

# Advocate of Seduction

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*A sexy female barrister gets her way with a judge*

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The Counsel for the Prosecution sat stony faced as the judge began his summing up. The defendant relaxed in the dock, with a look of smug satisfaction. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, with the latest revelations in the Prosecution's evidence and in light of recent legal argument, I hereby instruct you to find the accused not guilty." The jurors looked from one to another. Three weeks of complicated and detailed evidence and it had come down to a *fait accompli*? "However, it is a matter of course that I request that you retire to consider your verdict." "The Court will rise!" announced the usher, as the judge rose before returning to his chambers. Two days earlier... Alice consulted her map one last time and drove along the tree-lined avenue, checking the numbers on the gates. It was the last residence. Number seven. The ornate iron gates were supported by large pillars, each adorned by a little stone owl. It was exactly as she had been told. This was definitely the house. She parked carefully on the grass verge beyond the entrance and then pushed the brass button once. A few moments later a quiet female voice spoke from the intercom. "Yes? Can I help?" "It's Alice Coulson. "Do you have an appointment?" "This is a personal matter. The judge is expecting me." "Okay, wait a minute." Alice waited. It began to spot with rain and she looked up to the grey skies and tapped her foot on the ground, impatiently. The suddenly the voice came back. "Okay, you can come in." Alice smiled as the gates clicked and there was a faint whirring sound as the motor released the lock and they slowly swung back. She jumped back in her car and drove along the drive, which was bordered by a neatly tended lawn on each side and these in turn by tall hedges, preserving the privacy of the house. A security camera swivelled on its mount as she approached the door. She was about to raise the lion's head but the door opened and a tall, middle-aged man stood in the hallway and looked with undisguised surprise at his pretty, brunette visitor. "Alice? What are you doing here?" he said. "I need to see you." "Here?! In the middle of a case! Are you mad?" "It's important." "Evidently. Who knows you're here?" "No one, of course. Well, are you going to ask me in or what?" "I suppose so, come in." The judge wore half-moon spectacles and a lemon bow tie. He had a newspaper folded under one arm and had evidently been reading when he was interrupted. A young woman appeared, upon him

ringing a bell in the hallway. She was plain but smartly dressed and acknowledged Alice with a polite nod. Alice assumed it was she who had answered the intercom. "Take the ummm...doctor's coat please, Sarah." The girl waited while Alice slipped off the dark mackintosh. The judge looked at Alice admiringly, once she was divested of her coat. He was aware of her deeply attractive perfume, which had a touch of the exotic. She was dressed in a rich scarlet-maroon skirt, which was not especially short but whose hem was far enough above the knee to grab his attention. Her top was a lighter rose-coloured blouse, her bust pushing against the buttons, such that the front was puckered as the shiny fabric followed her contours. Alice turned to the girl and thanked her. The judge looked at Alice and his eyes roved up and down her body, in that way that men do. Her bottom had the same proportions as her breasts - ample without being ostentatious. "Not the normal attire," observed the judge. "It's my weekend wear." Alice was 31 and had several successes under her belt since rising to barrister. She was the youngest in her team and had a string of hard fought cases to her name. She had long, very dark brown hair, which she had inherited from her Scottish mother's side along with her sultry, hazel eyes. "You had better come through." "Sarah, I'm not to be disturbed under any circumstances. Is that clear?" said the judge, firmly. "Yes, sir," said the maid with a subtle bow of the head, returning to her quarters. "Bright girl," said Alice, when she had gone. "She is reliable and honest. I wish for no more." "Will she leave us in peace?" "Yes Alice. Unless the house is burning down." "Well, let's hope not, eh?" The judge offered Alice a seat. It was a heavy, khaki green upholstered chair and like the sofa and the rest of the furniture was austere and a little old fashioned. Alice looked at the photo by the glass case, which housed various expensive-looking vases. It was of a woman in her late forties, which she took to be the judge's late wife. "Can I ask how you found my address?" asked the judge. "Let's say a friend helped me," replied Alice, enigmatically. "Is there any point my asking...?" he asked again, frowning. Alice looked down, avoiding the question. "Someone from chambers?" This time she raised an eyebrow, but remained defiantly silent. The judge stood up after patting the smooth wooden arms of his favourite chair. "I'm neglecting my duties as a host. Can I offer you a drink, my dear?" Alice smiled pleasantly. "A whiskey and soda then. Thanks." The judge continued the conversation as he prepared the drinks. "So, what do I owe the pleasure of your presence today?" he asked. "I need to ask a favour." "Really? And it's something that couldn't wait till we're at work? You realise what would happen if you were discovered here, while we're on the same case?" "Of course, but no one will find out, will they. Unless you're going to report me to the Bar Council?" The judge handed a glass of Scotch to Alice and resumed his seat, sipping once and then placing his tumbler on the small chair side table. "No. But it's still highly irregular and puts me in a difficult position." Alice raised her glass and looked directly into the judge's eyes. "Cheers!" "To your good health," replied the judge. "You were going to tell me why you were here." Alice shuffled in her chair. She uncrossed and re-crossed her legs pulling the hem up slightly, almost imperceptibly. It looked like her skirt had naturally risen up and the judge's train of thought was interrupted. "It's a nice room you have here," said Alice. "I like the Queen Anne style. Very tasteful." The judge's eyes followed Alice's legs, from the tip of her shoe, which she was pointing towards him and up past her shapely ankles. Alice ran one finger down over her knee and pretended to scratch her leg absent-mindedly.

