

Ecstasy on Fire
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Chapter One

It was one of those sultry evenings on the French Riviera. The opera house in the grand square in Monaco, Monte Carlo, was all lit up, blazing. The crowd was sparkling with gay laughter, bright smiles, winking eyes. Sleek black limousines were lined up directly facing the fabled Opera, their chauffeurs puffing imported cigars, or just waiting – as they do.

It's a big part of the job, waiting. Maurice was waiting with the *vloackoca*, an Armenian rug, spread across his lap to cover the erect penis he played with to pass the time. Maurice had a lot of time to waste. His cock, more than ten inches long, was his closest friend. The limo came next.

Next in importance, where Maurice was concerned, was his splendid uniform. It was made of the finest Japanese silk, with black pearl buttons. It had an inner, hand-stitched velvet lining. Altogether, Maurice owned four of these costumes. His tailors, Le Canuet et Fils on the Avenue de Breteuil, Paris 07, also cut pedigreed cloth for royalty, politicians and IBM executives.

Maurice was in the employ of Mrs. Staunton. Her first name was Melissa and she was over forty years of age, with a lovely unblemished face, green-blue eyes, an aquiline nose, seductive lips, and a dimple in her left cheek.

Melissa Staunton lived in Cannes, near Monte Carlo. Her villa resembled one of those chateaux one sees in travel folders. There was no moat surrounding it, but most people thought there *should* be one, the first time they saw it. It had spires and turrets, stained-glass windows suitable for a cathedral, massive sections of masonry, and great oak doors. All of its fittings were scrupulously maintained and polished, and they glistened in the softest light.

Unlike most of the great chateaux and villas in that exclusive neighborhood – a place bountiful with palm trees, lush greenery, and Japanese garden – Mrs. Staunton's home had no name. But it was generally referred to by merchants, green grocers and tourist guides as *Le Ne Trespassing*. This was because of the signs in English indicating Mrs. Staunton's wish that trespassing be forbidden.

A long driveway led to the main entrance. It was cobble stoned, well-lit, and inevitably tree-lined. The chateau rested on a kind of elevated plateau, and from a distance, as well as from the air, it resembled a three-tiered wedding cake. Like most wedding cakes, the main building and the outbuildings were whitewashed. They were brilliant in the sunlight, oddly somber in afternoon shadow, and ominous at night, especially when the moon was full.

Mrs. Staunton kept a house staff of three. First, there was Nellie, the "tweenie" maid. She was (naturally) a Cockney, aged nineteen, pretty, freckle-faced, beautifully breasted, slim of limb, and narrow-waisted. Her fingers were those of a workingwoman despite her age. But she was full of pleasing smiles, evenly disposed as girls of her age and background are; and considering that she'd had no education, Nellie was really something of a surprise.

The second staffer was George. He was a combination butler, handyman, cook, gardener, gofer and confidant of Mrs. Staunton. George prepared the daily shopping lists and supervised the payments to the local trades people. He was also in charge of chateau security. He had the kind of physical presence you just don't fool around with.

The third staffer was Madam Andre, as attractive as Mrs. Staunton and likewise over forty. She spoke half a dozen languages fluently. Madam Andre was also a good driver, excellent on the telephone, a good cook, handy like George, and dependable. She served at table and supervised the scullery maids who were local girls. These girls were ferried in by Maurice, the chauffeur, and ferried out by him when chores were done.

This was more or less the setup when Stephen's impending arrival from America was announced.

Stephenson Bradley Gould looked young for his age, blond, delicate, and experienced in nothing. He was a quiet boy, a book-reader, a lonely walker, neat and clean. His name should have been Fletcher. Until he flew on the Concorde to Paris, he'd been literally imprisoned in boarding schools, summer camps for the well-to-do, and isolated apartments in different New England towns.

His mother – a woman wealthy beyond reason, since two of her husbands (one of them Stephen's father) had died suddenly and left

her an astonishing amount of money – was Mrs. Melissa Staunton's best friend from her school days. Her name was Patricia, but the servants – behind her back, of course – called her Patsy. They didn't like her all that much, but they did appreciate the money she paid for their attention to her, to her son Stephen and to the duplex in New York.

If ever anyone had a thorn in her side, it was Stephenson Bradley Gould's exquisite mother, Patricia Gould.

Ever since Steve's birth, one after another, tutors, baby-sitters, counselors, guides, you-name-it, had been hired to do what tutors, baby-sitters, counselors and guides are supposed to do. And ever since Steve could remember, he hated every one of those people. He was always being shipped off, from here to there, back again, up and down, in and out. He developed so strong a drive toward rebellion that when his aircraft landed in Paris, all he could think of was flight – especially when he spotted Maurice waiting for him.

The silent drive to Cannes, then to Monte Carlo, took the entire day. By the time Steve and Maurice arrived both were exhausted, even though they'd stopped for refreshment. They had even taken a nap in a picnic park just off the road from Toulouse.

Melissa Staunton stood next to one of the windows overlooking the courtyard. She could see and hear the approach of the long, black limousine. She could see Maurice's black sunglasses and the visor of his cap. Mrs. Staunton hummed to herself as the big car was maneuvered into its parking space.

With her first glimpse of Stephenson, her lips parted slowly. There was an audible intake of breath. "God, he's a handsome child," she said slowly, one hand gliding down inside her robe to brush over her cunt. Her fingers crawled inside her satin panties. Her index finger found her clitoris. As she massaged herself, her eyes followed the path of Maurice and the boy as they crossed the courtyard and entered the chateau.

At the same time, Madam Andre was also watching Maurice carry the boy's suitcases. As the two strode across the courtyard, their heels clicking on the cobblestones, Madam Andre massaged her breasts.

She pinched her nipples. She smoothed them and again she pinched them as if to reawaken them. She sighed.

She looked over her shoulder at George who had been standing behind her all the while. He was holding his naked prick in his hand, masturbating it as he rubbed up against the woman, her skirt raised up around her waist, her bottom bare, her asshole wet from George having tongued it as they waited for the arrival of the limousine from Paris.

"I am sure," Madam Andre said, her voice a husky whisper, "I'm sure he'll be suitable for her."

She meant Mrs. Staunton.

"I agree."

"He's rather good-looking, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes."

"Not too tall, not too small, just around right."

"I agree."

There was a moment of silence as Madam Andre and George watched Stephenson and Maurice disappear into the grand foyer of the chateau.

"George...?"

"Yes, m'darlin?"

"George put it in again. I love your cock up inside."

George backed away from her for a moment. He knelt behind her. Gripping her thighs, he rubbed his face all over her naked bottom. He used his tongue to lick her ass cheeks. She wiggled when he began to kiss them more and more passionately. When George spread them apart and started to introduce his tongue into her anus, Madam Andre squealed.

"George ... please ... darling ... your prick. Put it up inside me so I can keep it warm for a little while. I want it, George. Please. Please?"

George kept kissing, licking. "It needs your wetness, m'darlin'."

"Oh, George...!"

Madam Andre turned. Facing George, she lowered her head. She kissed his mouth. She sucked on his tongue. She licked his face, his nose especially. She sucked on his nose.

"M'darlin'?"

"Yes, George?"

"Wet my prick."

"Oh, George..."

"Suck it ... suck on it ... wet it with your slime."

The woman grinned. She rubbed her fingers all over her hairy bush. She inserted two fingers up inside her hot cunt, coating them with her pussy juice. She looked at her lover and smiled.

She gripped his thick, hot cock with her wet fingers and began to masturbate him. Her other hand flew between her legs. She pushed her fingers into her cunt and when she pulled them out dripping, she spread the warm wetness from her cunt all over her hot asshole.

"It's ready now, George."

She bent over, placing her hands on the windowsill and splayed her legs far apart. He grabbed hold of his cock, rubbing it up and down, then placed it between her legs. She pushed her buttocks into his belly and pulled away.

Guiding his cock with his hand, he found the wet, full opening between her legs and thrust inside of her, pushing gently but firmly until his cock was buried deep within her. Both groaned. She balanced herself on her hands and began to move to his rhythm. He moved in and out of her, slowly at first, and then with increasing speed, until he was pumping with such violence he upset her balance, pushing her forward then pulling her back again.

When he was about to come, he drove hard into her, pulling her by the hips as far back onto him as he could. He then leaned forward, buried his nose and mouth in her neck, moaned deeply, and shuddered. She could feel his cock's throbbing in the walls of her anal passage. No longer worried about balance – George would hold her firmly – she took her finger to her cunt and began to circle her clitoris, which was now hard and inflamed. She could still feel his enormous cock pulsating inside of her as the well-muscled walls of her asshole likewise began to throb and beat to his hardness. Afterwards, George pulled his dripping cock out of her and dressed.

Chapter Two

Melissa Staunton's box in the loge of the Monte Carlo opera was one of the most sumptuous there. Others nearby were reserved for local and visiting royalty, which included kings, queens, nephews, et cetera. Expensive purple velvet curtains graced the front of these booth-like areas. Inside were plush, comfortable easy chairs, gleaming bronze railings, and small lamps on the carpeted floors.

Each booth or private box in the loge overlooking the famous stage had its own private entrance, a door made of hardwood with bronze fittings. On each door was an engraved plate reporting the owner's name. The doors were heavy; their great weight insured their silence if they were opened or closed while a performance on the stage was taking place.

On Stephenson's first night in Monaco, he was bored to death as he watched a performance of an obscure Puccini opera. Below in the audience he could see people he recognized from their photographs in newspapers and magazines. Seated next to him was Melissa Staunton, also observing the crowd, listening politely to the opera, frowning from time to time when the mezzo-soprano struck a bum note, and clapping merrily at some comic antic on stage.

"Are you enjoying the performance, Stephenson?"

He wished he had the strength to tell her that among the many things he disliked about life and living was his name, Stephenson.

"Yes," he replied, nodding.

"I'm so glad."

He couldn't wait until it was over. Stephenson found it hard to believe anything on stage could be this awful. It was petrifying. He was also dying of thirst. He was forbidden to chew gum, and in the past, this had always helped. He kept wondering to himself if he could find some kind of an intelligent excuse to get the hell out of the place. On the way to the opera earlier, he'd spotted a brightly lit cafe with a terrace full of people. The moon was full, the air was balmy, and the sweet perfume of the fragrant jasmine had excited him.

Making up his mind, he turned to face Mrs. Staunton, uncrossing his legs. His eyes widened. From the position in which he had been

seated, close to the front railing, often leaning on it as he saw others doing, but not draping himself or slouching, as he'd been advised not to, he hadn't been able to see Melissa. The easy chair she occupied was a bit to the rear of the box in deep shadow. She still had a decent view of the stage, but her position also permitted a degree of privacy. From nowhere in the loge or the upper balconies of the opera house could she be seen.

Melissa was relaxed in the easy chair. She had her eyes closed. Her feet were up on a hassock and, as Steve looked at her, her lips were slightly parted, her tongue weaving deliciously across them. Steve could not believe what he was seeing; she had her hand up inside her skirt.

It was moving ever so slowly, casually, meandering around, caressing and stroking her groin. Steve had no difficulty whatever seeing her fingers – which, with her skirt covering them, formed a tent in her lap – glide over and squeeze her sex. She was masturbating and breathing deeply, even sighing as her thoughts drifted.

On the stage below, the entire cast of the dumb opera was bellowing its brains out in a finale to Act One. When the trumpets let out a wild blast and the drums started banging, Steve turned. He shook his head. And, as he did, Melissa's eyes opened slowly. She sighed at Steve. He was once more looking over the bronze railing. She smiled. Then she sighed again to herself. She'd just had a wonderful time imagining him stark naked!

As the curtain descended, she reached forward with her hand, placing it on his shoulder. He turned.

"Stephenson...?"

"Mrs. Staunton," he said, half-looking at her over his shoulder, "I do wish you'd not call me Stephenson."

There! He's said it. Finally!

Melissa went back. *Well, well*, she thought to herself.

"Very well, what would you prefer?"

"Steve."

She smiled quietly, covering her mouth with her hand. Then she wiped the grin off her face.

"Very well," she said, "on one condition."

"What would that be?" he asked, a little snottily. For some reason, which he couldn't figure out, he wasn't afraid of her.

"That you call me Melissa."

This shook him up. "What?"

"That you call me Melissa."

"I don't believe that."

"That's what I said, Steve."

He liked to hear the word "Steve" from her lips. It did something to him, made him feel more adult, less boyish, more of a man. The sound of Stephenson made him feel like a choirboy, some prissy boy student in some prissy boy school, wearing a white shirt with a black bow tie and the school blazer.

"You mean," he began, "that I can call you that, like, any time? In public, too?"

"If you wish, you may," she said slowly, pausing, then adding, "Steve."

As the opera house lights came on, catching more than one elegant bejeweled member of the audience dozing off in utter and complete boredom, Steve turned to Melissa.

"I'm dying for a drink of water ... Melissa."

Her hand touched his knee and this shocked him. The smile on her face was extremely tender. She looked like a woman half her age.

"You want to know what I'm dying for?" She had a wide grin now, and this made him smile in return.

"Yes."

"A drink, but of something a little more substantial than water. Maybe an ice-cold beer, huh?"

Steve couldn't believe this either.

"A beer? Where?"

"Across the street. In the cafe. They have a back room where..."

