

# Lady Kavanagh (Part 3)

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*The trials and tribulations of the good lady continue. Reading earlier parts ensures edification.*

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Ecstasy, pure ecstasy! What was more, Lady Eleanor Kavanagh was a blow job extraordinaire. This wasn't going through the motions; rather a blow job of the type of expertise he hadn't witnessed before. Truth be told, he hadn't had many women's lips around his helmet much less ladies. This particular lady was good. Very good. Even using the words very good understates significantly her excellence in the cock sucking department. What Adams didn't know, as is common when women marry into money, they are schooled in the art of satisfaction, sometimes even to the extent of being sent away for training, should their instinctive efforts prove to be lacklustre. Another reason for being expert in the deep throat department was that it kept their husbands from constantly bugging them, something the male aristocracy are prone to do; it being a reminder of their boys only private school days. For this particular lady there was no doubt whatsoever that the sheer size of her chauffeur's penis frightened her, nay, scared her as stiff as the prick in question, and for the first time she wasn't thinking about the chauffeur himself when she considered the words, 'prick in question'! He had the look of a backscuttler, of that she was certain. Somehow, she knew, she had to keep his blood gorged pole of muscle out of her ass. Whilst these thoughts were whizzing around her head, she was still able to gauge the excitability of her employee. Her plan was to withdraw her mouth from his cock a split second before he ejaculated down her throat. She was such an expert at this manoeuvre, her husband, Lord Kavanagh, had taken to holding her hair shortly before, what he liked to think was, his great explosion; however, her serf wouldn't know about the trick she intended to play. At least not this time. She could get away with it at least once. This was important, she reasoned, because she could jerk him silly for the next three days, preventing him from building up such a large supply of sperm that he very possibility had within him at that moment. Her satisfaction at the thought of avoiding his waste down her throat lasted all of around eight seconds, before she felt a firm grip around the back of her head. Once again, the low life servant had outmanoeuvred the classy lady. Now she was to receive what she thought she could avoid. She wasn't entirely grateful! Matt Adams, still a teenager, although not for much longer, chauffeur to Lord and Lady Kavanagh of Romney, came in torrents into the mouth of his female employer. For her part, all her best laid plans gone to roost, Lady Eleanor Kavanagh felt she was drowning. She had swallowed, by God she had swallowed, but the sheer size of the wretched penis in her mouth meant she could get no relief. The only relief in town was his, she

realised. "Keep Percy in your mouth until I tell you otherwise," ordered Adams. The wayward cretin has got a name for his penis, she thought. What a complete moron! Slowly, slowly, his cock was deflating, allowing her to suck in air. She dared not pull her head back to get the nasty thing out of her mouth, even though he had released his grip on her. This showed, she realised, his confidence in his metaphorical grip on her that he didn't need anything more physical. Sated, Adams still enjoyed the intellectual thrill of the occasion. The Lady, his employer, had just slurped what felt like gallons of semen down her unwelcoming throat. He knew she would be pleased that her ordeal was over. But was it? Why not keep it her mouth until it became hard again? What was wrong with that? Absolutely bloody nothing, he thought. "You didn't suck me off satisfactorily. You can do much better than that, I know." Adams had just told the biggest lie of his life. Nobody could suck better than that. Nobody could excite him as much again. Could they? He would have fun finding out! "Have another go, right this instant," he ordered. "Failure to improve will result in another hand spanking. What's more, I'll summon Peters to do it!" Lady Kavanagh started bobbing her head back and forth. Her only answer to his hypothetical and metaphorical order to jump was to ask how high. She felt his penis begin to stiffen and couldn't remember the last time she had felt quite so sorry for herself. The last time she tasted anything like this, she remembered, was the reason why she now found herself wearing only a suspender belt, stockings and heels, knelt on the floor with only a cushion for knee relief, with her servants prick in her mouth! His cock was enjoying relief far more than her knees were, she was acutely aware of that fact. Lady