



# Brutal Serpent

**Author:** *Kate Raven*

**Category:** Romance, Adult, Dark, Historical

**Description:** Dark. Cruel. Toxic. Feral.

Viscount St. Erth has been planning his revenge for a long time.

Only one thing remains.

Innocent Catherine Wendover must be wed and bred.

And she won't know until it's too late.

She's married a monster.

**Total Pages (Source):** 61

## CHAPTER 1

St. Erth

It didn't really matter what my future wife looked like. Even though she didn't know it yet, I was going to marry her even if she was gnarled and marked up with smallpox. As long as she was a virgin Wendover with a working womb, nothing else mattered. Miss Catherine Wendover was 19 years old to my 36, and she was the final missing piece in my years-long revenge plot.

I watched her across the crowded London ballroom, my eyes locked on my future wife as the dancing couples whirled past. She looked younger than I expected, even though at 19 she was a year past when she'd be expected to marry. The little Miss Wendover was dressed fashionably enough, in a delicate white satin ballroom gown with gossamer golden ribbons.

Fascinating, especially since I knew the high and mighty aristocratic Wendover family were flat broke, and just barely outrunning their creditors. And, thanks to me, they were about to run out of fools willing to loan them money. The Wendovers were betting everything on Catherine's London season, on their only daughter making a wealthy match.

Good.

Their desperation meant they'd fall into my trap even easier.

Everything else about little Catherine Wendover was unfashionable. She had bright,

burnished auburn hair, wound into a heavy updo, a tiny stature instead of tall elegance, and soft brown eyes. Instead of looking eager and happy to dance, she hung back from the crowd that pressed close to the dance floor, looking shy and nervous.

Ordinarily the kind of woman I wouldn't look twice at.

But she didn't need the kind of sparkling conversation, elegance, or wit I looked for in my mistresses.

She needed only to be a Wendover. And a virgin. After that, she just needed to be a wet cunt for me to fill, and a healthy belly for me to swell with a baby. Then my revenge against the family would be complete.

It would of course also gain my revenge to marry her and slit her throat after the vows. But that would only be a partial revenge. I had something much worse planned. It would be much more satisfying to force her to bear my child instead.

As my eyes remained fixed on Catherine, I could see others taking notice. I was one of the matrimonial prizes this season. Even the most finicky aristocratic mamas wouldn't turn her nose up at the great wealth of Viscount Alastair St. Erth. Even though I bought my way into the title I looked the complete gentleman.

Looks are deceiving.

But the Wendovers won't realize this until it's too late.

Until their daughter is trapped in my snare.

Some of the other ladies hid their smiles behind their fans, whispering eagerly to each other. I had never singled any London lady out for particular attentions before.

Who was I looking at? Who would I be procuring an introduction to? I could feel the whispers across my skin.

The only one not looking at me was little Catherine Wendover.

It was time to make my move, and I didn't anticipate any problems. I could already see her mother, Lady Julia Wendover, practically licking her lips. I'm new money. I'm the gentleman who bought his title. Bought it with dirty revolting working money, made from my enlistment in the navy, and the prizes I seized from rival French ships. I'm not well-born like them, but most of the London Ton is perfectly happy to greet me, invite me, curry my favor.

Beg me to marry their daughters.

Especially desperate, dilapidated aristocratic families like the Wendovers.

My long strides were lean and silent as I walked toward Catherine Wendover.

She doesn't know it yet, but by virtue of who she is, she's doomed.

She'll never have a day free from my will, my cruelty, ever again.

As of today, she'll begin to punish for her family's sins.

My fury is endless.

My revenge will be lifelong.

She'll never be able to escape it.

CHAPTER 2

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:53 pm*

Catherine

London balls were often comfortless and grim affairs, and tonight was no different. I felt the beginnings of a headache as I tried to fan myself. It was the middle of June, the dance floor was crowded and hot, the stomp of dancing feet throbbing in my head. I felt uncomfortably sticky and irritable, my thick curls plastered to the back of my neck.

But I tried to hold myself how Mama had taught me: head held high, neck kept long and elegant, hands arranged into a pleasing shape in front of my snow-white gown with the elegant ribbons.

The season was winding down in a few weeks and I still didn't have an offer of marriage. Oh, I had met a few very pleasant shy gentlemen who made tentative overtures to call, but they had all turned out to be rather unfortunately situated, with no money whatsoever, and Papa told them that any future offers of marriage would be firmly declined.

I had to make a good match. But I couldn't show that on my face.

My face had to look like I loved nothing more than this sweaty, boiling, sticky ball and all the noisy, jostling couples.

The humiliation of possibly having to come back for a second London season scalded at me, and I didn't even know if we would have enough money for that.

Although Mama and Papa and my brother Millward tried to keep the truth from me, I

knew that our financial needs were pressing. Our ancestral home of Wendover House, our shrinking lands, our entangled finances. They were all riding on me to find a good match. Someone who would feel honor-bound to help my father and brother pay their gambling debts and keep Wendover House from the creditors.

But such a paragon of all the virtues had not appeared and I wasn't sure if he ever would.

Out of the ballroom window I saw the dirty waves of the Thames River in the distance. For one wild moment I wanted to throw off my bonnet and run, run as fast as I could and stow away on a boat, ride down the Thames until we reached the sea. Then I'd emerge and beg to stay on as the ship's cook and we'd sail the world, far away from the gossip of the Ton and the endless insipid conversation at the balls.

But it was just a foolish dream. I didn't even know how to boil water, let alone cook for a bunch of sailors.

I was talking to the gentle Mr. Smythe, a lawyer distantly connected with our family. He was of medium height, with sandy brown hair, and he seemed like a nice, boring man. However, I knew a match with him was impossible. Like any of the other shy men who had paid me even the slightest of attentions this season, he didn't have enough money and he was not comfortably situated enough to pay off my family's debts.

Mr. Smythe was just informing me of a new type of bookkeeping he was trying when I heard a throat clear behind me.

"Miss Catherine Wendover?" someone asked, and I whirled around, startled.

It was our host, Sir John Buckridge, and he waved a hand beside him, indicating a man standing there.

“Miss Wendover, Viscount St. Erth begs for the honor of being introduced and to have your hand in this next dance.”

I heard stifled gasps beside me.

I felt a heated flush of embarrassment spring to my face.

Was this some kind of a joke?

I’d never seen this man before in my life, and I looked up at him in confusion.

Viscount St. Erth was very tall, with broad shoulders and powerful thighs. He was dressed in a fashionable superfine coat of soft yellow buttercup. His hair was that rare bright golden blonde shade, thick and lustrous and pulled back with a simple leather tie. His handsome face was tanned, with high cheekbones, sharp lines, and a strong jaw. His eyes were a bright cornflower blue, and there was a small smile on his face, but his eyes were cold. I felt a little uneasy shiver go down my spine.

There was no reason a man who looked like that should be paying attention to me.

I didn’t think I was being overly modest, but there were many prettier, cleverer, and more accomplished ladies here tonight. And ones without the baggage of my family.

I dipped a curtsy in acknowledgement and said what was proper, but I felt terribly shy with so many eyes on me. When the Viscount held his hand out for a dance, there was nothing for it but to take his hand and follow him.

His hands were strong, with lean, tanned fingers, and, to avoid looking at his face, I looked at his hands. They weren’t at all the hands of the typical gentleman, crisscrossed and scarred with strange lines.

The Viscount didn't seem inclined for conversation, though, moving through the dance without speaking to me.

I wondered irritably why he wouldn't speak, when he should know perfectly well that the gentleman was supposed to engage the lady he had asked for a dance in polite conversation.

He was a good dancer, his tall body moving easily through the complicated steps with a panther's grace. I, on the other hand, stumbled through the steps, forgetting them, and needed his firm hand to direct me when I forgot what my feet were supposed to be doing.

I felt flustered by the fact that he didn't speak to me, so I finally said, "Are you—are you staying long in London, sir?"

"Long enough," he said.



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His eyes were on me, and my prickling sensation of unease increased.

Had I suddenly been transformed into a diamond of the first water, the star of the season? From the skeptical and disbelieving glances I met everywhere I turned, I didn't think so.

"And what are you in town for?" I asked, when no other response seemed to be forthcoming.

"I am in town to get married," St. Erth replied.

I digested this information for a moment. It gave me a strange feeling of relief. If he wanted to get married, it couldn't possibly mean anything that he had asked me for an introduction. He must be bored, or perhaps wanted to do the little wallflower not dancing a favor.

But as I glanced up at him, my feeling of relief dissipated.

He didn't look like a kind man.

He didn't look like the kind of man who did favors.

Viscount St. Erth's mouth twisted up as he looked down on me, and his hand moved to my waist. His fingers seemed to singe my skin through my gown with an unholy fire.

"Would you like to know the name of my wife-to-be?" he asked, and his smile

seemed even more mocking now.

I said nothing, confused by his joking.

When I did not respond, his next words felt like an executioner's sentence.

"You, Catherine Wendover."

I tried to shake off my unease at what must be his attempts at humor.

"My lord, you don't. . . don't even know me," I said.

"I don't have to know you," he returned coldly, increasing the pressure on my fingers.

And when the dance was over, he didn't let go of my hand.

"Another," he said.

I tried to pull away, my heart starting to hammer. "I thank you for your attention," I began, but he gave my hand a little yank.

"Do as you are told," he said.

I opened my mouth to protest but he spun me back onto the floor, guiding me through the steps and making it impossible to break away without causing a scene. I felt more confused than ever.

Was he drunk? Surely that must be it. Otherwise I couldn't understand why he would go to such lengths to taunt a perfect stranger.

Surely this dance wasn't that rigorous, so why was I breathing so hard?

I was in an agony of uncertainty for the entire dance, and St. Erth said not another word to me, acting perfectly unconcerned with the curious stares and whispers at his attentions to me.

"I will call on you tomorrow," the Viscount said when the dance was done.

He still hadn't released my hand. I felt uncomfortable under his gaze, trickles of sweat rolling down my shoulders and under my gown. I tried to twist out of his grip. But he only tightened his hold on me, the pressure so tight it was almost painful.

"I-I don't think that's a good idea," I stammered.

"I didn't ask for permission," St. Erth replied coldly, bowing formally over my hand and walking away into the crowd without a backward glance.

My heart was pounding in my chest. I felt uneasy. Surely he had been drunk? There was no other explanation for his bizarre behavior! And from a man I had never set eyes on before in my life. The anger I had seen in his eyes, the demands, the way he had refused to make proper conversation, it all pointed to coming to the ball decidedly not sober.

That must be it. Right? I wondered uneasily.

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I would probably never see him again. Or he'd be deeply apologetic when we next met.

Then why did I feel so nervous as I watched his tall, lean figure disappear into the crowds at the ball?

Although I was uneasy, Mama was thrilled by his attentions, and it was all she could talk about the entire way home in the carriage.

Mama was tall and elegant, and her red hair a much more becoming shade of auburn than mine. She had been the accredited beauty of her season, and my father, tall and handsome and raven-haired then, and tall and handsome with silvery streaks in his dark hair now, had easily charmed and won her.

"Did the Viscount say anything about calling?" she asked eagerly. I could feel my father and brother's eyes on me.

"He did," I acknowledged reluctantly, although I did not want to talk about the Viscount. "But I don't think he means it. You must—you must know, Mama. He cannot be serious. I think he was just—having a bit of fun."

But my Mama was not a very creative woman, and this she could not fathom. "Don't be missish," she said. "What's wrong with you, silly girl? You ought to be pleased a man like that is paying you attentions. Your mama was an accredited beauty during her season, you know."

I had heard this many times, but it was hard for me to articulate just why the sight of

St. Erth made me nervous.

“There’s no--there’s no reason a man like the Viscount would want me,” I protested.

“And I don’t want him!”

“Silence, Papa broke in angrily. “Enough of your foolish babble, Catherine. Perhaps he is a sensible man looking to make a sensible match. You will do what you can to encourage the Viscount and show him you would be an ideal wife for a man in his position.”

I couldn’t sleep that night, and I looked out my window at London, my stomach twisting in knots.

Surely he won’t come to call.

Surely he was just drunk.

Surely he didn’t mean anything he said.

### CHAPTER 3

St. Erth

The day after I first danced with my wife, I walked up the steps of the London home the Wendovers had hired for the season. I curled my lip to see Catherine’s brother Millward stumble up the steps with a drunken grin.

Millward was a drunken, sloppy fool.

With one twist of my wrist, I grabbed him by the collar.

“Unhand me, you ruffian,” he slurred drunkenly.

But there was no escape for any member of the Wendover family.

I brought my knee across his forehead and pitched him off the side of the stairs where he landed with a crunch on the hard sidewalk and rolled into the gutter below. It would only break his bones painfully, not kill him, and provide a distraction from the Wendovers’ insipid conversation later.

I knocked on the door as Millward moaned in the gutter, remembering with pleasure that I had just visited the august Earl who rented out this home for the Season. After a smooth and easy transfer of funds, he had agreed to start to harass the Wendovers for money starting today. I had made other calls to various tradespeople, and they would soon be coming to repossess everything from Lady Julia’s gowns to Millward’s cravats.

They’d soon have no choice but to accept my offer for their daughter’s hand in marriage. The naked thirst and need in their eyes when I danced with Catherine was obvious, their eyes greedily devouring my body to calculate how much my coat was worth.

My coats and pantaloons, made by the most exclusive tailors in London, only emphasized my status as a prospective suitor. Well-cut, fitted, every row of my lace ruffles showing my wealth and power.

But I’m not a suitor.

I’m going to use their daughter, not court her.

My marriage and heir will complete my revenge, but most likely it will be a tedious, dull thing to be married. I would invite my friends Lord Sheringham and Mr.

Westruther to come shooting for ptarmigan season to liven up the unutterable dullness of life in the country.

Inside, Lady Julia was practically salivating as she looked at me, angling her body toward me and talking with flirtatious animation. Maybe she thought her beauty would be an extra inducement for me to marry into the family.

She was a fool.

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I remembered what she said about my mother.

Strumpet

Baggage

Whore

Sir Philip entered the room and immediately engaged me in conversation, wanting to know about my horses and what kinds of hunting I enjoyed in the country.

I didn't give a shit about the country, but I responded curtly, feeling my body tense. I wanted nothing more than to kill SirPhillip right here, tear his tongue out and garrote him. Although he was a big man, he looked lazy and soft.

But it was going to be better to take everything slowly away from him instead.

Everyone in the family was anxious to please me.

ExceptMiss Wendover herself.

She sat on the couch in a simple gray gown with a high neckline, her eyes on her needlework, a little pink flush spreading across her pale skin.

There was something very amusing to me in her soft little defiance of refusing to look at me. I could tell she was frightened of me, and I couldn't deny that that made my cock twitch in my pants.



There was a knock at the door, and I hid a smile. It was someone passing by who had seen Millward in the gutter. Looking flustered and upset, both Sir Philip and Lady Julia Wendover left the room.

Leaving Catherine alone in the room and at my mercy.

And the sooner she realized it the more entertainment it would be for me.

I moved to sit next to her, feeling a sudden flash of excitement that surprised me. Even before I had made my money in the Navy, stealing cargo from French ships, I had never had trouble bedding women. Lowborn, highborn, they came when I wanted. But this little shy dab of a woman was not just an opera singer to bed, but my wife to be bred with a baby that would make my triumph over the Wendovers complete.

Although Catherine didn't look up, I sat down next to her, stretching my long legs out, getting closer than was proper, our thighs almost touching. She pretended like she didn't notice, but I could hear the hitch of her breath.

Up close, I saw a few things I hadn't noticed before. Her skin was pale and delicate, making it easy to see every flush of embarrassment or change in emotion, her breasts full in her demure gray gown.

I looked over her shoulder to see what needlework she was working on. It was an elaborately rendered portrait of the Garden of Eden, the jewel tones of the green serpent bright as it wound around the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

"And are you a good girl who does what's in the Holy Book?" I asked, not because I gave a shit about religion, but to see her squirm.

"I-I hope I do what is right, sir," Catherine replied, darting her eyes around, barely

looking at me.

I scooted closer, forcing my thigh against hers.

“My wife needs to be a good girl.”

That did make her look at me, her brown eyes wide and astonished.

“And who is your wife?” she gasped.

I could feel a slow smile spread across my face.

“You,” I said. “You are going to be my wife.”

“W-why should you want to marry me?” she asked, trying to scoot away from me on the couch.

I moved closer again, my hip hitting hers, the feeling of the soft cloth of her skirts raising an unexpected heat in my body. They rustled as she tried to draw them away from me.

As if anything she could do would prevent me from doing exactly whatever the fuck I wanted to her.

“All you need to know is that you’re going to be my wife,” I said harshly.

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Catherine shook her head slightly, bending down to her needlework again and refusing to acknowledge what I said. This little defiance caused a surprising white-hot spark of anger, and I drove it down, my cock twitching as I moved one arm to the back of the sofa.

“Didn’t the Lord say to go forth and multiply,” I asked, my voice silky and smooth. I moved my thigh again, pressing it tightly against hers. She was trapped against the side of the couch, with nowhere else to go. I could tell she wanted to jump up and run away from me, but she was too bound by proper social decorum to do so.

Unluckily for her, I wasn’t bound by anything at all.

Except my thirst for revenge.

“He did,” she replied in a low voice, and then, almost inaudibly. “With agodlyman.”

Irritation sizzled across my skin.

When she was my wife, prudish little Catherine Wendover wouldn’t find it so amusing to talk back to her husband.

“Where’s Adam and Eve?” I said, indicating her needlework. “Didn’t they glory in their nakedness?”

Her face flushed even more, an interesting rose-pink that brightened her cheeks. “I beg of you to not speak vulgarly to me,” she said in a stilted voice.

“I’ll speak how I want to my future wife,” I said sharply, grabbing her hand and yanking her body toward mine, so tight that her full breasts were smashed against my arm. “This is what the serpent was telling Eve about.”

Catherine gave a little squeak and tried to pull away from me, but it was easy to overpower her, my cock hardening as the motion shook her thick head of red hair in my face. With my other hand I pulled my cock out of my pants. It was thick and hard. Apparently I would have no trouble wanting to breed my wife. She turned to me with big, frightened eyes. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, and I saw her little heartbeat pounding in her creamy throat. I jerked her closer and placed her resisting hand on my cock.

“This is a cock,” I said. “Your job is to pleasure it.”

I forced Catherine’s hand to surround my shaft as she tried to pull away. I wasn’t expecting my cock to be so painfully hard or what hearing her little distressed noises would do to me. I pried each finger apart and then wrapped my much bigger hand around her small one, forcing her fingers to go around my cock.

She squeaked in distress, shooting little alarmed glances at me, trying to use her other hand to pry herself out of my grip.

“Stop!” she hissed at me. “Let me go!”

But I had her tight, my big hand over hers, forcing her to pump up and down on my shaft.

“Like this,” I growled. “This is what you’re to do as my wife. This is your duty, Catherine.”

Her breathing was coming in quick little pants, and I could see the outline of her

creamy chest through her simple dress, even the swell of each breast. My fingers itched to rip into her gown and rub my harsh fingers over her nipples, feel each perfectly-shaped breast in my hand.

Catherine's attempts to pull away made her small hand close almost convulsively on my cock and I had to suppress a groan.

Fuck.

I hadn't been planning on actually coming in the middle of her parents' drawing room. But I didn't think I could stop myself.

Her breasts were pressed against me, and she began kicking my shins, trying to get me to release her. I could feel the taut tip of her nipple against my forearm, my release coiling at the base of my spine.

Just a few more seconds. Then I'd pull away, let her go. The Wendovers were desperate, but seeing their daughter's suitor forcing her to stroke his cock might be the one thing that could prevent the marriage and my revenge.

But I couldn't make myself stop. I couldn't make myself pull away from her.

Suddenly Catherine's hand darted toward to her embroidery, her clever fingers closing over the sharp needle.

She turned with it clutched in her fingers to stab me. But I was faster, and with my other hand I reached over and grabbed the needle from her fingers, twisting her hand and throwing the needle in the corner.

"Foolish girl," I snarled, tightening my grip and making her yelp. "Don't make me angry."

She glared resentfully at me, biting her bottom lip. Her lips were full and pink, and the little bite marks on her full lip made me clench my other hand into a fist to keep myself from ripping up her skirt and taking her right here on the couch in the middle of London visiting hours.

My release pressed urgently at me, precum beading the tip of my cock, and I grabbed her skirts with my free hand, cupping my cock, and then I released into the silky-soft fabric. My release was hot and hard, and I had to grip the side of the chair with my fist as hard as I could to suppress my deep groan. My cum filled her dress, spurting in ropes all down the front, soaking through so I could feel the skin of her thigh underneath.

She looked frozen in shock, both pink lips open.

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When I let out a low shuddering breath, she finally was jolted into speech.

“How dare you!” she cried, her face almost white with rage.

“Your moral guidance for the day,” I bit out.

Then I made sure to drag her fingers through the cum on her skirts, rub that wetness all over her fingers.

Fuck that looked good.

For a moment I couldn’t control how my chest heaved with desire and I felt a spike of anger.

“Suck it off your fingers,” I ordered her sharply.

“No! Never!” she squeaked, and I yanked on the bodice of her dress, twisting the delicate fabric in my fist.

My hand skimmed her breasts as I tightened my hold.

“You’re going to rip it!” she breathed.

“Then suck it off your fingers,” I snarled back at her.

Finally, she obeyed, popping two fingers at a time in her mouth, sucking at them quickly, the motion hollowing her cheeks.

My future wife's nose wrinkled at me.

“Get used to the taste,” I said. “You’ll suck my cum when I tell you to or you won’t get anything to eat.”

She stopped, her mouth dropping open, one perfect drop of cum hanging from her fingers, and as I watched it fell onto her tongue.

The wave of desire I felt irritated the fuck out of me, and without another word I got up from the couch and strode out of the room, giving cursory nods to the Wendovers taking anxious care of the son whose bones I had just broken.

Fuck them.

I just wasn’t used to dealing with virgins. That was all.

Catherine was nothing special. Just a means to an end.

## CHAPTER 4

Catherine

As I fled to my bedroom, clutching my skirts in my hands, my face was red with disgusted horror. I hoped after the disgraceful and shameful way that St. Erth behaved that he wouldn’t dare to show his face again.

Even after I had changed and attempted to calm down, my mind was a whirl.

Surely he must be a madman, to behave so bizarrely? And to talk so openly about making me his wife, even though I had given him no encouragement whatsoever.



But Mama was excited, and even Papa seemed pleased with me.

“I don’t know what you are about, not to be excited!” she complained at dinner. “St. Erth is the handsomest man in London. Everyone will be so jealous of you if you become a Viscountess. And, indeed, it is a very sensible choice for him to choose a wife based on good breeding and not beauty.”