Now that she had got his attention, she wanted to play the advantage. "Yes, but I know you didn't come here to discuss furniture," said the judge. Alice uncrossed her legs again but more slowly, ensuring the judge had a good view up her skirt. "That's right I didn't. I respect you, sir, but when a girl needs a favour, sometimes she has to take an unorthodox route." Alice played with a button on her blouse as she tried to form her words, twisting it slightly, one way and then the other. She made sure her hand pressed against her bust, highlighting the fullness of her breasts under her blouse. The judge looked away and took a sip of whiskey. He was conscious that he was gazing at Alice and tried to turn things back to the business in hand. "If you could be more specific, Alice. You're not one who normally minces their words." "I know. Well... specifically the Buchanan case." "You know I can't discuss that!" "Not officially..." The judge rose from his chair and paced towards the window. The skies were clearing and the sun was beginning to illuminate the room. "Not at all," he said, firmly. "But this is different. It's exceptional." "Exceptions disprove the rule. You know I don't like exceptions. You shouldn't have come here, you know that." "I realise I'm breaking all the rules. But if you knew, you would understand." The judge sat down again, doing his best to avoid staring at Alice's thigh, which appeared to be more obvious, as her skirt had ridden up several inches. She had turned to one side, deliberately exposing more leg and a deliciously teasing glimpse of stocking top. "Why couldn't it have waited till Monday. In my chambers?" "It would be too late." "What would? For heaven's sake Alice, get to the point!" It was Alice's turn to get up, which she did in laborious way, making sure she gave the judge rather more than a lady would normally wish to offer, when facing a gentleman. She stood up and wriggled her skirt and flattened it down in a pretence of respectability. She walked across the room and back, resting her bottom against the back of the chair. She ran her fingers through her hair before she spoke. "Buchanan is my brother." "Your brother? Since when?" "Since two months ago. Before that, I didn't even know I had a brother. It's a very long story, but it's true." The judge looked over his glasses, like a Head Master addressing a wayward student. "And you didn't think to declare it!?" "We were so far in. I had invested so much in this, despite the evidence. But he's my brother!" "Right. And what do you expect me to do?" "You can instruct them to find in his favour." "But the weight of evidence is overwhelming!" "I know, but then there would be a mistrial and he can jump bail." "Alice?" "I've only just met him. If he were to be sent down I would never forgive myself." "It's a lot of money that he embezzled Alice." "He made some bad choices. Meeting me has realised there's more to life than money." "Indeed!" Alice looked at the judge imploringly. "So, will you do it?" "Alice, I will be a laughing stock. I could be disbarred!" "You have seventeen years unblemished service, sir." "No, Alice. This is your mess, don't try and drag me down with you." The judge scratched his head and took a deep breath. "A fill up would be nice," said Alice, cheekily before the judge had time to collect his thoughts. The judge nodded slowly and took Alice's tumbler. "I need a drink too. I'm surprised at you, Alice. I thought more of you than this." "Blood is thicker than water, sir." "But we uphold the law. In one way or another. If we get it wrong, we go home in the knowledge that we did what we thought was right." "I still do," said Alice earnestly. "You ask too much Alice." "I know. I know coming here was unforgivable and everything, but I thought you were different." He turned and looked at Alice quizzically, squirting a little too much soda into her glass in the process.

