideways into the mud and fell unconscious. His surcoat and chainmail now brown and crusty as he lay. 21ST MAY 1455, Southern England, Yorkist Territory Bartand didn't know how long he was out for, he couldn't remember how he had ended up being pulled along the ground on a wooden shield to protect him from harm. He looked up, his eyes groggy as he saw a horse naying as it pulled him along the mud on the shield. Bartand tried to see the rider of the horse, but his eyes were too strained to concentrate too much. He could see the rider had short cropped blonde hair which was very alluring and the rider wore a jerkin and skirt. It was a woman. He blacked out again, and awoke a bit later, he was now laid back against the trunk of a tree. He saw a fire had been made up in the hearth of the ground. It was grey in the sky now, darker than usual daytime and it was obviously close to the sun going down. He turned his head up, and saw the blonde woman tending to the horse that pulled him away safely from the wood. Slowly he dropped his gaze down to his injured thigh, and found it was bound, cleaned and tended to. The arrow was gone now, and wrapped with linen. "Who... who are you?" He asked groggily, his throat red raw and painful. She turned. Her features were pixie like. Beautiful eyes, a cute nose, lovely pert full lips and a mischevious face to her. He knew when she would smile he would crack a rib in pleasure. Her hair was cropped and cut short just an inch below her ear. She had quite a pixie body form, she had to only be 5'2 or 5'3 in height, no more. She had cute hips, obviously not child bearing hips but they would become so in a few years. He couldn't recognise her, he couldn't place her either. He had never seen her before. She stood, and she was

wearing a grey dress. It was quite tight, the skirt of the dress shorter than most ceremonial dresses, it was cut shorter stopping a few inches above her ankle. He saw she had grey stockings on also, darker than the dress in colour. She did not have heels on however, she was wearing rider boots, that looked like they would be good in a sword melee also. "Who are you... you don't seem like a woman of court, those boots and the cut of your dress says you are something else. Counting the swordbelt on your horse, as well," Bartand moaned. She smiled. Jesus that bloody smile! Shes like a pixie or a fairy, shes so fucking beautiful and that smile could blind a man. As she smiled her lips widened into a cheeky but also innocent smile, and her eyes seem to follow into the movement. "You spot a lot don't you, Bartand," she said in an Essex accent she had from outside of London in the Essex county. "How do you know me?" Bartand asked apprehensively. Something wasn't adding up with this girl. "Bartand, you are not the only one working for Mason. I do too, and we are both working towards Henry Tudor taking the throne. We are on the same side." Bartand sighed. Mason was Bartand's recruiter, he had brought Bartand into the court to the House of Lancaster and recruited him into the organisation that supported Henry Tudor in the war. Mason was a stout man, old and aged. He had to be in his early fifties, which was quite an age. He must have fought in many wars. He could speak both French and Spanish. He was a war advisor to Henry Tudor and his court. Bartand had guessed that Mason was recruiting agents who would carry out guerilla tactic attacks on the forces of House of York. "So why did Mason send you to find me?" Bartand asked. She approached him slowly and knelt down next to the fire, he poked the wood embers in the fire and looked up. The light from the fire shone on her face beautifully. "He knew you would maybe hit some trouble... Lady Berren was alerted to an attempt in progress against her life and that of her husband. Mason is still trying to discover what little birdie told Lady Berren you were coming. The castle was already riled up and prepared before you even arrived. Guards were on full alert when I came up, and they seemed to believe someone was already on the grounds. I was about to leave and report back to Mason, but then I saw you escape the grounds and run across the foothills away from the gate. I saw you get hit by the crossbow and I saw you dragging yourself to the forest. I knew once the dogs were brought out they'd find you, so I snuck back into the castle grounds and set alight to the horses barn. It was a good distraction, the soldiers and dogs came running back and abandoned the search for you." Bartand nodded. "I did nod off, after I fell into the pond. I must have missed the wisps of smoke in the trees. So who are you then?" He asked. The girl once again poked the fire with a branch. "I got by the name Pixie, or... Lady Lott as others call me," she said not lifting her eyes from the fire to Bartand's. "Ahhhhh, Lady Lott of the House of Lott in Essex I'm guessing. Loyal to the Lancaster's. I've heard of your House. You are a young Lady to the House, your mother would go by Lady Heather Lott. Your father Lord Lott has been rallying his forces under the Lancaster banner. Wait a minute... your father's bannermen are riding for St. Albans, to defend the town against the Yorkist forces. How many of your father's men have gone with the Lancaster host?" Bartand asked getting a reading of who this woman was. He had indeed heard of her, her nickname in court was "Pixie" because of her features and looks but she was known as younger Lady Lott as her mother Heather still lived. He also knew her father swore allegiance and fealty to Henry Tudor. It was the eve before the march to St Albans, and