Kavanagh's eyes glazed over as she remembered the regrettable occasion in question. It was a garden party. A lovely summer's day. She had been happy, her contentment made even more so because her husband was somewhere out of the country. Not that she didn't love him, simply that there were so many interesting men, around her age, amongst the jet setters she was entitled, or, perhaps titled, to mix with. A little flirting did no harm, she had always considered. Champagne flowing, the summer day glowing, looking splendid in a traditional straw boater hat, Lady Kavanagh was aware of the flimsiness of the material of her lovely yellow summer dress, which, she knew, when the sun caught it, it enabled her to have a Princess Diana moment: the light piercing through her dress, showing her mighty fine legs, or 'dashed fine pins', as her husband called them. The only thing Lady Kavanagh had to make sure of was that she displayed complete innocence whilst being aware of the fact that all and sundry gawped at her shapely legs. She liked a bit of attention, did Lady Kavanagh. Only so much, mind. The woman was the original prick teaser. What's more, she considered it far more appropriate to display her finer points, provided the men looking were rich with a decent family line. She wouldn't have dreamt of displaying so much as an ankle to the hoi polloi! Although she found it difficult to admit the fact to herself, Lady Eleanor Kavanagh was a bit of an exhibitionist; provided, and this was the key, she controlled the situation. If she lost control, humiliation and shame replaced the pleasurable power she loved to have over men; especially young, virile, muscular ones. Sometimes, and she had to admit this to herself, she just wanted to be fucked: hard! There was a difference between wanting something and getting something, she knew. When she decided to marry the title she did everything she needed to do. It was a shame, she had always reflected, that the man had to come with the title. No matter, she had

fucked and sucked her way into Lord Kavanagh's affections. Now she was Lady Kavanagh and she had, she thought proudly, arrived. Taking another overly large sip of champagne, she watched a young man make his way towards her. Her husband's nephew, no less. A chance to flirt, especially on such pleasurable occasions, was not to be passed up lightly. She smiled pleasantly at the university boy as he neared her. "May I say, old girl, you possess a magnificent pair of legs. Perhaps you don't realise it, but when the light is right your dress is pretty much see through." Slightly taken aback, she struggled to regain her composure. Some things were better left unsaid. Even if the little shit did think she knew about the vulnerability of her sundress, it wasn't polite to mention the matter. "Oh, oh, oh dear," she replied. "I hope not too many people have noticed. Dresses that let in the light should have a government health warning on them," she joked. "I thank you for pointing out the unfortunate position I find myself in. What on earth am I to do? Move into the shade, yes, but I cannot stay there for ever." "You should have a government health warning stamped on you! Every male below the age of 90 has a hard on and you are the cause, Aunt Eleanor. Can't you see how cattily most of the women are looking at you?" "I wasn't aware what I was showing my legs, silly. Of course I am not aware of how I might be being looked at. You are probably imagining it," she replied haughtily. "Where is the Duchess? Perhaps I can borrow a slip from your mother. Meanwhile I suppose I had better get in the shade." No, don't do that, please don't do that, I beseech you. Every male at this party will berate me for telling you. I will become Mr Unpopular. Please, please don't do that," he jokingly pleaded. "Besides, my mother is too busy being a hostess." "It's only my legs. Anybody would think I was standing here naked," she flirted. "What a jolly fine sight that would be." He half laughed, half snorted, like all rich boys do. Lady Kavanagh feigned a show of embarrassment and took another gulp of the expensive champagne. "Ooh, you are awful," she cooed. "I'll tell you what, Aunt Eleanor, seeing as you say they are only legs, in that sexy understated way of yours, what about if we go into the house and I will find a maid to get you a slip to put on. Now, here's the jolly jape, I get to watch you change." "You've seen me in a swimsuit, silly. It will be exactly the same. I am wearing underwear, you know," she giggled. "You are? Damnation! Come on, let's get you that slip." He turned on his heels and, without thinking overmuch, the lady followed behind him. Around 50 yards away, the Duke of Mulberry watched with interest. The Duke and his son had an arrangement: the son lured women into unseemly predicaments and the duke took