"Where they leave you alone, right?" He was shocked that he'd said this.

She laughed softly. "Yes, but I'm sure that if we sort of sat in the shadows and attracted the attention of a waiter swiftly, we could have two ice-cold beers."

Steve's heart swelled up inside his breast. All the time he'd been sitting there being bored to death with this stupid, dumb, boring Puccini opera, he'd wanted a beer so badly he could taste it. He'd also wanted to steal off and smoke a cigarette, but how he'd manage to accomplish that, he'd had no idea.

Melissa took his hand and they stood together. She was slightly taller than him. Steve could smell her delicious perfume. It was intoxicating. He also loved the feel of her fingers holding his hand. She would exert certain pressures that were reassuring to the boy. She squeezed his hand and he squeezed back. They shared another smile. Steve was beginning to like Melissa.

"Let's go," she said, grabbing for her purse. "And you bring the camera, okay?"

He looked at her. His eyes had a puzzled expression. "The camera?"

"Yes, we don't want to leave it here, though it's safe enough."

"But ... aren't we coming back for the rest of the opera?"

"Are you kidding?"

This made him giggle. He couldn't imagine a woman like Mrs. Melissa Staunton with all her money and elegance, her charm, her age, her social position, saying, "Are you kidding?" It was incredible!

Hand in hand, they went out of the lodge, parting the heavy velvet curtains, then passing through the great door out into the corridor, which led to the grand staircase, which in turn led to the entrance of the fabled building.

Maurice, sitting in the limousine, saw the couple leaving the opera house. He wrinkled his eyes. This was highly unusual. Had something happened?

But he didn't start up the engine. He just sat there. He *did* stuff his prick back into his pants and zip them up. He then put the little French magazine with the obscene comics in a safe place under the dashboard and hid the small bottle of cognac in the glove compartment.

As Melissa Staunton and Steve passed down the stone steps of the opera house, Maurice saw her turn and quickly search for the limousine. He knew what this meant. It was her private signal to him

to move the vehicle to another spot where she could climb into it without being seen by any of her many acquaintances.

This happened infrequently, but when it did, Maurice was always astonished. Quickly, he turned on the ignition and deftly began moving the car out of the line. Backing into the street, he drove slowly around in back of the opera house. He parked near the rear entrance of the cafe which faced the sea. He knew this was probably their destination, and sure enough, they came into sight after a few minutes.

Maurice had to admire Mrs. Staunton's walk. She had a delightful sway to her tall body. Her breasts jiggled perceptibly. Her hair, beautifully coiffed, bounced on her shoulders. Her long, slender legs, encased in expensive silk stockings, seemed even longer in her high heels with the thin, sexy straps covering her toes. Those sandal-like high heels exposed more of her stockinged feet than they concealed, and were one of her favorite pairs. Melissa had a vast collection of specially made high heels, boots and other footwear, for which she paid a fortune to an Italian boot maker who visited the chateau from time to time.

Maurice watched them enter the cafe and head for the secluded tables in the rear, under the palm trees, which flapped softly in the evening breeze blowing in from the Mediterranean. Something was happening between Melissa and the boy. Maurice could hardly believe his eyes. They were holding hands!

He turned off the parking lights, sat back and sighed. He reached into the glove compartment. He swigged from the bottle of cognac. Next, he opened his zipper. He took out his semi-erect penis. He fisted it, squeezed it and began masturbating as he watched the passersby. Maurice especially loved to jerk off his cock while watching the trim ankles and the bare toes of strolling girls. This was a common and often spectacular sight in Monte Carlo. It was one of the best girl-watching locations on the face of the Earth.

Just as his pleasure was increasing, one particularly enticing woman walked slowly by. She was wearing a short skirt, nylons, and high-heeled shoes. Her ankles were slender, perfectly formed. He could see the bones jutting out to the sides of her ankles, and the strong

bones that led from her heel upwards to her leg. She was fantastic, and walked with a slight sway so that her skirt blew softly around her upper thighs.

He moved his hand up and down his cock while concentrating on her legs, ankles and buttocks. He imagined taking her from behind, or having her massage his cock with her feet and toes. Yes! That's what she would do. Both would be sitting down, facing one another, and she would stretch her long legs into his lap, her toes wrapping around his hard cock, rubbing it. He imagined this as he continued to squeeze his cock.

He couldn't believe his good fortune! Just as he was about to come, pleasure rising like a fire in his body, she dropped something and bent down to pick it up, exposing the down swell of her buttocks, her panties moving delicately between them. Her legs, in this position were straight and seemed all the longer. Her buttocks were small and round, her ankles straining to hold her weight. He exploded into his fist, his come splashing on the steering wheel before him and then dripping off into his lap. He took another swig of the cognac and remarked out loud on his good luck.

Chapter Three

As the other members of the audience were returning to the opera house to continue their self-torture with the Puccini, Melissa and Steve were relaxing at a corner table in the open-terraced cafe. He was sitting next to her rather than opposite. They were enjoying a heady beer.

"There's more cold beer at home," Melissa said. Her thigh was touching Steve's. He could feel the pressing weight of it. Also, the intoxicating fragrance of her perfume was intensified by the sultry night, and the aroma of sweet jasmine seemed stronger. It was the way the small winds from the sea nearby were blowing, ruffling the palm fronds, stirring up the cigarette smoke from the ashtrays on the many white-clothed tables.

Steve flinched at her use of the word "home." He hadn't thought of the childish appellation "home" in a long time. And he hadn't yet associated *Le Ne Trespassing* as his home, even though he was beginning to realize he might be there for quite a spell. It all depended...

"Is that where we're going?" he asked.

"If you want to, Steve. If not, then we can do something else." Melissa looked away. She opened her purse and put on a pair of dark glasses. She'd seen several old acquaintances with whom she had no desire to become entangled at the moment.

"Like what?"

Melissa sighed. She pressed her thigh against his. He didn't flinch and he didn't indicate that he even noticed.

"Well, we could send Maurice after another bottle of cold beer or six. There are glasses in the car."

It was an open-ended sentence. "Would that be agreeable, Steve? We could take a little ride along the coast. It's fun. You've not seen it yet. Really, it's a fun thing to do. Maurice knows all the little places, the turn-offs, *les curls des sacs*."

Steven didn't know what *les culs des sacs* meant and he didn't ask. He did, however, feel a sudden thrill in his prick. He felt it stiffening and he credited this to the proximity of Melissa's warm body. He

could see her ripe breasts snugly under the tight-fitting dress, which exaggerated her erect nipples, if he dared look closely. He knew she was wearing no brassiere. He could tell by the way her lovely breasts jiggled and bounced when she walked, when she sat down, and when she stood up suddenly.

As they sat there amidst the noises of the square, the passing of vehicles, the walking people, the whores, the pimps, the gamblers pondering their past and future, Steve couldn't resist the temptations his emotions were feeding.

He felt warm. He felt cold. He felt secure. He felt scared, especially when he felt the pressure of Melissa's thigh against his, or when she'd look into his eyes, or when she'd slide her tongue over her moist lips and then slip it back into her mouth.

He loved the smile in her eyes. He loved her long, tapered fingers, her pale pink nails, her thumbs. He loved the way she smoked with the long, distinguished cigarette holder made of pure African ivory.

He loved the way she looked wearing the dark glasses; how he knew her eyes were looking at him when her head was turned. And most of all, Steve loved the smell of her. It was a combination of cleanliness and sweat mixed with the delightful fragrances one associates with a perfume counter in one of the exclusive boutiques he'd visited from time to time in the company of his mother back in the States. His mother was always dragging him to those places, making him wait for her, ignoring him. Somehow, he loved the aroma, the mingled scents.

Steve also enjoyed the envious glances of the people who would pause momentarily on the sidewalks, or purposely linger so they could study him and Melissa. He liked how older men admired him. He loved the looks from young girls wondering who he was, and what he did, how he came to be with this beautiful, older woman. It aroused him to think of these strangers and their questions.

He liked how Melissa was making him feel closer to her. At one point he could actually feel wetness on the tip of his prick and he wondered if he were going to stain the inside of his tight jockey shorts and what would happen if this were discovered.

He wondered if she wore panties. The mere thought of her underwear was positively thrilling to him. The way Melissa would cross and uncross her long legs, the brief glimpses he'd get of her silky stockings, her heels, her thighs, the way Melissa would sigh as they talked; it was highly stimulating to him.

Steve had never been with a woman before, much less one so much older than him. It made him feel very good. And yet, he was unsure of himself, frightened by what he feared she would perceive as his inadequacy.

In his imagination, of course, he had always been strong and virile, so that when he masturbated to images of himself with women, he was always the dominant one, taking them by force and possibly even unawares. Then he would pump his cock in and out of them, as they limply gave in, overwhelmed completely by his raw masculinity.

But that was his imagination. *What would it be like in real life?* he wondered.

Steve couldn't forget the image of Melissa playing with herself in the box in the loge. He could still see her hand rummaging around inside her skirt. He could imagine the damndest things happening, and as the time passed, he found himself feeling more and more unafraid of her; in fact, his courage was growing in leaps and bounds.

Melissa had almost finished her glass of beer, but before the last of it washed down her throat, she passed the glass to Steve. As he sipped, he could taste her lipstick rippled on the rim of the glass. It tasted sweet. He liked it. When he put the glass back on the table, their eyes met.

"I'm glad your mother let you come here, Steve."

"Me too. Me too, Melissa."

She wanted to tell him how much she hungered for him but decided against it. She wanted to tell the youth how she yearned, how she craved, how desperate she was to have any kind of a relationship with him. Also, she wanted to tell the boy how good-looking he was, how pleasant his face, how clean-cut he was, and how she loved his manners. He was so calm, so gentle, and oh-so-observant, so terribly conscious of what went on around him. Unlike many others.

She slid her chair back. "Well," she smiled, looking around, catching the waiter's eye as she placed a ten-franc note under the empty beer glass, "shall we, Steve?"

He nodded. She took his hand first, then put her arm through his. He could feel the curve of her left breast pressing his side. When their eyes met as they walked through the cafe and out onto the sidewalk, the exchange was vibrant.

Across the road, Maurice started up the big limousine. The mighty engine purred with power. Shifting into gear, he glided the vehicle over to the sidewalk, his eyes caressing Mrs. Staunton's body, who seemed terribly excited as she held onto the boy's arm.

Having parked, Maurice leaped out of the car, came around the front, opened the rear door and bowed.

"Good evening."

"Good evening," said Mrs. Staunton.

"Hi," said Stephenson.

In the back of the car, Melissa pressed the button that automatically raised the shadowed glass partition separating the chauffeur's seat from the rear of the spacious limousine. This impressed Steve. He grinned.

"He can't hear us, either," said Melissa, squeezing his arm, snuggling next to him.

"And he really can't see?" asked Steve.

"No."

"This is all just too fabulous," he said.

Melissa crossed her legs. As she did, her skirt crawled up her legs and his eyes fell. He could see the tops of her stockings, and the sharp contrast between her milky white thighs and the darker tint of the expensive, sheer fabric.

She wore two garters. Steve felt his heart thudding as he watched her fingers rearranging the garters. Her leg was stretched out, her foot arching over the steep rise of the high heel; the top part of her foot was crisscrossed with thin straps, and her toes, sheathed in silk, wiggled excitedly.

"You like my legs, Steve?"

Steve caught his breath. "Yes. They're lovely."

"I'm glad they please you, I think you're pretty, too," she said, putting out her other leg. Not caring, she allowed her skirt to rise up above the stocking tops, exposing her white thighs and even a small portion of her panty crotch. Steve was sure he could see black pussy hairs sneaking from under her panties, and he could imagine the lips of her plump cunt because he'd seen lots of naked cunts and panty-covered cunts and shaved hairless cunts in the girlie magazines back in the States.

"They do."

She moved closer to him. She rested her head on his shoulder. Her skirt was still up high and, as she turned slightly to face him, it rose higher. Steve just couldn't take his eyes away from her mound. Then at last he could see the plump lips clearly. He loved the sight.

"Steve?"

"Yes ... Melissa?"

"Steve," she said in a soft voice, almost husky, "do you think you're going to like me?"

"God, yes. I do. I do."

There was a moment of silence.

"Steve," she said, her hand on his upper thigh, very close to his penis, which was smoldering hot and hard under his clothing, "Steve, do you think that people will start talking about us?" She held her breath.

He put his arm around her shoulder and she raised her face to kiss his cheek.

"Do you, Steve?"

"Is it important?" He asked this in the tone of an adult many years beyond his own age, as if he were a gallant, a *flaneur*, a man of much experience.

She smiled to herself. He couldn't see her eyes, the way they burned into his crotch, or the way she licked her lips. She *could* see the outline of his cock, how hard it was, how it was lengthening. *God*, she said to herself, *am I going to have the courage? Am I?*

"Steve," she said, again her voice so soft it was a gentle caress.

"Yes ... yes, Melissa?"

In a second, they brushed over his erect penis. They touched. He flinched. He held her close with his arm around her neck.

"Steve, do you mind ... do you ... if I touch your prick?"

The moment this word shot into Stephenson's ear, his young handsome prick exploded, spurting come all over the shorts, his cock throbbing and doing a crazy dance as her fingers lay lightly upon it, her face buried in his shoulder.

Chapter Four

Suddenly Steve began shivering and his arm shook as he held her around her neck.