“Never mind, I’ll top it up. Different?” “Human. You’re not like the other judges. You actually care.” Alice made a point of fiddling with the buttons of her blouse as she spoke, which parted the sections between each button, giving him glimpses of her white brassiere. “I look up to you, sir, especially being the youngest and everything.” “I see. But being the youngest and if I may say prettiest, means we have to be especially careful in matters of protocol.” “Oh, of course. I understand. Protocol, yes.” Alice’s fiddling became more vigorous and she managed to pop open the next button. She pretended to ignore it, but dipped her index finger into her whiskey and licked it. The judge was attempting to think about the matter in hand but found Alice’s behaviour a distraction. Alice turned towards her chair but just perched on the arm, catching her wrist between her legs, driving her skirt upwards. Her left leg being held straight out was quite brazenly exposed. “If I thought there was a better way, I would take it, but matters have gone too far,” she said, resting her tumbler on her bent knee. The judge looked at her, struggling to maintain eye contact as he spoke. “Even if I could help. The legal arguments. What can I tell Paul? He’ll think I’ve gone mad!” “What if I gave you a way out?” said Alice. “What have you found?” “There’s the Crown versus Verity, 1882. The circumstances are not dissimilar.” “Really?” “Very comparable.” “Hmmm... I need to check that one. But even then. I will be open to a lot of questions.” “I know. But you’d be helping me out. Doing the right thing, isn’t always a question of law.” Alice stood up and turned her back to the judge and studied the painting on the wall above the fire place. She stood with her legs apart, knowing how that emphasized her peachy bum cheeks and the outline of her toned legs. “Is it an original Turner?” she asked. “If only,” said the judge. “It’s a nicely-framed print.” Alice turned her head and looked at the judge over her shoulder. She slid her right hand over her hip and onto her bum, following his eyes, which had focused on her hand. “I would of course like to recompense you for the risk you are taking,” said Alice. “Meaning?” asked the judge. “Meaning, I don’t want to appear like an ungrateful bitch.” “I haven’t agreed to anything yet,” he added. “No, but I trust that you’ll reach the right conclusion, given all the legal arguments and of course the precedent of Verity.” The judge walked up to Alice and looked at her. His eyes lowered, coming to rest on the small portion of cleavage between her blouse. Alice felt his stare and capitalized on the moment. “Do you really think I am the hottest barrister on the circuit?” “I said the prettiest.” “Same thing.” “Is it?” Alice sat down again, but sat with one leg raised a little, such that her stocking tops were on show, particularly so from the judge’s point of view. “Like I said. I would recompense you for the risks you’re taking,” said Alice. “There’s no need, really,” said the judge, his voice quivering, noticeably. “Oh, but there is. I have asked you to go beyond the call of duty. You’re putting your reputation on the line.” Alice let her eyes roam over the judge’s tall, imposing figure. His light blue-grey eyes twinkled as he looked back. He had a kind avuncular way about him, but also had the gravitas that went with his role. He had a gentle way of talking, which could put a frightened female witness at ease in one way but a firmness of tone, which could cast opprobrium at the dishonest in another. She ran the fingers of her left hand up and down the front seam of her blouse and opened her legs a little wider, drawing a nervous cough from the judge as he looked away. Alice had so far preserved just enough of her modesty to make her body language appear simply indiscreet. Alice was never the less pleased with the uncomfortable looks she was eliciting from the