it was known in court and in the lands that a Lancaster host was en route to the town to defend it from Yorkist attack. "My father sent 300 bannermen of his to aid the march to St Albans, about 150 men-at-arms, 50 pikemen, 50 archers and 50 horseback. Its not much of a force but put with Henry's host, it numbers about 2,000. I can only hope my father's forces and the Lancaster host can rally the approaching Yorkist forces or we will lose St Albans," Lady Lott said. Lady Lott turned around to grab another log, when she fell forward gently but as she did her grey short dress rode up the back of her legs in front of Bartand. The light from the fire illuminated the sight; her dress rode up exposing the tops of her dirty grey stockings. Around the tops of her stockings, were black rings. Bartand's eyes followed further up, her fuller thighs led up to the bottom of her buttocks. Bartand's thick hairy cock hardened in his breeches underneath his chainmail. Lady Lott attempted to pull down the back of her dress feebly with her hand, but it caused the dress to bunch up and bounce even higher now exposing her full buttocks. The higher the dress rode, the more obvious it was she was not wearing undergarments to hide her sex. ' God she is young, she can only be ten and ten together. God her buttocks are ripe, and young. Does she not know I can see her bottom, god I can even make out the lips of her womanhood. Bet I could slide up inside her with pleasure, and open her rose wide...' At that moment she even made the sight even more erotic, spreading her legs in the dirt, her knees parting. Her stockings got dirtier and darker from the earth. ' Would she scream? If I grabbed her, pinned her down over that log there and mount her. She's teasing me for a reason, shes not a dumb stupid girl she knows what I am seeing right now, the dirty bitch...' However before he could think anymore of it, maybe even attempt what he had thought of, Pixie closed her legs and sat up turning with the log in hand and she threw it into the fire. She pulled the dress down again to cover her legs. "If Henry loses St Albans, it will be a bad loss to the cause much less the start of this war. Its all been faints, and battlefield poses, but no battles. This could be the first, and then this war will be in full swing. No need then for our underhand tactics," Bartand said. Pixie gently laughed. "Mason spoke to me about this, if open war is declared at St Albans then the Lancaster's will have even more use for us. They will want Lords killed off, those who lead the armies. Threaten their families, or even put the hurt on them then the Lords may back down from their allegiances to Richard the Third. When their own families and holdings are under threat. You are a Sellsword, there will always be a use for you in this war. For me, I'm an agent. If Mason gives me a target I'll go to that target and kill them." Bartand nodded. "Only thing that will change when this war is finally declared is we will actually most likely face the Yorkist's in open battle. At least I will," Bartand mused gently poking his linen wrapped wound and it was painful, but not so bad as it was earlier on. Pixie looked him over. "Your accent Bartand, you aren't English are you?" She asked but not in a persecutive way. "No, I'm from Scotland. But I've always been a Sellsword, and fought all my life since birth. In the Clan wars and feuds up North, then when I knew I could make some coin from it I came down from the border and began to ply my trade in Wales, England and Ireland. Thats how I got my reputation, for Mason to notice." Pixie smiled gently. "I don't mind, I like Scots," she said gently grinning. Bartand hardened in his breeches once again, when she looked at his waist. "You lost your swordbelt in the forest, you're without weapons. We can't have that, not if we are to face this open war." Pixie stood and went to the horse

tied to the trees, and opened the sack slung over the horse's back. She pulled a brown swordbelt, and in the largest scabbard on it was a shortsword. In another smaller scabbard on the other side of the belt hung a dagger. She stepped towards the fire a few steps and threw the belt at Bartand. It landed right next to him with a crash. Bartand leaned over and lifted the swordbelt into his lap and pulled from the shortsword scabbard the sword. "King's steel, war hammered. Mason told me to bring you a swordbelt in case you lost yours in a fight. Dagger is the same make, King's Steel also," said the girl. She sat back down on the log in front of the fire. "We should sleep. The battle may happen tomorrow, and if it is so then these foothills are going to be busy with soldiers and battle lines." Bartand nodded, and he watched Pixie pull from nearby to her a ragged blanket, and wrapped it around her laying on her side on the earth. Bartand looked to his own side, and found a similar one. She had come prepared and he pulled it around himself to warm himself against the cold. The cold began to seep at his sides, but the fire did its best to ward it off.