The analysis of me as the sensible choice depressed me. I thought about my dress, sticky with the Viscount’s release, that I had tried to clean in secret, about my sticky fingers, the taste of him salty and sweet in my mouth.

“I don’t like blonde men,” I said weakly, but they scoffed at me.

“I don’t think he’s a very kind man,” I tried again, desperately wanting to make them understand, but Papa glared at me.

“It doesn’t matter what kind of man he is, as long as he is wealthy.”

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I hoped the Viscount would bore of whatever it was that drew him to our home.

But he came back the next day. And the day after that. And every day for the next week he came during the hours for afternoon calling, staying the exact right amount of time for a visit. Mostly he listened to me play the piano. He rarely spoke to me. Just watched as my fingers stumbled over the songs, and then when the socially appropriate amount of time for visiting was over, he paid his curt respects to my family and left.

He was so perfectly behaved that I wondered uneasily if I was the one who had gone mad. Surely I had dreamed the entire episode when he had forced my hand on his. . . member.

Then one day Viscount St. Erth came to visit but, instead of sitting in the drawing room and listening to me play the piano, he asked to speak to my father instead.

“He is asking for your hand in marriage,” said Millward as he convalesced on the sofa. He had been so drunk he had fallen into the ditch. I should feel sorry for him, but irritation at his drunken ways gnawed at me. He claimed he had been forcibly pushed but I didn’t see who would have done that.

I felt nausea roil my stomach.

“I don’t want to marry the Viscount,” I said.

My brother shot an angry glance at me.

“Don’t be a fool, Catherine,” he said. “Of course you will marry him.”

“Why should I marry him for the sake of your gambling debts?” I asked, feeling myself start to tremble all over.

“He will settle them after you are married,” Millward said. “No gentleman of honor would do less. And maybe I can convince him to loan me a few thousand pounds. There’s a prime piece of horseflesh I want to buy when I become a man of wealth after this marriage.”

I bit my tongue, the anger and heat flushing in my chest. “I’m going to refuse him!” I said boldly. “I don’t care what you say. I don’t have to marry him if I don’t want to.”

Then I fell silent as the door to my father’s study opened and St. Erth and Papa exited.

St. Erth did not speak to me, merely shot me a quick, cold glance with those blue eyes, and left out the front door.

“Congratulations on your engagement,” Papa said, his handsome face looking happier than I had seen in a long time.

“I don’t want to marry him!” I burst out, heedless of the respect due my father.

He raised his eyebrows.

“And why is that, Catherine?”

“I don’t like him,” I protested, unwilling to admit what I really feared.

“Not like him?” my mother retorted. “What’s there not to like? He’s well-mannered,

the most handsome man in London, and he's rich. We'll be able to stay on in London if we want! We won't have to worry about giving up Wendover House. Our troubles are finally over!"

"I don't care," I said, twisting my handkerchief around in my fingers. "He. . .he frightens me."

My father strode over to me, his tall body towering over me, and he grabbed me by the wrist, shaking me so hard I felt my teeth rattle.

"I don't care what he does to you," he said, in a cold voice. "As long as he is willing to marry you, that's good enough for me."

I swallowed down my tears. Surely Mama wouldn't make me marry the Viscount if I didn't want to?

"Mother, please!" I begged.

But there was no help from her either.

"You don't realize how horrible the creditors are being!" she cried. "Why, I couldn't even get a new bonnet yesterday! They said they weren't going to extend more credit to me! The shopkeepers have been so horrible in the last week, and I'm sure I don't know why! But once we announce your engagement to St. Erth, there will be no problems."

"You will marry the Viscount," Father said. "Or I will take you down to the docks and leave you there to be a common dock strumpet. Those are your choices, Catherine."

## CHAPTER 5

St. Erth

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They've fallen into my trap just like I knew they would, all the greedy, sniveling Wendovers.

It's expected that I, as a man of honor, soon to be allied with the family, will feel obligated to pay off all their debts. Every dressmaker's credit, every gambling debt, even Wendover House itself.

But I'm no man of honor.

And I plan to take their last remaining source of income.

Wendover House.

It'll be mine once I breed Catherine.

But I say none of this to Sir Philip.

"Of course," her father told me. "Some of the livings and accounts are. . . slightly awkwardly situated. . .Wendover House is entailed in quite a numpty-headed way, due to some disagreements I had with my pig-headed father. The details of the entailment are. . .rather convoluted, I'm afraid."

I said nothing, merely looking at my future father-in-law fixedly.

I knew exactly what the details of the entailment were.

In a desperate attempt to curb Sir Philip's reckless spending, his father had entailed

Wendover House so that it was only under Sir Philip's control until his first grandchild was born.

And that grandchild was going to be born in 9 months to Catherine Wendover.

Of course, the terms of the entailment could be waived.

If Catherine Wendover's husband agreed.

But Catherine Wendover's husband would not agree.

How many times had I seen Sir Philip enter my mother's rooms as a child? Tall, arrogant, taking what he wanted and then leaving when he was done.

I was always told to go away, hide, not let him see me. One time he had, though. Kicked me with his boot and told me to get out of the way. I had taken a little knife from my belt and launched myself at him, scouring a line down the fine fabric and lace of his sleeves. But he was bigger and he clouted me upside the head until my ears rung. By the time I had shaken my hearing back, he was gone, into the big room for what he had come for, taking the only thing he wanted from my sweet, kind mother.

And I had gone to the stables and slashed the bridles and ropes of his horses, causing him to have an accident on the way back home to his wife and children.

It didn't kill him, though.

And I hadn't forgotten.

"If you would just sign these documents," Sir Philip said, pushing them over the table at me, and I had to restrain myself from laughing, short and bitter.

“I will sign nothing,” I said. “And the wedding will take place tomorrow. I have already purchased a special license for it. I have a dress for Catherine to wear. That is all I require.”

Sir Philip attempted to protest. The wedding clothes. The friends and family who would want to attend.

I waved all the objections away with my hand, the fire burning in my gut.

“Tomorrow or never,” I said.

It was a bluff, but I knew Sir Philip was too weak and desperate to call me on it, so he bowed stiffly and acquiesced.

I knew the exact state of the Wendover finances. I knew the exact entailment he was referring to, and I would never sign my rights away in it.

Because as soon as Catherine delivered a baby, Sir Philip’s life as he knew it was over. I could squeeze the noose as tight around his neck as I wanted.

And all that stood between me and completing my revenge was the untouched cunt of Sir Philip’s only daughter.

And that would be no challenge at all.



### CHAPTER 6

Catherine

The day after I learned Papa had accepted St. Erth's proposal, I woke up with butterflies in my stomach.

How was I going to get out of this? Perhaps I could plead illness or go for a visit to some distant relation's home?

I ran the plans around in my head when I heard a sharp knock on the door.

It was my mother holding a box.

"Open this," she said, her face wreathed in smiles. "It's your wedding gown. You're getting married today."

And my mother, who had very little interest in me beyond my hair and clothes, waited in my room until my maid Mary had put on the dress and done my hair! The dress was beautifully cut, with a high lace collar, and fit me perfectly.

How had he gotten a wedding dress made so quickly?

Then she propelled me down the stairs and left me in a hallway.

"I don't—I don't want to get married!" I cried helplessly, but when I saw Papa appear, I knew I was going to be forcibly taken to the church.

My fears began to spiral as Papa went to arrange for the carriage. It was all happening way too fast! I thought I had more time to prepare how to escape.

Special licenses were very expensive!

Why was St. Erth in such a hurry?

“How are you doing, angel?” Cook asked, patting my cheek affectionately. My parents had never seemed to take much of an interest in me, and my happiest memories as a child were helping Cook bake or curled up in a corner of the kitchen reading.

“I’m scared,” I whispered. “I don’t want to get married to him.”

“Now, darling, don’t be too afraid of your wedding night!” she said affectionately.

Wedding night! I hadn’t even considered that!

“Gentlemen surely love that wet hole between our legs,” Cook went on confidentially. “I expect that’s the same whether the man is a Viscount or,” and here she paused, raising her voice angrily, “the second footman.”

I tried to absorb the idea that the man who had ruined one of my best skirts would now be allowed to do whatever he wanted in that soft wet place between my thighs.

Then Papa was at my arm and propelling me into the carriage and across London to the church where St. Erth had said to meet him.

As we pulled up, the Viscount was standing in front of the church in a soft dove-gray jacket with dove-gray breeches and Mechelin lace on his wrists.

“You will be accorded the luckiest girl in England,” Mama breathed beside me, but I only look at St. Erth with fear and uncertainty.

It was simply unnatural for a man this handsome to want to marry a woman like me.

He stepped up to help me down from the carriage, and I gathered up my courage to hiss in an undertone at him.

“I am being forced to do this!”

I’m not sure what I had expected, but he only shrugged, one hard hand on my elbow propelling me into the church.

“Surely you don’t want to marry an unwilling wife?” I asked in some amazement.

“It’s a matter of complete indifference to me,” he said, looking down at me. “Willing or unwilling, you marry me today.”

My heart pounded in my chest, the blood all rushing to my ears.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:53 pm*

Amazed at my own boldness, I hissed at the Viscount.

“I don’t care what you say! am going to say now when they ask if I object!”

“Is that so?” the Viscount whispered in my ear, and, without another word, he put a hand on my mouth and dragged me down a side hallway.

I thought I had been afraid of him before, but it was nothing to now, one hand tight on my mouth and the other hand twisting my arms behind my back.

Then he whirled me around.

“You will do nothing to stop this ceremony,” he ordered, and he put a hand on my high lace collar and grabbed the fine fabric, twisting it so hard in his hands that I gasped.

“Stop,” I croaked, but he only twisted tighter with cruel fingers, and I began to panic as his hold cut off my air supply, my fingers desperately scrabbling at my neck, trying to pry him off me.

But he was too strong.

“I’ve been planning this wedding for a long time, and no bratty little miss is going to stop it,” he snarled.

“A long time?” I gasped, barely even able to talk. “You just met me for the first time a week ago!”

My head swam, stars flashing in my eyes, and I stumbled. It was only then that he loosened his hold on me. With hard, impatient fingers, he undid the first button at the back of my collar.

I gasped for air, inhaling it into my lungs, and he undid another button.

“What are you doing?” I cried, my voice cracking, and I put my hands back to try to push him away, only for my fingers to meet cold, dry scales.

Then I felt the sinuous, cool slide of a snake around my neck and I screamed.

“Don’t scream,” St. Erth said. “I’d hate for it to bite you. The antidote for snake venom is so hard to find.”

“Take it off me, please,” I begged in a whisper.

“No,” he said.

“I promise,” I cried, as the heavy body of the snake wound around my neck, “I’ll marry you!”

The snake slithered down my shoulder, and I could feel its little tongue flicking out against the high curve of my breasts and then my nipples with a rattling hiss. I stifled a scream as it wound with cool unconcern around my breasts, the tail flicking back and forth, and settled underneath them.

“I’m afraid I just don’t trust you,” St. Erth sighed. “I need some assurance.”

Then he turned my body and marched me back into the church where the bishop was waiting.

The ceremony was a blur. The words, the avaricious looks on Papa and Mama's faces, the heavy golden ring on my finger. I could think of nothing but the snake rustling invisibly underneath my breasts, coiling its cool body between and around me. At every moment I expected the snake to open its jaws and sink its fangs into me.

St. Erth's "I do" was firm and confident and apparently my tiny, shuddering "I do" counted just as much as his, because I heard a sound from his throat when I said it, low and unsettling.

As we walked back out, I felt a sharp prick on the back of my neck, two little puncture wounds underneath my new bonnet, and I shrieked and stumbled forward.

"It has bitten me," I gasped to St. Erth as his hard hands caught me. But I felt his mouth twist up behind me and he unbuttoned the top button again, this time so harshly that the entire pearl button popped off. He reached a hand down my top, his fingers skimming my breasts, making me shiver, as he grasped the snake's body and pulled it carefully from my bosom.

As he threw it into the grass outside, I heard his low mocking laughter.

"I am dying," I cried, my knees giving out.

But he only set me back on my feet.

"That snake isn't poisonous," he growled in my ear. "I'm more dangerous to you than any snake. That was a reminder that you are mine now."

My parents and brother came up to give us congratulations, my whole family looking relaxed and joyous.

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“I am taking my new Viscountess home to Rosewood Manor immediately,” St. Erth said.

“Certainly,” Papa said, his smile stretching from ear to ear. It could not be more obvious that he saw the Viscount’s money for me as a good trade. “Take her whenever you wish. If you would just sign these papers before you leave. . .”

My new husband’s mouth curved up, slow and wicked.

“I don’t think I will, Wendover,” he said, reaching out to take my hand in his big one.

“Why not?” Papa asked sharply.

“Because,” St. Erth said, and suddenly he seemed to loom over Papa. It was biting, painfully clear how powerful and strong my new husband was. “I have no interest in helping you keep your lands. I plan to take them away from you.”

Papa and Mama gaped uncomprehendingly at him.

“At one time, you had a mistress,” St. Erth said flatly. “Her name was Arabella. This mistress you abandoned when she got sick. Instead of spending her dying days with the comfort and nursing you promised, she spent them in a dirty cheap boarding house. Her son had stowed away as a cabin boy and came back on land to find his mother dead.”

The Viscount then smiled, and the beauty of his face was almost disorienting, the shadows of sun low in the sky making his face look unearthly and devilish.

“That son was me and his revenge is mine. Your daughter Catherine will be taken and fucked to bear the heir that will force you from your home so you can spend your aging days penniless, poor, and desperate.”

My parents looked frozen in shock, useless stuttering pleas falling from their lips, and my new husband grabbed me by the wrist and yanked me painfully after him and tossed me bodily into the waiting carriage.

## CHAPTER 7

St. Erth

Catherine scuttled away from me in the carriage, her little rosebud mouth trembling. She pulled her legs as far away from me as she could, twisting them to the side so she wouldn't accidentally brush mine.

As if that could keep her safe.

The London air felt hot and stifling and I was glad to be leaving the city.

“We'll be at Rosewood Manor tomorrow,” I said.

“Yes, my lord,” she replied in a low voice.

There was silence as we bumped through London's shitty roads and out to the open country.

I stared out the window at the countryside, and did not speak to her. I felt a dark, vicious pleasure in my new possession. My mind kept going back to the moment when I had reached into her bodice to take out the snake, the little strangled gasp I had heard as my fingers brushed by her tight little nipple.



“Is—is revenge the only reason you married me?” Catherine asked suddenly.

“Yes,” I said coldly, expecting to see surprise on her face.

But she only tightened her lips further and deliberately turned her face away from me.

Catherine must have somehow guessed. My stomach clenched watching her look away from me. Her wedding gown was pure white with a high neck and chiffon ruffles, but it was made of thin fabric and when the summer breeze blew into the carriage it pressed the dress around my wife’s curves, the soft roundness of her pert breasts and supple roundness of her thighs. Although she was small, she was perfectly curved, and I could feel my cock twitching in my breeches as she put a hand up to brush an errant lock of hair off the ribbon of her bonnet.

“I married you for one thing only,” I said brutally. “To produce an heir to ruin the Wendovers. Your only function to me is as a warm cunt to fuck and womb to fill.”

She looked shocked at my words. Probably had never heard them before, and certainly not from a gentleman.

But I’m no gentleman.

I’m the man who is going to ruin her.

I expected her to cry, maybe beg for mercy, but she only set her chin and fixed her eyes resolutely out the window. I didn’t look away. It made no part of my plans for the Viscountess to be comfortable.

The county of Somerset was damp and windy, but I didn’t even notice the beauty of the sweet green rolling hills and farms outside the coach window.

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The country did nothing for me. Give me the open sea any day. But this was my revenge and I would stay at Rosewood Manor for life to make sure it was completed.

But I could not stop myself from craving Catherine and it infuriated me.

I did not want to wait until my wedding night.

“What have you been told about your marital obligations?” I asked harshly.

“Just—just that I should do what my husband asks,” she said quietly, looking down at her lap. I could see her hands trembling.

Good.

I want her weak and helpless under me, afraid and alone.

“Raise your skirt,” I said, leaning back against my seat, my cock already hardening in anticipation.

My wife looked at me like she couldn’t believe what she had heard.

“N-no.”

“Weren’t you told to do what your husband says?” I asked, speaking harshly because I could feel my senses begin to heat, my desire for her unfurl.

“It’s most improper!” she protested.

I reached over to her, snatching the white bonnet from her head, making a few curls tumble out of her pins.

Then I threw it out the window.

She gasped, two white-glove clad hands pressed on her face.

“Oh, that was so beautiful! You are a heartless monster!” she cried.

I ignored this. “Raise your skirt,” I said again, the need for her twisting like a painful knife in my gut.

She clutched her skirts closer, like I was going to come rip them off her.

But oh no, she was going to do this herself.

I leaned forward, enjoying the beat of her heart, the flush on her cheeks.

“Do what I say, Viscountess,” I said, glorying in how the word felt on my tongue.

Then I ripped at one of the ribbons on her wedding gown, opening the top swell of her breasts to me. Her skin was so clear, so perfect.

When I threw the ribbon out of the window, listening to the sound of the carriage’s big wheels roll over it, she grabbed her skirts and underthings with trembling arms and lifted them all up.

And there, under all the layers, was my wife’s pretty little pink cunt, and her hips twisted shyly, trying to hide herself from me.

Godsdamn, my cock throbbed in my pants, my need for her making it twitch with

anticipation.

“Leave it up, Catherine,” I warned her, forcing myself to move slowly.

I had all the time in the world to breed my unwilling wife on her wedding night.

Just as I put my hand on my aching cock, I heard my driver Liversedge’s voice.

“Rabbit & Crown, my Lord!”

We were at the inn.

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I forced down my lust as we pulled into the Rabbit & Crown, a prosperous and tidy gray stone inn. Because it was on a route to the popular seaside town of Bath, it was well-maintained and comfortable.

There was really no reason I had denied myself the pleasure of any warm cunt ever since putting my plan to marry Catherine into motion. I simply had not visited any lightskirts or opera singers. But perhaps that had been a foolhardy idea, since I felt unusually out of control and uncomfortably fucking in desperate need of sticking my cock in her.

### CHAPTER 8

Catherine

I waited for my new husband in the carriage, feeling stiff and furious. The only good thing about getting married had been the bonnet, and now that was half a mile off in a mud puddle.

For a moment I indulged myself in bitter reflections. If only my mother had listened to me! If only my father had believed me, then we wouldn't be in this mess and I wouldn't be married to a man who had chosen me simply because I was a Wendover who could give him a baby.

My eyes darted around the busy inn yard.

I had to find some way to escape, but what I should do was not immediately clear to me.

St. Erth's two drivers were outside the carriage smoking. They both looked quite like villains, with Liversedge as big and broad as Gilly was short and squirrely, and they would surely alert the Viscount if I tried to run away.

I had only ever traveled with Mama, Papa, Millward, and a full retinue of maids and servants. I knew nothing about what things cost or how to get anywhere. Maybe I could steal a horse from one of the stables and ride away?

But I had never saddled a horse myself and I supposed it was too much to hope that there would be one ready and saddled for a lady to ride.

The land of Somerset looked pretty enough, although the wind meant my thick auburn hair felt thoroughly tangled and wild. I must look a fright.

Maybe I would look too much a fright for the Viscount to want to . . . lie with me as husbands lay with wives.

My stomach felt in knots, remembering what Cook had said.

"Is it pleasant?" I had asked her after her brief and pungent description of what marital duties would be required of me.

"That's AS may be," she sniffed. "I've seen some cocks that would make your tail curl like a pig's, girl. And I've seen some cocks I wouldn't even care to cut up for Monday morning stew."

I had no idea what either of those things meant and now I wished I had thought to inquire further.

The Viscount's cock had seemed to be quite large, too large to fit into something like the warmth between my legs.

A sudden stab of fear went through me, and in a blind panic I opened the carriage door, my shaky legs primed to run as far as I could in one direction or the other.

But then my new husband's shadow fell over me and I looked up with a little start into his savage face. How could someone so beautiful be so cruel? It reminded me of how Satan imitated a beautiful angel to tempt good people.

Except the only thing I was tempted to do was run away from him as far and fast as I could.

But I didn't dare while he watched me with a frown on the harsh planes of his face.

"I told you to stay in the carriage," he said.

"I am in the carriage," I replied, trying to force my knees not to knock together.

"Follow me," he snapped, and I did. Inside, the friendly-looking innkeeper directed us past a snug and cozy taproom with a fire, and up the stairs to the second floor.

This was clearly the best room in the inn and had been carefully prepared for the Viscount's arrival. It smelled fresh and clean, with a big neat bed and a table with fresh water to tidy up with.

I looked at the bed with trepidation, but when the servants had deposited our luggage and left, the Viscount sat down in a heavy wooden chair.

"Get over here," he said.

I hesitated indecisively. I wanted to protest, run away, scream, but my throat felt too parched. And what would happen if I did? The innkeeper seemed like a kindly man, but I had seen him bow his head and grab his forelock when he greeted the Viscount.

I wasn't sure how much help he would be.



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In the split second I hesitated, I could see my husband's face darken, and he leaned back in the chair. I noticed his powerful thighs had fallen apart. He had one hand on each side of his chair and his pose was relaxed, but I felt nervous.

"Get over here, wife," he ordered again.

"I am not used to b-being spoken to like that," I said, stumbling over my words.

"So I gather," my husband said dryly. "But you're not a Wendover anymore, are you? You're Viscountess St. Erth. And you are now mine to do what I want with."

"C-Can't you get your revenge another way?" I asked hopefully. "Maybe by not paying all my father's debts?"

St. Erth laughed coldly. "I won't be payinganyof his debts, you little fool. I'll be getting my revenge withyourbody andourbaby. Don't disobey me or I'll tan your ass until you've got welts."

I gasped. I had never been spoken to in such a way in my life. Surely he wasn't serious!

But I didn't want to test him.

So I walked up to my new husband and stood there uncertainly.

His eyes flicked lazily up and down my body, but there was something that wasn't lazy too.

“On your knees,” he said.

I didn’t know if this was part of the whole wifely duty thing, so I delayed, biting my lip nervously.

“What for?”

Suddenly, my husband rose from the chair in a swift, almost predatorial, motion and pounced on me, gripping my hair tightly.

“Ouch, stop!” I complained.

“I told you to get on your knees,” St. Erth gritted out in my ear. “Unless you want the whole inn listening as I whip you.”

He didn’t even give me another chance to obey, but put one big hand on my shoulder and bore me down to the ground as my legs tangled in the skirts of my dress. I was so trapped by my wedding gown that I couldn’t move.

St. Erth sat back down in his chair.

“Get my cock out,” he said.

## CHAPTER 9

St. Erth

It was not necessary to have my wife suck my cock to complete my revenge. She only needed her legs pried or forced open to be bred.

But my desire had been growing in me and Catherine was completely under my

power. So I was going to indulge in it.