judge. "Okay, Alice. Well, I'll call you and Paul in Monday and I'll let him know my decision." "Oh thank you so much, sir." Alice hitched up the hem of her skirt until the white flesh formed a light band between her stockings and her skirt. "Alice, for goodness sake!" "It's okay, sir, you can look." "I've only been widowed a year, Alice," he said. "I know and I'm sorry. I know the grief must still be with you. She was very young." The judge didn't speak but seemed torn between looking away and allowing himself the pleasure of glancing up her skirt. "In the circumstances," said Alice. "It would be a pity not to use me, wouldn't it." "To use you?" "Yes, like I use you. You can get even." "Use me how?" he said, his voice wavering again. "In the evenings, sometimes. Who do you think I fantasize over, when I masturbate in my study?" The judge looked stunned, his eyes widening. His larynx bobbed and he stepped back, as Alice put a leg over the chair and proceeded to touch the gusset of her panties. "Do you wish me to show you? Do you want me to demonstrate, how I pleasure myself?" "Alice, stop it." The judge sank back into his chair. He was fifty three but he still had the same urges of twenty years earlier. It was just that his position, the work, the strain of losing his wife and his surroundings had curtailed his activities. He masturbated less and less now. A man of lesser morals might have sought the services of an escort but seeing his wife's photo each day reminded him of what she meant to him. Alice was a prize that he could not even contemplate. Her face and her body were of the woman in her prime. The goddess of the judicial circuit who could fuck whoever she wished. "I'm not looking, Alice. I'll do your dirty work because I've watched you grow as a barrister and I know that deep down you're a fine lawyer and yes, I'll ride this out and say I had a brainwave. You don't need to do this." "And I respect you for that, sir. And I will be eternally grateful. But it's not just about that." "No?" Alice rolled her fingers over the front of her white panties. "Look at my cunt, sir. I'll let you taste me, if you wish. You can do anything, you want." The judge's heart was beating faster and her words seemed to play back in his mind. He looked up and blinked as he perceived the puffiness of her labia, which were shrouded by her panties. "You can stay there, if you like, sir. I'll come to you. I'll let you touch me wherever you want. You must think about me sometimes?" "Yes, of course! I'm still a man, Alice." "So let me do this for you and for me. My pussy is yours, if you wish." The judge's body flinched and his dick began to grow ever rigid as Alice slowly rose from her chair. She walked towards him, exaggerating her walk, crossing her feet and swaying her hips. She leant towards him, holding the chair arms as her hair fell in front of her face. She climbed on the chair, her knees straddling the judge's body. She began to open his shirt, undoing a few buttons and slipping her hand between the gaps, stroking his hairy chest with her finger tips. "Tell me if you want me to stop judge," said Alice, running her hand over the swelling in his trousers. Even if he had wanted her to, the judge's mind was not in control of his body. His arousal was indicated by his gruff, deep breathing. Alice had hooked him slowly and was now landing her judge with finesse. She had intended and desired to make herself irresistible and she had succeeded. Alice sat up and took hold of the next button on her blouse and went to undo it with both hands. She wanted him to watch her undress at very close quarters. His erection, still in his pants was brushing her gusset, making her so aroused that her pussy was achingly wet. She loved the slightly too serious, urbane older man. It was that which she found so attractive in the judge and she wanted to extract every ounce of his ego in

giving herself to him. As she moved her groin back and forth, stroking herself over his erection, she popped another button and then another. She parted her blouse at last, her cleavage presenting a pleasing mound of creamy white flesh. She remained there, in that position for a few seconds before reaching down and unzipping his trousers and feeling for his manhood, which she knew throbbed with excitement. Reaching round, she sat up and leant closer as she undid the catch of her bra, preparing for the moment when she bore her breasts for his delectation. The judge gasped as her hands parted, drawing the two halves of the fastening apart and her breasts, large and up tilted hovered before him. Her nipples were deep pink, the areolae goose-bumped and delicious. "Alice, they're fantastic!" "Kiss them. Kiss them and suck them while I take off my panties." Alice hitched up her skirt as far as her waist and inched her panties over her hips and down to her knees. She slipped them off, as the judge groaned. Her breasts were squashed into his face, his mouth moving hungrily around the flesh, catching her nipples between his lips. Alice's pussy was wet and the evidence was on her panties, which had made the gusset almost translucent in their dampness. She held them in her right hand and pressed them into his nose. "Do you like my cunt, sir? Sniff my panties! Do you want to taste them? Hmmm? Do you want to suck my panties as you fuck me, sir?!" "Oh Alice!" "Hmmmh! Oooh sir! Oooh yes!" Alice's exclamations were drawn from her, breathlessly as the judge's cock pierced her pussy lips and sank deep into her pudenda. "Yes! Oh judge!" "Alice! Hnnnng! You're a bad girl!" "Or a good girl, sir!" Alice rocked her body backwards and forwards, taking the judge deeper into her hot pussy. She planted kisses on his face and on his ears and nose as she rode him. His tongue searched for hers as she kissed him and she dwelt on his bottom lip, her own breathing fevered and intense. The judge was overwhelmed by her lust, as her body both rocked and gyrated. He held her arms tightly until his fingers made little white impressions in the flesh. She kissed his face again, before moving her lips to the side, kissing and blowing hot air into his ear. The judge's cock twitched as she fucked him. For she was in control. He merely needed to stay hard, which for a man of his experience was not a difficult task and yet the celibacy that had been forced upon him, made him a little more like the eighteen year old that he once was – eager and nervous and overwhelmed. But he had at least learned how to be a good lover and his staying power was good even now. Maybe his skin was not so tight as once it was and there were a few lines, where his face was smooth in his youth. But his manhood; the fire that burnt in his loins was as strong as ever and Alice was taking advantage of it. She rose up again and brushed his lips with her nipples as she felt her vagina give way to a little spasm. "Yes! Oooh! Aaah yes, that's amazing!" The judge groaned in response, his cock throbbing with pleasure and his balls tightening. Alice felt her pussy tense and relax. The moment of elation seemed to pass between them, the sense of orgasmic bliss surrounding them and infusing their bodies. Alice clasped her hands around his neck and thrust with her hips, until his balls were pressing against her ass cheeks. She bucked on his cock like a cowgirl, riding a steed, her moans urgent and hoarse. His groans were feeble by comparison as his mouth was locked on her neck and he choked out a gurgling expression of pleasure. Her body was so hot; she squirmed as his cock hit her special spot and made her cry, riding him – her orgasms coming in little waves. "Sit higher up, Alice," said the judge. Alice did as he asked. In this position he could cup her ass cheeks