22ND MAY 1455, Southern England, Yorkist Territory

Bartand awoke to the sound of rushing horses, and sat up to see the commotion. The horses were not nearby but the volume of them had shaken the ground hard. There were 50 mounted calvary and they were hauling towards somewhere, but they didn't seem to notice a young girl and man sat around a now dead fire, perhaps believing them to probably be daughter and father travelling. "What in bleeding hell is going on?" It had to be mid-day as it was quite light out. Bartand saw Pixie running back across the foothill towards him, and she sat down on the log in front of the fire. "I spoke to the calvary, word has come back from St Albans. Henry Tudor has been injured, and the defensive host he took with him to St Albans has been broken. Yorkist forces broke through the defences and took them unawares. Everyone is pulling back, those horses are en route to St Albans to further defend the town from a counter-attack by Henry's forces." Bartand struck the hearth beneath him with his fist. "A bloody Yorkist victory, what of Henry Tudor's condition?" Bartand asked. Pixie got her breath back. "Last I heard he took an arrow to the neck, no more than that is known." Bartand was surprised, if Henry Tudor was injured with a bolt in his neck how could he survive? This war seemed over before it had even begun. "We need to get out of here, with all of these forces on the move all we need is someone recognising me or you, they would know my family are alligned with House Lancaster. They'll hang you, and hold me ransom for my father to pay to have me back," Lady Lott explained, as Bartand's eyes wandered all over her nubile pixie form beneath her grey dress. It was dirty, but it's effect on the beauty was still strong. Her strongly bright blond hair shone, and the shortness of it cropped gave her face a cute border that really showed her eyes and smile. "Where do we go then?" Bartand asked. "Out of Yorkist territory, they will see this as a win for their cause. Richard the Third will be looking to expand on this victory, if Henry Tudor should die from his injury I do not think we should be around when word is spread. They will hang and behead all supporters to House Lancaster," Pixie said kicking the dead fire with her boot, breaking up the burnt oak to hide its existence, by kicking soil over it. Bartand attempted to stand, and he almost fell but Pixie helped him keep his balance as he stood. "Your leg is in a bad way, Sellsword, better I ride the reigns and you hold onto me from behind," Pixie said, as he waddled over to the horse, clipping his sword belt on to his waist. She helped Bartand onto the horse first, and he slid to the back of the horse. As Lady Lott

did not weigh much, she would be able to sit in front of Bartand, and ride. She was about to help herself onto the horse, as Bartand leant down wrapping his big thick arms around her waist and lifted her like a bale of hay weighing nothing. He seated her in front of himself, in the saddle. She felt a tingling in her tummy as he lifted her, only one had ever lifted her like this and it was her father but that was when she was a baby. As Bartand lifted her up, she felt something she had never felt before. The safety of his arms, and the feel of his strong arms around her. She felt herself dampen, in a way only one stable boy had done to her when she was younger in the Manor House stables of her father. Even then the boy didn't know what he was doing, and kept jabbing his fingers inside her roughly causing more pain than pleasure, but she did feel some pleasure and it was the only time she ever did in that way. The pleasure was here now, saddled in front of this Scottish Sellsword. Pixie kicked the horse's side to gird it into movement, and they were off galloping fast over the foothills and past the keep and castle belonging to House Berren. It was a few miles on foot, it had to be they, were breaking ground to avoid Yorkist forces. They soon found an inn with a stable to tie up the horse. Bartand was first off the horse, with a grunt of pain after landing on his feet. He helped Lady Lott off the animal, the town seemed quaint and quiet and they took all the belongings off of the mare. They made their way to the tavern known as the Hangman's Noose with a noose as the sigil of the tavern. They entered the tavern, and soon found the townspeople inside drinking merrily and happily. They