A Most Determined Flirt
by Lempo Soi (Lemposoi)

Summary

Lydia likes soldiers.

Notes

Additional warning: Involves rape fantasy and smacking.

Lydia Bennet was having the time of her life. She'd snuck away from that infernal hanger-on, Kitty, only a moment ago, and was already surrounded by no less than four dashing young men of military persuasion. She considered them dashing, in any case, and if one of them had an unfortunate smattering of spots across his chin and another a girth that was struggling to be held in by his belt, such details were easily imagined away. They were all heroes, after all.

She was seated on a picnic blanket by the river, in a place of respectable publicity, yet satisfactorily hidden by a copse of young willows. Lieutenant Carr sat at her left, holding her cup, while Lieutenant James (he of the spots) poured the tea. Lieutenants Boone and Pickering were just going to have to find some other ways to keep her interest. So far they were all doing quite well.

"Oh, I can't imagine what horrors you'll see at the frontlines!" she gushed. "You're all so terribly brave! It'll be dreadful, won't it?"
"Anything's worth it to protect jolly old England!" said Pickering, stumbling a little over his parroted patriotism.

"And its beauties," added James smoothly, thus far making up for his spots splendidly.

"Oh, you!" Lydia tapped James lightly with her gloved hand and looked down demurely, with just one quick wicked glance into his eyes to show her he was going in the right direction. "I bet you'll forget English girls as soon as you cross over. One hears such things about French girls. They say they are the most charming creatures in the world."

This prompted just the gaggle of protestations she had hoped for.

"You are not saying you would be immune to a French girl's charms?" Lydia asked with wide eyes, glancing from one admirer to another.

"Judging by my experience, British girls beat French girls in looks anytime," said Carr, who was seventeen years old, the son of a doctor, and had never been to France. "We had one staying with us last summer, and she was a dour little dormouse compared to you, Miss Bennet!"

"It's a good thing British men don't waste their time chasing after strumpets, or we'd not advance far into the enemy lines," said stout Boone. "I hear they like to use pretty girls as their spies."

Lydia gasped. "How unsporting!"

"Exactly," said Pickering with some heat. "Espionage is damned cowardly, if you ask me! It's no way to fight a fair campaign. Still, I am not surprised Boney would stoop to it!"

"Not that he has that far to stoop, being so close to the ground," said James, and made up for the rather witless witticism with an uncanny impression of Napoleon, very like the caricatures in Punch.

Lydia laughed, but not for too long. Mustn't play favourites – that had so far been her most successful tactic in the art of flirtation. So she laid her hand on Carr's arm and addressed her next remark to him."Say, if I was a French spy, passed off as a British sympathizer, and you discovered me after dinner rummaging through confidential files at the captain's desk – how should you deal with me?"

"I know what I would do," said James firmly, before Carr had a chance to respond. "I would put you across my lap and spank you!"

It was really much too much. Lydia's jaw dropped. Oh, she was going to play favourites now! "Lieutenant!" she gasped.

"And I'd be doing you a favour," James continued, "if I just left it at that. I don't go in for executing girls so I suppose I'd let you escape, but not before I taught you a proper lesson."

"Don't let's be fanciful," said Pickering, whose face betrayed something akin to shock. "You would capture and report her and let her face a jury, of course."

"I don't see how it solves anybody's problem if a girl has to go to prison to be molested and condemned, just for doing for her own country what we'd reward her for doing for ours. It's the presumption we'd have to beat out of her, the idea that a mere girl could swindle a British soldier, and I can do that with the back of my hand on her--"

"We really should be getting back to the barracks, James," Pickering said. His awkwardness had vanished and his countenance was stern. "I don't think these subjects are suitable for a
Lydia bit her tongue and pasted a smile on her face, hoping it went at least half-way towards hiding her disappointment. She took his hand and let him lead her back towards the town, leaving the picnic behind.

"What a shame," she did say, never able to stop her tongue for long. "We were having such a nice time!"