advantage of the fact. The son, James, had a large allowance and the Duke had a large group of women frightened stiff because of the power he held over them. "Happy days," he muttered under his breath. "What was that dear?" Asked his devoted wife. "Nothing old bean. Nothing at all. What!" I need to go the house to supervise the arrangements for this afternoon. What!" The Duke followed the flirting couple at a discreet distance, anticipation growing in his loins. Lady Kavanagh wandered after young James, admiring his athletic young body. The champagne gave her a sense of excitement and, all in all, she was at one with the splendour of her surroundings. She knew that men, whenever they even glanced at her, wanted to fuck her silly. Her body was, she was very much aware, very, very much appreciated! James' mind was racing. Get a slip from the maid, take Aunt Eleanor into one of the bedrooms and ask, or plead if necessary, if he could watch her get changed. Not as daft as it sounded: she was

loose with alcohol and she liked to be flattered. It could work. What was more, she hadn't said no so far. For all he knew she was a closet exhibitionist. James entered the mansion and headed for the servants quarters, in search of his favourite maid, Kate. If there was one good thing above all others about being rich, he reflected for the millionth time, was that mostly you got to fuck whoever you wanted, when you wanted. In that regard, poor little Kate was a plaything in the extreme. Hell, she even seemed to enjoy it at times. He spotted Kate, busying herself with some flowers. He called her to him. For her part, Kate was pleased to see that he was accompanied by Lady Kavanagh. At least that will keep his mitts out of my knickers, she mused. "You called, master James," she stated in a matter of fact way. "I did young lady. Indeed I did. Aunt Eleanor's dress is, what you might say, rather see through and, what's more, all the red blooded men at the party cannot take their eyes off her or, if I may be slightly clearer, her admirable body." "James, do you mind! There is no need to go into so much detail, for goodness sake," Lady Kavanagh chided James merely grinned, whilst wolfishly looking at the maid, who was dressed in a too short black skirt, with a white apron, stockings and heels, in the way that the gentry had insisted their more feminine servants dress since time immemorial. Sex was never far from the thoughts of these old aristocratic perverts. As far as Kate, the maid in question was concerned, the poor creature was fucked senseless from breakfast till bed time, by all manner of rich men who frequented the Earl of Mulberry's manor. "I need a slip, my dear," Lady Kavanagh stated to the maid. "Of course Madam. I'll go and get one and be right back," answered the maid, curtsying as she spoke. "That's no good. You can hardly expect my aunt to get changed here. Anybody might wander by, you silly girl. We will be in my father's bedroom. You do know where that is, I take it?" The maid did her best to ignore the barbed comment. Her hourly rate was five times the going rate, purely for providing sexual favours to the old coot of an earl and his acquaintances. The amount of money in her savings account was rising to the extent that there was light at the end of her particular tunnel: to lead the good life! What was a girl to do? "Yes master James," she said. James beckoned Lady Kavanagh and she followed him to the master of the house's bedroom. When there James held out his hand. He expected her to hand over her sundress there and then. "Oh no you don't young man. This dress stays on until the maid returns. Only then will I take it off and, what's more, you will turn your back." James grimaced. "Aunt Eleanor, you're not a very good sport. Looking is harmless and so much fun. Especially when a girl is as well stacked as you are!" "You mind your tongue, young man. They didn't teach you to say well stacked at that expensive school you go to, I know." "No, but they did teach me that persistence is a virtue." Lady Kavanagh laughed. What the hell, give the young man a flash, she thought. Make him want her then deny him any touch. Tease him. Watch to see if and when there's a bulge. The maid entered the room, carrying a slip with her. James grabbed it from the girl and then, with short shrift, sent her on her way. He would fuck her later, he decided "Ok, here's the deal. You take your dress off and hand it to me and I will hand you the slip and, that way, I get to see you in your underwear. The quicker you undress and dress again the less time I get to look at your temple of a body. That way, you control the amount of time I get to leer at your splendour! How's that for a jolly jape!" "Temple of a body?" "That's what my father calls it. I heard him say to mother, 'that you had a body like a bloody temple.