soon entered, as people gave them curious looks, mainly to Bartand's injured leg and the sultry beautiful women with him. They hadn't recognised her as a Lady of Noble birth as yet. They sat down at the wooden bar, the lady barwoman was a large wench. Big breasts, and chest, very large child bearing hips, and short legs. She had red hair cropped that stopped just before her shoulders, and had blue eyes. She had a plain face but it was what she had under her neck that interested men. "Right what will you have miss?" She asked the unknown Lady Lott thinking she was just a common girl. Before Pixie could reply, a loud bustle of noise erupted. "I'd like your lips around my big ol' cock matron Gelda." The drunken man was laughing with a mug of ale in his hand laughing with a group of townsmen. They all laughed as matron Gelda, the large busty woman of the tavern sighed, shouting. "I'll have none of that in here Williams, or should I have my son beat you over the head with his spade. I'll be sucking no ol' cock in my time, I've done enough of that in my life. Besides I assure you I couldn't fit that ol' cock of yours in my mouth, Williams, your ladywife always complains you are too small for her even." The man's friends laughed and humiliated him as Gelda turned back to Pixie. It eventually dawned on Pixie that it was only matron Gelda and herself were the only women in the whole tavern surrounded by men. One bawdy hairy large man stood with a mug of ale in hand, a piece of mutton in the other wearing a surcoat and chainmail. "I bet I could spear you with my ol' cock Gelda, make you scream and cream at the w'ole same time." He laughed, grabbing his bulge with his hand holding the mutton leg. Gelda gave him a scornful stare. "Only way that ol' cock will come near me Gerald, is if I have to cut it to make a piece of dinner for the dogs outside." Bartand spotted the large man, on his surcoat was a shield of arms that showed his loyalty to a lowly House that he could not name, but he knew it was indeed loyal to the Yorkist cause. 'Bannermen to the House of York, either back from St Albans or fresh for battle from their lords ,' Bartand thought. Bartand leaned close

to Pixie and whispered. "We need to be careful here, there are soldiers here loyal to the Yorkist cause. We need to keep our heads down," he said pulling back. The large man wore a swordbelt around his waist, and sat back down laughing at Gelda's comment. Finally Gelda the matron of the tavern turned to Pixie and Bartand, speaking to the girl. "Sorry about that miss, now what can I get ya'?" She asked her big bosom sticking out as she leaned to hear what Pixie had to say. Pixie leant forward gently to speak, over the rucuss caused by the loud drunken townsmen. "A bed for the evening, Matron, and a meal and ale for us both. How much will it be for that?" Pixie asked, taking out a coin purse from inside her bodice. Bartand attempted to get a better look down the front of the dress, but she was quick as flash pulling it out. "A gold for you both, if you have a horse I'll have my son tend to it for you, miss and sir," Gelda said taking the golden coin from Pixie, and she bit on it to test its value and smiled. ' I can see why every man in here keeps flirting with this matron, biggest set of udders I've seen on a woman, and very inviting lips I could have pursed around my big manhood as she sucked me for her dear life as I pumped her head up and down by her bright red hair. Wonder if she has a nice red bush around her hole ?' Bartand silently mused. Her dress was plain blue, the bodice beneath it was obviously constricting around her as it pushed her busoms up high and prominently to anyone looking. She looked like it was causing her exhaustion, beads of sweat on the tops of her breasts, and her forehead but still she looked like she promised a good fuck at the least. "This will get you some mutton, potatos, bread and gravy. Some tasteful wine for you, miss, and ale for you, sir. Were quite renowned in these parts for our ale," said the buxom innkeeper putting the coin in her own coin purse dangling on her belt. "Sam! Go get me some of the mutton off the stove, and some veg!" She called to her son, a redheaded boy who could only be 15 or 16 at most. He nodded and ran into the back of the tavern. Gelda turned to Pixie and spoke. "As for the bed I can only give you a large double bed, usually held for couples or married. If