and thrust into her at the same time. His cock was moist and silky, covered in her milky cum. His shaft was stiff and drove into her as he slipped down in his chair, Alice following him in a wild embrace of lovemaking. Her hair fell around his face and he sucked a bead of moisture from a few strands, which had become entangled in his mouth. At the same time his lips pressed into her neck, planting hot, sexy kisses on it, drawing moans of satisfaction from Alice. The judge's hands drifted down her spine and stroked her smooth bum cheeks. Her bum was so good, so plump and squeezable. His fingers kneaded the flesh as she sat nearly upright and he held her weight, bouncing her on his hands as his cock stroked in and out of her pussy. At last an index finger settled on her tight little hole and he explored the entrance, rubbing the rim of her ass. His cock was pounding and Alice wondered at his stamina, but knew that he must be quite close. "Where would you like to come, sir?" she whispered, as he thrust slowly and rhythmically. "I... I don't....uuugh... mind." The judge was nearly prone now, and Alice sat up, pressing her arms into his shoulders. She smiled at him. It was a sly, dirty smile, her mind and body thrilled by her de-wigged senior colleague. "Would you like to come over my cunt?" "I'll touch myself, like do when I am alone in study. You can ejaculate on my pussy." "Oh Alice! Yes!" Alice got up and moved to the other chair and sat with her legs open, two fingers driving in and out of her pussy. Her juices were smeared over her short, dark pubic hair and her fingers were shiny from the same, sexy lubrication. The judge stood up, the intensity in his face a turn on for her as she masturbated. His hand tugged on his foreskin, the muscles in his wrist tense as he groaned ever louder. Alice jammed her fingers into her pussy, curling them in and up until her knuckles were swallowed by her slippery vagina. She rubbed her clitoris with her thumb and looked up at him as she mewled with pleasure, her sensitive little spot suddenly warm and tingling. The sensations grew and spread into her vagina, making her whole body quake. "Hmmm.... Hmmm... yes....oooh fuck!" She rubbed herself furiously, her fingers slipping now and then until she lost coordination of her movements in a frenzy of masturbation. Her palm was now stroking the tingly button as her bottom and legs were trembling furiously and she came with a squeal of ecstasy. "Aaaahssh!" The judge knelt down with one knee on the chair between her legs, wanking himself faster until he came. "Aaah! Uuugh! Alice! Alice! Alice!" He aimed his cock towards her gaping pussy and shot a load of hot foamy spunk over her, covering her pubes and labia with his ejaculation. He finished himself, grunting and groaning with his semen landing on her belly in a series of spurts. The judge collapsed onto her, his cock still pumping, rubbing against her belly. Alice ran her hands through his hair. "Oh judge! That was an amazing fuck!" The judge grunted in agreement, still recovering from the throes of his orgasm. ----- "Today was a one off of course," said the judge, as he placed his outgoing mail on a silver tray by the door. "I expect it was, realistically," said Alice. "Although it needn't be, necessarily," she added. "You have knocked ten years off me and aged me in the process," he said, jokingly. "I think some things you have to try once, just to see if it's as good as you expected," said Alice. "Not disappointed?" "What do you think!" exclaimed Alice. "Well, I have things to do, I'm sorry," said the judge, suddenly more serious. "Of course. I wouldn't want to out stay my welcome, judge." "You'd never do that Alice. But I have to read up on the Crown versus Verity, 18...?" "1882," confirmed Alice. "Okay, my dear. Well I'll see you on Monday." "Yes,

you will. Bright and early," said Alice.