When she still hesitated, I tightened my legs around her and drew my hard length out of my breeches.

“Remember this cock?” I asked. “Right now it goes in your mouth.”

How many times had I gotten my cock sucked, from some of the finest cock-suckers in the London Opera?

So why did the thought of my little shy red-haired wife doing it make me feel almost animalistic with need?

She looked at my thick length with undisguised loathing and I couldn't help my lips twisting up in a wicked smile.

“Open your mouth,” I said, then I grabbed her heavy updo in one hand, the curls feeling silky and glossy under my fingers, and I drove her head harshly down on my cock.

Catherine squeaked with surprise as I hit the back of her throat, her body wriggling wildly under my hands.

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I didn't stop, only pulling my cock out to thrust brutally into her mouth again.

My hand was tight on her hair and she began to try to push against my thighs to escape.

"I am surprised to find you so disobedient, Catherine," I said mockingly. "And I was told you were such a good girl, too."

My wife's eyes flicked up to mine, almost spitting fire at me, but she could only make unintelligible angry little noises with my cock stuffed in her mouth.

I watched her as I thrust in and out, holding her up by the hair so I had the perfect angle to watch my cock disappear inside her pretty wet mouth.

Fuck, she felt good.

I could tell her lips were going to be puffed-up and pink from how hard I took her, and the thought of how she would look sent pleasure spiraling up my spine.

"It's just as the Good Book says," I told her, running my other hand down her neck just to watch her shiver. "A wife's open mouth is a blessing from the Lord."

She made another strangled squeak, and probably would have said something like, "that's not what that verse says," if she had been able to talk.

The forced eye contact was pressing my release all along my spine, and I wanted to drag it out as long as I could, but I felt the tips of her nipples brush against my thighs

as she was forced up and down on my cock and suddenly I burst in her mouth, one hand on her hair, the other on her throat to make sure she swallowed.

And she did, gulping as the tears leaked out from the corners of her eyes. Those little gulps were the most desirable noise I had ever heard and the deep groan that burst from my chest surprised me.

When I finally let her go, she fell backwards, still glaring at me.

I sat still for a moment in the chair, feeling that strange, elated release, the pleasure of Catherine's body trapped between my thighs, then I pointed up on the bed as I released my hold on her. I wanted to breed my wife immediately, make that tiny belly swell with my seed.

But she gathered her skirts and stumbled to her feet, reaching out to the side table where she upended a lit candle onto the floor. And then she ran out the door.

I was astonished to see the dry wood suddenly catch and burst into flames.

Fuck! The little strumpet.

I fumed. How had a mousy little miss like Catherine Wendover manage to upend the candles directly where there was oil on the floor?

Calling harshly for my valet, I stomped at the flames. When Bodkins didn't appear, I called loudly for him again.

By the time he had puffed unhappily up the stairs, I had stomped most of the fires out, and ordered him to take care of the rest.

"I'm going after my wife," I said harshly.

## CHAPTER 10

Catherine

I could barely believe I had been bold enough to run away from St. Erth, but something about how I knew that that huge cock in my mouth was now going between my legs had filled me with panic.

“Mistress, can I help you?” the innkeeper asked uncertainly as I tumbled down the stairs.

“I-I just got an urgent message from Bath,” I lied. “I have to rush there, I’m so sorry.”

I opened the heavy front door just enough to slip through. I would have to move quickly, before he called out or tried to stop me. Married ladies did not rush off to Bath on their own. Also, I had no idea in which direction Bath lay.

Gathering my wedding skirts in my hands, I rushed across the stable yards, and darted behind the first outbuilding. But when I poked my head in, it was filled with busy ostlers brushing down horses.

That wouldn’t work. I heard a commotion in the inn, the noise spilling out of the big windows. A crash that sounded like a plate, and then the Viscount’s voice raised angrily.

I couldn’t hear what he was saying, but I didn’t think it was anything like “I’m fine if my wife runs away.”

The next barn seemed miraculously empty, and my heart gave a hopeful lurch. If it was abandoned, maybe no one would think of looking inside.

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I could hear noise and bustle in the stable yards, and people yelling, so I hastened down past the stalls, heading to the far corner of the building. Casting my eyes over each stall, I chose what seemed like the cleanest and nicest-smelling hay to hide in and I dove down, with only a little pang for my beautiful wedding clothes.

What did they matter? I thought bitterly. The Viscount hadn't really wanted to marry me. He would've married anything or anybody as long as her name was "Miss Wendover."

When the barn door opened slowly, I felt a chill go down my spine.

Maybe it was just a random ostler.

I held my breath, not daring to make any noise.

"Catherine Wendover," the voice came. Silky-sweet with malice, velvety, cruel.

It was my husband.

Then I heard his low mocking laugh.

"Oh, but you have a new name now, don't you? That name that means legally I own you and can do what I want to you."

Raising my eyes up carefully, I saw him pick up a big pitchfork. My stomach roiled with fear and I tried to tamp it down.

“Come out, Catherine St. Erth,” the Viscount said again. “You see, very unpleasant things happen to people who don’t do what I say.”

I suppressed a scream as he jabbed the pitchfork down savagely into the first stall, stabbing the soft hay there over and over again.

What if I had been there? He would have killed me! My husband was a dangerous madman!

“Come out,” he said, low and wicked, his slow steps seeming to echo against the wood. “It doesn’t suit the dignity of a Viscountess to sleep in a barn.”

My knees felt as weak as jelly, the fear coursing through my body. I didn’t want to wait for him to skewer me. But what would he do when he caught me? I didn’t think he was the kind of man to show mercy.

Maybe he wouldn’t try every stall? Maybe if I stayed absolutely still?

I lay there trembling. My husband moved closer, his tall body moving with slow sure steps in the shadows.

“Not going to come out, Catherine?” he asked.

Then he moved to the next stall, and down the pitchfork fell again. He didn’t even kick the straw, or feel around to see if I was in it. Just thrust the pitchfork down as hard as he could, the sickening clang of the viciously sharp implement hitting the barn floor rattling through my teeth.

I wasn’t even sure I could get up. I felt too frightened to move. Maybe this was better. At least if he killed me he’d get in trouble.



Wouldn't he?

I was afraid I didn't know. Maybe he had enough money to get out of that, too.

"There's no escape for you, little Catherine," my new husband said, and a shaft of moonlight illuminated the terrible beauty of his face as he drew closer. There was one stall left before mine.

"Come out, wife," he said again. "You don't want to know what I'm capable of."

Then he struck at the stall, and it seemed to my terrified eyes that he struck hardest with this one, his broad shoulders stretching back so he could impale the hay.

I imagined that pitchfork going through me. Would the Viscount be surprised when his next blow pierced through my skin, when he skewered his wife through her guts?

He reached the door to my stall and I saw him raise the pitchfork high.

I lurched to my feet. "Stop!" I cried shrilly. "You're insane! You could have killed me!"

I was trembling uncontrollably.

There was a beat of unpleasant silence and then St. Erth stalked into the stall and, before I could move, he had yanked me back against him and ripped open the back of my dress.

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“Don’t run away from me again,” he said coldly.

Then I was shoved onto the floor of the barn, landing on my ass on the hard wooden slats.

“You seemed to enjoy hiding from me in the hay,” St. Erth said coldly. “So now you can get fucked in the hay.”

“No, please,” I said weakly, but I had seen enough of my husband by now to realize that he was not going to be swayed by pleading.

I tried to scuttle backwards like a crab, but he pounced on me, flipping me over on my belly and tearing at my dress.

“Beg for me to stop,” he said cruelly, his thighs pinning me in place.

I tightened my lips. I knew it was a play, a game for him. He wasn’t going to stop. But he shook me, making all the curls from my wedding updo fall out on my shoulders. Then he tightened his hands in my hair.

“Beg,” he growled.

“Please,” I whispered. “Please stop.”

My husband made a satisfied hum and he ran his hand down my back, tightening his hold on my back, my ass, then my legs.

“No,” he said, bending over me. “You’re here to be fucked and bred at my pleasure, Viscountess.”

As I tried to crawl away on my elbows, he flipped up my dress, and ripped at my undergarments, rending the delicate fabric in his hands.

I screamed then.

St. Erth bit me on the thigh and I yelped in pain.

“Hush,” he said sternly. “Unless you want everyone at the inn to come in and watch you getting fucked by your husband and master.”

Then he pushed my head into the hay and shoved a knee between my thighs, splitting them open.

For a moment, he just pinned me motionless as I strained against his grip.

“You’re at my mercy,” he said with pleasure. “And I don’t show mercy.”

Then he shoved his cock inside me, tearing through my maidenhead with a feral growl. The sensation was white-hot agony, sending searing pain through my core, up my spine, and down my legs.

My cruel husband didn’t stop, pulling out and thrusting hard in me again. One hand was on my hip, pinning me in place, the other on my waist, making sure I took the entire hard, painful length of him.

Cook had not exactly been clear, but from what she said I knew that this first time might be uncomfortable, but she had never said it felt like you were getting split open.

My cunt stung and I gritted my teeth, trying desperately to get some purchase on the floor, anything to stop my body getting dragged across the hard boards.

But St. Erth held me with tight, merciless hands.

I heard a low, deep sound from his chest, and I squeezed my eyes together, wanting it to be over.

There was a curious throbbing heat now in my core as he shoved his cock in and out of me, and I didn't like the feeling any better as the heat pulled and tugged at me.

St. Erth moved one hand up to my hair, to yank my head back.

"I want to see you getting fucked," he said. "I want to see you getting bred. You're going to take me even though you don't want it, wife. Remember that. You are here for whatever I want to give you. Whenever I want my cock in you. Now take my seed."

His hand was so tight on my hair that I gave a little whimper, and then without warning he released inside me. I felt it all up my spine as he poured wicked liquid heat into me.

His breath was heavy along my throat, and he suddenly leaned forward and bit my ear, causing me to whine and try to shudder away from him.

I felt warm wetness deep inside me, and the Viscount pulled out of me and flipped me over onto my back, none too gently either.

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He was like a devil in the moonlight, his hands roaming up and down my body.

He moved and his broad shoulders blocked out the light then, and he was a dark, big shadow looming over me.

My cunt was already aching and he gave me a sharp slap between my open thighs.

“Get up, Catherine,” he said. “You need a bath. There’s only one bed in our room and I’m not sleeping on the same mattress with someone who looks like a filthy street urchin.”

He stood up with lithe grace, and I staggered to my feet, clutching the side of the barn door.

“Why didn’t you just finish the job?” I asked bitterly, looking at the pitchfork. “It was only luck that you didn’t kill me with that.”

St. Erth turned around, his thick blonde hair impeccable, not a hair out of place, the strong planes of his face unmoved and cool. Like he fucked wives in the barn every day.

“If I wanted you dead, brat, you’d be dead already. I want you alive.”

Then he stretched his long arm out and pointed. There was a scrap of my beautiful white dress on the stall door.

He had known all along.

He had just wanted to torture me.

“Now move,” St. Erth said, and his voice was like steel. “Or I might lose my patience with you.”

## CHAPTER 11

St. Erth

If the innkeeper and servants were a little startled to see Catherine at the door covered in hay and dirt, with her hair falling down her back, they were too used to the ways of the Quality to say anything.

I ordered a warm bath to be drawn up in the back of the inn in the kitchens and watched with satisfaction as servants brought steaming kettles full of water, filling the kitchen with a delicious warmth.

When they were done, the bath was full, hot and inviting.

Catherine was standing as far away as she could from me, and when I started undressing her face flushed and she turned away from me.

When I was completely naked, her face set determinedly away from my thick hanging cock, I stepped into the bath, grabbing the sturdy country bar of soap the innkeeper provided, and sunk down into the hot water.

My eyes felt like they burned as they fixed on my wife. Catherine’s delicate white dress was torn, hanging in shreds from her body, and she tried in vain to hold the pieces of cloth together. Her hair had almost all fallen out of its pins, the long auburn waves tumbled over her bare shoulders.

It gave me an unexpected flush of savage pleasure to see what I did to her.

My skin felt warm, heated with my burning anger at her disobedience.

The sooner she realized there would be no defeating me, no beating me at my own game, the better.

After I cleaned myself, I waited deliberately, watching her silently as the hot water cooled.

Catherine was pretending to ignore me, staring fixedly at the corner stove like it was the most fascinating thing she had seen in her life.

“You’re filthy,” I ordered. “Take off your clothes and get ready to get in the tub.”

“I won’t fit in there with you,” she protested, fastening horrified round eyes on me.

“No one said you were getting in with me,” I corrected her. “I just want to see what I purchased. My property.”

She flushed, the bright pink a warm color against her pale skin.

“Are you going to call a servant to get more hot water?” she squeaked.

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“Brats don’t get fresh bath water,” I said sharply, and her little pink mouth dropped open with surprise. “In fact, you’re going to get in here and wash off without another fucking word.”

I saw her cringe at my language. God, what a spoiled princess she was.

Of course, I had to call a servant girl from the inn to help her undress because she didn’t know how to do it herself.

She was weak.

Weak, helpless, under my control.

Just the way I wanted her.

After the maid had gotten her started, she was able to finish, quickly dropping her wedding dress, the straw and dirt still clinging to it, and she stood there shivering in her undergarments.

I saw her nipples tighten against the thin fabric of the shift and I felt my cock hardening in the bath.

“Your shift too,” I said harshly.

She started to protest, but she looked at me, and, fingers trembling, moved to slide out of her sheath, her face even redder as she stood before me naked.



“So you’re a spoiled miss who has never had to bathe after anyone else?” I asked.

She hesitated, then raised her little chin defiantly.

“My family has enough means to make sure we each had fresh bath water,” she said.

Little cat!

“Not anymore,” I returned. “The high and mighty Wendover family are under my power now.” I let the pleasure of my revenge heat my body as the bath water cooled around me.

“I am—sorry to hear about your mother,” Catherine said hesitantly. “But surely there is some mistake? Surely if my father had realized—?”

“There is no mistake,” I cut her off harshly, angry at her words. “You will bathe after me,” I continued. “In whatever water I choose to leave you. You’re here to take whatever I give you.”

It was a lot easier than it should have been to start stroking my cock, hard and throbbing as I looked at my new wife standing before me, the pink flush across her face and spreading down to her chest, her shame and embarrassment visible all over her pale skin. My cock was aching at the sight of her, the way she was trying to hide her round breasts, the curve of her hip, her cunt from me.

“Move your hands, or I’ll come out of the bath and whip you,” I threatened her, and she obeyed as I stroked my shaft. My hands tightened on my cock, stroking myself convulsively, when I saw the tips of her nipples, the marks my angry hands had made on her hips.

Mine. Mine to own and punish.

Her thighs were squeezed tight together, preventing me from seeing the whole of her. And her body was mine to do as I pleased with, mine to look at how I chose now.

“Spread your legs apart,” I gritted my teeth, feeling the muscles in my arms strain, trying to move slower.

She looked at me in confusion.

“I want to see my cunt,” I ordered, feeling the release building up my spine.

She opened them nervously, shifting her position, and I could see a splash of wetness on her thigh.

Was that my seed on her thighs? My release filling her so completely that it’s dripping down her legs?

“Eyes on me,” I growled.

When she bit her lip and raised her soft brown eyes to mine, I released into the bath water, my cum covering the bar of soap, shooting in ropes before her horrified eyes.

I could feel my chest heaving and I controlled my breathing with an effort, getting up and drying myself off.

Then I indicated the bath.

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“Get in, Viscountess.”

She tightened her lips together as she looked at the tub, bits of hay and chunks of dirt from the barn floating in it, my cum splattered across the cold water, coating the bar of soap.

“I want fresh water,” she said, and I was darkly amused by the little spark of defiance in her eyes. I hadn’t noticed before, but they weren’t all brown. She had little bright flecks of gold in them. Her useless defiance might amuse me. Or it might piss me off.

I took two steps toward my wife, and that was all she needed to scurry away from me and hop into the tub.

By this time the water was cold, and I watched Catherine gingerly sink down into the tub, looking at the water like it was going to bite her.

“Soap up,” I said shortly, pulling a fresh pair of breeches on.

She wrinkled her nose up, but she obeyed, dunking the soap before beginning to wash her body.

I leaned against the wall and watched her. It pleased me to see her forced to rub my release all over her body, the motion soaking my seed into her skin.

As it should be. I wanted her filled, stuffed full, with my release.

Filled with my child, my heir.

Her nose was turned up at the soap.

“Keep going,” I said.

I could feel my cock already twitching. She pulled the soap under the water and I wondered if she was running it across her breasts, cleaning each pink nipple with my cum, soaping her pink, puffed-up cunt with my cum.

I clenched my fists tightly, but it didn't stop my cock from hardening.

When I saw her teeth finally beginning to chatter, I allowed her to get out, and she hastily pulled the towel around her body and dried off.

As if the little towel was any barrier to me, I thought as she quickly pulled the pure white nightgown over her head.

The inn owner directed us to a back staircase we could use to climb to our room.

I followed Catherine up to the room.

“Why did you tell the innkeeper you were going to Bath?” I asked sharply.

“I've always wanted to go,” she said in a small voice, then, louder, “and I am going to get away from you.”

“I bound you to me today,” I returned, laying a heavy hand on her neck. “You're mine now.”

After I had firmly shut the door of our room behind me, I couldn't help grabbing her tightly by the nightgown and throwing her on her back onto the bed.

I wanted to slow down, make my control and power over her slower, but I couldn't help taking her brutally quickly again, tearing up her nightgown and settling between her thighs.

Catherine's little squeaks only made my cock harder.

"You are here to give me an heir," I reminded her, gritting my teeth.

It must be because I could taste the revenge on my tongue that made me so out of control, I thought as I ripped her legs open, not giving her any time to prepare, just thrusting inside her, sinking my cock as deep as I could.

And godsdamn, did she ever feel good, tight and warm, her wet curls falling over the back of her nightgown.

The soft gown had fallen off her shoulder a little bit, exposing her skin, and I couldn't help leaning forward to bite it, my cock taking her viciously, each thrust a reminder that she couldn't go anywhere, do anything, stop me from doing whatever the fuck I wanted to her.

My teeth closed on her shoulder, her skin tasting sweet under my teeth and tongue.

My new wife made a little noise in her throat, something between a moan and a whimper as she tried helplessly to shove me away, and I felt my release sizzle irresistibly at the base of my spine, flaming over my body as I released into her with a groan.

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“Keep it inside,” I admonished, lying down beside her.

Catherine said nothing, turning her face away from me.

“I want you with child as soon as possible,” I continued. “I don’t want to deal with your father begging for any part of what will be my lands.”

I lay down beside her, leaving my breeches on the foot of the bed.

“Keep your nightgown up,” I ordered her, yanking my new wife back against my chest. “I might wake up and want to breed you again.”

“Again? You already did it twice,” Catherine said tremulously, and I could feel the little fluttering of her heart, her breath coming in little gasps.

I felt drowsy and content with my plan going so easily. The Wendover family could not escape now.

“I will want to do it again. And you will open your cunt to me, whenever I desire it.”

Half-asleep, I put one hand loosely around her throat, my fingers spanning the creamy skin, just for the pleasure of feeling the fluttering of her heart against my palm, the panting of her breath on my fingers.

Of course, when we reached Rosewood Manor we would naturally be sleeping in separate rooms except for when it was necessary to breed her.

She stiffened and squeaked, but I growled in her ear.

“Shh, wife. I want to enjoy your submission.”

I fell asleep quickly, my arm tightly around my new Viscountess, my hand on her throat. Keeping her from running away from me again.

She's mine to torment now.

## CHAPTER 12

Catherine

I was awakened early by the servants drawing the curtains and I took the opportunity to scuttle hastily out of bed and call for a maid to help me get dressed.

I didn't look back at my husband, but I could feel his gaze on me, an uncomfortable rake across the nape of my neck.

We had breakfast at the inn, and I felt rumpled and irritated. My entire body ached. The skin on my back and arms and legs felt sore and scratched from lying in the hay. My face felt itchy. My hips ached from where my husband had gripped them tightly to force himself in me over and over. And worst of all was the place between my legs, throbbing in pulse points, on fire with a strange heat.

I didn't look at my husband as I sipped the strong hot tea, but I heard him whistling what sounded like a popular opera song. I wondered angrily if he had an opera singer mistress like many in the Ton did, and, if so, why he didn't go bother her instead of me.

“What an instructive night,” my husband said languidly, as I nibbled on a piece of

toast. "I hope you won't be the kind of wife who needs continual discipline. Though it would certainly save the servants work to never have to pour you a hot bath."

I said nothing, refusing to look at him.

"What I want," St. Erth went on, his voice light with malice now, "is a docile and submissive wife who won't bother me when I'm busy with matters on my estate."

I fixed my eyes on an elderly couple at a different table poring over a map together. I could hear the word "Bath" bandied back and forth between them. They must be going to the seaside resort town. I had never been and always wanted to go.

I reflected bitterly that I would be in a much better position if I managed to stow away in their carriage and then begged them to take me on as a scullery maid when they got to Bath.

"Look at me," St. Erth ordered, his voice suddenly sharp and hard.

I had seen enough to him to obey reluctantly, and that golden, cruel smile spread over his face.

"That's better," he said. "Now, Viscountess, we will be arriving at my country estate tonight. And why did I marry you and bring you to my home?"

For a moment I wanted to return a saucy answer, but I looked at my husband's long limbs stretched out and I was afraid.

"To bear your children," I said quietly.



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“And when is your cunt to be available to me?” he went on, his body motionless in the chair, his bright blue eyes boring into mine.

“Whenever you want,” I replied, my cheeks flushing as I dropped my eyes.

“Look at me when you say that, Catherine,” my husband said sharply.

“People are going to hear!” I hissed uncomfortably at him, wondering if the nice couple in the corner had interrupted their perusal of the map to stare at us.

St. Erth’s tanned hand shot out, the long fingers tightening under the table on my thigh.

“Look at me when you say that,” he repeated, his fingers stretching up my leg until they almost reached between my thighs.

I squeaked in distress and finally dared to look up at him.

“When is your cunt to be available to me?” he went on, his voice like steel.

“Whenever you want,” I repeated, my voice at a whisper, forcing my eyes to hold his.

Each plane in his face was perfect, the cheekbones high, his jawline flawless. I had seen the envious glances other women in the inn taproom shot at me, but if they only knew!

He was a monster. I felt sick with worry for what he intended to do to my family.

“This is mine,” he said again, and he shoved my legs apart impatiently so he could give my cunt a firm slap.

The blow was only barely muffled by my dress and I tightened my lips to smother the strangled squeak.

St. Erth dabbed both sides of his mouth with the damask cloth napkin.

“Now get up and wait in the other room until the carriage is ready to go,” he said.

We had a whole day until we got to his home of Rosewood Manor and I was determined to escape before I got there.