that suits you miss, and sir?" She asked. This surprised both of them. Bartand thought Pixie would recoil in horror at having to share a bed with a dirty sellsword. The same thought struck Pixie, if Bartand wasn't interested in sharing a bed for her. "OK... we'll take thee' double," Bartand said in his Scottish accent, speaking for the first time in the tavern. Matron Gelda turned to Bartand, and smiled. "A Scot, come down from the Highlands. You looking to involve yourself in the war down ere'?" She asked. Bartand saw her eyeing up the swordbelt on his hip, and the chainmail. Bartand had to think quick. "No, I was a trader. Once I was a soldier up north, now I just hope to survive this war down here. Always better ta' come armed than not." The matron nodded asking no more inquisitive questions. But Pixie surprised Bartand with her own questions for the Matron. "Any word back from St Albans?" She asked. "Yes in fact." She smiled taking an empty mug and leaned forward to pour ale into the clay mug for Bartand, surprisingly aiming her hanging low chest towards Bartand. As she poured into the mug, she let her udders hang and Bartand finally got to see her pink areoles, so large and round for her big busoms. They were huge udders, too big to even grab hold on in a single hand. Lady Lott noticed what the matron was doing to Bartand, and she tried to ignore it as it was making her envious of the attention the matron was getting from Bartand. "The news matron?" Pixie asked once more. "Last bit of news we got from the field, came from those soldiers over there in the corner. They were there at the battle, only arrived

mid-day today speaking of victory over the House of Lancaster. The soldiers surprised the Lancaster host already there, broke into the town through some gardens and caught the soldiers there unawares. Afterwards they went into the King himself's tent and found Henry injured, and suffering... I would call it an episode of the mind. He was acting out, when they arrived." "So?... The King has been captured?" Pixie asked the matron. "Indeed, also the Earl of Somerset was killed in the charge led by the Earl of Warwick. There is talk of restoring the captured King Henry to full power as protector of the realm," Matron Gelda said as she slid the full tankard of ale across the counter to Bartand giving him a cheeky smile. As she did she picked up a bottle of wine and poured into a clay goblet for Pixie. Bartand looked around the tavern, and spotted the group of soldiers Matron Gelda spoke of, now back from St Albans. The soldiers had blood droplets on their tunics, surcoats and armors. Even on their faces, dried into their skin and beards. "So what will happen now?" Asked Pixie sipping the wine given to her by the matron. "Well, with the victory at St Albans, the capture of the King by Richard the Third of York, and the death of Duke of Somerset it's bad news I believe for the Lancaster loyalists. Even the second Earl of Northumberland and Lord de Clifford both fell in the rout of the battle. The Lancaster Loyalists are fast running out of supporters," Matron Gelda said. Gelda left the note of that with Pixie, and shouted out to her son. "Sam! Get in here and tend the tavern, I need to go out and check on the mares. Miss, your food, my son will serve for you and sir. I shall be back in a few," she said leaving through the backdoor of the tavern Watching her Bartand saw it was dark outside now. "My the grace of god, the King lives," Pixie said exasperated. "But he is in Yorkist hands, meaning they control the realm now or at least they will for the foreseeable future," Bartand added, but his attentions were on matron Gelda now outside, all alone. "Pixie I need to go out, and clear my head. I also need to take a piss. I'll be back soon." Feeling strength in his legs once again, and also in his hardening cock, he walked out of the front door of the tavern, leaving Pixie, and came around the side of the tavern, outside now cold and dark, and through the small garden fenced off around the grounds. He followed the wall of the tavern around to the back where the stable was, and where the mares were tied up. He saw Gelda, who had her back to him tending to a mare, feeding it. The back door of the tavern was slightly open and so he closed it over slowly. Gelda was stood out of sight of the road, outside leading through the town past the tavern, more to the wall of the stables. He