"What is it?" Melissa sat back with just the suggestion of alarm in her voice and eyes.

Poor Steve was humiliated, mortified. How could he answer?

"What is it, Steve? Are you well?"

He felt like crying.

"Are you okay?" she urged.

His entire body trembled again and she held him as a mother would a young child. She rubbed her cheek across his brow as if she were trying to determine the presence of a fever.

"It's nothing," he said slowly.

"It is something," Melissa said firmly. It was plain to Steve that she had no idea that his young prick had already blasted off inside his shorts.

"Well," Steve began, "I just had a little accident. Not much to talk about," he added. His embarrassment was waning now and he was feeling that wonderful sense of afterglow. His prick was still throbbing, probably spitting more come into his shorts.

"What?" she pressed on. Melissa was sitting back still with a look of alarm, although it was vanishing. Again she rubbed her cheek against his brow. "You're very warm."

"It's the weather."

"You know the car is air-conditioned? Want me to buzz Maurice and tell him to turn it on?"

Steve laughed. "No."

This had all taken place in the space of about three minutes while the sleek black limousine sped along the curving highway in the direction of Cannes. Stars twinkled in the sky. Out in the harbor were sailing craft of every description, their lights blinking like the stars in the sky as the vessels bobbed up and down in the gentle waters of the harbor.

"Will you tell me?" she asked, distracting him from looking out the unshaded portion of the rear window.

"Yes, but it's very embarrassing."

This remark brought a smile to her attractive face. "I think I can guess, Steve."

"It wouldn't be all that hard to guess," he said. "It's just embarrassing. Like I said."

Instantly her hand went to his crotch. Her fingers searched for his penis but of course, by now, his prick had softened and shifted its position inside his shorts.

"I understand," she laughed. "But it's not a big thing, is it?"

The pun amused both of them and they laughed together.

"Very funny," he said.

She hugged him. And this was the first definite expression of her affection for the youth. She kissed his brow and tried to bring his mouth up to hers, but for some reason Steve resisted. He didn't know why he was resisting her, but he was.

"Steve?"

"Yes...?"

"Are you uncomfortable? Should I order Maurice to take us home immediately ... so you can ... change?"

He shrugged. "It'll probably dry." Steve was not accustomed to having an orgasm in his shorts. It had happened only once before. He'd been riding in the back of a school bus when he'd suddenly seen a young girl sitting on a seat to the left. There had been only a few kids on the bus and the driver was rushing for one reason or another. The girl, who was young, blonde, a loner, as was Steve, had been staring out the window as the scenery flashed by. Her skirt had slithered up to expose her naked legs. She'd had one foot tucked under her buttocks.

As they'd ridden along, Steve idly jerked off his cock through his pants. It had grown stronger each time he'd jerked it and when suddenly the young blond girl shifted her position on the seat, the foot under her buttocks had moved exposing their beautiful curves. And to Steve's utter astonishment, the girl hadn't been wearing any panties. His eyes had widened and his heart had begun thundering.

Then she'd changed her position altogether and pulled her foot out from beneath her. Her entire bare bottom had come into view, her ass

crease, even her asshole. But most of all, he had had a sudden, sharp view of her cunt, with its sweet blond hairs covering the sensitive cunt lips. Before she was seated properly, he'd also caught a brief glimpse of the pinkness of her small virginal lips. It was at this point his prick had exploded in his trousers!

Melissa touched his lap. "Yes," she said lightly, "but if you are uncomfortable, it's no trouble. Besides, you might be a little hungry, no?" She tried to kiss him again and this time he let her lips brush over his.

"No, just thirsty. But not all that much ... Melissa." She kissed him again, a soft, gentle peck on his nose and when she pulled back, he let out a long sigh.

"Steve...?"

"Yes?"

"Was it a ... was it a good one?"

"What?" He knew very well what she meant and he felt a hot flush of embarrassment. He'd never discussed anything sexual with anyone. He felt the old familiar trembling, the shuddering, the anxiousness begin to steal and creep all over his body. Then he began to smell his own sweat.

"You know..."

He shivered and looked away. She was holding his knee. He loved the feel of her fingers. They were strong, firm, insistent as they caressed him.

Finally, he had the courage to face her.

"Yes."

"Really a good one? Hot?"

He had to smile. "Yeah, hot. They're all hot, but some are hotter." This made him go into a giggling fit, which soon had both of them in another mood altogether.

"Could I see?"

"What?"

"Steve, I asked you if I could see."

"You mean ... you mean...?"

"Yes."

"You mean, right here? Here in the car? Here in the back of the car? Won't Maurice ... won't he...?"

"No, darling," she said before catching herself. She'd called him darling. That was how she was beginning to think of him.

Steve sat up and moved away from her slightly, not into the corner as he felt like doing, but just far enough to put some space between them.

"No," he replied, not looking at her directly, but looking past her, out the window opposite. "Not here, Melissa. It would be altogether too messy."

"Very well. So we'll go home. I don't want you to catch a cold with wet clothing on."

They both roared with laughter.

So this was the beginning, and a very promising one, indeed. As Maurice guided the beautiful car around the curves of the Cote d'Azur, passing through the outskirts of Nice, Steve marveled at the abundance of olive trees, sea pines, familiar umbrella pines and Mediterranean Aleppo pines. Magnificent eucalyptus trees were all over the broad avenues, standing singly or in groups in parks and private gardens.

After Nice came Cap Ferrat, then Juan-les-Pins, the road to Cap d'Antibes, Grasse, and finally Cannes, the world-famous resort frequented by millionaires and celebrities, bums and musicians, students and tourists of every description, from every corner of the globe.

At the entrance to the chateau, Maurice parked the limousine. In the rear, Melissa had arranged her clothing properly. She and Steve had checked the front of his pants to see if there was any evidence of his release. There wasn't. This made the youth feel much more comfortable.

As Maurice held open the rear right door of the vehicle, Melissa alighted first, with Steve following behind her. The chauffeur helped each out by the arm.

"Thank you, Maurice," said Mrs. Staunton. "We won't be needing you any longer this evening," she smiled. Maurice bowed from the waist and this interested Steve. He'd seen things like this only in

movies. It also amused him. But he didn't grin because Maurice was looking directly into his eyes.

"Good evening," said Maurice. Without looking at either Steve or Mrs. Staunton, he climbed behind the wheel and headed the vehicle in the direction of the garage behind the great house.

From an upstairs window, Madam Andre, the housekeeper, watched. She was wearing a dressing gown, under which she was nude. Madam Andre was attractive, with a full, ripe body, luscious breasts, a broad backside and firm legs. She was also an especially hairy woman. Her triangle was a great bush of thick, wiry black hair. Through this veritable forest, her plump, meaty cunt lips were not visible, but when she parted her pussy to examine herself, her cunt lips appeared thick and spongy. Unlike Melissa's cunt, which opened like a flower in bloom, Madam Andre's cunt was long and narrow. When it opened wide to admit a finger, a prick, or a sweet tongue, it was a genuine tunnel of hot love, and it required much attention; it took a lot of fingering, sucking, stroking, tonguing, and caressing before her clitoris, about the size of an olive pit when fully erect, would respond.

Her breasts were magnificent and beautifully curved. Her nipples were unusually large and stiff. The color of her aureoles was deep, complementing the blackness of the hair on her head, in her armpits and between her thighs.

Madam Andre had peasant feet, peasant hands and a walk one would associate with a farm girl. She loved to eat. She loved to drink. Cognac was her favorite beverage after champagne and beer. But seldom was she seen drunk. Madam Andre could handle her booze.

As she watched now from the window of her small apartment (which fronted on the cobbled courtyard and had its own private bathroom, sitting room, and a spacious bedroom), she grew hungry for George to come to her.

As the car disappeared, Madam Andre closed the pale lemon-colored curtains. Dimming the light, she went to her dressing table. Using an atomizer, she sprayed her body with a new perfume that smelled of jasmine and lily of the valley. She rubbed it into the hair

of her armpits and all over her crotch, even touched a dab of it into her anus.

Smiling at herself in the mirror, she opened one of the drawers in her bureau and took out a twelve-inch-long dildo. Bringing it to her lips, she kissed it. Then she introduced it into her mouth. Holding it away from her, she smiled at her reflection in the mirror.

George was coming for it.

When he arrived, he was not at all shocked to see her standing there naked, with the dildo strapped around her waist. He had seen it many times before. She ordered him to strip, which he readily did. She called him over to her and he complied.

His cock was hard from the sight of her obscenity. When he was standing before her, Madam Andre reached out and took hold of it, squeezing it lightly, then harder, until he groaned. Then she ordered him onto the bed, where she lay atop his prone body, sticking the dildo in between his legs. She rubbed it back and forth teasingly; she scratched his back with her long fingernails and bit his neck.

"Do you want it?" she asked.

"Yes. Yes, I want it," he said, his voice hoarse and urgent.

She teased him further by continuing to rub the instrument between his legs. He lifted his buttocks into the air as if to suggest where she might put it. She slapped them hard and they contracted and sank back into the bed. His flesh stung and turned red. He lifted his buttocks again, and again she slapped them. Again they contracted and expanded. He grabbed the pillow and stuffed it under his stomach, reached behind him and spread his buttocks with his hands, his fingers sinking into his own flesh.

She placed the instrument in the exposed opening of his dark passage. She drove it in and his buttocks clenched, drawing the dildo further in as he dug into the bed beneath him, giving pressure to his hard, aching cock.

"Fuck me!" he yelled. She pumped the dildo in and out with increasing force. All the while, he continued to dig his cock into the bed, finally bringing his hand beneath him to squeeze it since the pressure of the bed was insufficient to give him release.

During the excitement, Madam Andre's clitoris had rubbed against the edge of the instrument and brought her to a pounding orgasm. When she came, she could not think of moving, but instead began rubbing herself with as much agility as her position afforded against the dildo. The instrument was buried deeply inside George, who squeezed his cock hard and rubbed it up and down, desperate to come before she removed the dildo, which she always did as a sort of joke – saying that she, like a man who had spent himself inside a woman, also went limp with exhaustion and had to withdraw.

He envisioned what she looked like behind him, the dildo strapped to her waist and buried within him. He squeezed himself hard, grunted and came to the image in his mind.

Chapter Five

In lieu of the late dinner Madam Andre had planned to serve when Mrs. Staunton and her houseguest Steve returned from the opera in Monte Carlo, the two decided cold chicken sandwiches and beer would be okay; so this was the menu. Both enjoyed themselves. Steve sat at one end of the mahogany table while Melissa sat in her regular place.

After sending the staff off to do as they pleased, the older woman was content to be alone with the boy. She felt quite safe with him, comfortable in her own house, full of expectancy and the anticipation of what the night might yet bring.

As for Steve, he was all charged up. The air of excitement since they'd come back from the opera was spine tingling. While showering – just before climbing into his pajamas and his new ankle-length robe with the deep pockets and the fur trim around the wide collar and hem – his prick had throbbed constantly.

Tossing his stained shorts into the hamper for Nellie to launder, he had taken one last look at them, and the memory of shooting his semen into them while Melissa's delightful fingers caressed his cock under his clothing returned to further stimulate and excite him.

He doubted that he'd ever forget the intense thrill of her nearness to him, kissing him as she had. Neither would he ever forget the wild excitement of seeing her with her skirt up, the delicious sight of her pussy mound under tight panties, and how the crotch of her panties had clung to her plump lips.

Nor would he forget the view of her long, beautiful legs encased in the filmy, silky stockings, or her pretty toes wiggling so provocatively under the sheer material. Until Melissa, Steve hadn't paid much attention to women's toes, but now he found them sensually arousing. He didn't understand this, but several times at dinner, he found himself licking his lips over the thought of Melissa's feet.

As far as Steve was concerned, Melissa was the most rapturous woman he'd even know. As he let his thoughts drift pleasantly, he was pleased that she was as old as she was. The idea intrigued him. It

was spicy, and added a kind of frivolity to the new experiences he was anticipating.

"A penny for your thoughts, Steve," said Melissa from her end of the table.

"About that crummy opera," he lied.

"I agree. They're not all the same. This was one of the worst. But then, here in this part of the world, one doesn't just attend the opera for the music." She fell silent. She looked at him, at his clean face, his sparkling eyes, his hair still tousled from his shower, his new pajamas sticking out from under the new robe.

Melissa found herself wondering if he was wearing anything under them. This thought excited her, increasing her desire for the young boy. She began to feel a quickening in her cunt, a fluttering in her clitoris at the thought of the boy's young penis, hard and proud, long, thick, and white inside his pajamas.

Her mouth was watering as she imagined his cock. She was famished for sex, almost drooling for it, her clitoris stinging, as were her erect nipples under the robe she wore. While she'd bathed and prepared for their little impromptu supper together, she had fingered her cunt, pinched her clitoris and finally massaged her index finger up into her tight moist asshole.

As she'd done this, her thoughts had concentrated on the fun she anticipated having with Steve. She'd reviewed all that had gone on between them so far, from the moment she'd first set eyes on him.

She was continually impressed with the young boy's manners and ways, how he did this and how he did that, how he walked, stood, sat, bent his head, how he smiled or did not smile in response to something said to him or something he said himself.

"We won't have to go to the opera all that often," she said after a long lapse into silence. "It's just that it's fashionable at times, and living here, I mean, around these parts, it's sort of necessary to maintain one's image. You do understand me, don't you, Steve?"