I didn’t want another night of his cock inside me, another night when he filled me with his release. If I had a baby, it would mean the end of my family! Wendover House would be his the moment I gave birth.

My brain worked furiously, trying to come up with a solution.

How could I escape the Viscount?

The horses and carriage were readied in a commendably short time by Liversedge and Gilly and all too soon we were off, St. Erth and I riding inside once again as I sat resentfully across from my husband.

“You look sore,” St. Erth said.

I narrowed my eyes at him. “You know I am sore,” I said, choking on my words. “You are a brute.”

“You will address me as befits my station,” St. Erth said, stretching one long leg out

so that I was forced to practically sit on my feet to avoid him.

“You are a brute, my lord,” I retorted, feeling the anger at his inexorable power inside me again.

“Try not hiding in chicken and cow shit next time,” St. Erth said. “And you won’t get fucked in the barn.”

We rode in silence for several more miles. Every time I thought St. Erth was asleep, I’d glance over at him, hoping to see his eyes closed so I could relax and think about how to escape. But every time he was looking at me, making my skin prickle with the sensation of his gaze.

I leaned my own head against the back of the carriage. I felt sleepy, but was it even safe to sleep around the Viscount?

Just then, I heard the hasty clopping of horses outside, like riders coming up from a distance.

St. Erth didn’t seem particularly interested, but then I heard the loud, rough cries.

“Halt! Stand and deliver!”

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I gasped. “Highwaymen!”

St. Erth only looked annoyed. “What manner of country bumpkins are these?” he asked with annoyance, yanking the carriage window open.

Liversedge was already pulling our equipage to a halt.

There beside the carriage were three men on horseback, all wearing rough clothing and dark handkerchiefs pulled over their eyes.

“You there!” the first one said. “Get out of the carriage. And you, there!” he called, addressing Liversedge. “Send down the strongbox.”

“What should we do?” I whispered.

“I supposed we had better get out,” St. Erth said, rolling his eyes. “If we don’t, they’ll just start pawing at the door.”

I felt disappointed. I had hoped he might suggest fighting them off or something.

However, maybe there were possibilities here. Maybe I could escape if there was a scuffle.

Maybe they would shoot my husband.

The thought excited me, even though I felt wicked. But that would be lovely.

However, maybe they would also shoot me too.

I would have to wait and see.

St. Erth was so tall he had to bend down to get out of the carriage door, and I followed along after him.

As we got out, Liversedge and Gilly were arguing about the strongbox.

“Where is it, you fool?”

“I thought you had it!”

“What is this infernal noise?” St. Erth snapped as he stretched to his full height. The highwaymen looked leery of him, all three men keeping their revolvers trained on him.

But the Viscount didn’t make any moves toward them, only brushed specks of dust from his lace collars.

“Give us the money, my lord,” the first highwayman said, dismounting from his horse carefully, his eyes trained on my husband.

“Please,” said St. Erth, leaning against the carriage and looking bored, “There’s no need for these theatrics. Take what you want and leave. Liversedge!” he called up to his driver. “Send down the strongbox.”

I took a careful step sideways. I didn’t think St. Erth was looking at me. I would run into the nearby woods and not stop until I reached Bath.

Liversedge suddenly threw a heavy chest down in front of the men, sending clouds of

dirt and dust flying into the air.

“You aristocrats are like fat pigeons,” the leader of the highwaymen said with some satisfaction. “Easy for the plucking.”

The robbers bent over and one man produced a tool he used to break the lock with a sickening crunch.

I took another step so that I was now behind the men with the guns. They had their revolvers trained on my husband; his servants were too far away to grab me. I needed to use this to my advantage.

“Take me with you,” I whispered as loudly as I dared. “This man kidnapped me,” I continued, forcing myself not to look at St. Erth as I grabbed the highwayman’s arm desperately. “Bring me back to London and my family will reward you handsomely for protecting me from him.”

“Eh, what?” the leader of the robbers said distractedly, turning in a fury to St. Erth. “Sir, this strongbox is empty!”

But St. Erth wasn’t looking at him. He was looking at me, his blue eyes blazing with fury.

“That was a very stupid thing to do, Viscountess,” he said harshly.

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Then I saw a knife appear in his hand, flashing between his fingers faster than I could see where he had hidden it. He took a step toward the robber and tore him away from me.

The knife flashed in the sunlight and the other man sagged.

Suddenly, I heard a gunshot and Liversedge had taken out a substantial revolver of his own and shot at the second robber.

The third robber tried to put up his gun, but St. Erth whirled on him, gripping him by the cloak and running him into the side of the carriage before twisting him around and slashing the knife across his throat.

Bright crimson blood appeared under the other man's neckerchief and I screamed, the tightness on my throat suddenly loosened.

St. Erth turned to me and I wanted to run away, but I couldn't force my legs to move.

He seemed to have grown to enormous proportions as he loomed over me, holding the dead robber in one hand.

"Look at him," he said, yanking on the front of my dress with bloody hands. "See what happens when you touch another man."

"You're a madman!" I burst out desperately, tightening my thighs together so I wouldn't fall on the ground in a faint.

St. Erth smiled at me, and I couldn't help remembering the serpent in the Garden of Eden again. Beautiful and deadly.

He drew fingers through the blood on the dead man's neck again, then, as I watched in horror, he suddenly moved them toward me, dropping the corpse on the ground.

The Viscount dragged his bloody fingers across my cheek, then down my throat, as I screamed as loudly as I could, screamed until I was hoarse.

But nothing stopped my madman of a husband.

He grabbed my chin with his hard hands, pulling me closer to him. "Touch another man only if you want him to die," he warned me, releasing me so suddenly that my head began to swim with panic and adrenaline.

"Dispose of these bodies," he ordered Liversedge and Gilly. "Turn the horses free. They're most likely stolen and they'll head back instinctively to their owners."

They both got down from the carriage and began to bicker between themselves as they rolled the bodies efficiently into a big tarp and then began to haul them away.

The blood moved from a sticky wetness to a taut dryness on my cheeks, and I resisted the urge to claw it off my face, scrub every place that St. Erth touched me.

## CHAPTER 13

St. Erth

I had never felt rage this deep before, my blood pounding harshly in my ears.

I should be pleased that Catherine was so desperate to escape. It only emphasized my



power over her, my triumph over the Wendovers. Each frightened squeak, every palpitation of her heart, was a sign of my revenge.

But I was furious.

Running away and hiding in the barn was one thing. But that Catherine would dare to try and entice another man to take her away from me!

It made my blood boil.

Had I not made it very clear to her that she was mine? To do exactly what I pleased with?

I put my hand on her, my fingers tightened on the back of her neck, and I felt the heat rise uncontrollably inside me as the long strands of her hair whipped and dragged across my fingers.

The leather strap that tied the luggage to the top of the carriage caught my eye and I ripped at it, causing suitcases to fall beside me on the ground, but I didn't care. I yanked the leather strap free, flipping Catherine around and shoving her face-first against the side of the carriage.

Then I ripped up her dress, tightening the long length up in my fist until her little pink undergarments were all that was left.

I ripped those down too, sending them down around her ankles, and my wife began to wiggle around now, trying to escape. The motion made the tantalizing roundness of her pert cheeks wiggle and the rush of lust I felt made me furious.

"Stay still," I warned her, pressing Catherine harder into the side of the carriage.

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I brought the leather strap down on that creamy white ass.

It made a satisfyingthwackas it connected with her skin. Catherine yelped like she'd never been spanked in her life.

I did it again, on her other deliciously bare cheek. It pleased me to see the flesh redden, and my wife wiggle with discomfort.

It pleased me too goddamn much.

I was uncomfortably aware that my cock was throbbing at the thought of sinking my hard length into her, breeding her again, forcing my release in her, and swelling her belly round with my seed.

“You’re not to touch other men,” I said angrily, trying to ignore my painfully hard cock. “And if you try to escape from me again I’ll tie you up with a rope and drag you behind the carriage.”

I thrashed her again, making sure she was spanked with the full strength of my arm.

She could have been goddamn killed doing something stupid like that,I seethed to myself.

She whined and mewled, sounding like a little angry cat, and I spanked her several more times, gritting my teeth to keep myself from plunging a hand into her warm cunt.

When I stopped for a moment her ass was glowing.

My cock was so hard it ached in my pants, and I flipped Catherine back around, making sure to grind her sore ass against the carriage door.

There were angry tears running down her face and I couldn't help my lips twisting up.

"Here," I said, taking out my handkerchief. "I don't want to fuck you with snot running down your face."

"I don't want to. . .fuckyou at all!" she raged at me, and I was amused to see her set her chin to use my same vulgar language.

"That's too bad for you," I said harshly, my cock aching, my need urgent. "You don't get a choice in the matter. Now wipe your face off."

I moved the handkerchief closer, and with a little snap of her teeth, she grabbed the handkerchief and started tearing chunks out of it like a little angry kitten.

I wanted to laugh but I grabbed her chin with one hand, tightening my fingers so she was forced to stop.

"Claws in, kitten."

I gave her a little spank on her bare sore ass to make sure she knew she was at my mercy. I could feel the precum beading on my cock, making my breeches wet and I couldn't wait any longer. I braced her against the carriage door, twisting her dress up in my arms, and I yanked my cock out.

Her mouth was set in such a pretty pink pout that I couldn't help bending down to

kiss her, keeping my fingers roughly on her jaw so she couldn't close her mouth to me. Catherine squeaked angrily underneath my mouth, struggling in my arms. But nothing would stop me when it came to her. She tasted exquisitely sweet, and I took a moment to force my tongue in her mouth, gather all her sweetness up for me.

Then I plunged my cock in her, gritting my teeth against the pure pleasure of her wet cunt forced to spread for me. She was so wet and warm that I was already feeling my release build.

Fuck. I knew I should have taken her this morning, but the goddamn footmen were in my room too early fucking about with the curtains.

I can't control myself when it comes to her.

I bent down, opening my mouth over her neck, where her little fluttering heartbeat stood out. She tried to shy away from me, but that only made me grab her tighter. I bit down right over her heartbeat and she threw her head back against the carriage, wanting to get away. But there was nowhere to go. No escape for her, and her little pants made me feel ravenous with need.

"Feel that, brat?" I asked, letting her go so I could nip punishing kisses all up and down her throat. "I have power even over your heartbeat. Everything about you is mine. I'm going to fill you with my seed because you're mine to fuck and fill, wife."

Her skin against my teeth tasted silky and suddenly I knew I couldn't hold out any fucking longer. I put one arm against the carriage, bracing myself so I could fuck her as hard and fast as I wanted to, grinding her into the side of the carriage.

My release snaked up my spine and burst over my skull as I emptied myself inside her, tasting her skin under my tongue.

Godsdamn, but she felt good!

I've fucked other people's wives, but I didn't know fucking your own would feel this good.

What is it about her that means I can barely control myself, like I'm too feral to fuck her slowly? The way she's soft and weak but there's still a spark of defiance in her eyes?

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I had to keep an arm around her when I let her down or she would have collapsed onto the ground, and the way her nipples peaked against my arm made me want to take her again, but unfortunately I saw my two drivers walking back from disposing of the robbers.

“You’re despicable,” she said, jerking out of my arms and opening the carriage door.

However, my sweet little wife hasn’t quite learned her lesson yet, and I shut the carriage door.

“You can walk,” I said sharply.

Her mouth dropped open. “Walk? How far away is it to Rosewood Manor?”

“Somewhere between 2 and 10 miles,” I said, even though I knew perfectly well it was only 2 or 3 miles. I hopped back into the carriage. “Maybe after a few miles I’ll let you come in if you suck my cock like a good girl.”

It amused me to see her tighten her mouth together tightly. I could take her anytime I wanted, but it would please me to see her beg.

“Never,” she said, and I smiled.

“Very well.”

Then I gave the order to go and shut the door behind me.

“You’d better walk quickly,” I added. “This area is known to attract bears.”

## CHAPTER 14

Catherine

I trudged along behind the carriage, my lovely petal-pink gown now inches-deep in mud and dirt.

My husband had said I could get in the carriage if I got on my knees to service him, but I refused.

I refused to get down on my knees unless he made me!

Fuming, I walked for what seemed like hours, alternating between despair and rage.

Then finally we crested a hill. I seethed, convinced that St. Erth was taking us the longest, most difficult path.

But there laid out in front of me was Rosewood Manor. It looked nothing like I had expected. Soft pale gray stone, expertly laid together. The front of the manor was a riot of climbing thick greenery framing jewel-like windows. A sprawling unruly garden of pale pink roses grew so vibrantly that it almost engulfed the front door. There were tall neatly clipped hedgerows growing in geometric patterns on the long expanse of the front lawn.

“Did you know Rosewood Manor used to belong to your family?” St. Erth asked, opening the door and hopping out of the carriage. Tall, lean, an uncanny feral elegance of motion that was wholly at odds with his brutality.

“I did not,” I said.

“Yes,” St. Erth replied. “The Wendovers drove the land to exhaustion and then lost the entire property and manor house in your grandfather’s time. I’ve taken it now. Just like I am going to take everything from your family.”

My breath caught in my throat. I couldn’t pretend not to know what he meant.

“I’m going to pray I don’t have a child,” I said, my voice trembling.

“Interesting, Catherine,” he said, his eyes like chipped ice. “I guess we’ll see who is stronger. Your God or the devil driving me.”

The sun was slanting across the hills, and for a moment I couldn’t look away from how its beams lit him up like a halo, golden light making his golden hair shine with an unearthly glow.

I tore my eyes away, looking at Rosewood Manor again. I shivered even though the evening air was warm. The sight of it frightened me. Like my husband himself, I didn’t trust its unearthly beauty.

I was ready for a trap.

“Come,” St. Erth said, his long legs headed toward the house as Liversedge and Gilly led the tired horses toward the carriage house, and I trudged with exhaustion behind my husband.

Meeting the servants and household that I was meant to be the mistress over was a tired blur, and I was relieved that I was allowed to bathe in peace while St. Erth went to take care of matters on our arrival.



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Inside, Rosewood Manor was surprisingly lovely and well-maintained. I hadn't even realized I had been expecting cold and utilitarian, but the downstairs was full of spacious, airy rooms with fresh-cut flowers.

I felt a flicker of hope for the first time since I had gotten married as I went up the wide staircase with the housekeeper Mrs. Jeremiah and was shown into my rooms.

My room had a big four-poster bed with a delicate rose bedspread and rose sprigged wallpaper. The window was open and a sweet-smelling breeze blew in.

"Why does it look like this?" I asked suspiciously.

Mrs. Jeremiah, unlike my dour new maid Rebekah, was a cherubic-looking woman with a crown of soft white hair.

I could not picture my husband picking out bedspreads.

"The Viscount gave us a good deal of money to keep up the manor house and lands," Mrs. Jeremiah said.

"I was forced into this marriage," was all I could reply, my exhaustion making me feel helpless and blunt. "He doesn't really love me."

"Wereyou dear?" said Mrs. Jeremiah. "Look at this view, though."

She waved a hand over at the window, which showed us a perfect view of lovely green hills of Somerset crowded with yellow and white daisies and little dappled

streams. “Simply lovely.”

“Where are my husband’s chambers?” I asked sullenly, trying to act as if I was only mildly interested.

Apparently the amount of money St. Erth had laid out for renovations trumped any other considerations for the housekeeper.

“Oh, only across the way, my lady,” Mrs. Jeremiah said, indicating the other end of the hallway. I breathed a sigh of relief that he was not next door.

When St. Erth did not appear immediately at dinner, I was even more hopeful. Perhaps he would be so busy with estate management that I only saw him rarely.

But then he strode into the great dining hall. I noticed he had changed from his traveling clothes into a plum-colored jacket and pantaloons.

“Why do you insist on eating together?” I burst out, when the servants had left for the next course. “We could easily eat at different times.”

St. Erth frowned at me, and I felt a shiver of fear go down my spine. “As my wife you are to be available to me for whatever I desire,” he said. “And I desire to eat dinner with you.”

## CHAPTER 15

St. Erth

I had very little interest in what the servants had done with the money I had sent ahead for the house, but it was a bit amusing to see Catherine’s eyes widen at the beautiful confines of her prison.

Because that's what Rosewood Manor is for her.

The Wendovers had done such a shit job maintaining the land and house that it was an act of revenge to hear the grumbling from the village about how the Wendovers had wrung every bit of money they could from the land and left it dried and barren, then put my own money into it.

Just another way no one will mourn Lord Philip when he dies.

I led Catherine into the drawing room. It looked out onto the lawn, now dark and shadowed with night.

"Play something for me," I ordered, sitting down on one of the couches.

She looked startled. "Why?"

"Because I told you to," I said, leaning back and stretching my legs in front of me.

My pose was lazy, but I wanted to see if Catherine would obey.

She glanced over at me. There was only a touch of pink on her cheeks that indicated she had tramped miles in the muck and dirt this afternoon.

For a moment she hesitated, looking at me.

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My hand itched to spank her ass again, flip her over my knee and watch the marks my hands made on her skin.

But she turned and sat down at the piano.

“You don’t need sheet music?” I asked when she began to play.

“I don’t need sheet music,” she said, not stopping as the music began to flow from the instrument.

I watched with growing heat as her small delicate fingers flew over the keys. She had clever fingers. They felt amazing on my cock and now they moved easily over the piano.

There was something almost hypnotic about the way she played, the way her arms pulled at her soft cranberry-colored gown, the ribbon on her back cinched high and tight with a big bow.

“Keep playing,” I said.

I got up and stood behind her. I could tell she was nervous to have me there, but she obeyed, her fingers only faltering a little over the keys.

With one hand, I reached out to hold one of her silky auburn curls. Passing it between my fingers, I felt my cock start to harden. Catherine smelled sweet, like sunshine on skin and a light floral scent, like she’d brushed by the roses outside.

With my other hand, I took my cock out of my breeches, stroking it with long, even strokes as Catherine played.

The music seemed to sing in my blood, and I pulled another curl from her updo, my fingers brushing against her neck.

Tonight I was going to put a baby in my wife, but right now I couldn't stop.

I stroked myself slowly, then with increasing speed as her playing sent lust rushing through my body, her elegant, sure movements impossibly desirable.

As I saw the goosebumps break out on her elegant neck, I released into the folds of her perfect satin bow, my cum coating the back of her dress and collecting in the little hollow between the ribbon and her body.

I had to bite my fist so I didn't make a noise, so Catherine would play on, and I only pulled my fist away when I was finished.

Then I dropped the curls lightly against her back and left the room.

## CHAPTER 16

Catherine

I was ignoring my husband so hard that I hadn't realized when he'd left the room entirely.

Suddenly there was a respectful cough behind me and one of the footmen stood there.

"Oh!" I cried with surprise. "I didn't know anyone else was here."

My eyes darted nervously into each corner of the room.

Where had he gone?

“I’m bringing you a message from the Viscount,” the footman said. “He requests that you go to his room immediately.”

“Immediately?” I cried, a prickly, anxious heat breaking out across my neck.

“Yes, my lady,” he said, handing me a small candlestick and leaving the room.

For a moment I stood there indecisively.

I could try to run out the front door. If I could find it through the maze of hallways and doors that I wasn’t familiar with yet.

And then what would happen? Most likely, the Viscount would chase after me, since he knew the grounds much better than I did, and he’d catch and fuck me where he found me.

I shifted, uncomfortably aware of my extremely sore ass.

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I could try to make it to my room and then slam and bar the door against my husband.

If I could make it there.

If only I thought St. Erth was the kind of man who would be too gentlemanly to try to break his wife's door down in the middle of the night!

But I knew he was not a gentleman.

With a little spark of fear, I realized I had no other option than to obey him.

My heart had begun to pound, but I gripped the candlestick tightly in my hand and resolutely opened the door.

The hallway outside the sitting room was almost pitch-black, barely lit by a few candles that flickered with a thin light. They seemed to be placed at lengthy intervals, and I had to grip the side of the wall, running painfully into a table with my shin.

"St. Erth?" I whispered hesitantly as I moved along the hallway.

Surely the staircase was this way?

I suddenly felt uneasy trickles of fear down my spine. Rosewood Manor, which had looked so cozy and inviting during the day, had transformed in the night, the flickering shadows making shapes loom large and fearful in the hallway.

I moved cautiously out the door, my bare feet moving quietly across the fine soft

carpets of Rosewood Manor. There were a variety of ornamental wall sconces lit along the hall, to make sure that those walking Rosewood Manor's halls at night would be able to safely traverse the long dark passageways.

But I wasn't safe in the light. I wasn't safe anywhere my husband could find me.

In the deafening silence of the house, I heard a noise like scraping, clawing.

"Who's there?" I cried, feeling the panic rush up my spine. "St. Erth? What's that noise?"

It stopped for a moment, then I heard it again. A long, deep scrape and then a noise like claws drawn down a wall.

I whirled around again, trying to see past the flickering light of my candle.

Nothing.

As I turned back around, heading for the staircase, I heard a sharp, softschick and the feel of a blade on my back as my dress gave way under it, falling in a pool of silk and satin around my ankles.

My heart in my throat, I rushed up the staircase as fast as I could, past the second floor where my room was, and onto the next one that would take me to the upper floors. I had no idea what would be there. I only knew I had to escape.

The upper hallway was not lit at all, and I fought the panic that threatened to engulf me.

If I could just get to an empty room, I could hide and put out the candle. Then maybe I could escape detection.



But I heard his voice again. Cool, silky, menacing.

“You were supposed to go directly to bed, little Viscountess.”

“I’m going to kill you!” I cried, afraid to run and afraid to stop running.

Even though it was summer, I shivered in my undergarments, feeling my nipples tighten and the goosebumps on my skin.

“Ambitious,” came my husband’s dry, cold voice. “Let’s see if you can, Catherine.”

Then suddenly he was upon me, and I swung the candlestick, miraculously managing to connect squarely with his face and split his lip open.

I gasped to see the blood spring to his lips, but St. Erth only smiled, his gleaming white teeth stained with blood in the flickering light of my candle.

“Lovely aim for a vicious little kitten, but you’d have to kill me to stop me.”

Then he yanked me onto his lap in a hallway chair and held my hand with the candlestick high.

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“Keep that up. I want to watch your face as I fuck you.”

With the other hand he yanked at his breeches, bringing his cock out and I watched in horror as one drop of wax rolled onto his face from the candle.

It must have burned; it must have been hot, but he didn't flinch.

I screamed then, as loud and long as I could, inflating my lungs as much as I could so the sound would carry.

And St. Erth didn't even try to stop me or cover my mouth. He only put one hard hand on my back and drove my hips down over his cock, his hand pressing, forcing me to take every single thick inch as my core burned from his intrusion.

“Scream all you like,” he laughed contemptuously. “No one here would dare to interfere with anything I do to you.” I felt the rough tips of his hands skim my flesh as his cock stroked in and out of me, wet and slippery on my thighs and hard and punishing in my cunt.