was now ready to act. He dropped his cloak that Pixie had given him, and laid it to the floor. Now in his surcoat, and dirty tunic unmarked with no sigil, he slowly crept up behind her. The dry ground helped him, as it allowed little noise. He came up closer to her, her big bottom in the dress right in front of him, her voluptuous form and hips. He crept up behind her, now almost touching her he knelt as he moved and stood he brought his right arm around her hip and up, before she could do anything his hand was over her mouth. His left hand grabbing her left hand and pulling it against her side tightly to stop herself moving. "Do not make a move matron, you will do as I tell you exactly as I say it understand?" He said sternly. She nodded eagerly at the gruff voice of the Scots merchant. "Now into the stable, behind the piled up bales of hay. Quickly," he said. She moved slowly but soon she was trodding along with him behind her into the barn. Soon they were out of sight, except from the mares and horses tied up nearby. "Now spread your legs matron, do it," he said, she slowly shuffled her legs



wider. He noticed she had on dark blue stockings. "I'm going to remove my hand now understand." She nodded and he removed it. She turned to face him, her big face and red hair a mess. She was smiling. "Hello my bonnie Scotsman, you didn't have to do all this all you had to do was ask me to come out and see you." Bartand smiled. "You know how we Scots are, we always kidnap busty busomed women such as yourself." She laughed gently and quietly to make sure no one heard. "Did all that talk of me refusing to suck those men's cocks in their get you rowdy? Get you jealous, huh?" She smiled. "Don't tease Matron." Bartand said. Gelda smiled again and placing her hands on her big hips. "Why not, you intended to kidnap me and whisk me away to mine own stables and ravish me. I think I should tease you, but I'm not like that," she grinned. Bartand pulled her roughly closer to him by her skirts. He grabbed her head from the back, curling his hand in amongst her red curls and pulled her into him kissing her deep on her pink purl lips. He felt her drop her hand from his belt slowly down around his bulge in his breeches, and grasp it firmly. "That's not small, far from it, Sir. That indeed is a cock I haven't had before, I may not be able to fit inside me or my mouth," she smiled saucily. Bartand said nothing as he undid her strings on her bodice, but she stopped him. "It will take me an age to redo them up again, here," she said, pulling down the top of the dress letting her massive udders hang out over the dress's neck plummet. She felt the coarse cloth rubbing her big areoles and nipples, making them harden. He quickly dived in sucking on one her breasts, milking it hard like a child at a woman's teat. All the while as Gelda struggled to undo Bartand's battle breeches. Soon she had them undone, and slid her hands into them and found his thick cock. It was about seven inches and quite thick, and hairy around his sac. She took hold of the sides of the breeches and slid them down his legs, stopping just above his knees. It was fully out and erect, the bulbous head oozing pre-cum as she stroked it as Bartand continued to suck her teats. All the while, Gelda's eyes were on the road, and the backdoor to the tavern opening suddenly. "Down matron, time to suck me ol' cock," he said pushing her down by her shoulders firmly until she was resting on her knees in the dirt. Her stockings were growing dirty but she didn't mind as she took his cock closer to her lips, and like an animal hungry for feed shoved her whole mouth onto it. Sliding the length into her mouth, it hurt at first, (she was used to smaller cocks) but she worked it in fast getting her lips down midshaft. She felt her hands grabbed by Bartand and forced palm down ontop of her head, he held them there firmly as he began to face fuck her. She had no control as he thrust menacingly in and out of her mouth, finally accepting his big cock she relaxed her mouth and kept it wide open for him. Beads of sweat ran down her forehead, and neck as she was gagged on this tremendous piece of meat. Gelda's husband had left many years before for war, and had never returned leaving her just a son. Even when her son was born she was a large busty busom woman, and she had every man's eye in the town. She wasn't inclined at first, but she dabbled and soon found the town was wanting for larger men, more robust men, men who could fuck her for her worth. But she always came up short, except some soldiers from all over the Realm that passed through the town. Then she tasted them, some men from the North, others from the East. Men from Wales, men from Ireland and men from Scotland. Bartand was her first Scotsman in years, even then the one she had back then did not match up to Bartand. She wanted him to have full control over here, she missed that from her