Melissa picked a fresh, ice-cold bottle of beer from the beer chest, which rested on a little table placed to her side. She opened it.

"Yes," he replied. As he watched Melissa, he was growing more conscious of his reaction to her luscious body, to the often

mischievous look in her bright eyes. She spoke in a refined accent, a mixture of British and American. Hers was the conversational tone one associates with sophistication rather than snobbery.

Sometimes her eyes seemed to be burning. Other times her lids would flutter coolly and coquettishly like a young girl's. Sometimes – like now – her shadowed face was stunningly beautiful.

When dinner was finished, she said, "We'll leave the dishes for Nellie." She paused for a moment, wondering if she dared ask him. Then she decided to take the plunge.

"What do you say to having a little chat, perhaps a nightcap up in my sitting room? You've not seen it yet, Steve. It's very cozy. It overlooks the sea, a most pleasant view."

"Okay, but I am getting sleepy."

Melissa could not tell if he was really tired, but she didn't want to argue either.

"Fine, Steve," she smiled. "When you feel you want to leave, just say the word."

Following her through the chateau, he grew increasingly conscious of her seductive walk. The delightful sway of her buttocks outlined under the clinging robe. Her high heels click-clacked on the highly polished wooden floors, which led to the staircase and on to the upstairs regions of the great house.

He had a wonderful view of her jiggling breasts as she turned to climb the stairs. He knew they were naked beneath the robe. This excited him; he felt his prick leap inside his pajamas.

As he climbed the wide, plushly carpeted staircase behind her, he admired her trim ankles and naked heels. *God*, he said to himself, *what marvelously small feet she has and what excellent care she takes of them.*

When they'd climbed two and one-half flights, she turned. "It's just a little further, Steve."

"That's okay," he replied. They were both a bit out of breath. "You should have an elevator," he teased.

"I know," she laughed, "but we've never been able to get one. We've had all kinds of mechanics and designers, and even an

engineer, in to look over the idea. None of them came up with anything sensible."

At last they reached the floor that held her sitting quarters. Steve was truly out of breath now. They'd climbed four very steep flights of stairs.

"In another minute we'd be in heaven, huh?" he joked.

She laughed. "It seems like that, doesn't it, darling?"

She caught herself. This was her second use of the tender word and it was as spontaneous as her first use of it had been.

The room was as pleasant as she'd said. The view of the Mediterranean was exquisite. Boats with their lights bobbed far out from shore. He could see what looked like an island far off. He could also see the grounds of the chateau, where a light illuminated the woods here and there. The sprawling lawns and twisting pathways, flowerbeds and the houses to the rear of the chateau were impressive, even in the dark.

He sat on a sofa next to the huge picture window. This place was very comfortable indeed.

"How about some special wine for our little nightcap, Steve?"

"Sounds okay to me."

"It's very special. A gift of a very dear friend. It's ages old, too."

Steve watched Melissa as she opened the bottle of old wine with the skill of a Parisian cafe waiter. She poured two goblets full.

"Well, here's to your happiness, Steve," she smiled, raising her glass in a toast.

"Thank you," he replied politely, raising his own. He sipped from it and smiled at the pleasant taste.

"It is good, isn't it?"

"Yes," he agreed, sitting back, and crossing his legs.

Melissa also sat back, and when she crossed her legs, her robe parted. The soft light from the large picture window gave Steve another wonderful view of her beauty.

From the ankles up, both of her legs were bare to mid-thigh. In the light, they looked startlingly white and sexy.

Melissa smiled, "Well, when you have something nice, you're proud of it, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Steve, "and Melissa," he added, taking his time because he felt his heart beginning to pound, his breath growing short at the sight of her white, silky skin, "your legs are very beautiful. Very sexy."

She caught her breath. "Would you like to see more of them, Steve?" She felt a shudder pass through her body. She shivered, waiting for his reply.

"Yes."

Putting down her glass, she shifted her position to lift up her robe. Now she was naked to the waist. Steve could easily see her hairy crotch, and the insides of her thighs, where her flesh looked unimaginably soft and tender. Melissa spread her legs slightly, slowly. Steve gasped. He could see her pussy-lips!

"So beautiful," he sighed.

"You can touch them, you know. Don't be shy," she smiled. She took his hand, guiding it to her leg. "I love to be touched, Steve."

"I can tell."

"You can touch me anywhere you want to, my little darling," she said, her voice low and soft.

"Anywhere...?" His heart was thundering, his hand shaking.

"Yes, oh, yes, Steve, anywhere." She could feel her cunt heating up. She knew it was growing wetter and wetter. Her breasts were stinging, her nipples burning against the fabric of her robe. His hand glided tentatively between her thighs, cupping her hairy cunt. She almost cried out in wild ecstasy.

As his fingers combed her soft, fine pubic hair, she leaned forward. She took his face in her hands, and caressed his cheeks, then put one hand behind his head. "You can kiss my legs, if you want, Steve. I'd just love that, darling. I would."

Steve followed the lead of her hands, offering little resistance. The aroma of her hot cunt was intoxicating.

"Why don't you get down on your knees, Steve?"

"Oh God," he murmured.

"Go on. Get down and kiss my legs. Begin with my toes, if you want."

"Oh, I want to," he cried, slipping to his knees, bending to brush his moist lips over her toes, which wiggled in the tiny leather straps of her tall spike-heeled sandals.

"Kiss my toes, darling. Yes, kiss them ... oh, my darling Steve, lick them just like ... oh, yes, just like that."

This was his first time with a woman. He licked her toes, each one, then sucked them. He moved his mouth to her instep and kissed it gently before licking her delicate ankle. Her flesh tasted sweet. He worked his mouth up her leg slowly, and as he reached her thigh, he felt her toes playing in his lap, moving across his hard cock. He went weak, almost dropping her leg, but he held on. The sensations brought on by her foot on his cock were maddening. He lowered his head again.

He kissed her inner thighs, where her flesh was not covered by the stockings. He licked under the uppermost edge of the stockings, feeling the scratching fabric against his tongue, and then the soothing softness of her flesh. He licked further upwards, lightly darting his tongue over the closed outer folds of her cunt, which seemed to open to his touch.

Then he fervently kissed this wet surface, all around the edges, the center, the very top of it, and down, where it ran into her behind. She arched her back on the sofa, moaning her utter approval. He began to lick her then, to dart his tongue quickly inside of her. He took her folds between his lips and pressed them here. He did not know that at the apex of her folds lay her clitoris. It was between his lips and, as he pressed there, she squirmed and moaned louder still.

"Yes, yes, Steve, that's it, that's it," she said. He rubbed his lips, which held her folds and the center of her sex, together. He took them wholly into his mouth and sucked on them lightly. He chewed them with his lips and licked them with his tongue. Then, for some reason, he lost confidence and withdrew his mouth altogether from her cunt. She looked at him, startled.

"I ... I," he said, not knowing what to say. Instead, he returned to his earlier position at her feet, where he felt more confident. He took hold of her foot again. She leaned back, resigned. It was the boy's

first time, after all, and she needed to be slow about things as he was bound to be unsure of himself.

Chapter Six

With the young boy down on his knees kissing her feet, Melissa Staunton was close to swooning. Her robe was open to the waist, her long, slender legs stunningly nude, and her hairy cunt completely exposed as Steven once again began to lick her darling toes.

Whenever the young boy would glance up from her high heel, running his tongue over her instep, or simply licking her painted toenails, she'd wiggle her pretty toes over his lips. One spasm after another would ripple through her belly, up and through her breasts until it stung her erect nipples.

His face looked so handsome in the soft light and the way his fingers caressed and stroked her ankles was very thrilling. When she would raise a leg, parting her thighs further, his eyes would automatically lift to gaze upon her cunt.

She could feel his eyes devouring her crotch, burning between her slippery cunt lips, caressing her hot, fiery clitoris.

When she moved forward slightly on the plush sofa, with Steve's face close enough to her mid-thigh so that she could feel his heavy breathing on her bare flesh, she began to shiver with passion and lust.

She wondered what the young boy's reaction might be were she to touch herself, play with her own sex? She was on fire, burning with desire for his mouth, his tongue. She craved both physical and emotional release from the wild tensions that were mounting in her loins and breasts.

As Steve continued, his kisses climbed higher and higher on her naked flesh until she was positively trembling with desire.

"Oh, Steve ... your kisses are like magic. Do you have any idea how happy you're making me?"

He glanced up and smiled. He knew. He could tell by the heat of her flesh and the intensity of the sweet perfume that came from between her thighs. He could tell by the way she was beginning to squirm her naked buttocks on the sofa.

"Yes ... yes ... Melissa..."

"It's so good, Steve. So very good," she moaned.

"I'm glad," he answered with a muffled voice. Now he was kissing behind her knees, one after the other, and exploring with his tongue.

At the first touch of his wet, slippery tongue behind her knees, she felt like giggling, but she didn't, afraid she might offend the young boy.

"Okay ... okay," she said, holding her breath, stifling her giggles. "That's so wonderful."

"You like it?"

"God, yes," she said. She wondered how he was reacting to the jabbing motion of her pointy spike heel, which rested on his shoulder. Doing this was thrilling her more than she had anticipated.

He was kissing her little toes now, running his tongue between them, taking each toe on her right foot separately into his warm, wet mouth. She moved her high heel against his neck and suddenly he reached for it, showering the heel and the sole of the shoe with passionate kisses.

"Where did you learn that, Steve?" she asked.

He answered, "Right now. I like it. The leather smells so good. It tastes good, too." He held her leg by the ankle licking the heel and the tiny leather straps that crossed her wiggling toes.

She moved her other leg off the couch, until her spike heel rested on his thigh. Ever so gently, she glided the sharp heel in the direction of his groin, but going no further than mid-thigh.

And then she slid her foot upwards and pressed it against his hard cock, delighted to find that he was as hard as a rock. She pressed down with her foot, her toes curling around the curve of his cock. The more pressure she exerted with her foot, rubbing it up and down the length of his cock, the more he felt as if he would come. He shifted away, not sure what to do about the exquisite sensations surging through him as she did this.

Finally, Steve had literally licked the entirety of both her legs, from her toes up to behind her dimpled knees. She balanced her left foot on the edge of the sofa, her hairy cunt wide open now, her pussy gleaming with puddles of liquid. Then she reached down again to cup his handsome face in her hands.

"Steve...?"

"Yes, Melissa?"

"You make me so happy I could die."

"Oh, me too, Melissa ... me too."

"Steve...?"

"Yes?" He stopped kissing the inside of her thighs to look up at her. His hands continued to roam her upper thighs, and to caress her soft belly, "Yes, Melissa? What is it?" he asked, half moaning.

"Will you ... Steve ...oh, I don't know how to ask such a question, darling."

"Don't be afraid, Melissa," he said, his voice husky, his breath short. "You don't have to be afraid."

His long blond hair was tumbling over his forehead. As he kept kissing, licking higher and higher in the direction of her hot ripe cunt, she could feel the long hairs tickling the rippled edges of her exposed delicious pussy-lips.

She wondered if the youth was conscious of his effects, of how marvelous the feeling was, how tentative, how delicate. "Well...I don't know."

"Try," he urged, now nibbling higher still until his nose was only a few inches away from her burning hot cunt. Steve could smell her lust and his whole being now craved her, needed her.

"Well..." she said, beginning to writhe and moan. She was pushing up against him, being careful not to make that one final shove that would capture his darling, handsome face between her thighs.

God, how hot she was for his kisses, for the caresses of his tongue between her thighs. She wondered if he liked the hot spicy aroma of her cunt. God, she could smell it perfectly.

She wondered if Steve could see her cunt juices. He was so close to her sex that she was sure he must be able to see the puddles of love-honey forming between the slippery lips of her famished pussy.

"Well," she said again, but then suddenly, Steve changed his position. He raised his face up from between her spread thighs and started to kiss and lick her lower belly.

"Oh, Steve ... so wonderful. Yes. Yes, my little darling. Lick my belly. I love that. Yes, kiss my belly button." She was growling,

moaning as she felt his tongue stabbing and dipping in and out of her belly button.

Melissa was now beginning to gyrate her hips, holding his head with both hands, her fingers caressing his ears and running down the back of his neck. Her fingernails scratched his skin and stroked his long blond hair.

"Oh, Steve ... it's so good. It's just wild. You know, darling, this has never happened to me before. Never. And I love it. I love it, Steve!"

He raised his head and as he did, she gripped his head harder. "Steve, kiss my mouth."

"Oh, Melissa!"

As they kissed, she could feel his prick. She could have died. It felt infinitely harder pressing against her leg than it had against the instep of her foot. It was as if that stiff prick were grinding through her flesh and rubbing against her bone.

They kissed deeply, licking one another's lips and teeth, stabbing their tongues into each other's mouths. Melissa sucked on Steve's tongue as if she wanted to swallow it. He loosened his tongue muscles and let himself be sucked. Then he returned the favor. They withdrew their tongues from each other's mouths after a time and contented themselves with light, soft kisses.

"God, you kiss so perfectly. Where did you ever learn how to kiss like that, darling?"

"I don't know," he moaned.

"Kiss me again. Yes. Again and again! Oh, your tongue's so marvelous. So very good, oh yes, kiss me ... oh, baby, kiss me!"