“Help!” I cried. “HELP! Somebody please help me!”

My husband reached a hand up to tighten in my hair, the pins all tumbling out around my shoulders.

“Keep that hand with the candlestick nice and high,” he warned. “Or you'll go over my knee. I am going to put a baby in you, Viscountess.”

Then with both hands this time he ground my hips over his cock and my arm with the candlestick trembled but I didn't dare to do anything but watch his golden, savagely handsome face, the blood smeared across his lips and my breasts as he buried his face in between them.

When he had released in me with a loud feral groan, he picked me up, his cock still inside me, and carried me back down to my bedroom. There was a strange pulsating heat between my legs that I didn't know the meaning of, and he laid me on my back and was already breeding me again.

## CHAPTER 17

Catherine

I had been at Rosewood Manor less than a week when I got my monthly flow. I was more pleased to see the bright splash of blood than I had ever been, because I knew it meant I would have another few weeks to figure out how to escape St. Erth before he filled me with a baby. I also knew gentlemen did not visit one when one's blood was flowing, as it was known to be very bad for the liver.

I would have one whole week free from St. Erth!

Although I had been informed married gentlemen and ladies usually spent the night in separate chambers, for some unfathomable reason my husband insisted on either staying in my bed or dragging me into his, every single night.

A few days ago I had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion in his bed, and when I arose in the middle of the night, I had gone sleepily into my own bed. But I had barely gotten settled when my enraged husband had kicked my door down and dragged me bodily back into his bed, where he threw me down and fucked me angrily.

I could not understand it.

Then a clever idea came to me. Perhaps I could get even more time away! Then I might have the ability to think up a way to foil his plan for revenge. St. Erth wouldn't know how long my flow would last. As long as I wore a guard-napkin he would not know when I stopped! It would be very inconvenient to wear one, but worth it if it kept St. Erth away from me.

Shortly after arriving at Rosewood Manor, I had written a letter to my parents. I wanted to assure them that I had arrived and, I hated to admit to myself, I was anxious to get the true story of what had happened with St. Erth's mother.

Surely there had been some mistake. It must be another of his tricks.

A short letter from home had arrived, and I retreated into the sitting room after dinner to read it in peace. St. Erth usually took his port in the library first.

I read the letter through several times in a row, not comprehending the words.

There were no assurances that what St. Erth had said was a lie. Most of the letter was taken up by my mother's lamentations. They had had to give up their London home early, and not without pawning several of her favorite pieces of jewelry. Papa's signet ring had had to be pawned to cover the cost of his gambling debts, and Mama was sure that St. Erth had been the one behind the shopkeepers refusing to extend them any more credit.

And all this fuss over a lightskirt Papa can barely remember anyway! she wrote with indignation.

My stomach sunk. This was not what I had hoped for from the letter! I wanted a defense, some explanation for why St. Erth's mother had been turned away when she

was ill.

This only seemed like confirmation that what St. Erth accused Papa of was true!

I sat down at the writing desk, determined to get the truth out of them, but was startled to see St. Erth stride into the sittingroom. Usually he came in later, after he had taken his port in the library first.

“I’m still. . .I’m still. . . my flow. . .” I stuttered, but he narrowed his eyes at me.

“Are you suggesting I cannot go into any room in this house I choose?”

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“I-of course not, my lord,” I said, confused. “It’s j-just that you normally don’t come in here right after dinner.”

“I want you to play for me,” St. Erth said, taking a sip of his port glass.

“I thought maybe you’d want to go see your. . .” and my voice trailed away again. It wasn’t proper for wives to say anything about anyone their husbands chose to see.

“Oh?” said St. Erth, stepping closer behind me. “Would you like it if I took a mistress?”

“You can,” I said, maybe too eagerly. “I won’t mind.”

There was a beat of silence for a moment and the hairs on the back of my neck prickled.

Then his hands curved around my neck, and I felt his cruel mouth on my throat, bending to sink his teeth into my flesh, making me squeak with surprise.

“No, little kitten, I don’t think I will,” he said coldly. “I think I’ll stay here and play with you.”

His other hand moved down the front of my body, skimming my small breasts with his big hands, my nipples unwillingly taut with the contact.

“My monthly flow—” I began hesitantly, and with a sudden motion he pulled sharply up on my guard-napkin, causing the strings holding it together to snap.

With another swift motion he yanked up my dress.

I tried to squeak and move away but he held me tight with the other hand, his arm like a bar across my chest.

My husband shoved down my undergarments, and my guard-napkin was bared before him.

He made a satisfied hum.

“Get away from me!” I moaned weakly.

But St. Erth ignored me and moved his fingers down, swiping them across my most private parts. Then he raised them into the air, turning them so the sunshine gleamed on the tiny scarlet drops.

“Healthy,” he said in a satisfied tone. “You have a healthy womb for me to fill.”

I could only watch in horrified shock as he twisted his hand again and turned his fingers over his glass of port, letting the bright drops fall into the light golden wine.

Then St. Erth tipped up his cup and swallowed the whole thing, licking his lips in a way that made uncomfortable prickly heat break out all over my whole body.

My throat felt tight, like I was choking, a heated flush spreading across my body.

What manner of gentleman was he to do such a thing?

His eyes met mine and his cruel beautiful mouth twisted up in a smile. He bent and retied the strings of my guard-napkin tight against my body.

“Go to the piano,” he ordered.

I moved, the prickly heat on my body making my skin feel uncomfortably tight, like something wanted to burst out of me. As I sat down to play, St. Erth kept his hands on me, one big hand spanning the back of my neck, his fingers spread open to cover as much of my flesh as they could. With his other hand he took a lock of my hair and began to wind around his hand until my scalp fairly ached with the sensation.

And still I played on, my fingers flying and stumbling over the keys. Music had always been my solace, something I was so proud of.

But my mind was buzzing with uncertainty and confusion.

What kind of man was he?

Why did he insist on being so close to me?

Watching me play every night

Refusing to have a mistress



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Demanding I sleep in the same bed with him, even on my monthly flow

I shivered uncontrollably.

When he was done with one lock of hair, he'd move on to the next, pulling it free of my pins and winding it tightly around his palm.

Then he suddenly released me and bent close to my ear.

“There’s nothing wrong with your mouth, wife,” he said. “Come over here.”

And I knew what he meant, what he wanted.

And what he would do to get what he wanted.

So I got up and went, following him to the heavy wooden chair in the corner, and I sunk to my knees before him, his cock already hard, that muscle throbbing in his jawline.

## CHAPTER 18

St. Erth

Irritation crept over me like a pox, making my skin feel buzzed and unhappy, and I rode my horse Sampson to Rosewood Village to try to outrun my anger, racing through the fields and leaping low hedges with grim determination.

But I knew that wasn't what I wanted.

When the fuck was Catherine's flow going to be over?

I could ride to London overnight, visit the opera house, pay a woman in the chorus to fuck me, or go find any of my beautiful former mistresses, who would be happy to spread their thighs anytime I wanted for a few pieces of jewelry.

But ever since I got married I had no desire to. The thought of another woman didn't appeal to me. Didn't even make my cock twitch. I tried to picture their thighs spread, cunts open, but all I could see was Catherine. Her creamy thighs open, her delicious pink perfection spread in front of me, the way she made little moans and whimpers that sent me into an animalistic fever. My mistresses had all been sent away with generous parting gifts and I had no desire for another one.

I only wanted Catherine.

What the fuck had that little witch done to me?

I thought with pleasure about punishing Catherine as a witch. Ripping off her dress until she was standing naked before me, checking for her the witch's mark, then whipping her until I dunked her in the witch's stool over and over again. Once her delicate skin was pink with rage, then I would yank her off it and fuck her wet body over and over.

My cock was throbbing, not a very comfortable thing when riding a horse, and I jumped off with a simmering rage when I got to the village. Should I go get some ale at the inn? Maybe it would distract me to get shitfaced.

I couldn't think of anything except my wife.

Maybe I should fuck her anyway. Fuck my liver! Most doctors were quacks anyways and it probably wasn't even true that laying with a woman on her monthly flow would make your liver bilious.

Even if it meant admitting I want my little red-haired witch for more than just breeding her. Even though I am craving her belly swollen with my baby so badly it is an ache inside me, I want more.

Suddenly an infuriating thought entered my head as I thought about my little brat wife.

Surely my sweet wife wouldn't have dared! Surely she'd know how fucking furious I'd be when I found out!

Glancing around, I chose Mr. and Mrs. Elton's snug little vicarage and I strode angrily over, pounding on the door.

It didn't take long for a flustered servant to appear.

"My Lord!" she cried, and I brushed past her and into their sitting room.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton were sitting in the comfortable room, Mr. Elton composing a letter and Mrs. Elton at her needlework.

"How long does a woman's flow last?" I demanded without preamble.

"Your Lordship!" said Mr. Elton, standing up hastily as Mrs. Elton's mouth dropped open.

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“This is not a social call,” I said. “How long does a woman’s flow last?”

She looked uncertainly at her husband, then answered me in a low tone.

“Four. . .four or five days, my lord. Maybe six or seven.”

“What about ten?” I demanded. “Ten days?”

“Not usually,” she replied, looking flustered and embarrassed.

“Indeed,” I returned. “I bid you good day,” I threw back over my shoulder as I stalked out of the room again, my mind filled with what I was going to do to my disobedient wife.

“Will we see you at Sunday service sometime soon?” Mr. Elton called after me. “It would set an excellent example for the townspeople, my lord.”

“Would you really want the devil to come to church?” I shot back at him.

“The best place for him,” Mr. Elton returned, with an embarrassed flush on his cheeks.

“You may regret that,” I snarled, slamming the door behind me.

I rode back to Rosewood Manor in a towering temper, and the sun slanting across the endless rolling lawns of the manor gave me no pleasure.

As I neared the manor, I saw Catherine in the garden. My wife was bending over and picking a few roses, looking carefully at each one to get the perfect flower, a pair of small garden clippers in her hand. She was wearing a delicate sprigged muslin gown, heavy long coils of her hair twisted up, with only the tiniest curls escaping against her creamy throat.

I spurred my horse, and as she turned around in surprise, I reached one hand and plucked her bodily up, setting her in front of me on the saddle.

“What are you doing, St. Erth?” she shrieked.

But I ignored her and grabbed harshly at her cunt, feeling the strings of the guard-napkin she wore, my fingers gripping her as tightly as I could with all these goddamn layers of shifts and petticoats.

“10 days of your monthly flow?” I growled in her ear. “Do you take me for a fool?”

She sucked in her breath sharply, then suddenly pitched to the other side as if she was going to throw herself from the horse.

I had to swing myself halfway out of the saddle to grab her, holding her tight with one hand and the pommel with the other.

“Why do I have no time for anything but disciplining you?” I seethed, biting her on the ear because I didn’t have a hand free.

She yelped, and stabbed back at me with her little gardening clippers. They sliced through my breeches, but I didn’t let go.

“Claw me all you like,” I growled, pulling at her ear and yanking at her hair. “I’m not letting you go.”

Once we arrived, I dismounted hastily, throwing the reins at Liversedge, and stalked inside, dragging Catherine by the collar.

“You were so sweet and quiet when I married you,” I gritted out at her as I dragged her down to the hallway.

She only kicked out harder at me, slashing out with the gardening clippers until I ripped them away from her. The wedding band on her splayed fingers made my stomach clench with an angry need.

I didn’t think I could make it upstairs, so I kicked open the library door and slammed it behind me.

Catherine I bent face first over the table, giving her thighs and calves little licks with the riding crop.

I gathered all her skirts up in one angry hand as she wriggled in my arms.

“What are you doing?” she cried.

I pressed harder with my hips and ripped off the guard-napkin, the strings snapping harshly. Then I plunged my fingers into her cunt, rending her undergarments in the process.

Godsblood, this cunt was tight and wet.

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I pulled my fingers out and looked at them.

I knew it.

Slick with her wet cunt and no blood.

“How dare you, you little brat?” I seethed through my teeth, flicking her ass with the riding crop now, watching as little spots of pink appeared every place I marked her up.

“I am going to pull all your seed out with my hands,” she snapped. “I’m not having your baby!”

“Oh yes, you fucking are!” I growled back at her, snapping at her ass harder now, her flesh blooming under my angry hands. “You’re going to be marked and filled by me.”

I wanted to keep spanking her ass but my cock was straining at my breeches, aching for my little brat wife.

I let the crop fall with a clatter to the ground and slapped impatiently at Catherine’s legs.

“Let me in. Fuck, Catherine.”

I began to press my cock into her tight passage, groaning loudly. It was godsdamn exquisite, the best fucking cunt I’d ever had. It was also the most trouble I’d ever had getting into one.

Once I felt her wet cunt, I couldn't stop. With one hand I gripped her hair and with the other I lifted her ass and hips for me to pound savagely into her.

Shit, she felt so unbelievably good. I tried to close my eyes to last longer, but I couldn't resist looking at her, perfect breasts smashed against the table, her head jerked up, the long auburn waves ripped out of her updo, my bite marks on her creamy neck, the marks of my crop on her ass.

Fuck. My release was building again on my spine, and I wasn't going to be able to stop, so I only gripped her tight, hair and ass.

"Never lie to me again," I growled.

Then I released seed into her, my eyes rolling back in my head as my wife took me whether she wanted to or not.

But she hadn't learned her lesson yet.

## CHAPTER 19

Catherine

I gripped the table as my husband pulled out, and he lifted up my hips as he often did, checking to make sure his seed stayed inside me. I tried to kick back at him, but of course he held my legs too tightly.

How I would love to kick him, claw his face off! But, as always, his strength was overpowering, the hard bands of his muscles effortlessly pinning me exactly where he wanted me.

He held me like that for several moments, my hips tipped up so nothing could roll



out. I knew from experience that it would not help me at all to try to escape, but I did anyway, trying to grab the opposite side of the table and crawl away from him.

He only gave the sore skin on my cunt sharp slaps.

“Stop moving.”

When he was finally satisfied his release was going to stay inside me, my hips ached and he let me down on my feet.

“It was foolish to lie to me, Viscountess,” St. Erth bit out at me. “I told you what would happen if you tried to keep your cunt from me.”

The cold, unforgiving look on his face made my blood run cold, and I turned to run but he pounced, flipping me harshly onto his hard shoulder and knocking the wind out of my lungs.

I gasped for breath and pounded ineffectively with my fists on his broad back.

“Where are you taking me?”

“The dungeons,” my husband said.

For a moment I thought he must be making some kind of sick joke. But then I remembered that there was nothing too wicked for my depraved husband, as he stalked angrily out of the library and down the hall. I tried to grab at tables, doorknobs, pulling paintings off the walls to slow him down, but nothing worked. I kicked, but my skirts impeded me, and my husband opened a heavy door and began descending big stone steps.

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“Stop!” I cried in a panic. “I want to go back upstairs.”

“You will,” St. Erth said grimly. “Tomorrow morning, after you have spent a night down here.”

Just as the door shut behind us I saw through a window that the last of the lingering twilight was dropping into the cold blue darkness of night. I tried to grab at the walls as we passed, but recoiled in horror as I found them slick and slimy.

“Take me back upstairs,” I begged, feeling my voice crack in my panic.

“Upstairs is for good wives,” St. Erth said. “But you thought you could keep me away from you. You were wrong, and you can sleep down here tonight as punishment.”

I pounded on his back as we descended the steps further. It was hard to believe it was a summer night down here. The stone walls kept everything so cool. St. Erth’s light was the only thing that illuminated the walls, and I was horrified to see that he had not been joking. As we descended to the dungeon floor, I saw the sturdy iron bars of cells appear in the flickering glow of his light.

As we reached the bottom of the steps, he reached a hand up to grab a heavy, thick ring of keys.

“You can’t truly mean to leave me here!” I shrieked as he walked down the line of cells.

“I certainly am,” he said. “Perhaps you’ll learn to be a good girl by the morning and

not try to play tricks on your husband anymore.”

And then he unceremoniously upended me and shoved me into one of the open cells. I staggered and almost fell in the straw. There was an unpleasant, thick odor down here, as if the straw wasn’t changed regularly. I heard the clang of my prison door behind me.

I whirled around to see St. Erth on the other side, the door closed firmly after him. I flew to the bars, shaking them in a panicked fury.

“I hate you, St. Erth!” I cried angrily. “You are a heartless monster!”

He reached a hand through the bars, grabbing my chin, and pulling me closer. But it wasn’t to save me. It was to kiss me roughly, his tongue domineering in my mouth, his hands tightening painfully on me.

“Now you learn what happens when you don’t obey,” he said, then he turned to leave. “I will see you in the morning.”

I screamed as he left, his light receding with his long, rapid strides until it was no longer even a flicker at the end of the hall.

And then there was just darkness.

I clutched the bars convulsively, and I began to hear little scratching sounds behind me.

Mice!

I had always had a deathly fear of mice!

I flew around, kicking wildly at nothing, sobbing in my rage and fear, imagining them crawling all up my skirts.

There was a thin shaft of slightly brighter darkness, and I began to gradually feel my way around the wall toward it. Maybe there was a window! Maybe I could boost myself up and climb out somehow.

Then I could escape.

Or maybe I would fall and break my neck.

My hands felt something cool and hard, and I shrieked again.

What was that?

What if there was a corpse here? Or a skeleton?

I screamed again, even though I knew it was useless. I started forward, tumbling against whatever it was, and falling into the smelly straw. In a panic, I batted it away from me, sagging only in relief when I realized what it was.

A broom.

I put my head in my hands. My legs were shaking so badly that I didn't think I could get up again.

Then I felt a tiny body scurry over my legs, and I leaped up, screaming and kicking at the air.

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How many were there? Hundreds? What if they all decided to rush me at once, climbing my body and gnawing away at my skull, until there was nothing left of me in the morning except my teeth?

I screamed out again.

“Help! Please! Somebody help me!”

My groping hands reached the small window, my stomach dropping when I realized that not only was it only a tiny slit in the wall, but it too was thoroughly barred. I felt half-mad with fear and I shook on the thick bars with all my might.

That’s when my hands did touch the skeleton.

## CHAPTER 20

St. Erth

I sipped my glass of port and tried to believe it was relaxing me.

I had changed my clothes for the night and was relaxing comfortably in my room. If I finished my glass of port, I could call my valet and he would immediately procure me another one. Or my snuff. Or a book of sea-travels, so I could reminisce about my life at sea.

But I felt restless.

I glared at the door.

Was it just that I was already bored in the country, away from London? No horse races, no card games, no boxing with Gentleman Jackson?

No, that wasn't fucking it.

It was my own godsdamn wife.

I should have fucked her on more time before leaving her in that dungeon. If I'd had just on more time I could have left her there and gone to sleep.

But as it was, I felt need and desire sizzling up my spine, blood rushing to my cock as I remembered her little squeaks and how she had looked bent over the table in front of me.

Shit.

There was no way I was going to be able to sleep without having her one more time.

I gritted my teeth as I descended the steps to the dungeon again, forcing myself to move slowly.

But I had barely headed down when I heard her screams.

There was no reason whatsoever that my strides should lengthen just because Catherine was screaming. It would do her all the good in the world to have rats chew her dress. Maybe then she wouldn't dare to play a trick like that on me again.

I seethed about her disobedience, but somehow my strides were long and I reached her quickly.

“Stop these hysterics!” I barked sharply as I put the key in the lock.

She flew at the door, rattling the bars as she shrieked unintelligibly.

When I opened the door she flew into my arms, but only to beat at my chest with her little fists.

I was already horny as fuck and this was only making it worse.

“Stop!” I ordered her, putting my hands on her slim little waist to shake her. “I told you this was your punishment.”

She took a huge breath. “You didn’t have to leave me with the dead bodies of everyone you murdered, you monster!”

“I? Murder someone and leave them in the basement of my own home?” I asked coldly. “What kind of a fool do you take me for? Show me what you mean.”

She was clutching my jacket so tightly and I could see in the light of my candle that she was pointing in the corner.

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I stalked over, Catherine clinging to me in a manner that make my cock harder than ever in my breeches.

My light swept up.

“I’ll be damned,” I said. “Itisa corpse.”

Catherine screamed again, but I turned with one hand and gripped her mouth to force her to stop. “Must have been from your grandfather’s time,” I said. “It stinks of Wendover. Lazy, half-ass, too arrogant to even cover up their own murders.”

“Why should I believe it isn’t yours?” she wailed.

I glared down at her. “You should know by now, Viscountess,” I said, “that I dispose of my bodies like a gentleman.”

Then I was grabbing her roughly by the collar and dragging her so quickly down the hallway again that her feet barely touched the ground.

I could have fucking made it if she hadn’t made a little sigh of relief, if I hadn’t been able to feel the goosebumps prickling on the back of her neck.

At the last cell in the row I turned and pressed her up against the bars, barely even able to control myself to lift her skirts before sinking my cock deep into her wetness.

The groan I let out was unbound, uncanny.



What had happened to me?

I could not physically stay away from my wife.

I could not stop taking her.

I could not sleep without her.

I could not live without her.

## CHAPTER 21

Catherine

The next morning, I could still feel mice crawling all over me, and St. Erth was not around, so I ordered Mrs. Jeremiah to draw me up a hot bath, which I enjoyed defiantly.

I looked down at my body as I bathed. I had never gotten much attention in my season. Gentlemen usually found my shyness and occasional stammer off-putting, and my unfashionably colored hair, and diminutive stature (not to mention my embarrassing lack of a dowry) had not been tempting.

But my whole body showed the marks of St. Erth's obsessive need to possess me and take me—the hair he obsessively played with and pulled, the skin he continually marked up and bit, the space between my legs that he fucked and filled, surely more times than was necessary to breed me.

I couldn't understand it.

There was a letter with the Wendover family seal on it beside my plate at the

breakfast table and I pounced on it eagerly.

I glanced both ways to make sure my husband wasn't in the room, then opened it, hungry for news from home.

Maybe it was the explanation for what had really happened with his mother!

My dear daughter, it began.

Do everything you can to prevent yourself from expecting an interesting event.

St. Erth must not have an heir!

It will mean the utter ruin of the Wendover family.

I read the letter again. Surely I must have missed the comforting words, the expressions of love. But no! Not even a hastily-written postscript about missing me.

Oh hell!

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Do everything you can to prevent it.

And what, exactly, would that be? I wondered irritably.

I had no say in the matter. How was I supposed to prevent him from breeding me when and how he liked?

“Enjoying your correspondence?” St. Erth asked, and I jumped to hear my husband’s voice right next to me.

I tried to crumple the letter in my hands, but he plucked it with his strong fingers and straightened it out again.

“Another letter begging for money?” he asked mockingly, but he drew his brows together angrily as he read the pages.

“How dare they tell you not to bear my heir!” he hissed, stalking angrily over to the fireplace and throwing the letter in.