What!’ Those were his very words.” Lady Kavanagh laughed at the youngster’s attempt to mimic his father, especially the emphasis on the last word: what. “Ok, ok, you win, but just this once” she laughed. She turned her back to him. “Unzip me, please?” She would let him have a look, she had decided that long ago. The next time he fucked that poor maid, he would be thinking of her: Lady Eleanor Kavanagh. Of that, she was certain. James strode forward, took the opportunity that presented itself and lifted the back of her dress up. He was delighted with what he discovered “Great glutes,” he announced cheerily. Whilst not a thong, the lady’s panties had ridden up her ample bottom somewhat and, it would be true to say, the view presented to James was a rather cheeky one. “Will you behave. You are supposed to be unzipping me.” Her tone was not, he noted, one that contained real anger. “Ok, ok, but it is a rather nice view you present. No matter, I will unzip you. I will do as I am told.” He paused as long as he dared, staring at the lady’s behind, wanting to see more. To see it all! Lady Kavanagh felt the zip go downwards and turned around to face the young man. “You are insufferable. I didn’t say you could look at my bottom,” she chided, although still not severely. “Sorry, but you are a Goddess, Aunt Eleanor.” He watched the Lady take off her sundress, his blood pressure rising, along with his penis. He held out his hand for the dress and she gave it to him whilst, at the same time, she reached out with her other hand in order to take the slip from him. Quick as a flash he pulled his hand away and moved out of her reach, leaving her standing there in just her hat and her underwear: tight white knickers, the sexy sort, together with matching brassiere, the type of which barely contained her more than ample global charms. “Give me that slip. Right now. Right now, do you hear? Do you understand?” There was panic in Lady Kavanagh’s voice. The peep show had turned into something more. James’ eyes danced up and down the voluptuous figure of his aunt. “If you want it, you’re going to have to catch me,” he taunted. Lady Kavanagh bounded forward, her overly large tits bouncing up and down with the effort she was exerting. James easily avoided her hand and put even more distance between the pair. He was laughing manically, enjoying the sight immensely. One more bound from the hapless lady and her more than ample right tit leapt from its shackle, bouncing delightfully freely. The bedroom door opened and the Earl of Mulberry entered the room. “What is going on here, Eleanor? Your husband will not be best pleased at you cavorting half naked. As for you James, what on earth do you think you are doing, gawping at your aunt like that? What!” “Thank goodness you are here, Sir” gasped Lady Kavanagh. “James won’t give me my dress.” “What on earth are you doing, in my bedroom, in just your underwear, scanty underwear at that, Madame Derriere.” The Earl couldn’t get away from the fact that the hat, coupled with the rest of her attire, including the fact that her still exposed large right breast hadn’t quite stopped wobbling, made the woman look as sexy as hell. Lady Kavanagh, realising all too late her bosom was still on display, moved her left hand up to cover it, or at least some of it. Lady Kavanagh’s hand was no match for her bosom, that much was patently clear! “Madame Derriere?” She questioned. “You might be facing me, young lady, but there is a mirror directly behind you, which reflects your almost bare, broad beam derriere!” In her effort to secure the slip, her panties had ridden up further, revealing even more of her bum cheeks. She darted her hands around her back, in an effort to pull the knickers out of the cheeks of her bottom. Lady Kavanagh looked rather sheepish and was now very red in the face, exposing

completely once again, her right bosom. "Leave your knickers where they are. Put your hands by your sides this instant," the older male authoritatively barked. Lady Kavanagh hesitated. She left the knickers where they were and obeyed his second command as well. Her embarrassment and shame were rising. Her face was going even more red. "What have you done to my son? What!" "Nothing. It was him that wouldn't give me my dress." "Look at him, you silly woman. He has an erection. Can you not see that he has an erection. Do you expect me to believe that he got that all by himself. Have you been taking advantage of him?" The Earl pointed to the bulge in James' trousers. "Taking advantage? Taking advantage? Of him? Of him" The good lady was almost hysterical. "I believe the lady doth protest too much. I will be having words with my brother. This type of behaviour will get the family a bad name. What!" The lady's anger receded. This