He was nibbling on her ear. "What were you afraid to ask me, Melissa?" he said, still pressing his throbbing cock against her knee.

"It embarrasses me, dear."

He looked at her. He kissed her cheeks. She embraced him tightly, rubbing her inflamed breasts against his boyish chest.

"You don't need to be embarrassed. Ask me."

He got down on his knees. He had already guessed what it was.

He bent his face and again attacked her inner thighs with his lips, licking the soft flesh, letting his tongue roam perilously close to her spicy cunt.

"It's ... oh, Steve ... I want you to kiss my cunt again, like you were doing before. Your tongue was perfect moving over my cunt. Please, Steve, will you?"

There. She said it. A wild convulsion roared through her body. She trembled and shook.

Melissa Staunton was overwhelmed with fervid desire. She felt positively swept away by sensations she'd never known in all her years, ecstasies she hadn't believed existed, began to spear her body, piercing her with desire.

She felt as if her nipples were leaking as profusely as her cunt. Her cunt had never been so soaking wet in her entire life.

"Will you, Steve?" she asked, her voice a low growl.

"Yes."

She pushed his head down closer and closer to her hot cunt.

"Oh, Steve ... it would make me so very, very happy..."

Chapter Seven

The split second Steve's lips touched her wet cunt lips Melissa erupted in a frenzy of wild, impassioned sensation. She lurched forward and grabbed Steve's ears with both hands, mashing her fiery hot, wet cunt against his face.

Steve's prick was on the verge of explosion. He had to bite his lower lip to keep from coming inside his pajamas. His prick leapt, rubbing against his thigh as he fought off the marvelous onslaught of orgasm.

With his body trembling, his face dripping with Melissa's flowing juices, it was all he could do to control her bouncing loins as she slammed against his face, forcing his nose deep between her slippery cunt lips.

"Oh my God!" she cried, as she arched her back, hugging his face to her, pushing his head even harder into her cunt. The sensation of his tongue, and his teeth on her burning labia was enough to drive her nearly insane.

"Oh, Steve ... yes. Oh my darling. Yes, it's so good! I can't bear it. I can't bear it," she squealed, humping against his face, writhing and rotating her hips.

She was indifferent to his comfort. At this point in her violent orgasm, Melissa could think only of her own pleasure, so completely overwhelmed by her craving for satisfaction that she almost went out of her mind when he began to chew her cunt lips, drinking in her juices. Moving his mouth away from her gaping passage, Steve bit the insides of her silky thighs. His fingers crawled, wringing pleasure from her tortured body, scratching and pinching her flesh. She moaned deeply in the unbearable agony and glory of his exquisite caress.

As far as Steve was concerned, his decision to be as rough with her as she was with him, seemed in perfect order.

He chewed at her flesh, hearing her wild screams from what seemed to him, a great distance. He bit, not caring if he drew blood from her. He heard her whimpering, moaning, even crying for him to stop. But he kept going.

Melissa's orgasm was bathing Steve's face. The front of his pajama top and robe were soaked with her pussy juices.

As he continued to drink her, biting and eating her cunt lips, loving the feel of her meaty flesh between his teeth, he felt incredibly wicked and depraved. Melissa was on the verge of losing consciousness.

But when his teeth accidentally grabbed that short space between the bottom of her thick, plump cunt lips and the opening to her asshole Melissa moaned and bounced up and down on the sofa. There was a roaring in her ears. Her juices were literally splashing all over the boy's face.

Steve's tongue began a tentative search of her asshole, first licking lightly around the circumference of it and then jabbing softly at the opening before thrusting in fully. She began to fuck back. She scratched his cheeks, pumped up and down onto his protruding, stiff tongue. She kicked her legs, thrashing, pitching her body forward and squealing in between her wild screams. Steve thought they must be audible to the servants by now.

He stroked her anus with his naughty tongue, pawing her thighs with his sharp fingernails driving the greedy woman crazy. He could feel his own face covered by the wetness gushing from her cunt as he pinched her clitoris.

She began to scream out his name while she pumped on his tongue. His prick, too, screamed in its own language. And the more abandoned she became, the more excruciating his own passion grew, and he felt his cock throbbing against the fabric of his robe.

Melissa seemed in no hurry to switch roles and give Steve the sort of pleasurable attention she was receiving. Instead, she continued to rear up and let him bury his face in her gushing cunt, to feel his tongue fluttering, and to yet another orgasm.

By the time Steve's tongue had ceased to manipulate her cunt, and he had tired of eating her meaty flesh and drinking her fluids, Melissa Staunton was as weak as a rag doll.

She fell back on the sofa with her legs wide open, lying in a puddle of fuck-juice. Steve sat back, wiping his mouth on his arm. He was astonished to find how much of her wetness had soaked the front of his pajama top and robe.

Reaching to the table for his goblet of wine, he sipped quietly. She lay still, her breathing heavy, her cunt still throbbing. He believed he could see her cunt lips dilating, moving as if they were still being manipulated by his sharp teeth and wiggling tongue.

For a long while, Melissa was quiet. Now and then, her eyes would flutter open and a smile would cross her face. She would reach out to touch his hand, then she would whisper words he could barely hear, so husky was her voice.

"Oh Steve, that was so beautiful."

"I'm glad." Steve didn't know what else to say under the circumstances.

"So beautiful. It's ... that's never happened to me before," she said so softly that he had to ask her to repeat herself.

"I can't understand where you learned such marvelous things," she said, raising her voice a bit as she cupped her cunt with her right hand.

"God, I am wet."

"Yes."

"Did you like the taste?"

"Delicious."

She smiled. She rubbed her fingers into her still slimy cunt, brought them to her parted lips, and sucked them.

She smiled. "I do taste good. It's a healthy mixture, your saliva and my cunt-honey," she said. She reinserted her fingers deep into her hole and sucked on them as the boy watched.

"I loved sucking you down there," he said.

"My cunt, Steve?"

"Yes, Melissa, your ... your cunt," he said finally. Truly, this was the first time he'd ever used the word in his whole life. "Your cunt."

"And I loved your tongue, Steve."

He said nothing.

Then she raised her legs up so high that her knees were pressing into her breasts as she fingered her tight asshole, smiling at him.

"And my asshole, Steve. You liked that?"

"Oh yes."

"Oh, God, Steve," she moaned, "that was such a surprise, and so delicious. My asshole still tickles. It tingles, Steve, just from your

wonderful tongue. God, I never thought I could feel the sensation you just gave to me, darling."

He had loved eating her. He'd loved the mingled tastes, the slightly acrid, almost bitter taste of her delicious asshole, and the sweet honey taste of her cunt.

She leaned forward now, gently licking his face and making humming noises. "Oh it tastes so good. Oh, Steve, I wish I could suck myself."

His prick felt as if had never been more swollen. He was tempted to reach down inside his pajamas and take out his cock, but he knew that if he even touched it for a second, it would explode. And he didn't care for another accident like the one he'd had in the car.

Finally, as she was licking the tip of his nose, he reached into her bodice. His fingers stroked her full, ripe breasts, naked beneath her robe and she gave another series of little animal squeals.

"Oh my darling ... yes, play with my breasts. Oh, yes," she whimpered, smiling. She sat up, quickly unhooking the robe so that he could help her off with it.

Now Melissa, except for her spiked high heels, was stark naked. Steve was stunned by her beauty, her heavy breasts, and large brown nipples, which he could see clearly, even in the dim light.

"Steve," she murmured.

"Yes, Melissa?"

"Will you suck on them for me? Will you, my baby boy?"

Steve didn't really like being called her baby boy, but under the circumstances, he understood.

"Yes."

"And Steve, is there anything you want me to do for you, darling?"

Her eyes were closed. He was fondling her naked breasts, squeezing them, caressing and stroking her pulsing erect nipples.

"Yes," he said. "I'd like you to spread your legs wide for me, and let me fuck you. I want my cock inside of you, up inside your cunt."

"Where else, Steve?" she asked. Again, she'd raised up her legs high in the air, exposing her hairy wet cunt. Her asshole was wide open, pouting, still glistening from the ministrations of his loving, sucking tongue.

Now he knew just what she wanted.

"Your asshole, Melissa."

"Oh God," she screamed and pulled him on top of her squirming, overheated body.

He landed on her hard; his cock between her thighs. She spread her legs and guided it into her. He thrust inside with a great heave, sighing and moaning at the same time. It was exquisite, unimaginably soft and enveloping. He moved in and out of her as he had always imagined he would, with great heaving thrusts. He pushed in deeply and drew fully out, then thrust back inside with the help of Melissa's pressing, urgent hands on his buttocks.

She could tell that his climax was near. His body slowed substantially, his breath coming more and more labored. She squirmed out from beneath him and turned over on her stomach, spreading her buttocks. She told him to fuck her in the ass.

He readily complied, though he secretly wanted to come in her soft, wet cunt. He had been on the verge of coming, but now had renewed vigor. He pushed into her tight asshole, which was not nearly as accommodating as her cunt had been at first.

"Push hard, darling, hard!" She screamed, anxious to have him fill her. He pushed hard but still his cock would not budge.

She leaned up, sitting back on him. His cock slid into her. Her hole was so tight that it was somewhat painful for him. It was Melissa who moved on his cock. She rose upon her knees, lifting herself off him and then sitting back down. Her breasts bounced with her movements. He reached around her and took hold of them, squeezing hard and pinching her nipples.

When he was fully inside of her, her buttocks nesting in his lap, his cock moved thick and hard and slowly. The tightness of her asshole and the unaccommodating dryness soon grew pleasing to Steve. He squeezed her breasts harder still and felt his cock expanding, pushing, widening the tunnel of her asshole. She felt it, too.

"Yes, yes!" she moaned. "Come inside of me. I want to feel your cock throbbing against me, filling me. Squeeze my breasts harder," she urged. He squeezed them so hard that he was afraid he might hurt

her. His cock expanded yet further until he felt it filling and exploding with his release.

Chapter Eight

Maurice lived in a cozy apartment over the large garage where the two sleek black limousines were stabled. He was essentially a solitary man.

He took his meals in the great house with the other servants, Nellie, George and Madam Andre, but otherwise, he spent little time in the chateau. Although he got along with the others who so faithfully served Melissa, he actually had little in common with them.

Maurice enjoyed his freedom, and enjoyed taking care of the expensive automobiles. This was his hobby. He also liked reading books on automobiles and all other kinds of vehicles, fast moving and otherwise.

He was presently lying comfortably in bed, perusing an automotive magazine. Suddenly, he heard Melissa's wild scream from the chateau.

He leaped up from his reading. Could she be in trouble? As he listened, he heard a second scream and suddenly recognized the sound for what it was. Mrs. Staunton was in the throes of a violent orgasm. Maurice scratched his head. "God," he said softly, almost under his breath. He hadn't expected the kid (as he thought of Stephenson) would work so fast.

Maurice lay back down on his comfortable bed and continued to read his magazine. He imagined the cars were his own. He thought that if he could really own cars like these, then the most beautiful women in the world would throw themselves at his feet. He took his cock out of his pants as he dreamed. Yes, he could drive into towns all along the coast in these cars, and women would run to him, impressed, wanting him.

He would choose the most beautiful woman, the one with the fullest, most luscious breasts and longest legs. He would take her into his car and fuck her in the front seat. She would straddle him, naked, her back pressing into the steering wheel while he manipulated her up and down over his cock, squeezing her breasts and her hips. He slicked his hand with his saliva and began to rub his cock more furiously while thinking of beautiful, nameless women.

He came, and in his mind, he was coming inside of the beautiful, hazy faced woman's full, heavy-scented cunt. In his dream, he drove deeply into her and exploded, though in reality his cock was pulsing against his own fingers and palm.

George, who was lying in bed with Madam Andre in her separate apartment in the chateau, also heard the wild scream coming from Mrs. Staunton's sitting room. He tapped the naked woman on her shoulder.

"Ah, Cherie," he said, "the boy is making Madam happy, yes?"

"So it would appear, George," said Madam Andre, turning slightly so that the huge dildo, which was strapped around her waist, maintained its position. This huge instrument was buried completely inside George's bowels.

Madam Andre had been ass-fucking George since Maurice had driven Melissa and Steve to and from the opera in Monte Carlo.

As they lay there, they wondered what might be happening between their mistress and the new houseguest.

"You want me to pull it out, George?"

He shook his head. "No."

"But I've been fucking you over an hour. Aren't you ready to come?"

"No. Not yet. Keep going."

"But you've lost your erection," she said with a sad tone in her voice. Her fingers groped around in front of her, fingering his once-happy cock, which had now gone soft.

"Look," she said, rather harshly, "I've got things to do. Why don't you gather your strength and I'll come back in a little while? And make sure you're properly dressed next time. You know how I hate to see you in your shabby, everyday clothes." She laughed at this, and began to dress. All of George's protestations and pleading could not dissuade Madam Andre from leaving.

When she came back some three hours later, he greeted her at the door. She was pleased to see that he was properly dressed this time. He was wearing a woman's black corset with bone stays. On his head was a wig of long blond hair that reached his waist. He also wore shiny, black leather boots.

"That's much better," she said, entering the room with a supreme air about her, as if she were the mistress of the house and not merely the cook and staff supervisor.