For a moment he stood in front of the fire, watching the letter crumble into flames. The fire lit up his skin and the broad width of his shoulders as the fine fabric stretched across them.

“They are the ones who forced me to marry you!” I cried in some pique. “And now they regret it.”

St. Erth turned around and there was something almost supernatural glowing in his

bright cornflower blue eyes.

“I’m the one who forced you to marry me,” he said coldly. “It was my will alone, Kitten.”

I dropped my eyes in confusion at the look in his and only added lamely, “I guess they fear that they will lose Wendover House and be destitute if I have a child.”

“They will lose Wendover House and be destitute,” St. Erth corrected me. “Your father’s and brother’s gambling debts are too much and they’ve exhausted the land around them. The land around Wendover House has been almost as poorly managed as your grandfather did the land around Rosewood Manor.”

“Oh?” I asked uncomfortably.

“Once you bear an heir, it’ll probably take some tremendous sum to get the land around Wendover House back to even part of its previous utility.”

“Oh,” I said, digesting this information. I felt embarrassed by my family’s actions. I had been used to think that it was just the cards were always against Papa and Millward and soon their luck would change. But maybe it was worse than that.

“Do we. . . are we getting low on funds?”

St. Erth flashed a quick glance at me, and I couldn’t read the expression in those sharp blue eyes.

“No, brat,” he said. “We aren’t getting low on funds. I am a very rich man indeed. Now go into the library.”

I didn’t feel like fighting him, so I turned around and headed for the library, listening

to the satisfied hum he made as I obeyed him.

He turned around and folded his arms.

“I’ve just gotten some pamphlets from London,” he said. “Your humors might be out of balance, and that’s why you’re being a brat. Now get up on that table.”

“What are you going to do?” I asked uncertainly.

St. Erth struck like an adder, gripping my chin with his hand. “It doesn’t matter, does it Viscountess? Whatever it is, you will do it.”

I clutched at his hand convulsively, feeling his fingers move to lightly surround my neck. There was a heat to his skin that felt like it radiated to my own.

I got up on the table, settling on my back nervously.

He pulled at the curtains, ripping a few of the cords out, then strode over to me and began to tie my hands together, stretching them high above my head.

I began to panic, pulling anxiously at the cords. “What are you doing?”

My husband ignored me and moved to my feet, wrapping a cord around each one of my ankles and securing the excess length to the table leg beneath.

I was fully trapped, my legs spread before him, my hands stretched tight above my head.

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He moved to the writing desk and grabbed a pamphlet from the top of it, and when he came back I wiggled nervously under the heat of his gaze.

He didn't need to tie me down to fuck me. He could easily overpower me any time he chose.

So what was he doing?

"It's called a Female Paroxysm," St. Erth said. "According to this pamphlet, it's the newest treatment for disobedient wives such as yourself."

"I don't want a treatment," I said.

Why was my breath coming so quickly?

"Did you hear measkwhat you wanted?" St. Erth asked coldly. "According to this pamphlet, this is a long and tedious process but, if done correctly, it will right your humors."

He flipped my skirt and under-layers up impatiently. Even though I was tied so tightly that I couldn't see, I could tell by the cool sensation of the breeze that blew through the window that I was now exposed and bare for him.

My husband set his jaw and he picked up the pamphlet again, scanning it impatiently.

Then he began to rub. . .in the place between my legs.

My cheeks flamed uncomfortably, and I strained at the bonds that tied me to the table.

“I don’t like it,” I complained.

“You’re not supposed to like it,” St. Erth said sharply. “It’s a scientific treatment.”

At first, his fingers felt rough and harsh on me, making my skin ache there.

I could feel his eyes on me, that prickling heat that meant he was gazing at me, raking down my body with his eyes.

Then his fingers moved from their harsh, sharp movements to a firm circular motion.

“What’s supposed to happen?” I asked in a small voice.

“If the pressure is firmly applied, then you will convulse powerfully,” St. Erth said, and I felt his other hand on my thigh.

My chest suddenly felt tight, and a strange pressure seemed to be growing in my belly.

“Hurry up,” St. Erth said after a few more minutes. “I’m ready to fill this cunt up.”

I squeezed my eyes tightly shut.

“Let me go,” I said, straining against the ties that bound me.

“Not until the treatment is done,” he said. I gasped as he suddenly pressed two of his fingers deep inside me. “Are you ready to have this cunt filled? Are you ready for my baby?”

There was a strange wet sound from between my thighs, and I tried to twist my hips back and forth to get away from the pressure that grew there.

“Stop wiggling,” St. Erth said sharply, pulling his fingers out and giving my cunt a sharp slap.

Then he pressed two fingers inside me again and it almost felt like my core was gripping him tightly. His other fingers circled between my legs, over and over, sending strange sparks of sensation along my skin. My chest and core seemed to be on fire, the flames licking up my neck to heat my face.

“Stop, please, stop,” I begged, my breath coming in little pants. “It hurts, it feels like pressure.”

“No,” St. Erth said, and his voice was hoarse.

For a moment I thought I was going to die and I moaned with the fact that my cruel, harsh husband was going to kill me right here on the table.

I strained against my bonds so hard that my hands and ankles began to sting, but there was no escaping the steady pressure of his fingers.



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Then the painful knot deep in my core seemed to burst, but exquisitely, and I was filled with a strange and surely ungodly wave of pleasure. I could feel my cunt convulsing around his fingers buried deep inside me, tightening in waves around him.

I cried out with the strange sensations as my skin seemed to burst, fill with the light, heady joy.

My husband's fingers kept going and it was too much, I was too sensitive, and I begged him to stop.

"No more, please, St. Erth!" I cried and moaned, begging him without shame.

But he went until I burst again, so hard this time that I lost the hearing in my ears, my mouth open to scream but nothing to hear. I saw pinpricks of stars burst in front of my eyes, and when my hearing came back it was to my own long, shrill scream.

With a snarl, my husband climbed on the table and settled between my thighs, and I shrieked again as the hard length of his cock hit my sensitive skin, but he didn't stop, just pressed his cock deep inside me.

"Fuck, you're so wet," he groaned, then he wrapped a big hand around the back of my neck and kissed me.

I felt limp and boneless, my arms so weak that I couldn't even strain them anymore against my bonds. My mouth was open and panting and he tangled his tongue with mine, groaning louder as his cock stroked me inside.

I was liquid and he was fire, and I let him burn and consume me as my body seemed to wrap and flow around his.

When he finally untied me, my arms and legs ached from being stretched against the table. My cunt felt soft and liquid, a warm glow that seemed to suffuse the whole of my hips, even though St. Erth had gripped them as tight as he normally did.

“I expect,” said my husband, “that you will be a good wife from now on.”

## CHAPTER 22

Catherine

Afew days later the Viscount announced that we were going to attend Sunday services. I was quite nervous because this would be my first trip to Rosewood Village. I had asked about going before and St. Erth had always refused. But I was anxious to meet more of the neighborhood. Even though the Wendovers had overfarmed and exhausted the land, I wanted to prove that I were weren't all bad. And maybe somehow I would find a way to escape.

St. Erth said the people were the worst thing about living in the country, and we'd get no peace unless we made sporadic appearances.

“Behave yourself,” he said sternly, as I looked in the mirror to tie the white bonnet around my hair.

My maid Rebekah might look like a tartar, but she was quite a genius with my hair.

“What do you supposed I'll do in church?” I asked tartly.

He frowned at me, putting both arms on the wall beside me and boxing me in with his

great height.

“Don’t play innocent with me, little witch. I don’t want you attempting to enliven the proceedings by trying to get any of the gentlemen to spirit you away from me.”

“Why would they do that?” I gaped at him, brushing the soft fabric of my white skirt with the coiled pink rose ribbons. My new dusky pink purse matched it perfectly.

He grabbed my chin, cocking his head to look at me.

“You have a way of looking like a soft little kitten that might make any of them foolish enough to try to rescue you from me.”

I laughed, thinking he must be taunting me, and St. Erth tightened his fingers on my chin. “So don’t encourage it, little kitten, unless you want to see them killed in front of you like I did with the highwaymen. Now come with me.”

We drove in his smart equipage down the roads and into the little village of Rosewood. It was a snug place, if smaller than I expected. I saw the pretty little homes dotted along the path, and the village itself looked well-kept, with a large inn. The vicarage was neat, too, with a pretty garden and neatly stacked gray stone.

The church was beautiful, with a fine stained glass in the front. I was pleasantly surprised. Perhaps there would be people of culture out here after all!

However, I felt immensely shy as everyone turned to look at us as St. Erth pulled the equipage up and then hopped down to assist me.

They will wonder why a man who looks like him has picked a little inconsequential miss like me, I thought, trying to swallow the lump of anxiety in my throat.

How humiliating that the answer is that he wanted to be revenged against my father!

I thought I saw envious looks in the eyes of several ladies. And who wouldn't be? St. Erth was the very picture of what a gentleman should look like. Thick golden hair that didn't need a wig or powder, those blue eyes, the perfect cheekbones and strong jawline. Taller than everyone else, broader shoulders, and able to wear the tight-fitting pantaloons without a corset or padding because he had a fine large cock and thick thighs.

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You can have him! I thought, but then I felt his hand on the back of my neck as he directed me to greet the Quality who were there for the service.

The vicar's name was Mr. Elton and I was very surprised to see that he was a handsome man with thick chestnut brown hair, melting brown eyes, and a deep, melodic voice. All of the vicars I had known had been elderly and wizened men or overanxious and gangling juniors. I assumed Mr. Elton was the reason the church was quite well-attended, the parishioners all looking mostly alert even on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Elton was a pretty brown-haired woman with a round, friendly face, and she squeezed my hand in such a cheerful fashion that I felt at home.

The other introductions were a blur. A local squire named Robert Martin and his large, boisterous family. A few spinsters I envied. A young buck connected to the Martin family who was clearly overawed by the Viscount and wanted to discuss the upcoming ptarmigan hunting season.

"I'm regretting this already," St. Erth said as he led me inside the church. Although it was only the morning, the building was already feeling warm and stuffy in the July heat.

Since the Viscount was the highest-ranking person in attendance, naturally we had a box pew all to ourselves, our seats surrounded with a high wooden wall on all four sides so that only our heads were visible.

I sat down in the pew, arranging my book and purse in my lap and my skirts carefully

around me, still feeling eyes on me. St. Erth sat next to me, his thigh brushing mine. I was irritated to feel my skin heat at the contact. Ever since my husband had given me medical treatment to regulate my humors, I had been feeling the most unwelcome sensations whenever he came close to me.

For one foolish moment, I had the insane urge to misbehave so he would give me the treatment again.

I could pretend to be hysterical, roll around on the ground and maybe even foam at the mouth.

However, knowing my husband, he was just as likely to put me over his knee in front of everyone first, and that would be horribly embarrassing.

Truly, my humors must be unregulated if I was thinking thoughts like this, and on a Sunday, too!

I breathed deeply, focusing on the lovely stained-glass windows, until I didn't feel the urge to be disobedient again.

Still, I felt nervous that the thought had even crossed my mind. Maybe my Mama was right. There was a most improper wild streak in me that managed to twist and turn my insides no matter how I tried to squash it.

Mr. Elton stopped by the box pew before heading to the pulpit.

“Welcome to Rosewood Village Church, Viscountess,” he said. “I am sure you will be a great benefit to our humble community here.”

His eyes were warm, and he nodded in a friendly fashion as he passed by.

I thought nothing of it, but I heard St. Erth's low growl beside me.

"What is the matter?" I hissed at him.

I turned slightly, brushing my bonnet back to look at him. He was glaring in the direction of the vicar and he put one vice-like hand on my thighs.

"Fine fucking behavior for a godsdamn vicar," he said angrily. "Fawning all over you!"

"Shhh!" I said, in agony that he would be overheard. I only hoped the noise of the congregation was too great. "What are you talking about? He was just doing his Christian duty. He has a wife!"

"If he doesn't want trouble, he'll keep his eyes on his own wife," St. Erth said in a grim tone.

My cheeks flushed as I darted quick nervous glances around.

What had gotten into my husband!

I was in an agony until the congregation quieted and Mr. Elton began to preach.

Unlike most of the vicars of my youth, Mr. Elton did not drone on, but spoke in a lively, manner, explicating the lesson with energy.

As I wrote down the verses Mr. Elton preached from in my notebook, I felt my husband's eyes on me. His frown felt like a chill along my skin, making goosebumps pop along my neck and down my arms.

I tried to ignore him, tried to focus on the moral lessons in the sermon, but I found

myself having the most unexpectedly wicked and blasphemous thoughts. Eve was supposed to be a wicked wife for leaving Adam's side and wandering around the Garden of Eden by herself. But sometimes the snake was so hypnotic it was hard to look away. . .

Then I felt my husband's hand on me. I wanted to shudder at his touch, but I didn't dare, my skin feeling like it flared under his rough fingers. He leaned so close that his breath stirred the ringlets cascading from my updo.

"I don't like my wife looking at other men," he hissed in my ear, and I felt a hot, prickly warmth go down my spine.



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“It’s a sermon,” I whispered back, trying to keep my voice down.

In response, St. Erth grabbed my hand and yanked, putting my fingers over where I felt his cock hard beneath his breeches.

I flashed a pleading look at him, shaking my head vigorously, the ribbons cascading down my back.

He couldn’t possibly! The whole town was here!

So close to him, I could see every sweeping line of his face. The sharp, chiseled cheekbones, the brilliant, angry blue of his eyes. The strong, set jawline, a muscle throbbing there.

The words of Mr. Elton thundered and reverberated in my ears.

For Satan himself can transform into an angel of light. . .

I shook my head again at my husband, trying to ignore the way the heat pounded through my body at his proximity, the feel of his thigh against mine.

St. Erth’s eyes flashed at me, and he shoved my hand down over his cock. I strained against his hold, trying to get away without making any noise. The rest of the church was silent except for the gentle rustling of skirts as Mr. Elton spoke.

I curled my fingers into a fist, refusing to touch his cock. I knew if I was at home I would have been over his knee by now, but luckily for me we were at church. And he

wouldn't dare! Would he?

Then St. Erth suddenly let me go and I saw him reach his arm down to the side of his leg. I wanted to look away, but I couldn't, too filled with horror at what my husband was capable of.

When he pulled his sharp knife out from where it rested against his silk stockings, I had to suppress a panicked shriek.

Was he going to kill me? My heart pounded painfully in my chest.

Should I scream for help? Tell everyone that my husband was a dangerous madman who had been torturing me ever since the moment we were married?

But fear for what he might do stopped me and so I sat there frozen in place as he palmed the dagger in his hand, only a tiny glittering tip showing between his fingers.

For a moment I was convinced he was going to slit my throat right there, and I'd die on the floor in front of him as he hissed in my ear that I should've been a good girl and obeyed him.

Then his strong fingers were in my hair and I heard a sharpschick.

With growing horror, I looked up at him, my springy bright auburn curl now held tight between his fingers.

I couldn't resist a squeak, and I saw a few people look over curiously at me.

My husband bent his head to my ear again.

"Are you going to obey or am I going to keep going?" he asked, his voice low,

scraping against my propriety and effectively slicing it to ribbons. “I’ll cut it off piece by piece until you obey me, Viscountess.”

Numbly, I reached my hand out and my fingers closed around his cock. Although I knew logically that no one could see any lower than our necks because of the walls around the family pew, my cheeks still burned with embarrassment.

My straining ears heard his low exhale as I drew my husband’s cock from his pants.

I tried to keep my eyes straight ahead, focus on what Mr. Eton was saying, as my right hand moved up and down my husband’s cock.

His cock was thick under my fingers, and I tightened them around him, wishing instead that I could run out of the church and escape in the carriage.

I stroked him slowly, the way I knew he liked, base to tip, my other hand tucked primly in my lap. I was afraid the whole congregation would be able to hear the sound of my hand on his flesh.

I could have moaned with relief when Mr. Elton struck up a hymn, and St. Erth made a low noise of pleasure. My hands tightened almost convulsively on his cock and he groaned again.

“That’s it, kitten. Just like that.”

I didn’t even have to look at him to feel his breath catch, feel the muscles in his legs tensing where we were connected together.

Gods. . .damn, was he really going to release here? I felt a horrifying panic that he would force me to my knees in front of him. But then he nudged me and pointed at my little purse clutched in my lap.

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Numbly, I reached for it, feeling my husband's precum wet on my hands.

"Open it," he groaned, and I knew he was close.

I opened the purse and held it in front of him.

Base to tip, my hands stretched to cover as much of his cock as I could. His legs tensed further, the tight bands of muscles of his thighs making me feel flushed and heated.

Then his head fell back as he released, filling the silken bag with jets of his strong, milky cum.

Shaking, I released my breath, watching with some dismay as the cum filled up my dusky pink purse, the delicate lace swamped under his flood of his release.

Suddenly I felt a burning rage and I went to snap the purse shut on his cock, but he was always watching—the sharp, clever eyes of my husband---and he wrenched my hand away.

"Naughty puss," he said, his voice rough.

The congregation moved into the next verse of "How Firm a Foundation."

"Lick it off your fingers," my husband ordered, jerking the purse away and putting it back on my lap.

Though most of the cum had gotten in the bag, some of his release still stuck between my fingers and glistened on my thumb.

I risked one glance over at the Viscount, and his eyes blazed at me. His chest was heaving, and I didn't want to test him.

My head dropped and I tried to inconspicuously suck my sticky fingers. St. Erth tucked his cock back in his pants as I heard Mr. Elton say, "And now turn to the book of common prayer and let us bow our heads for the final benediction, thanking the Lord for the many lessons we have learned today. . ."

There was a sudden rustling silence, and the sharp pop of my thumb as I sucked my husband's cum off it ricocheted through the church, making me blush in confusion, and cram my hands under my gown.

I was definitely going to hell.

## CHAPTER 23

St. Erth

After Sunday services, we met my London friends Lord Sheringham and Mr. Westruther walking along the streets of Rosewood Village. I had totally forgotten that I had offered to house them for a weekend of ptarmigan shooting. They joined us for a cold lunch over at the vicarage, Mrs. Elton insisting we come back for a proper hot dinner soon.

Catherine nodded her head and said all that was most proper, praising the graciousness of the dining room and the cuts of the meat.

I watched her talk, the way a curl of her auburn hair hung artfully over her neck. It

was lovely the way her hair was arranged. It was perfectly arranged for me to rip her long locks out of their pins, send them flying, wrap the strands around my fist and yank, pulling her closer to me, onto my lap, under my body, on her knees.

How had I ever thought she was a little unimpressive dab of a thing?

She was a fucking sorceress, a witch, because I burned for my own goddamn wife all day long.

Her white and rose gown was molded perfectly to her body, the swells of her breasts ripe and enticing, the dress sweeping down her curves.

Even visiting in the sitting room made me ache with need for her.

I couldn't wait until her belly was swollen, round with my baby. I wanted that evidence that I had claimed Catherine, that she was mine in every way possible.

Everyone she talked to, every person she looked at made me burn with jealousy. When she wrinkled her nose up at a joke, the tiny freckles there crinkling adorably, I wanted to kill the person who made her laugh. When her skin pinked when someone looked at her, I was mad with jealousy.

Those blushes were mine only.

Catherine was mine. I took her because I could and I fucked her because I could. And because no one was strong enough to stop me.

The sight of Catherine's little purse, filled with my cum, nestled on her lap, made my cock twitch. Every time her thigh or arm brushed by mine, I burned with lust for her.

Since it was customary for the gentlemen to retire to a different room after a meal,

Mr. Elton pointed down the hallway.

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“Would you care to have some snuff?” he asked. “I have some very fine snuff just brought over from India.”

“Not particularly,” I said. “I’m sitting by my wife. Maybe if you bring it out here.”

Mr. Elton looked startled, darting his eyes around to the other gentlemen. Lord Sheringham’s eyes goggled with open astonishment, while Mr. Westruther merely looked confused. But my wife had just taken out her needlework and I liked watching her stitch.

“Certainly, my lord,” Mr. Elton said uncertainly, getting up and exiting the room.

I watched him leave with narrowed eyes. I hadn’t forgotten his overly-familiar greeting to Catherine.

When he came back I got up to and walked over to the other side of the room to dip some snuff, but my eyes remained on my wife.

“How is married life treating you?” Lord Sheringham asked.

“Tolerably well,” I said, my eyes on my wife.

Was that the hint of a purple mark on her throat where I had savagely kissed and sucked and bitten her? Fuck, it was pretty.

“I heard the Wendovers are in a bad place,” Mr. Westruther said. “Rumor in the Ton is that they’re regretting this marriage and trying to look for loopholes to annul it.”



I laughed without mirth.

“They can try whatever they like. They won’t be taking Catherine from me.”

Mr. Westruther took another reflective pinch of snuff. “Went to the opera house the other day, dear boy. They said they hadn’t seen you since your wedding.”

I shrugged, feeling my skin tighten. “I have no interest in opera singers anymore.”

My eyes sought Catherine, as they always did now, flicking up and down her body, where her quick clever hands plied her needle through the cloth.

The Garden of Eden.

And Catherine was my Eve.

But, unlike the serpent, now that I had fangs in my Eve, I wasn’t going to let her go.

## CHAPTER 24

Catherine

I was expecting St. Erth to go in the other room with the gentlemen, but he did not do that at all. Instead, he sat beside me as I worked on my embroidery. My husband sat way too close, his fingers on my threads, pulling each one so that I could barely make a stitch without feeling his fingers brush against mine.

My face flushed hotly.

“The gentlemen are all over there,” I hissed at him.

“So?” he asked lazily.

I pulled a bright green thread through to finish the head of the snake, my movements restricted by the way my husband had twined his fingers around the thread.

“What a vicious snake,” he said, his voice low and wicked in my ear. “Maybe the stories have it all wrong. Maybe the snake is the one who couldn’t stay away from Eve. Maybe there was never any escape for her.”

My breath seemed to catch in my throat, and the way his voice stirred the curls on my neck made heat break out all over me.

Maybe I was just running a fever.

But I didn’t feel sick, just hot, flushed, with prickly, heavy heat stirring between my thighs.

I didn’t trust my voice, trying to focus my eyes on where I was stitching the snake’s tongue. It came out a bit crooked and I looked at it in dismay.

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St. Erth was bending so close to me, but when his tongue touched my throat, I yelped and dropped my needlework.

“There’s a reason Eve was in the Garden,” he said.

“What would that be?” I hissed, despite my resolve to ignore him.

“To get cock,” he whispered in my ear. “She wanted to get fucked.”

I wanted to say a lot of things, such as “I don’t think that’s what the Bible verse means,” but my heart was pounding so hard I felt faint.

Then I saw Mr. and Mrs. Elton inviting their guests to tour the gardens with them. Lord Sheringham and Mr. Westruther got up agreeably, although I wasn’t sure how interesting a country vegetable garden would be to a couple of city bucks.