departed husband who used to keep her under control in the bedroom. Since he left she had grown more comely, building up the tavern and its business. Bartand held her steady on his cock, pulling her head in so her whole throat filled up with his meat. Gelda gagged, trying to break free but she was loving the feeling once more. She used her tongue to run up and down his shaft as she felt dizziness over take her, close to falling unconscious but Bartand pulled out still holding her hands to her head. He pulled back and she coughed, getting her breath back, as spittle ran down her chin and onto her heaving hanging breasts. "I've never had a man like you Sir, you are something else an'all," she gasped. "This what you miss matron, from your husband, from these men in this town?" He said slapping her cheeks gently with his rod. She smiled. "I knew there was something about you, Scotsman, moment you entered my tavern. That girl you travel with, is she getting this treatment?" She asked. Bartand smiled, wishing he was giving Pixie what Gelda was getting . "Soon maybe, I hope she will." He said. Gelda laughed gently, and coughed. "If she knew what your breeches carried she would be begging for this treatment from you, sir," she said. He smiled and rammed his cock back home into her open moist mouth, and began to pump in and out again making Gelda's eyes close and water. He pulled out soon after and pushed Gelda onto a bale of hay releasing her hands. He lifted her thick homely thighs and feet into the air, she had roughly made shoes and he lifted her legs onto his shoulders so they hung over his wide back.. He lifted up her skirts, her dark blue woolen stockings now dirty and with some spittle dripping down them to her feet he pulled the skirts up, and found her undergarments. He tore them off almost down her legs and off. Her moist fat puffy hole lay presented to him, her vagina was sopping wet, and red from the wetness leaking from her. Above her vagina's lips was a thick red bush. Bartand smiled touching it gently, as he positioned her legs higher, and her vagina to his cock, her bottom bounced as he lifted, her landing on the hay. He stroked his rock hard cock, and pressed into her vagina, and she opened slowly as he slid in before taking a pull back he hammered inside her fully with one thrust. "AAAGGGHHH god above, have mercy on my loins," she gasped as he slid in and out at first, slowly at first he pulled back like a well oiled machine before ramming in with all his strength into her. "Jesus, sir, you are empaling me on your manhood! Uhhh! Yesss!" She moaned as he did his work on her. He worked in and out of her, as her buttocks slapped together and even her vagina made smacking sounds, as his pelvis smacked into her own at fast speed. "Ohh give me a child Scotsman, I am still fertile to bear a child once more! Give me one. A strong boy from your loins," she gasped, wrapping her legs around his back, interlocking her ankles. "I'll give you a child, English matron, a healthy Scotsman in your womb." Bartand said lifting her legs so she laid fully on her back, and her legs were fully straight in the air, her big bottom angled in the air for his cock. He continued to slam into her wet now gushing vagina, pounding her mercilessly. Moments more passed, as this crazed pounding she took to her vagina by this strong built man, as he gasped now close to cumming inside her. "Here I come Matron! AHHHH HERE WE GO LORD!" Bartand bellowed. He pulled back, still with his cock deeply buried inside her he growled like an animal, grunting as he emptied his loins inside her. As a soldier, he never had much time for sex with anyone, or even the thought of self-masturbation. He could go for weeks without touching his manhood, and so he gave Gelda a built up loin load. He grunted again, his own face pasty and