"I apologize for Lieutenant James," Pickering said, absolutely blushing, the silly drip. "His remarks were completely inappropriate."

He is twice the man you are, Lydia wanted to say, but didn't quite. James' words were still swirling in her mind, conjuring up delicious images. If Pickering spoke again, Lydia didn't hear him.

That night in their bed she told Kitty every detail of the conversation, even adding some of her own. Kitty gaped at James' boast. "He did not actually refer to your--"

"He might as well have!" Lydia whispered excitedly. "He would have, too, if Pickering hadn't stopped him."

"He is no gentleman!" Kitty declared.

"No! He's a rake!" Lydia sighed dreamily.

When she was quite sure Kitty was asleep, she punched up her nightdress between her legs and pulled at it, slow tugs, then a steady tight drag, all the while imagining the smack of James's hand on her bottom, the feel of his uniform buttons scratching her skin at every hit.

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Mrs. Bennet had always said that the direct approach is best, and Lydia congratulated herself on having followed her mother's advice as Wickham grabbed her proffered buttocks and shoved her skirts up even higher.

They were in the library of General What's-his-name and the muffled sound of conversation and music could be heard through the heavy oak walls and closed door, echoing down the corridor. Lydia was bent over a writing desk, holding up her own skirts. Wine was still sloshing in her belly, but she didn't think that was the reason for her giddy excitement.

"You are such a wicked, bad girl, Miss Lydia Bennet," Wickham said and slapped her bottom hard, making her yelp. With no further ado, he fumbled his trousers open and shoved his cock inside her.

Lydia bit her lip at the sharp pain, determined to ride it out. How strange it was, to be invaded like that, and how different from what she'd imagined! He kept on thrusting and thrusting, too, when she thought he'd be done in three strokes at most.

Just as the pain began to recede, Wickham slapped her bottom again, hard. The two pains met and mingled, and transformed into thrill. Even as her legs shook with the sensation, she felt herself grow wet and welcoming, accepting Wickham's cock inside her deeper, easier, letting it slide in to the hilt. He slapped her again, and again.

By the time he groaned and slammed into her for the final time, she was in love.

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"Darling, what would you do if I was a French spy?" she asked him coyly, giving him a glance over her shoulder from the cheap little vanity in their London room. "How would you deal with me?"

"They shoot spies, you know," Wickham answered. He was tucking out his military collar, but Lydia stood up and stopped him with a hand.

"Please, wear it while you punish me," she asked. "I'm a bad girl, remember?"

"Yes you are," he said, something dark and vicious playing around his eyes. Oh, how she loved him!

"Imagine I'm a spy, darling."

"A worthless little French whore, you mean?"

"Yes, exactly. I've seduced you to do mischief to England."

"You'd get more than a smack."

"Please." She lay kisses along his collar, down the buttons of his uniform, her hands sneaking around to grasp his belt. "Please don't let them execute me."

Wickham shoved her away harshly, and she stumbled back on to the bed. He was over her by the time she recovered, a huge black menacing shadow, and the next thing she knew was a searing pain across her face.

"I will show you what becomes of treacherous little sluts," he growled, and ripped open Lydia's dress, then her stays, buttons and ribbons popping and scattering. He grasped her small breast and squeezed.

"Yes," Lydia gasped.

As he crouched over her and shoved his cock into her mouth, hand firmly planted on her aching, pulsating cheek, she imagined them surrounded by soldiers, four or five of them, including a captain and a private, all watching, all waiting for their turn.

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As Lydia waved to her family out of the carriage window, she saw her father's face turned away, her mother in happy tears, and her sisters in stony silence - those jealous, unmarried minxes! She sat back as the road rounded and the house of her birth slipped away, and looked instead upon her glorious husband. He was watching her with a kind of a detached curiosity, as if he was wondering what to do with her now. Lydia had a few ideas of her own about that.

She always had believed in happy endings.

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