She walked over to the sofa, undressed, and sat down. Next to the sofa was a whip. She picked it up, holding it by the hard wooden handle and running her flat palm down its length. All the while, she looked at George, who still stood by the door.

"Why don't you show off your lovely corset to me in the manner most suited to your dress," she said, taking the whip and rolling it between her palms. George began to walk around the room.

"Not like that!" she said, "You know the best way to show it off." At that, George got down on his hands and knees and began to crawl around the room.

"That's much, much better," she said, her eyes narrowing and growing dark. George crawled on all fours, first towards her with his head lowered, and then away from her, so that she could see his buttocks working up and down while one knee moved in front of the other. The slightly small corset fell to just about his waist. It revealed the entirety of his buttocks and a good portion of his white-fleshed back. His blond wig was slightly askew, falling to one side.

"Faster, crawl faster!" she demanded and George began to crawl faster, almost frantically, as if he were trying to escape his pursuer. George crawled around and around the room tirelessly while Madam Andre casually fondled her breasts and her clitoris.

"George, come here," she said after a time. He turned and crawled to her feet. She told him to turn around, so that his back was to her. He did so, and then she struck out with the whip, the quick leather strap landing in a loud crack on his buttocks. He pleaded with her to stop, which was part of the game they played. Of course, she continued. She whipped him a good ten times, until faint red welts rose on his back. Finally, she took mercy on him and stopped.

He reached behind his back and stuck his finger into his asshole, moving it in and out for both his pleasure and hers. She loved seeing him do this under her supreme dominant control, especially after she'd watched him crawl pitifully around the room, pleading with her and begging for her mercy.

She continued to fondle her breasts as she watched his finger moving in and out of his asshole. Then he got up on his knees, his other hand spreading his buttocks apart. Suddenly her foot lashed out, kicking him with her high-heeled shoes. He fell forward slightly, his finger buried high up in his own ass. He winced.

She ordered him to turn around and lick her cunt. As she leaned against the wall, she spread her legs wide for him as he bent his head into her lap, reaching out his tongue until it rested lightly on her outer folds. He licked around them and then stuck his tongue inside of her, twisting it in and out.

"Stick it in further," she commanded, and he complied. "Now withdraw it and suck on my clitoris." He withdrew his tongue and began to suck on her enflamed, red clitoris.

"Not so hard!" she said, so he sucked more gently, bringing Madam Andre immense pleasure.

"Ah, yes, just like that," she moaned. He squeezed her clit gently between his lips, teasing the end of it with the tip of his tongue. As her body surged with heat, she felt her usual need to satisfy the huge Frenchman.

"George," she said, her voice low and husky.

"Yes, Mistress," he answered.

"Are you ready, George?"

"Oh yes, Mistress. I am ready for you. I am ready for it."

"Is your asshole hungry, George?"

"Oh, yes, my asshole is hungry, Mistress."

With this, Madam Andre kicked George away.

"Get it. Bring it to me," she commanded.

"Yes, my Mistress," George said meekly, crawling away, looking back over his hairy shoulder, the black corset on his upper body looking utterly ridiculous and obscenely enticing. In his long blond wig, and sleek black boots, the huge hairy man did indeed look bizarre. It felt funny, and deadly serious at the same time. George was intensely thrilled every moment he wore the strange costume.

As he crossed the room on his hands and knees, his huge buttocks swaying in a voluptuous rhythm, Madam Andre again fingered her cunt. She stared at his hanging testicles swaying beneath him. She

loved his balls. Sometimes, when she was intensely excited, she'd order him to kneel astride her face. Then, looking up at his heavy, hairy balls, which brushed against her face, she'd stick out her tongue. George would suddenly lower himself onto her face, his balls smashing into her mouth, over her nose. Then he'd raise himself and slap her eyes and cheeks with them. She thought of this as he crawled to retrieve what he so badly desired.

When he was once again before her, holding the dildo in his mouth like a dog would hold a bone, he lifted his eyes up to her. She took it from him, stood up and strapped it around her waist. She stood before him with the instrument jutting out from her loins in monstrous proportions and, her hands on her hips, looked down at him.

She knelt behind him and spread his ass-cheeks with her fingers, which dug into his flesh so far that she thought she'd touch bone. She drove the dildo into his ass. He groaned loudly as the instrument slid into his backside. He fell to the floor, supporting himself on his shoulder. He took his cock into his hand and rubbed it up and down, moving the foreskin roughly over it. His eyes were closed tightly in pleasure.

Madam Andre pumped the dildo in and out of him, watching his buttocks clench around it. This gave her a great deal of pleasure. Then she raised her arm high into the air and brought her palm down against his buttocks in a stinging slap. She did this over and over again as she pushed the dildo far up into his ass.

She heard a primordial groan escape from George's lips, as his buttocks clenched, and drove hard into him as she struck him. The toes of his black boots dug into the floor as he came violently into his hand, spurting out on his chin, which was resting on the floor.

"Oh, thank you, Mistress," he shouted as he came.

Chapter Nine

The other person in the chateau to hear Mrs. Melissa Staunton's wild orgasmic scream was Nellie, the maid, or "tweenie" as such maids are called in Europe.

She was alone in her own room, lying naked in bed, reading an erotic novel. When she came to a particularly hot passage, she would pause and masturbate for a while before continuing to read.

Next to her on the bed was her box of dildos and vibrators. She'd spent a considerable amount of the extra money she earned doing special things for her Mistress to buy these.

Nellie was devoted to Mrs. Staunton. In fact, her position resembled something akin to slavery. And Nellie loved it. She wouldn't have traded places with any girl she knew. She had just about everything she needed and wanted, and if she didn't, all she had to do was ask.

She'd often traveled to Nice to go shopping with Melissa. Maurice would drive the big limousine, and the trip was always a thrill.

Nellie loved to ride in the rear seat with the older woman, whom she often made believe was her own rich mother.

Nellie had many fantasies like this about Melissa. Nellie's real mother had died years before and she had grown up in the care of her grandmother who was an old drunk, to put it mildly. She drank from morning to night, played the horses and gambled.

Nellie's step-grandfather (her father was long dead) was also a drunk but not kind like her grandmother. Nellie hated him. The old man constantly grabbed her and this was one of the reasons she'd left home six months before her nineteenth birthday.

Lying on her bed in the Chateau, Nellie recalled it all, and shuddered. She closed her eyes, feeling as if she were falling into a delirious frightening nightmare. She remembered the old man catching her coming out of the shower. As surly as he usually was, this particular morning he was very hung over and in a particularly rotten mood. Grandmother wasn't home.

"Come here, you little bitch," he yelled from the other room, not realizing she was wearing just a towel around her waist. Her delicious breasts were dripping with water, her nipples tight.

"I'm not dressed, Grandpop."

"Who gives a damn, you wench, c'mere!"

Nellie knew better than to argue with the old man. He could be vicious. Often he'd whipped her naked bottom until it glowed pink.

She arranged the towel so that it covered her full, ripe breasts and reached just below her hairy triangle. It did not however quite cover the delightful swelling of her plump buttocks. Then Nellie walked slowly into the dimly lit front room of the shabby house.

Grandpop was sitting in his shorts in an armchair near the TV, smoking a cigar. Near him on an end table was an empty pitcher of beer.

"What do you want me for, Grandpop?"

"I'm outta me beer, lass," he said, not looking up at her. "How's about your runnin' fer me beer?"

"Oh Grandpop," she complained.

He looked up sharply. He was about to open his mouth to swear at her when he caught sight of her glistening wet legs. Her thighs were milky white, her bare feet illuminated by the soft light shining through the filthy curtains that framed the front windows.

She smelled like flowers, fresh from her shower. Despite his advancing years, he felt a sudden urge in his groin.

"C'mere, closer," he commanded.

Nellie knew better than to disobey.

"You know, you..."

"Grandpop, I ain't got all day..."

She turned as she said this. She recognized the ugly sexual gleam in his eyes as his hand went to his lap cupping his old penis.

"C'mere, or I'll whip the ass off you, lass."

As she approached closer, Grandpop leered at her. She seemed more radiantly beautiful to him than ever before. The cleavage between her large breasts was a deep valley full of inviting shadows. It reminded the old man of music hall dancing girls, and the way their

full breasts were almost completely revealed as they danced and flaunted their half-clad bodies on the music hall stage.

The sight of Nellie's pert nipples, their youthful hardness jutting against the fabric of the towel, made his prick begin to stiffen. He began to stroke it.

"What was you doin', Nell, playin' with yourself?"

"Oh Grandpop. You're terrible. No."

"Then why's your nips so tight like that, huh?"

"Oh Grandpop, 'cause I'm cold, that's wot."

"From what, Nell?"

"Grandpop, look, you gimme the money and I go get my duds on and go get your beer, okay? Grandpop, please. I got things to do today."

By now, the old man had grown really hot and lustful. He knew that his woman was gone. There was no one to interrupt.

"Turn around, Nell."

She turned and when she did, Grandpop's eyes rolled in his head. Fully one third of Nellie's deliciously naked buttocks were visible to his greedy eyes.

"Bend over," he told her.

She did, fully knowing what sort of view he'd have now. How many times had she done this for him before when she was younger? She hadn't known what he got out of it until the day she saw a girlie magazine with lewd pictures in it. All the girls had their skirts up, with no panties on. And those who were bent over with their bare behinds quite visible had exposed the lips of their hairy cunts.

When some of these girls in the pictures were bent even further over, you could see their winking assholes along with their thick pussy hair, and the meaty lips that hung down between their parted thighs.

Nellie had to admit that the sight appealed to her very much. This was what had attracted her to a local girlfriend.

"You got a really pretty box there, Nell," her grandfather said.

She said nothing, but stayed bent over, holding her breath, hoping his mood would pass. She shivered when she realized that he'd want more.

"Take off that damned thing, Nell."

"Oh, Grandpop, look. I told you I got things to do. Please, Grandpop."

"Take it off. Take it off, else I'll rip it off, lass!"

With her back still turned to her step-grandfather, Nellie removed the damp towel. She was still bent over, her glorious buttocks shockingly nude.

"Open it up for me," he commanded.

Enjoying her total embarrassment, Nellie bent over even further. Then she reached behind her and with both hands pried open her naked buttocks. When she felt a cooling draft on her exposed anus, she shivered.

She could hear the old man massaging his cock. She knew by now that he'd taken the old thing out of his pants and was fisting it gluttonously.

"Stick one finger up inside, lass."

Nellie obeyed, moistening her index finger by inserting it between her pussy lips then inserting it slowly into her asshole. She knew how much the old man loved to watch it disappear. This wasn't the first time this little performance had taken place. It wouldn't be the last either, she told herself. She felt shivers that had nothing to do with the chill.

She began to finger-fuck her own asshole, moving her long tapered digit in deeper and deeper until it was buried all the way in her hot, tight hole.

"Fuck it," cried the old man. "Fuck yourself!"

And Nellie did. She slid it in and out, deeply and slowly as she listened to the old man's increased breathing, and the sound of his fist moving up and down on his thickening cock.

Even at his advanced age, the old man had no problem at all getting it up.

Within moments, Nellie could feel her hairy cunt pounding, filling up. She felt heat generating in her bowels as she worked her finger in and out, increasing the rhythm, then slowing down. Sometimes, she would let her finger plop out with a noise, then slide it back up inside and fuck herself roughly, shoving it in short spearing jabs, making wet

liquid noises as the old man drew his chair closer to her. When she could feel his hot breath on her bare behind, and his hair brushing over her skin, she pulled her finger all the way out.

Backing up close to his face, Nellie held her buttocks open further, until she knew he could see every detail. Then she bent all the way to the floor, spreading her legs so wide apart that she had to balance on her hands in a kind of ballet pose.

She felt the tip of her grandfather's hot wet tongue glide over her exposed asshole, and she let out a wild squeal.

His hands were prying her ass cheeks wider apart, as she backed up further. Now he was washing her naked behind with his tongue as she humped back against his hot, perspiring face.

"Oh, Nellie ... oh, Nell," the old man was moaning. "Don't it feel real nice, honey?"

"Hmm."

"Don't it feel real nice, lass?"

"Hmm."

Nellie began to writhe and sway, her delicious buttocks shining wet from the old man's saliva. Sticking two fingers up inside her wet, hot cunt, she began to finger-fuck herself as she continued to move her sweet ass in her grandfather's hot face.

"Don't it make you hot for cock, Nell?"

"Hmm. Yes, Grandpop."

"Oh Nell ... it's so good. So sweet."

"Grandpop?"

"Yeah, Nell? Yeah, lass?"

"Grandpop, do you wanna rub your dick all over my asshole?"

"Yes, Nell. Yes, dear. Sit back. Sit back, baby."

Nellie sat back, and as she did, she felt the head of his stiff cock brushing over her asshole. She began to weave and glide over it, bracing herself and balancing so that as she lowered her behind into his lap, her grandfather would be able to slide his cock easily up inside her.

She lowered herself slowly and felt the tip of his cock resting at the opening of her tight entrance. She pushed further down onto him and the walls of her asshole expanded to let in his hard, urgent cock. She

gave one final push, as he grabbed hold of her hips, forcing her fully onto him. They both moaned with pleasure.

She felt the entire organ filling her up, and she began pumping on it like a wild woman, squealing and crying. Her huge breasts quivered, her lips parted, and her fingers worked furiously on her burning clitoris. The old man came breathlessly into her ass, his strength depleted.