sweaty as he emptied into her like a soup. He gasped as some spilt out from her vagina at the angle they were at down onto her heaving breasts, her face, mouth and onto her soiled stockings. Bartand looked down at Gelda, who was so red in the face she looked like a beetroot freshly pickled. She was soaked in both sweat and cum, from Bartand. She was laid out breathing hard in the obscene position if she were caught; legs in the air now coiled towards her head exposing her bottom and vagina to the natures, and Bartand. Bartand wasn't finished yet, as he knelt with his oozing cock and shoved it into her gaping open mouth. "Clean me off Matron, and taste my loins that are now inside you." She cleaned off his hairy thick cock, and tasted him. He pulled out of her mouth and redid his breeches, closing them and putting away his cock. He helped Gelda to her feet, as cum oozed out of her vagina down her stockings. She pulled her skirts down to cover up, and grabbed a bucket and a sponge nearby used to clean the mares. She used it to wash down her legs, breasts, face and stockings trying to hide the cum stains. "My dear sir, you are bigger than any man I've taken to bed in a long time, and I do hope you have given me a child," she said washing her vagina lightly, as she pulled her undergarments back on. "I do hope I succeeded in felling you with a child, Gelda." Bartand said as he pulled his cloak back on to hide his armor and injured leg. She smiled, as she dressed and she looked back out of the barn to see if the backdoor to the tavern was open. It was not, and she smiled happily knowing she had not been caught with Bartand. She smiled again looking at Bartand. "I must return to the tavern before my idiot son, falls us into disrepute and empty coffers." She beamed. Before she walked away Bartand pulled her into him and felt her cunt, feeling his seed inside her, then her bottom and finally her breasts he squeezed before letting her leave. Soon he was alone in the stables, he turned and followed the same route he took to the stables and onto the road, and back through the front door into the tavern. He and Gelda could have only been at the deed for less than twenty minutes give or take. He would tell Pixie he had taken the time to stroll around the town and see what there was. He walked through the busy tavern, to his stool beside Pixie who was now eating some bread soaking it in the gravy of the mutton, as she sipped her wine. As he did he saw Gelda serving a man further down the bar, her face all flushed and red. Traces of cum in her hair, lightly staining her curls but no one drew notice. He smiled at her body, seeing it now in the light of the tavern. She could bear his son or daughter with no problem, sadly the girl or boy would be called a Bastard for having no father. No townspeople would know this, seeing as most of the town knew Gelda had a ride of every soldier that came through the town meaning the child if born could be Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or lord even French. As he sat with Pixie, he remembered how Gelda's lips felt around his cock, how she took his full cock in her mouth with help, and how her cunt felt around his rod. He would remember it, even if he never had her again. Gelda went serving the men with more ale, food and with the occasional slap on her bottom by the men she played the role of an innocent busty tavern wench knowing full well what she had done in those stables out back. Bartand turned to Pixie who was eating some mutton, and in front of him was a plate filled up with cooked mutton, potatoes, veg and at its side was a clump of soft bread. He took hold of his mug of ale, and drank down on it. He looked at Pixie. "With the King captured what does that leave us with?" He asked. "I don't know Bartand, but I've spoken to the soldiers they say with the King put back in power,

Richard of York will hold the post of Protector to the Realm until further notice. For us, we need to contact Mason and see what we must do next," Pixie said turning to Bartand, her eyes shone beautiful with her curled cropped blonde hair. "I guess the King learnt the hard way, when you play for the Throne. You either win or you die..." Bartand whispered. The soldiers from St Albans, laughed and jollied with one another over ale and food as the War of The Roses began to take hold of the Realm. Bartand and Lady Lott would find themselves in more danger now than they ever did before. The only way they would survive was together...