was a situation that could get out of hand and quickly, if she was not careful. "I am sure there is no need for that, Alastair. The boy has high spirits. I forgive him, even though the situation has caused me so much embarrassment." "That's what you think. Your husband will be informed of your misdemeanours. James, be gone before I vent my spleen on you as well. Put her bloody clothes down, you bonehead, and go." James put the dress and slip on the bed, turned on his heels and was gone, albeit a couple of hundred pounds richer and a smile wider than the Grand Canyon. I wonder where the maid is, he thought. "Now. What to do. My brother would be distraught at your naughtiness. Why on earth are you in my room in your underwear? And why are you flashing one of your tits? This is your one and only chance to explain yourself. This had better be good!" The true story, she realised, was hardly likely to serve her purpose. Lying was risky. Her dilemma was all encompassing. She decided to appeal to his better nature. "May I put my clothes on?" "No, you may not." "It was just high spirits. Nothing more. No harm done. Nobody has been hurt. There is no need to upset my husband. You know the old saying, Alistair, 'What the eye doesn't see...'" "My eyes see. My eyes see you, half naked, after a tryst with James. That's what I see. I will consider this matter over the weekend. When does your husband get back into the country?" "Tuesday." "Tuesday. I will come by your abode on Monday evening with my decision. It is only fair I tell you of my intention directly. I wouldn't want you to find out from your husband. That is, if I do decide to tell him. It may be I decide to let you keep your naughty secret. "Put your clothes on. Not the slip. The males will be most upset if they are denied the sight of your legs. What!" The earl sat in his chair beside the wall and watched her as she covered up her modesty, firstly replacing her succulent right breast back into her brassiere. James had done well, he reflected. The little sod would expect payment, though. The sundress finally covered up her other more than ample charms. "Monday evening then?" She said. She would at least have the weekend to work out a way out of this. At worst, it was her word against that of her husband's brother, she realised. "Come here." Lady Kavanagh walked towards him, stopping when she felt that her personal space would have been invaded. "Another step, if you please." Lady Kavanagh took the step. "Lift up the front of your dress." "Excuse me?" "You heard." "Why?" "Because I bloody say so. That's why. You may have already forgotten, but you have been standing around in your underwear not more than two minutes ago. The sight will hardly be new to me. I will not repeat myself. Lift up the dress and hold it up until I tell you otherwise. Do you understand?" "Yes." At least he is an Earl, Lady Kavanagh reflected. "Then

do it. Now.” Lady Kavanagh lifted up the front of her dress, once again revealing her pure white underwear. The Earl leaned forward, pushing his fingers into the waistband of her knickers. “What. What are you going to do? Please, please don’t,” she begged. The Earl whisked her panties down, revealing her delightful brown triangle. “Lift up your feet. One by one. I want these knickers as insurance you don’t decide to tell lies about what happened here today.” Lady Kavanagh was careful to obey, even to the point of ensuring her dress remained higher than her pubes. “Monday evening it is them. I will bring your panties with me. Tell me, how many pairs of embossed knickers has your husband bought you?” “I’m not sure” “It matters not. He will, at least, recognise them as his wife’s.” With that, the Earl reached for the blonde’s hand, who was still dutifully showing him her pussy, pulled her towards him and in an instant had his sister in law across his knees, arse upwards. Before the good lady could even consider appealing to him, he was giving her a hand spanking she wouldn’t forget in a hurry. First one large buttock, then the other, the Earl was in rhythm, marvelling how the lady’s white bottom was slowly turning red, all because his hand was slapping the succulent bum cheeks of his brother’s wife. This woman has a magnificent arse, he reflected and, what was more and what surprised him somewhat, was that Lady Kavanagh was taking her punishment rather well. As far as the Lady herself was concerned, it was almost as if she knew her place, as if she had succumbed to the fact that aristocrats can do as they wish. She lived, she believed, in the real world. The real world, to her, was knowing her limitations and living to fight another day! The embarrassment of presenting her bare buttocks to the Earl, even though not by choice, far outweighed the pain she was