Chapter Ten

Nellie's very first job, after she left home, had been that of an *au pair* in Paris. She'd gotten this job through an employment agency that placed British girls wanting to learn the French language with French families. These girls were expected to work their asses off, doing everything from taking care of the brats to housecleaning and shopping. In return, they got paltry wages, a small room and leftovers from the family table.

Many *au pairs* were also expected to fuck the stupid, often dull bourgeois husbands on their one weekday off or climb in bed with the bored wives on rainy afternoons after the brats had been taken to school or to grandmothers' house.

Nellie had lasted just long enough on her first job to pay back the agency in London for the privilege of half-starving to death in a lonely, unfriendly foreign country.

Although she had tried, she'd been unable to make friends. She did not get along with the other *au pair* girls, who were British, Scottish, Swedish, Norwegian, and German.

She'd found most of them to be pretty stupid and not particularly attractive. None of them had been interested in her story, and she had not been interested in theirs. Few spoke English well enough for her to understand and this had been a further barrier to any kind of decent on-going relationship with another girl.

Finally, in the *International Herald Tribune*, the English-language newspaper of Paris, she had seen an ad for a female house servant willing to travel. She dialed the number, was recommended for the job, and in a day or so, she was flown to Nice.

It was there that she met Mrs. Melissa Staunton. The two had gotten along beautifully right from the very beginning.

Nellie was very impressed with the chateau. After Melissa had first shown Nellie the chateau, she directed Maurice to drive them into downtown Nice. In the car, Nellie had begun to cry.

"What's the matter, dear?" Melissa asked. They were sitting in the rear of the limousine. Maurice was watching for the spot where he

would drop them off. It was one of the most expensive and exclusive boutiques on the *Promenade des Anglais*.

"Nothing ... nothing, really."

Melissa had put her hand on the girl's knee. "Is it that you're homesick, Nellie? Maybe we should go find an English place and have a drink or something. What do you say?"

Nellie couldn't believe her ears. This woman was so kind, and she was remarkably good-looking. Her face had no wrinkles, and she had twinkling eyes and a lovely lithe body.

They had drinks in the English Pub downtown. There, Nellie had time to catch her breath, hearing for the first time in a long while her own native language spoken. She saw familiar signs in English, recognized British beers and whiskey. At last, the Cockney girl began to relax, understanding that her life was changing dramatically and obviously for the better.

After an afternoon of shopping among the courteous and pleasant people of Nice, they returned to the chateau.

That first night in her own room, Nellie cried herself to sleep.

As the days passed, Nellie grew accustomed to her work, which was very light and not at all demanding. She also grew used to the strangeness between Madam Andre and the mysterious George, whom she found fascinating for reasons she couldn't put her finger on. Nellie grew happier by the day.

When Mrs. Staunton began taking Nellie on other excursions, not only shopping, but also to cafe-meetings with her friends, the English girl found herself falling madly in love with Melissa.

There were some afternoons, endless mornings, and especially evenings when Mrs. Staunton's, "Nellie, I won't be needing you today, darling," would hurt Nellie deeply. She loved to be near her mistress.

Nellie's main chore was to care for Melissa's apartment, clothing, and makeup, along with her huge collection of shoes, negligees, robes, gowns, and – especially – her lingerie.

Everything Melissa wore, including her panties, her brassieres, and naturally, her silken stockings, had to be washed by hand.

Nellie did this chore lovingly. Before washing Melissa's panties, she would rub them all over her face, her naked breasts, and sometimes even between her open thighs, over her wet cunt.

She would lick and sniff Melissa's high heels, her slippers, and especially her brassieres, and other intimate articles that touched Melissa's delicious nakedness.

Nellie usually took the articles of clothing Melissa wore up into her own room to wash them. Here, she was certain, no one like Madam Andre or George or Maurice would interrupt her.

That was another thing that differed so vastly from the *au pair* job with the bourgeois family in Paris. There she had no privacy at all. If it wasn't the brats in her small room, it was the wife, the husband, the delivery boy, the wife's relatives, or the husband's children from his previous marriage.

In the chateau, Nellie had as much privacy as she could ever hope for. And she loved it.

Now, she was nude, except for a pair of high-heeled bedroom slippers, which Melissa had insisted on buying for her having seen Nellie admiring them in a boutique window. Her long hair fell down to her waist. Her face was not made up, but perfectly natural.

There was a light tapping on her door. She turned her head, wondering who it could be. It was most assuredly not Madam Andre, George or Maurice, and who else was there?

Grabbing a thin robe, one of her few sentimental things from England, the "tweenie" hurried to the door.

"Yes," she asked, in her usual breathless voice, "who is it, please?"

"Melissa," came the reply.

Nellie could have dropped dead.

"Nellie," Melissa asked in a soft voice, "am I disturbing you?"

Nellie didn't know what to do. Finally, gathering herself together, she said, "Mrs. Staunton, I can be down in seconds. I'm indisposed right now."

"I understand, dear," said Melissa, "it's only that I wanted to know if you had that pair of lavender panties I left for you to rinse out? Do you, my dear?"

Nellie found herself blushing. Only minutes earlier, she'd been rubbing them all over her cunt and her armpits, kissing the crotch, almost taking the wispy, gossamer panties entirely into her mouth before she stuck them up inside her cunt. She had masturbated furiously with the lavender panties, rubbing them on her inner thighs, moving them slowly up toward her aching cunt.

"Yes, I do," said Nellie, "but they're not quite ready yet, Mrs. Staunton."

"Darling," said Melissa, "I know you're occupied, so why don't you just hand them to me. I'll rinse them out myself. They'll dry quickly."

Nellie wondered, desperately, what to do.

"They're dripping wet, Mrs. Staunton," said Nellie. "They're in the wash," she added, falling into her natural Cockney accent.

"Well, dear, just go get them and wring them out, will you?"

Melissa sounded just a bit impatient.

"Yes Ma'am," Nellie breathed. "One moment, please, Mrs. Staunton."

In a flash, Nellie ran with the panties into the bathroom. There was no time to turn on the water in the sink, so she dunked the poor lavender panties in the toilet bowl, then rinsed them out with warm water from the bidet.

Tucking them into a towel, she ran back to the door. She opened it. There was Melissa, sitting disconsolately on a small chair facing Nellie's door. She was barefoot and her long hair was down. She wore a short wrapper around her body but Nellie could see she was naked beneath it. Nellie glimpsed Melissa's hairy crotch and her naked breasts.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Staunton."

Melissa looked up. She frowned. "Darling," she said, looking at the old worn robe Nellie was wearing, "where in heaven's name did you get that?"

Instantly, Nellie broke out into hot tears.

"It's my favorite," she blurted out, sobbing, "It's from home." She wouldn't have traded her favorite robe for a handful of diamonds.

Melissa controlled herself. "Oh course, I understand now," she said. "Dry your tears, little one," Mrs. Staunton added. "I understand, and I'm sorry."

Nellie said nothing. She offered Melissa the towel that held the precious lavender panties.

Melissa held out her arms to Nellie and in seconds the young British girl fell into them, old worn robe and all, her long hair hanging down to her waist, her robe parting, fully exposing her lovely breasts, and her pussy hairs all tangled and matted from her masturbation. She pressed her beautiful, young body to Melissa's.

"May I come in, honey?" Melissa asked.

Nellie fell to her knees, embracing Melissa around her naked thighs. She buried her face into Melissa's naked belly, sobbing. Hot tears wet Melissa's pussy hairs as the trembling girl, crying her heart out, began to kiss the older woman. Nellie's fingers groped, caressed and stroked Melissa's naked buttocks, while hugging Melissa's groin against her face.

Nellie finally got the courage to glance up. She didn't know what to say. She climbed to her feet and, as she did, Mrs. Staunton folded her into her arms.

Chapter Eleven

Mrs. Staunton led the trembling Nellie into her room toward the alcove in which the double bed was situated. Melissa's heart was pounding. The fact that the shivering, sweat-covered Nellie was stark naked under the old, tired bedroom robe exhilarated her.

Melissa's ripe breasts were throbbing, even hurting. She wasn't quite accustomed to the many strange, even bizarre sensations that were flooding over her own aroused body.

Nellie leaned her face close to Melissa's, and when the older woman felt the wet tears against her cheek, her heart went out to the young girl.

"Don't cry, my little darling," Melissa said soothingly. "Don't cry. Everything will be all right ... soon."

Nellie let Mrs. Staunton help her sit down on the edge of the bed. Melissa handled her tenderly, as if she were ill, or had just suffered a terrible fall. She was genuinely concerned.

"Tell me what it is, Nellie. Tell Melissa what's bothering you," Mrs. Staunton said.

Since their rather unique relationship had begun, Melissa had not quite been able to figure out why she felt so sympathetic to the young English girl. From first sight, there had been a kind of physical and psychological rapport that was hard to define.

Nellie had a certain little-girl charm, a kind of physical innocence that went well with her upturned nose, her freckles and her sparkling young eyes.

Nellie also had another quality that might be called street-savvy, the kind one would associate with a young undereducated Cockney girl born and raised haphazardly in the slum tenements of London.

This lent a kind of charm to Nellie that actually puzzled Melissa somewhat, for she could not understand certain gestures and facial expressions Nellie made. This added to Nellie's mystery. Also, Nellie never showed fear, because she'd been brought up that way.

"Nellie, don't you want to tell me what's wrong? I'm sure I'll understand."

Nellie was trying hard to stop sobbing, but each time Mrs. Staunton would press her arm closer around Nellie's shoulders or move her body an inch closer, Nellie's sobs would only rise in her throat and she would burst out in fresh tears all over again.

"I can't," she said.

"Oh, come now. Surely you can. You trust me, don't you, Nellie?"

"Yes ... yes," the girl answered between huge gulps of air. Melissa could smell her sweat. It was becoming more aromatic by the moment and Melissa found it intoxicating. It had the effect of a weird aphrodisiac.

When it dawned on Melissa that they were both naked beneath their robes, she felt a kind of churning in her cunt. She looked down and saw that her nipples were stiff. She dared to glance down at Nellie's naked breasts and saw that her nipples were also taut. This was wildly exciting and aroused a new burning desire in the older woman.

"Nellie?"

The girl looked up, again wiping her eyes and nose on her sleeve. "Yes ... yes, Mrs. Staunton?"

"Nellie, do you think something to drink might help cheer you up? Maybe ... well, maybe that would make you feel better than telling me what's wrong. What do you think?"

"But, Mrs. Staunton, I have ... there's nothing here to drink in my rooms."

"I didn't suppose there was, dear. I thought I might ring for George and have him bring something to us."

Nellie was suddenly alarmed.

"What if George were to see us here ... like this? We're hardly dressed?"

Melissa laughed. "That won't happen. I'll just tell him to leave it outside the door."

Nellie relaxed, the tension slowly leaving her body. "I didn't think of that."

"So, you would like something?"

"I think so. Yes." Nellie tried to cover up her nakedness by drawing her ragged robe closer, but since it had no buttons, it soon opened up again.

"How about some cognac?"

Nellie nodded. She saw Mrs. Staunton's eyes caressing her naked breasts. At first, this alarmed her, but as she watched the older woman lick her lips and wrinkle her brow, she felt much easier.

It was plain that Mrs. Staunton liked Nellie's young breasts, from the way she was staring at them, and this was arousing Nellie too, exciting her much more than she wanted to admit.

Mrs. Staunton went to the intercom box on the wall near the door. She asked for a bottle of cognac and two glasses.

George said he'd be right up. He asked if Nellie was ill and Mrs. Staunton said she was uneasy but she would be all right soon. He was to leave the bottle on the tray just outside the door.

Melissa returned to the bed.

"Climb up on the bed, dear," she said, "You'll be more comfortable."

Nellie obeyed, and as she did, her gown opened all the way. Mrs. Staunton sat down beside her and when Nellie made a weak effort to close the robe, Mrs. Staunton held her hand.

"You're so pretty to look at, darling," she said. "Won't you leave it open ... just for me? Or will it embarrass you too much?"

A small grin came to Nellie's face. "You really think my shape's okay?"

"You have lovely breasts, darling," she said. Her hand reached out and the next thing Nellie knew, Melissa's fingers were grazing over her full, ripe breasts. Melissa cupped one breast and then rubbed her thumb over the erect nipple.

Nellie giggled. "You're tickling me."

"But not hurting you, right?" Melissa laughed.

"No," Nellie grinned, "It feels good."

"They're very pretty," Melissa repeated, "so firm, so nice, so round."

Nellie's own hands cupped her breasts. She raised them up, looking down at them critically, wrinkling her forehead as she did.

"The boys always loved them."

"They're sweet," said Melissa, as once again she touched, stroked and fondled them, rubbing them close together as Nellie watched.

"Feels very good," Nellie said, smiling up at Mrs. Staunton.

"You like what I'm doing?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes."

Melissa moved closer to Nellie. Her eyes caressed Nellie's stomach, her hairy triangle, and her thighs, running down her long legs, then back up again to linger at her crotch and her exquisite breasts.

Nellie's eyes were also roaming for Melissa's short wraparound was open and her breasts were visible. Then Nellie lowered her eyes to the patch of hair between Melissa's white thighs, but Melissa sat with her knees close together, so Nellie could not see below the triangle.