But just as I was about to follow them outside into the bright sunshine, I felt a strong hand close on my arm and another over my mouth, and my husband was propelling me down the dark hallway, one hand firmly on my arm.

His hand was so tight my voice was muffled, so I tried to kick him but of course he absorbed all my blows while still holding me tightly.

He backed into one room and it was the vicarage’s other, smaller, sitting-room, dark and with the curtains drawn.

My husband turned and swung me up on the piano.

“St. Erth! What are you doing?” I hissed, although when I felt my husband’s rough hands on my soft thighs I knew what he wanted.

I began to wiggle, but of course there was no escaping him.

“What if anyone comes in here?” I begged him, trying to push his hands off my thighs.

“Then they’ll see me fucking my wife,” he said, ignoring my hands to shove my dress up and my undergarments down, yanking me closer to him.

“But, my lord!” I protested, but his fingers closed around my thighs, his eyes blazing into mine with an unholy fire.

“Viscountess, put your thighs around my headnow.”

This order he punctuated with sharp slaps at my thighs that were crisp pops of pain.

I did as he said, but I was shocked when he flipped up my skirts and stuck his head underneath them.

“Stop it!” I moaned, but he only pulled my hips closer and it was like an ice-cold deluge down my spine when I felt his tongue hit my thighs, licking and sucking all the way up to where I most squirmed and writhed.

Then I felt his tongue there and I squeaked with surprise and embarrassment, but he only tightened his hands on my thighs, and I heard his growl vibrating my cunt.

“Oh, godsdamn, you taste good.”

It felt so wanton, wrong, and wicked, but he buried his face between my legs, and no

matter what I did, he wouldn't let go.

My core heated up like an inferno inside me.

"I want you so wet, Catherine," he said, and the outline of his broad shoulders between my thighs made my insides begin to flame. "I want to fuck you dripping wet."

Surely this wasn't necessary to breed me!

The Viscount raised his head from underneath my skirts, and I saw with a start that his broad chest was heaving.

He grabbed my jaw with one hand, forcing my mouth open, reaching for his cock with the other.

"Taste, Catherine St. Erth," he growled at me. "Taste what drives me to madness."

Then he bent and spit in my mouth, and I wanted to scream and shove him away, but I could only do one thing—taste the sweet wanton mix of myself and my husband on my tongue. And then swallow him down.

Whatever he saw in my eyes seemed to make him even more feral, since he grabbed me by the back of the neck and pulled me closer to him.

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I could feel his cock hovering at my entrance, my body trembling at what he was about to do.

He yanked on the laces on the front of my dress, pulled them so tight that I gasped for breath.

The Viscount pushed me up against the ornate window. If anyone was in the garden they would be able to see my body pressed up against the glass, my husband taking me no matter what I did to stop him.

My hips were tipped up, my husband's strokes deliberate and regular, each thrust pulling and tipping my hips higher.

I felt like liquid under his touch, and I began to sense that strange pressure that sometimes grew in my belly when he took me.

I didn't like it; it made me feel prickly heat break out all over my chest and throat, but it was almost like what it had felt like when he gave me a Female Paroxysm treatment.

"No, no," I cried, nervous about how embarrassing it would be to have a paroxysm with his cock in me, and I shoved at St. Erth, but he only bared his teeth as his mouth fell on my throat.

"Stop it, brat," he growled on my flesh, his fingers biting into my hips.

I could feel his breath on my throat, and his demanding kiss on my mouth. His lips

were cruel and possessive, and when I felt the sting of his teeth as he bit my bottom lip, the pressure inside me tightened still further, a spiraling aching throb.

I began to mewl and protest, desperate for him to stop so the pressure would stop too. But he only made a low angry noise and yanked my hips even closer, grinding me over him, and my nipples brushed against his chest, their tips aching, my breasts heavy with need.

Suddenly I heard a noise I had never made before rip from my throat, an urgent, desperate plea for something, anything to relieve this pressure, and I then felt myself hit the peak and then my body was flooded with that all-engulfing liquid pleasure. My head fell back as I succumbed to it, my husband's cock prolonging the shuddering gasping release.

He made a pleased grunt and then his hand was wrapped around the back of my neck, his big hand tangling in my hair and his hips were quick and jerky now as he released his seed into me.

The way he filled me was a pleasurable ache this time, and I moaned again, my head lolling sideways.

My husband's breathing was heavy and he didn't pull out right away. I could feel his eyes on me.

For a minute St. Erth didn't speak. I could feel my eyes getting heavy and sleepy, like I was boneless and limp in his arms.

"You will do that every time I fuck you," he said.

"You're the one that does it," I replied sleepily, but I opened my eyes, staring at the gilded golden ceiling languidly, still feeling the liquidity of my legs and arms, as my

eyes slowly traveled down to meet his.

There was a curious expression in them and I was too weak to resist when he put a finger up and moved one of the sticky, sweaty curls plastered to my forehead.

Then my husband finally pulled out and I was just sitting up sleepily when I felt his big hand crack and he was giving my cunta firm slap. I was unbearably sensitive and I yowled in surprise, the sensation sending sparks of pleasure-pain through me.

“Keep my release inside you,” he said sternly. “No moving until I say so.”

## CHAPTER 25

Catherine

“How should we entertain your friends?” I asked timidly as we drove home in the buggy.

St. Erth flicked a cold look at me.

“You will not be entertaining them at all, Kitten,” he said. “I will be taking them ptarmigan hunting. Since that is the extent of genteel entertainment in the country, I don’t need them trying for something more interesting.”

“And what is that?” I asked.

My husband met my eyes.

“You,” he said.

I felt strangely warm and tingly all over my body, confused and bewildered by his



words.

“Now squeeze your legs together like I told you,” he admonished, placing a hand on my belly, the other hand loose on the reins. “I want to feel this belly round with my heir.”

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I squeezed my legs together obediently.

For the next few days, I barely saw Lord Sheringham and Mr. Westruther. The Viscount hurried them to and from hunting, giving me dark, searing glances as he rushed them by me.

I was more confused than ever.

During this time, Mrs. Elton came to visit and I liked her very much.

“This is such a big, beautiful room,” she said with awe as she followed me into the big sitting room that looked out over the gardens of Rosewood Manor.

“Why, I guess it is!” I said in some surprise.

“Don’t you like it?” she asked.

“Oh, I do,” I said, trying to cover up. “I-I’m more of a seaside person maybe.”

She only looked curiously at me, and I was a bit surprised myself. I had never admitted that out loud before. But we sat down and sewed peacefully together, talking about the village and the best way to grow roses, and patterns we wanted to sew next.

Since the weather was so perfect, we made arrangements to go on a picnic to sketch some of the beautiful meadows and streams at Rosewood Manor, and parted amicably with plans to meet the next day.

The next afternoon, after a fresh bath, I was tying my sun bonnet around my head and getting ready to leave. But St. Erth came down the stairs behind me, light and predatorial despite his big body.

“Where are you going?” he demanded.

“Just out with Mr. and Mrs. Elton,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady, even though my spine had turned to ice, the presence of my husband always making my body buzz with fear and unease. And something else I didn’t want to admit to myself.

“To do what?” he asked, walking toward me with that long, lean, arrogant stride.

“Just a little p-picnic,” I said. “We plan to do some drawing in the meadow by the stream and maybe pick some strawberries. If that’s all right with you,” I added belatedly.

He came up in front of me, his eyes flicking up and down my light sprigged muslin.

“It’s not all right with me,” he said coldly.

“W-why?” I asked. “You said I could go anywhere I wanted at Rosewood.”

He eyes bore into mine. “I said you could go on my grounds properly chaperoned, with a maid or groom with you. That way I can easily find you when I want you.”

I felt my stomach plummeting, a reminder of his power over me.

“I think I’ll go with you,” he said, reaching a hand out to caress my cheek.

“Unless, my wife, you don’t want me to come strawberry picking with you?” he asked, and his fingers tightened the barest amount on my cheek.

I knew what his caresses meant.

I didn't have a choice.

He was only pretending I did to mock me.

And I knew what those fingers could do, had done to me.

I dropped my eyes. I didn't want to look into his, brilliant blue and cruel and endless.

Before I could say anything, at this inauspicious moment the Eltons knocked on the door.

“Ah, you're coming with us, St. Erth?” Mr. Elton asked.

I felt my husband still beside me.

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“Is there any reason I would not come on a picnic with my wife?” he asked coldly.

Mr. Elton hastened to reassure him that of course he did not mean that, that was not what he had meant at all. Mrs. Elton was carefully not looking at me, but I knew that with the addition of my husband this was no longer a relaxed afternoon.

But of course they could not refuse the most powerful man in the county wanting to go on a picnic with his wife, so we walked down to the meadow.

The stream made a gorgeous picture, light and bright, the afternoon sunshine hitting it in a way that made it gleam and sparkle, the leafy green trees dappled with sunlight behind.

I tried to focus on my drawing, my hands trembling slightly as they held the colored pens.

Our whole party faced the stream, Mr. and Mrs. Elton sharing drawing implements as they set up their sketchbooks. Servants took out the cold meats and set thick-cut country breads and fragrant cheese to the side.

I felt St. Erth brush my sleeve as he moved beside me and I tried not to shiver as I felt the brief heated touch of his bare skin on mine.

I had always been proud of my drawing skills, but my hand didn't feel steady.

My husband lay down in the grass beside me, his long powerful legs stretched out in front of him. I wondered why he didn't go do something. Couldn't he go chat with Mr.

Elton, take the dogs out for a walk, join his friends hunting ptarmigans?

I studiously ignored him, concentrating on getting that crystalline blue of the stream just right, the varied colors of the pink and golden and purple wildflowers, and I felt his hand come up and take one of my heavy curls that had fallen from my updo.

“Look at me,” he said.

I stiffened. “I can see you,” I replied, my voice sounding small.

His hand moved, twining the curl around his finger, then he curved his other fingers into my updo, digging into my scalp.

“I said look at me,” he bit out.

I twisted my head sideways, barely able to move with how tightly he held my hair.

St. Erth was too close to me, leaning back against a tree, the sunshine gleaming on his blonde hair, his eyes too blue, the curve of his lips too close.

He didn’t smile when I turned my head, but his fingers tightened further on my scalp.

“Sing something to me,” he said.

“Here?” I whispered.

“I want to hear your voice,” he replied.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, I started singing a little country tune in a low voice, and I heard the Viscount’s satisfied rumble. The Eltons glanced back at us and I heard them join in, Mr. Elton’s deep baritone and Mrs. Elton’s sweet alto blending in with my

soprano tones.

I heard my husband adjust himself back against the tree, but he kept that one hand on my curl, his fingers twined in my hair, and anytime I turned away from him too much or looked at my sketchbook too much he tugged painfully on the lock of my hair, so I knew what he wanted.

My attention. All of my attention.

And he wasn't going to share with anyone.

When Mr. Elton asked me for a little knife to sharpen his pencils, since they had forgotten theirs, the Viscount took it from me to hand it to the vicar.

"You know he's married," I whispered furiously in an undertone when Mr. Elton had gone back to sit by the stream.

"And?" my husband asked, pulling on my hair so hard my head ached. "Who wouldn't want you, Kitten? Don't encourage him."

"I'm not encouraging anyone," I muttered.

"Do you wish I was a sweet husband like the vicar?" he asked, moving so close that his shoulder brushed up against my thigh.

I said nothing, afraid of either answer.

When I didn't reply, he laughed.

"You won't get a sweet husband," he said. "So don't expect one."

I was relieved when the servants came to offer us refreshments.

But the afternoon passed pleasantly enough, the Eltons eventually scooting closer to compare drawings and plan new places to sketch.

"Until next time?" Mrs. Elton said as they packed up to go.

The unspoken assumption: when your husband isn't here.

"I'd love that," I replied.

St. Erth said nothing, still lying beside me.

With one flick of his finger, he sent the servants home too.

I moved to pack up my things, and I saw St. Erth stretch out his neck to look at the sky.

"How do you want me to fuck you?" he asked. "Up against this tree or on the ground?"

I couldn't help letting out a squeak, even though I knew he must be joking.



“That’s not funny. I don’t want that at all.”

He moved his head down to look at me.

“I didn’t ask if you wanted it, brat. I asked how you wanted it. Or I’ll do it how I want and you might not like that at all.”

Since he was lying down and looked so relaxed I still didn’t think he was serious, but I wanted to be away from his jokes and mockery at my expense.

I scrambled hastily away, rolling to my knees and clutching my pencils and art supplies under my arm.

But before I could go very far, St. Erth had moved unimaginably fast, rolling to his feet and striking like the snake he was, scattering all my paints and pencils as he knocked me onto my back.

“You dare to try to get away from me?” he hissed in my ear.

“Everyone’s still around,” I whimpered, my body ground into the grass of the meadow.

“No, they aren’t,” he laughed contemptuously. “And I want to fuck my wife.”

“Can’t you wait until we get home?” I whimpered, afraid of what the servants would think.

“No,” he said. “You’re my wife and I want you now. All of you.”

Then he flipped me over on my hands and knees, grabbing the cup of wine he was drinking.

“Stay still,” he ordered. “Or I’ll make you get down on your knees during the next Sunday service.”

The threat had me frozen in place and he twisted up my skirts and poured wine all over my backside! I squeaked, but he gave a warning grunt, and I forced my legs to be still.

He bent down and I felt his wicked tongue lick down my crack, drinking the wine and sucking at my very asshole!

He was disgraceful, wicked, an unnatural man and most certainly not a gentleman!

What was even worse was that I found the sensation pleasurable, his rough tongue twisted sideways, circling a part of me that I had always thought was most shameful. But my husband’s noises were low, lascivious, hungry as he sucked and licked my asshole.

"I love you," the Viscount said, and my cheeks burned with confusion.

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Not only was I stuck in a most improper position, on my hands and knees with my husband behind me, his big hands spreading my cheeks wide, his tongue exploring, searching for drops of wine, but this was a most extraordinary thing to say!

I did not trust it!

I waited apprehensively to see what he would say next, but he only said, “Good girl, you are staying very still,” and I heard the unmistakable sound of him drawing his cock from his breeches.

I allowed myself a grunt as he entered me, my cunt stretching, swelling to take his thick length, arching my back and trying to widen my hips to take him easier, gasping as my body adjusted.

Then I felt his fingers between my legs as they began to rub that particular spot and I knew he wouldn’t stop until my body did exactly what he wanted it to.

## CHAPTER 26

St. Erth

Seeing my wife pregnant was now a constant need for me. I craved it all day when I looked at her trim, lithe little body consulting with Mrs. Jeremiah, in the evening when she played and sung for me, and at night when I fucked her mercilessly, filled her until my release dripped down her thighs and I had to scoop it up and shove it back inside her.

When the latest fertility treatment from London arrived in a carriage, I ordered Catherine to put on a nightgown and lie down in bed. I was determined not to see another monthly flow until after she had given birth to my first child.

Kitten looked nervous in the bed, smoothing the white nightgown down nervously over her body.

“Behave yourself,” I said, gripping her nightgown and giving her cunt a warning slap.

She yelped just as the doctor came in with his equipment, placing the big pewter jar full of leeches at the foot of the bed.

I saw Kit’s brown eyes open even wider and she clutched the bedsheets.

“Please don’t,” she whispered.

“You will let the doctor treat you without fuss,” I told her sternly.

“Please don’t,” she whimpered again, looking at me imploringly. “I had to have them once as a child and I fainted away. They didn’t make me do it again.”

It pleased me to hear her beg, but I said, “You were a spoiled child, but you will not be a spoiled wife. You will obey your husband and follow the doctor’s orders.”

She said nothing then, but I saw her pink lips begin to tremble.

Dr. Bertram was a busy, round little man in his 50s with a fringe.

“What is the treatment for?” he asked.

“My wife,” I said. “I want to ensure she gets pregnant soon.”

“I have just the treatment for that,” he said cheerfully. “Viscountess St. Erth,” he continued. “If you would, please move the shoulder of your gown down so I can place the leeches.”

I felt a sudden flash of anger as Dr. Bertram put his hands on her arm, turning her body this way and that, his hand reaching for the leeches.

When he pulled down the sleeve of her gown, exposing her creamy shoulder even further, I didn’t recognize the low, feral noise that ripped from my throat.

“Stop!” I snapped, coming up and grabbing him roughly, shoving Dr. Bertram away from her.

He had one squirming gray leech in his hand already and he looked at me, startled.

“My Lord, youdidsay you wanted me to use the leeches, did you not?”

“I did,” I snarled. “I didn’t say you couldtouchher.”

“But—” he protested, looking between us, clearly baffled.

“Give me that,” I said, grabbing the jar. “I will put them on my wife myself.”

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“But—” he protested again, and I silenced him with a look.

“Just tell me where they go.”

Catherine set her lips together as I placed the wet, slimy creatures on her, and they nuzzled around, attaching quickly onto her pale skin, hanging down the fine curve between her white throat and her creamy breasts.

I stood beside the bed as she lay there, the leeches like dark marks on her skin, reminding me of the marks I made on her hips and ass when I took her. The leeches were swelling now, sucking her blood, their bellies getting fat on her blood.

I felt another flush of angry rage, and I had to tighten my fist in my pocket, my eyes glued on the leeches.

Jealous of a godsdamn leech.

But I was.

The way they sucked, got fat off her blood.

I saw my wife swallow convulsively, her small hands clutching the sheets. There was a line of sweat all along her neck, the beads standing out like crystalline drops.

I felt my cock hardening in my pants, sudden fierce need for her raging at me.

The leech on the top curve of her breast was getting fat and engorged with her blood.

Fuck. That'smygodsdamn wife, which means her blood is mine, too.

Suddenly I pounced on top of her, bending close and I ripped into the leech, crushing the body in my mouth so the corpse would fall easily off her. The blood the leech had stolen from my wife spurted across her in a vivid scarlet splash, and she shrieked. Her pounding heartbeat only made me more ravenous, and I spat the leech's body out, moving to the next one, and then the next, chewing up each one, rending its body apart in my mouth and spitting out the creatures onto the floor.

When I was done I cleaned my mouth out with some whiskey and watched her fair skin, the pink marks flush and bright where the leeches had been.

"My lord, that is not how the treatment is supposed to go," Dr. Bertram said disapprovingly.

"I don't care," I said. "No slug is going to get fat offmywife. What other treatments do you have?"

The older man looked disgruntled. "Those are leeches, not slugs, my lord," he said. "The next treatment is bloodletting. Simple and effective. It will stabilize your wife's humors so she'll be prepared to receive your seed."

Dr. Bertram then rustled around in his bag and came to stand beside me with his knives out, the sharp implements pointed toward Catherine's frightened face. I snatched the equipment from him.

"I'll do that, too."

"My—my lord, but you don't know how to do it."

I ignored him and impatiently moved to pass my own knife through the fire.

“You old sawbones always think you know everything. Just give me the basin and run along to Cook. She’ll give you something to eat.”

He perked up and left, shutting the door behind him.

My Kitten was looking at me, her eyes even wider.

“I d-don’t believe you know the first thing about it,” she said.

“Silence,” I replied sternly.

I placed the slim knife at her shoulder, feeling her tense, a muscle in her throat working.

“Stay still,” I ordered.

Then I took the knife and sliced across her shoulder and down her arm, my eyes riveted to the thin line of blood that sprung to the surface, how it contrasted with her pale skin and the pristine white sheets on her bed.

I put the basin under her arm, watching with fascination as the little drops rolled down her arm, gathering in the crook of her elbow, dropping into the pan with tiny littlepings.



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Her eyes were wide, and I turned her arm over so the blood would flow directly into the pan.

My insides clenched again at each rivulet. The room was silent except for the little pings.

I stared at the basin, watching the scarlet pool at the bottom, the basin filling with my wife's blood.

And it was starting to piss me off.

Everything about Catherine was mine. Her entire body was mine, to do what I wanted with. Her mouth was mine to fill with my cock, her cunt was mine to fill with my seed. Her blood was mine, too, so why should I give my wife's blood to some fleabitten surgeon who was just going to dump it in the garden?

My cock was aching at the sight of her flesh, the scarlet marks where the leeches had been, the rivulets of red down her arm, her chest heaving up and down. I could see the outline of her nipples against her nightgown.

I suddenly flipped her arm back over, bending over it, watching the progression of her blood. Then I bent my head and reached my tongue out for the first scarlet drop.

"St. Erth!" she squeaked. "What are you doing?"

"Your blood will not be going back to the doctor," I said harshly, scooping the shallow puddle up and letting it drip off my fingers back into the cut I had made.

She shrieked again, trying to wiggle away, and I gripped her face tightly with my bloody fingers, my handprint stark against her chin.

“Understand this, Viscountess,” I said. “I will control everything about you. What goes into your body. What goes out of your body. Who you talk to. Who talks to you. When and how you get fucked.”

My little wife began to scream and kick, and I climbed on the bed over top of her.

She can shriek all she likes. But I take what I want.

I moved over her on the bed, caging her in with my legs, feeling her heart pounding in her chest. My tongue hit her skin, and she tasted like sweet and iron, delicate sunshine on her skin mixing with the coppery tang of her blood on my lips.

My own heart was pounding as I pulled up her nightgown and plunged my cock inside her. Catherine arched her back and whimpered and I bent down to her lips, forcing the blood on her lips, in her mouth, so she can taste my obsession.

Then I put my hand down to her slippery wet cunt.

“Give it to me, Catherine,” I warned, reveling in the fact that each stroke of my cock raised her small body from the bed, arched her body into mine so her breasts were pressed against me. “I’ve got your body, your blood, your cunt, and now I’m going to get your release, too.”

I crave her release, need it like I need air, that exquisite sensation of her cunt tightening around my cock or my fingers, and I’m fucking insatiable. I’ll do anything to get it. She cried and tried to push me away, but my fingers don’t stop, rubbing the slippery place where our bodies connect until she gives up and submits to me, her hands tightening on my shoulders until she’s crying out with pleasure and turning to

liquid under me, and only then do I let myself release in her, envisioning my seed buried fucking deep in her and swelling her with my heir.

## CHAPTER 27

Catherine

On the day of the ball at the Martin's home, I wasn't feeling well and my stomach gave another lurch to see a letter from home.

I now dreaded each letter from home. If St. Erth found them, he would snatch them from my hands, laugh at every proof of his revenge over them, and then tear them up in a fury when they begged me to escape him.

In my last letter, I had tried to warn them that St. Erth was not the kind of man who let his wife escape him, and I trembled to see what they had replied.

If you cannot obey these simple instructions, my father wrote, after a lengthy description of how my mother's finery and dresses had all been repossessed, we will cut you off from the family. You will no longer be welcomed in our home and I will do everything I can to ensure that you end your days as a common dock whore.

My stomach fairly plunged at this, and I had to clutch the table for support. St. Erth's friends were leaving for London tomorrow and he was out hunting ptarmigan with them. I quickly shredded the letter into pieces and threw it on the fire. I didn't want him to see the threats and dire warnings that I would end up as a dock whore.