feeling. It was not every day, she considered, that a woman was spanked by her brother in law . Her face was as red with embarrassment as her buttocks were with the over the knee hand spanking! The Earl, his wrist starting to ache, decided enough was enough and instructed the hapless woman to her feet, so that she faced him. Her dress was still over her hips, her pussy still on display for his pleasure. The Earl’s brow furrowed, as he considered something. “Do you know what?” “What,” she sobbed. “That bastard of a brother of mine told me you were a natural blonde! What!” The weekend went slowly for Lady Kavanagh. She knew, as she always did, that what she had got, the opulence, could be taken away quicker than she had managed to gain it. She was a kept woman, with only her looks and her figure to stave of her husband’s boredom. Her looks and figure would age, she knew. When that happened she would have to turn endless blind eyes to her husband’s indiscretions, as he sought sexual satisfaction from younger and more nubile young girls. All after the old sod’s wallet! Her happiness, she knew, meant doing whatever it took to keep in her husband’s favour. One thing that would almost certainly cause separation was infidelity: hers, but not his. He could do what he wanted. He had the title and the money. Life was so bloody cruel! The Monday evening duly came. The butler, an ordinary man in his middle forties, called Parker, led the Earl of Mulberry into the drawing room. Lady Kavanagh, already seated in the sofa, looked immaculate in her pleated skirt and crisp white blouse, legs bare with ankle socks. “Parker. We won’t be needing your services for the rest of the evening.” “Yes Milady,” intoned Parker. “Please, sit down Alistair, make yourself comfortable. “Let’s not pretend that this is a social visit, Eleanor. You know what I have in my pocket?” “Yes.” “Well?” “My knickers.” That’s correct. The

question is whether I give them to you or my brother. Who shall it be? "Me." "Why you?" "Because nothing can possibly be gained from telling your brother about the unfortunate events of the weekend. If my sundress wasn't transparent in the sunlight, the whole sorry situation could have been avoided." "I am not one to mince words, Eleanor. Actions speak louder than words." With that, the Earl of Mulberry unzipped the front of his expensive trousers and pulled out his penis. Lady Eleanor Kavanagh 5th Duchess of Romney, gawped at his semi stiff member, her mouth open, although not in readiness, more in shock. "I, I see," she said. "There is little point in playing stupid. I have a further engagement this evening. Get your ass over here and start sucking!" "If I don't?" "I don't need to spell it out. Get over here. Now!" Lady Kavanagh did as she was told. Somehow, she reasoned, sucking the cock of a member of the aristocracy was somewhat different to blowing a mere male. She didn't want to do it but, it was something she could do: provided it was an Earl. The lady was truly a snob! Lady Kavanagh stopped at the required distance and sank to her knees. She was an expert in cock sucking. Nearly all titled ladies were. After around three or four minutes, in order to not prolong the ordeal, she began to tickle the Earl's nuts. He gave an agonising gasp, pulled his cock away from her mouth in an effort to keep himself from ejaculating, but, unfortunately for him, failed and spunked all over her pretty face. "You bitch. I wasn't ready to come. Who told you to play with my balls? How dare you. Consider our agreement unfinished. I'll be back." With that, the earl wiped his slowly deflating cock on her blonde hair, cleaning it before placing it back in his trousers. He swivelled on his heels and was gone. The lady was still on her knees, in the middle of the room, come in her hair and more of it dripping down her face onto her blouse, realising that this was not likely to be the last of the matter. On his way out, a superior look plastered across his face, he attracted the attention of Adams, the Kavanagh's chauffeur. "I wonder what brings him here, the master away and all," he muttered under his breath. He would, he knew, have to try to find out the reason. An edge was an edge, after all. The present day predicament drew the lady from her lamentable remembrance as her mouth felt Adams' cock begin to reach full hardness. "You have a decision to make, my Lady. It's either your ass or your cunt. It'll be your choice and my pleasure." "Can I. Can I think about it?" She mumbled, finding it difficult to sound coherent with her servant's cock in her mouth. What was there to think about, she thought? She definitely didn't want that monster of a cock up her rectum. She was just playing for time. "Yes, but be quick about it. Or I'll fuck you up both."