Why, the only way that could ever happen was if the Viscount himself was dead!

The next day, we took the bigger carriage to a ball that the Martin family was giving, and Lord Sheringham and Mr. Westruther were forced by necessity to ride with us.

Lord Sheringham was a pale, goggly-eyed man, and Mr. Westruther a notorious dark-haired rake.

“Do you like dancing?” Lord Sheringham asked, in a natural but mistaken attempt to make conversation.

I opened my mouth to reply but the Viscount cut across, “You will not be dancing with my wife.”

Lord Sheringham jumped nervously.

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“Of course—of course not, my dear sir. . .”

“It will look very peculiar for no one else to dance with her,” Mr. Westruther put it, but my husband bared his teeth at them both.

“I don’t care.”

Anxious to prevent a fight, I asked, “What do you think of the country?”

“Not—not too fond of it,” Lord Sheringham said uneasily, his eyes darting to St. Erth’s stormy face.

“I like the country,” I said, aware that I was beginning to babble. “But I think I would like the seaside even better. I’ve always loved to read about the sea. Have either of you gentlemen ever been?”

“We should all take a trip,” Mr. Westruther began, but again my husband interrupted him.

“No.”

The rest of the ride was accomplished in uneasy silence, St. Erth’s hand gripping my thigh with vice-like clamps.

The Martins were a wealthy and comfortably vulgar local family, and Mama and Papa would never have allowed me to visit a home like theirs in London, but I did not care. I met all of the extended and vulgar Martin family, a dizzying blur of friendly

faces. For once, it was actually enjoyable to go to a ball where I didn't have to feel pressure to act perfectly. There wasn't the heavy weight of crushing expectations and the need to behave like a perfect lady to attract a suitor.

Because St. Erth would be catching me and fucking me no matter what I did at the ball.

Of course, it would have been even more enjoyable if my husband had allowed any other man to dance with me.

But he did not.

I danced with him only, his strong hand tight on my waist.

I played the piano. With my husband bending over me, whispering words in my ear that made my cheeks flush in case anyone could overhear them.

Poor Mr. Elton attempted to ask me to dance, and St. Erth suddenly gripped him painfully by the collar, his fingers tightening around the shorter man's throat.

"I do not permit anyone else to touch my wife," he bit out as I pulled at his arm, attempting to make him loosen his hold on the vicar.

"My lord, it is customary at a ball," Mr. Elton tried, but St. Erth interrupted him.

"I don't care what is customary. I only care that no other man puts his hands on my wife."

Just then, a messenger came for the Viscount, and my husband flicked his eyes around the room before agreeing to go out.

The other gentlemen all looked too nervous to ask me to dance for fear of what St. Erth would do.

All except the Martins' distant relation Mr. Pemberfield.

Mr. Pemberfield was quite a tall man, with slicked-back dark hair and a pugnacious face. If it wasn't for the fact that he was in faultless pink pantaloons, I would have assumed he was a prize fighter with his battered face.

He asked me to dance not once, but twice.

For a moment, I had the very unwelcome wish that my husband was there. I wanted to get away from Mr. Pemberfield but I didn't know how to without making a scene.

There was nothing outwardly offensive about Mr. Pemberfield asking me to dance, but I still felt uneasy. There was something in how his arm squeezed around my waist that felt creepy.

Still, he was nothing but courteous, chatting fairly easily to me about the weather, my gown, and a new team of horses he was contemplating buying. His conversation was perfectly mannerly, if not interesting.

I began to feel nervous about what St. Erth would do when he came back.

Then the dancing was so raucous, the dozens of pairs of feet trodding the boards so energetically, that no one noticed Mr. Pemberfield sweep me out the open door and into the gardens.

"It is so warm in there," he said, "I expect you need a bit of fresh air."

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“I do not, sir,” I said indignantly. “Let me go back inside.”

Then Mr. Pemberfield bent me painfully over and puckered his lips up to kiss me. They looked slimy and slick in the moonlight and I ducked, his kiss landing with an uncomfortable squelch on my cheek.

I was stunned with the audacity.

“You’ll be sorry when I tell my husband what you’ve done,” I said heatedly, clenching my fists together.

He only smiled at me. His teeth were mere stumps, many of them missing, and I recoiled.

“I’m looking forward to it,” he said.

“My husband will be very angry,” I warned Mr. Pemberfield, trying to get away from him, but he laughed unpleasantly.

“Maybe your husband doesn’t mind passing you around like a common dock trollop,” he said. “He only married you out of revenge.”

I felt the tears start to my eyes in my rage.

It was true.

He had married me only out of revenge. Everything else was probably just one of his



tricks.

Then I heard St. Erth's voice.

"Don't listen to him, Kitten."

Then my husband was there, and with one swift motion, he grabbed Mr. Pemberfield by the hair and drove his face into the nearby marble fountain.

I staggered as this forced Mr. Pemberfield to let me go.

"Who sent you?" St. Erth asked through his gritted teeth.

The other man's battered face split open into a grin. He reached into his pink coat pockets for a glove, then he attempted to slap St. Erth across the face with it.

"Sir, you have been challenged to a duel."

My husband's face didn't change, but he laughed contemptuously, easily dodging Mr. Pemberfield.

"Give you a chance to take pot shots at my back while I'm turned around? Not motherfucking likely. Tell me who sent you."

Mr. Pemberfield looked a little nonplussed at this, like things were not going to plan, but he rallied quickly, aiming his ham-like fist at St. Erth's face.

"As a gentleman, you are bound to meet me on the field of honor for a duel," he snarled.

My husband smiled and in the moonlight he was darkly beautiful and wholly savage.

“I’m not a gentleman,” he said.

Then I heard a sharp crack as he easily sidestepped Mr. Pemberfield’s fist and swung his own in a sharp, efficient motion.

I heard the other man’s ribs break with a splinter.

“Who sent you?” St. Erth asked, and I felt my blood run dry at the tone in his voice. Cold, emotionless, deadly.

When Mr. Pemberfield didn’t respond immediately, St. Erth hit him across the face again, and I heard the dull, heavy sound of my husband’s fist hitting the soft flesh of the other man’s face and knocking him to the ground.

The big bruiser moaned and stirred, and I convulsively clutched my purse tighter.

“I’ll make it worth your while,” St. Erth said, his voice silky and smooth. “I’ll double your pay and you can work for me at the same time.”

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“Sir Philip Wendover paid me,” the man said, looking up at St. Erth and feeling his split lip.

Papa!

“Do you have any proof?” my husband asked harshly, and Mr. Pemberfield reached into his pocket and handed a tattered letter over, his blood smearing it.

St. Erth took it and read it, his eyes scanning the contents quickly. He then folded the letter and put it in his pocket.

“I have no loyalty,” the other man ground out as St. Erth bent down to squat at his level. “I’ll go wherever I get paid.”

“I can see that,” St. Erth said dryly, and I saw his arm reach back and suddenly something flashed in the light of the moon.

I opened my mouth but no sound came out of my dry throat.

Then St. Erth struck with his knife like the vicious serpent he was, and Mr. Pemberfield looked up, his big face covered with shock.

“Your death was assured when you touched my wife,” the Viscount said, and his voice was like the grave.

The other man slumped forward and my husband cocked his head unemotionally as Mr. Pemberfield expired with a gurgle beside the Martins’ fountain. Then he stood to

his full height and turned to look at me.

My arms were trembling uncontrollably.

“Don’t worry,” St. Erth said. “He’s dead.”

But it wasn’t this clumsy crude assailant that made me afraid. It was my own husband.

What would he do to Papa?

Could Papa really have done this? Tried to kill my own husband?

I felt anger spark through my veins. They had forced me to marry the Viscount because of their own greed and now they regretted it!

Well, it was too godsdamn late.

What else was a lie?

St. Erth was now scanning the area where the carriages were and I heard him make a low series of notes, a whistle, and in a few moments Gilly appeared.

“Go get Liversedge,” St. Erth ordered. “He’s probably smoking with the others by the carriage-house.”

“Your relatives are nothing but trouble,” he said as Gilly scuttled off.

“Surely, even Papa—“ I said, then stopped, dropping my eyes.

There was no use pretending.

St. Erth still looked dissatisfied, and he kicked the dead body of Mr. Pemberfield with his toe.

For a moment the breath caught in my chest.

Was he mad at me because my father had hired this assailant to pick a fight with him?

Would he make me go back to my parents' home?

But suddenly St. Erth knelt down and flicked out his knife. Then he drew the wickedly sharp blade down Mr. Pemberfield's body, splitting his chest open so that his entrails all spilled out on the ground.

I gasped and my husband raised his eyes up to me. They were glinting, shining in the moonlight with a dark rage.

"I killed him too quickly. I'm sorry, Kitten. I should have known the messenger was just a distraction."

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My throat felt dry and scratchy.

“It’s fine,” I croaked.

“No dignity in death for him,” St. Erth said, hacking viciously away at the corpse.

When Liversedge and Gilly arrived, St. Erth stood to his full height, towering over both of them, bloody splatters all up and down his formerly snowy cravat.

“My lord, why did you have to split him open like that?” Liversedge wheezed.  
“That’s going to make it the very devil to clean up.”

“Quit complaining,” St. Erth said. “I pay you, and very handsomely too. Don’t make me throw you both back where I found you.”

“You’d throw back your own second cousins?” Liversedge complained.

“Alleged second cousins,” St. Erth said, pointing at the ground. “And you missed an entrail.”

Grumbling, Liversedge took one end of the corpse, and Gilly took the other and they rolled the late Mr. Pemberfield into another tarp.

“What about you, m’lord?” Liversedge asked. “How are you going to go back into the ball with all that blood all over you?”

“Don’t worry,” said St. Erth. “It’s not very far and the night is warm. We’ll walk.”

I turned obediently and followed my bloody husband down the lane and across the dark fields.

“Are they really your second cousins?” I asked tremulously.

“Yes,” said the Viscount, turning to look at me. “I come from a long line of tramps, pickpockets, and washer-women who ran illegal gambling operations, Kitten.”

“Your mother sounds lovely,” I said indignantly, thinking regretfully of my own uncaring Mama. “I wish I could have met her.”

I was surprised when he turned around to look at me, his eyes gleaming in the moonlight.

“I love you, Kitten,” he said abruptly.

“Oh,” I said again, dropping my eyes in confusion.

“And what do you say to that?” he asked coldly, grabbing my chin to force me to look at him.

“I-I don’t know,” I said.

What did I think?

Why I hated him, didn’t I?

When I did not respond further, my husband’s mouth set in an angry frown.

“You are required to love me, Catherine. And that’s an order.”

Suddenly St. Erth picked me up and flipped me over onto the nearby sturdy wooden fence that kept our neighbors' hogs from roaming the countryside.

I squawked in surprise as I landed on my stomach on the hard wood, and my husband tipped me forward like he was going to send me headfirst into the pigsty.

The pigs began to shuffle eagerly closer, and I screamed, windmilling my arms and trying to squirm back, but his strong arms held me fast.

"They look hungry, don't they, Kitten?" he said with unconcern.

"Stop it!" I begged. "Let me up!"

But he only tipped me further forward until I was hovering only inches from their backs and horribly snuffling noses.



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“Pigs are nasty creatures,” St. Erth said reflectively. “Did you know they’ll eat anything? Even disobedient saucy wives?”

I shrieked again, trying to arch my back away from their huge bodies and curious mouths and one of them grabbed my lace, yanking it down. For one foolish second, I tried to grab for it, and my hands brushed sharp teeth, and I screamed, wriggling madly in his arms.

He tipped me so far down my head was now amongst them, and when one of them snatched my bonnet, chewing on it with horrible growling snorts, the Viscount asked again, “Do you love me?”

“You forced me to marry you!” I whimpered, and he shook me then.

“I did,” he said in a voice like chipped stone. “There is nothing I would not do to own you.”

The bonnet had completely disappeared down the hog’s mouth and the animal’s nose began snuffling back toward me.

“All right, all right,” I moaned resentfully. “I will love you.”

Then he flipped me back over the side and pressed me into the fence posts.

“Be sure that you do,” St. Erth said complacently, and he twisted my long dress up in his hands and fucked me against the fence, hard and fast this time, the front of my ball gown shredding against the splintery wood. I gripped on as hard as I could to

keep my head from going through the boards, my husband's cock pounding into my cunt.

## CHAPTER 28

Catherine

Afew days after the ball, St. Erth announced that we were going to visit Bath.

“Would you like that, Kitten?” he asked, taking a sip of tea as we sat under a shady tree.

“Yes, I would,” I cried eagerly. “Very much.”

His lips curved up. “Good. But what would happen if you didn't want to go?”

I bit my lip but I forced myself to meet his eyes.

“You would take me anyway.”

“That's right, Viscountess,” St. Erth said with satisfaction. “Perhaps you'll make a proper wife yet.”

When I smelled the sea, my heart gave a great leap inside me. Why, the smell of it was even better than I had dreamed. Fresh and sharp and salt and sea!

Bath was crowded, full of the Ton escaping to the seaside during the heat of the year in London, or there to try to cure their ailments by taking the waters there.

But although it was crowded, St. Erth had managed to secure a very pretty soft cream-colored house overlooking the beach, and we walked along the crowded

pathways.

The wind whipped my hair, and I felt that wild untamed excitement unfurl inside me.

After a cold meat luncheon, we went to the Pump Room to take the waters. I smelled the sharp tang of the mineral water, my stomach roiling.

I took one tentative sip.

“Drink up,” my husband ordered sharply and I looked apprehensively at the small cup.

I didn’t want to defy him, but I didn’t think I could manage any more of the health cure.

“My stomach doesn’t feel so good,” I said in a small voice.

He raised immaculate eyebrows, and with one swift hand he grabbed a nearby almanac, counting rapidly back through the weeks.

There was a gleam in his eyes, and he took one curl in a big hand, brushing my cheek with calloused fingertips.

“Oh, Kitten. What a good girl you are.”

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“Do you think. . .?” I asked in a tremulous voice, surprised by the wild leap of my own heart.

“I do,” St. Erth said with satisfaction, showing me the time that had passed since my last monthly flow. “You don’t have to drink this bilge now. I’ll go and get you some cakes.”

With a speaking glance, full of triumph, he got up and headed for the refreshments.

I was sitting, happy and bewildered, when to my surprise, Papa appeared in front of me.

“I did not know you were here!” I cried. He must have rushed over to Bath as soon as he got the letter that we were going there.

“Are you with child?” Papa demanded. “It is the second month since you were married.”

I hesitated.

It would make Papa very angry, to be sure, but perhaps this was a way of making sure that he stopped these nonsensical attempts on St. Erth’s life that could only end in failure.

“Yes, I am,” I said, feeling a sudden spark of pride and excitement.

“Get rid of it,” Papa said, moving in front of me.

His handsome face looked distorted with fury now.

“No!” I said.

“I didn’t raise you to open your legs like a slut for some common whore’s son,” Papa said, flecks of spittle flying from his lips.

I had never seen my father so filled with rage before, and I felt an answering fury snake over me. “She was a better parent than you ever were!” I snapped. “You should leave. If St. Erth finds you here, he’ll kill you. Just go back to Mama and don’t bother us again.”

“You will be sorry,” he spat at me, then he turned on his heel and left.

I was still trembling when St. Erth came back, but I forced myself to stay calm so he wouldn’t suspect anything.

The next morning my mind was still in a whirl, and I woke up early, feeling sick to my stomach.

I decided to go sea bathing to see if I could distract myself, so I left my sleeping husband and headed for the ladies’ beach.

I was the first one at the beach, and the attendant led me smilingly into the best and most luxurious bathing machine where I could change in privacy into the weighted skirts that would help me stay properly covered while I waded in the sea water.

As Viscountess St. Erth, I was greeted everywhere with the kind of deferential respect that I was most unused to ever encountering before, and I didn’t know how much of that was due to my new title or that fact that my husband was most impatient of anyone who did not accord me the proper treatment he felt I deserved.

When I was done changing, I opened the door, the fresh sea air filling my nose with the delicious scents of salt and waves. I didn't see the attendant, though, and I looked nervously around, stepping tentatively out into the sea water. It was cold but bracingly so, and I felt my cheeks flush pleasantly. But just as I had put my other foot into the water, my skirts heavy with the weights to keep them from floating up, I felt a hand go over my mouth and my head was knocked into the side of the bathing machine.

And my father came around the side.

His eyes were glinting with malice. He held his hand over my nose and mouth, cutting off my breathing and making panic spiral through my body.

"There's one way to ensure that St. Erth never succeeds in his revenge," Papa spat at me. "And that's to simply kill you and prevent him from having an heir. It's so simple. I should have thought of this before. You are much easier to kill than he would be."

I tried to scream, but nothing came out. I tried to struggle but my skirts weighed me down.

"I didn't think you would amount to much, with your plain face," he said. "But I'd rather have no daughter at all and keep my lands intact."

And he dunked my head under the water again.

I knew I was going to die. My father had sent the attendants away and it was so early that the rest of the beach was still deserted.

I kicked and flailed under the water, but Papa held me under.

My body felt strangely weightless and my head swam, and just as my vision began to

blacken, his hold on me was loosened and I was lifted from under the water as St. Erth drove Papa's head into the side of the bathing machine with his other hand.

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I gasped thankfully for air, and St. Erth swept me up with one hand, my thick skirts soaking his breeches.

“How dare you,” Papa was sputtering, but St. Erth was in no mood for conversation.

“Convenient,” he said. “My revenge will come early. 9 months early, to be precise.”

With his left hand, he tightened his hold on Papa’s neckerchief, suddenly twisting so viciously that I heard my father’s neck break under his fingers.

I was still gasping for breath, held so tightly by my husband that his strong, firm heartbeat reverberated in my own chest.

“Kitten, your father is dead,” St. Erth said dismissively as Papa’s body sank down into the cold waters.

“Thank you,” I said weakly. “How did you know I was out here?”

“You left my bed without saying where you were going, naughty puss,” he said. “Of course I came after you.”

And the serpent won.

Like Eve, I couldn’t resist. I knew what he was and I still said it.

“I love you,” I said, throwing my arms around my cruel husband’s neck.



“I love you too,” the Viscount returned, my husband’s mouth on my throat, my lips, every inch of skin he could see. “And now,” he said, “I want you to sit here on the bathing machine while I put the weights from your dress on your father’s clothes, so I can send him out to the ocean without fear of his corpse floating back onto the beach and thoroughly ruining our breakfast.”

So I sat, shivering, on the side of the bathing machine while St. Erth slit the bottom of my dress and tied my weights to my father, and I watched as he waded out until the water was waist-high and he sent my father out to the deep sea.

Then he waded back and took me in his arms, carrying me back to the beach and back to our rented house.

“Let’s take to the sea,” the Viscount said, the hot waters of my bath finally taking the chill of my attempted murder away. “I’d like to sail to Italy.”

“That sounds wonderful,” I said. “I’ve always wanted to go on a sea voyage.”

“Good,” my husband said. “But you have no choice in the matter, you know. You’ll be doing what I want whether you like it or not.”

And then my husband’s fingers were slipping into the bathwater and down to my cunt and then inside me, and my body moved in rhythm with his touch, always his to take and command.

## Epilogue

The good ship Viper almost sang as she sliced easily through the waves. She was a well-made vessel with a good full crew.

It was going to be a good trip to Italy.

My 1-year-old son Arthur toddles across the deck from my arms into his mother's.

He's a fine, strong boy, red-haired and brown-eyed like his mother.

With his birth my eternal triumph over the Wendovers is complete.

But being on dry land bores me. If my wife and I both hunger for the sea, I am rich enough to make it happen.

Wendover House and Rosewood Manor are now run by competent stewards while my wife and I sail wherever we please.

Lady Julia and Millward have been moved into one of the tenant farms and are now responsible for a small garden, keeping hogs, and washing everyone's laundry from Wendover House.

Catherine says I should show mercy. After all, she argues, my revenge against Sir Philip ended up as much more satisfying than even I had planned.

And the Viscountess is right. The feeling of her father's neck breaking under my fingers was extremely satisfying. I should have done that to begin with.

Perhaps after a year or two we'll visit and I'll see how hard they've been working. But I'm in no rush.

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“Let the boy go take a nap with his nurse,” I order my wife, and she obeys me, turning to hand our healthy, happy son to one the multiple nurses I have hired for the journey.

Catherine will have every imaginable luxury on this journey as the wife of a very wealthy Viscount, and she will encounter all the respect and admiration that she deserves.

But my pleasure is, always, to see my wife, touch my wife, hear her soft, lilting songs and laughter, watch her needlework, and feel her tongue around my cock.

Glorying in the way the sea air tastes on her skin, I lead her into our stateroom. I turn her around and start to undress her, and my wife doesn’t fight me, just stretches her elegant neck to the side so my rough fingers can pull impatiently at her buttons.

She makes a sharp intake of breath as my fingers skim her nipples and I notice she’s leaked through her chemise, her heavy breasts swollen with milk.

“That was a very expensive undergarment,” I say sternly. “Now come here and let me take care of this.”

I pull out one of the chairs and lean back in it, feeling my heart starting to pound.

“Yes, my lord,” she says docilely, and I look sharply at her to see her little teeth coming out to bite her full bottom lip.

I can feel any control shatter as I yank her hard toward me, trapping her between my

legs. One of my hands rips away her chemise, the fabric soaking wet. My other hand kneads her perfect little ass, reaching to circle her asshole in the way I know she is so embarrassed to love. My tongue hits her nipple, already tasting the drops of sweet, creamy milk there.

I don't want to take too much. Just enough to relieve the pressure, but when her milk lets down in my mouth, I groan loudly, sucking eagerly at her breast like I'm starving, greedy for her milk.

She is everything I want.

Kitten's little mewls and throaty groans drive me up the wall, the boat rocking gently underneath us. I lick up the milk that's collected underneath her breasts, my cock feeling like it's going to burst out of my breeches with how much I want her.

My other finger spreads her cheeks and presses into her asshole, and my wife's head falls back, her throat working gorgeously, and I can't wait any longer, yanking my cock out and grinding Catherine down over it.

As I fuck her, she's slick and wet, all for me, and I can feel her hands clutch me convulsively tighter, her nails digging into my shoulders.

Her thighs start to tremble, and I know she's close to that glorious release that will soak my breeches and cover me in her pleasure, and I cannot fucking wait.

I press another finger deep into her asshole and she comes with a gasp, digging her nails in deeper, her hips grinding over my cock, her milk dripping down her breasts and into my waiting mouth, and when I hear her groan,

“Oh, St. Erth!”

I release too, filling my wife with my hot, hungry seed.

Soon it will be time to breed her again.

My revenge is an exquisite pleasure and my revenge will be life-long.

Catherine St. Erth will never be able to escape it.