"Your breasts are nice, too," whispered Nellie. She wasn't sure she had the right to say anything at all about her mistress's beautiful breasts, but she'd taken the chance and now she waited to see what would happen.

"Thank you, my darling," replied Melissa. She sat back a little and then, to Nellie's utter surprise and perfect delight, Melissa slipped her wraparound off her shoulders. Now the older female was naked to the waist. Nellie was growing more and more excited.

"These are not as nice as yours are, dear."

"I think they're perfect. Honestly, I do."

"You do?" Melissa's breath was also shortening. When Nellie's hand reached out to return Melissa's experimental, exploratory caresses, the older woman felt a deep throb in her throat.

"I like your fingers touching me," she said.

"You're nice to touch."

"So are you, darling. Very nice," said Melissa, as she once more fondled the young girl's naked breasts, her fingers wandering over their fullness, gently pinching the girl's tight nipples.

Nellie did the same to her. Their faces almost touching, each gazed into the other's soft eyes. Melissa's tongue moistened her lips as Nellie's lips parted. In seconds, their mouths met, and both sighed deeply.

"Oh God," murmured Nellie. "God in Heaven."

"Kiss me, darling," Melissa said. "Kiss me."

While Nellie pressed her lips tighter against Melissa's mouth, Melissa's hands squeezed Nellie's breasts just as hard and passionately. And the harder they kissed, the more frantic their fingers became, as they pinched, squeezed, and scratched each other's delightful breasts with sharp fingernails.

"This is so wonderful ... so beautiful," cried Melissa, kissing the girl's sweating face, licking her nose and her closed eyes while Nellie's fingers worked furiously on Melissa's naked breasts.

"Oh, yes, squeeze my breasts, Nellie, hurt them. Oh, God... Yes, that's how. Oh, darling, my nipples, pinch them ... pinch them for me. Yes, yes, hurt them! Oh, God ... yes."

Suddenly, Nellie slid down in the bed, bringing her face close to Melissa's glorious breasts with their red nipples, tight and hungry for kisses.

"I'll kiss them for you if you want Ma'am."

Melissa Staunton gripped Nellie's head and brought her face between her warm, heavy breasts.

"Darling," she purred, scratching the girl's back, "suck them. Oh yes, suck them. Suck them!"

Chapter Twelve

As Nellie was sucking on Melissa's glorious globes, using her tongue all over to wet the delicious curves with saliva, Melissa's eager fingers were petting and plucking Nellie's nipples.

Melissa held the young girl closer and closer, bending down from time to time to brush her lips over Nellie's sweet smelling hair. She swooned to the wild sensations overwhelming her, smothering her with the kind of lust for another human being she hadn't known since she, too, was a young girl.

"Oh, yes, suck my breasts," Melissa cried out as Nellie's tongue glided wetly over her, grazing the fullness of her flesh. Nellie's mouth moved from one luscious breast to the other while her fingers raced up and down Melissa's bare back. She kissed, then bit her nipples.

"Oh, darling, yes. It feels so good."

Nellie worked harder with each word and each sigh of encouragement escaping Melissa's lips.

Melissa, gasping and seething with lust, wanted more and more and couldn't keep her hands away from Nellie's naked body. Soon she was contorting her body, letting her fingers travel all the way down to Nellie's toes and back up. Her palm passed lightly over Nellie's hairy crotch on its journey upward.

When Nellie felt Melissa's palm graze her sex, she slowly parted her thighs, and stopped for a moment the attention she paid to Melissa's breasts. Melissa's eyes glowed with excitement and hunger. Nellie's body rushed with warmth and again she bent her face to Melissa's breasts.

Nellie's thighs were now wide apart and her pink and virginal pussy lips were exposed. Melissa couldn't resist moving one finger between those slippery, puffy lips.

"Oh, yes," Nellie moaned, pulling her lips away from their firm hold of Melissa's hard, reddened nipple.

"You like that?"

"God, yes ... Oh, God, I do."

"Shall I do it again, Nellie?"

"Don't ask ... oh, Ma'am, don't ask. Do it to me."

Melissa smiled. She used one hand to part Nellie's exquisite thighs further. Then she ran two fingers between Nellie's glistening wet folds. The young girl's body leaped up from the bed. She arched her back, her eyes wide open. She was now sucking on Melissa's breasts furiously.

"Do it again ... do it, again," Nellie cried.

Mrs. Staunton raised one of the girl's knees. She pushed it to one side so that the young darling's cunt lips were wide apart. Melissa did so appreciate the richness and purity of those lips, so pink and tender, puddles of love-honey collected in rivulets in the valleys of Nellie's young cunt.

Mrs. Staunton used her two fingers well, gliding them back and forth slowly in Nellie's cunt. She withdrew her hand, which glistened with creamy wetness, and ran it up to Nellie's belly button, and back down again, while Nellie writhed and shivered, her breasts heaving with her quickened breath.

"Yes ... finger me ... finger me..."

Melissa slowly penetrated Nellie's glowing cunt with her index finger, driving it in gently until she could feel the ridges on the interior of the virgin cunt.

"I love it," cried Nellie, taking her mouth away from the woman's wet breasts. Then she threw her head back as the intruding finger, now deep within her, began to wiggle around.

"I love it!"

As Mrs. Staunton continued to finger-fuck Nellie's cunt, her free hand moved to her own crotch. She played with her clitoris, making small wet noises that Nellie could hear.

Nellie stopped sucking on Melissa's breasts and looked up into Melissa's soft, warm eyes.

"Ma'am, do you want me to do that for you?"

Melissa couldn't believe her ears.

"Yes."

"Oh Ma'am, ain't we lewd?" Nellie cried out as Melissa slid up on the bed, taking off her wraparound altogether.

She tossed it onto the floor. Then she lay alongside Nellie, who had moved over to give her room.

Now both were stark naked and sweating. Melissa's breasts were shiny with saliva. Her fingers moved eagerly back into Nellie's cunt. The young girl opened her legs wide to invite more and more pressure and hot friction. At the same time, Nellie, buried her face between Melissa's breasts again, and rubbed Melissa's hairy cunt, caressing and stroking it.

Nellie combed Melissa's pussy hair with her fingernails and as she did, Melissa slowly opened her thighs.

"Darling, finger it. Finger me like I'm doing to you," she said softly. "Stick in your finger."

Nellie did. This was her very first time. Of course, her finger had been inside her own cunt, but this was the first time she had put it inside of anyone else.

"It's so hot and wet inside," Nellie said.

"So are you, darling."

"And you feel so good. I love your breasts," said Nellie. She writhed as her finger began to move more swiftly, more forcefully in and out, of Melissa.

"You're hot, Nellie?"

"Oh yes, Ma'am. Yes ... so hot ... so hot."

"Nellie...?"

"Yes, Ma'am?"

Melissa drew away from Nellie, but didn't take her finger out of Nellie's cunt. She caressed the girl's sweet breasts with her free hand, while gazing upon Nellie. "Use your fingers harder, darling."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't. Stick them in, darling. Use two."

"Two?"

"Yes. Even three. Go on. It's what I want."

"Yes, Ma'am." Nellie, eager to please, stuffed three fingers deep inside Melissa's wet, throbbing cunt, and the older woman let out a low moan. She began to groan and growl, fucking back on the penetrating fingers.

"Fuck my cunt!" cried Melissa, "Fuck my cunt!"

Nellie thought she was hearing things. She couldn't believe this elegant, sophisticated woman knew such words existed.

"Fuck it ... fuck it. Use four fingers. FOUR fingers, Nellie, use four fingers. Oh, God, Nellie, Nellie." She was squealing, even screaming out the vulgar words.

Nellie really went to work on Melissa Staunton's cunt with renewed vigor. She pinched her clitoris, squeezed the meaty cunt lips, then penetrated the woman's passage deeply with all four fingers. Lost in passion, Melissa had forgotten to finger Nellie. Instead, she was thrashing and wringing her hand as the young English girl rammed and funneled all four long fingers in and out of her cunt. Melissa screamed in lust and passion, seesawing on the impaling fingers, gyrating her hips.

"Oh, Nellie, fuck me. Nellie, pinch my clitoris. Yes. God, yes! Oh, fuck fuck fuck fuck my cunt cunt cunt cunt."

Now Melissa turned on her side to suck Nellie's young breasts. Nellie moaned as the woman's mouth closed over her flesh.

Melissa clubbed the young girl's erect nipples with her tongue. She chewed on them with her lips as her cunt throbbed in response to Nellie's finger fucking. Each time Nellie's fingers tunneled deeply into her passage, she squeezed or pinched Melissa's cunt lips, or slapped her cunt flatly with the palm of her hand. Melissa purred like a cat, and increased the violence of her tongue's movements over the girl's nipples, at times nearly sucking the entirety of Nellie's breast into her open, warm mouth.

"Nellie?"

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"Have you ever had an orgasm?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Staunton. I do it by myself."

Melissa raised up. "Kiss me, Nellie."

Nellie brought her lips to Melissa's and soon their tongues were swimming around in each other's hot wet mouths. Saliva was dripping from Melissa's lips as the young girl sucked frantically on the probing tongue. All the while, both had their fingers working inside the other's cunt, smearing the other's belly with the juices.

"Nellie?"

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"Have you ever sucked another cunt?"

Nellie shook her head. She couldn't believe words like these were coming from Melissa's sweet mouth. When Nellie didn't answer immediately, Melissa repeated the question. She hugged Nellie, their breasts and bellies pressing to one another.

"Have you ever, Nellie, sucked another cunt?"

"No, Ma'am," Nellie managed to say, "but I've tasted my own."

Melissa drew away from her. A broad grin covered her attractive face.

"You have?" The grin widened.

"Yes."

"Nellie, tell me, my darling, what was it that was bothering you ... I mean, when I came to get my little lavender panties?"

Nellie could not find her voice. Melissa kissed the young girl on the lips, using her tongue, while with her free hand she caressed Nellie's breasts and squeezed her nipples.

"Tell me, Nellie."

The mention of the lavender panties almost brought tears to Nellie's eyes once again. Did she dare tell Mrs. Staunton that she had really felt this way about her all along, ever since she first arrived here?

Did she risk anything? They were both kissing and fingering and fondling and caressing each other's stark naked bodies after all. Didn't that give Nellie license to tell Mrs. Melissa Staunton that she'd fallen in love with her?

"Tell me or I'll leave."

Nellie's eyes flooded with tears. She still could not find her tongue. Melissa rose from her reclining position and sat down on the edge of the bed. She patted Nellie's shoulder as she sobbed.

"Are you going to tell me, Nellie?"

Nellie slid off the bed and fell to her knees directly in front of Mrs. Staunton, still weeping.

"I can show you," she said with her eyes closed tightly. "But I can't bring myself to say it yet."

"Show me then."

Nellie placed her hands inside Melissa's thighs and gently pushed them wide open. She quickly buried her face into Melissa's hot wet

cunt. In seconds, her tongue was flashing over and between the meaty cunt lips. Melissa Staunton knew that the child was in love with her.

Nellie drove her tongue deep into the woman's red passage, and twisted it around inside. Melissa moaned deeply and closed her eyes as the wonderful sensations surged through her. Nellie's tongue was full and thick and warm inside of her. She put her hands to Nellie's head and gently pushed it harder to her.

The girl's tongue was expert, indeed. It writhed inside of Melissa, then pulled out. She licked delicately and with the utmost care around the outside of her cunt, around the thick folds and the protruding bud of the woman's sex. Melissa moaned and thrust her hips upwards.

Nellie continued to tease the woman's sex, madly darting her tongue over the enflamed, small bud. She wrapped her lips lightly around it and sucked. As the pressure of her sucking intensified, Melissa began to jerk her hips upwards against the girl's wet face.

She moved her tongue back down, away from Melissa's clitoris, and again drove it inside her, then withdrew it. She licked the bottom edge of the woman's clitoris, alternately driving her tongue into the passage, and then pulling out again to lick the center of her sex. Melissa was in agony; her release was expanding, climbing through her body, and yet each time she was at the point of exploding, her hips thrusting harder and harder against Nellie's face, Nellie would pull her tongue away and leave the woman's cunt open only to the air.

Finally, Melissa grabbed the girl's head and roughly pushed it against her open cunt. Nellie could scarcely breathe and began to lick violently, expertly around and around the woman's clitoris. Melissa let out a long groan, lifting her legs to grip the girl's head in a vice, and thrusting her hips forward. She came in what seemed to both to be a thousand spasms; her juices wetting the girl's chin and nose thoroughly.

Afterwards, Nellie licked her lips and wiped her chin with the back of her hand.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," she said coyly.

Both laughed.

Chapter Thirteen

Life at the chateau was little different than in the other lavish villas and chateaus on the Cote d'Azur. There were splendid parties, afternoon gatherings on the sprawling lawns, horseback riding in the forests off the coast, and many private dinner parties attended by the well-to-do and international celebrities.

There were also many lovely long afternoons and evenings with nothing to do, spent in the utter relaxation, with bodies and minds lulled by the distant roar of the Mediterranean.

What Steve loved most about Cannes, the chateau and the environs, with which he was becoming more and more familiar as one day passed into another, was the natural politeness and manners of the native French people who lived in the small villages and hamlets in the vicinity.

Presently, Steve and Mrs. Staunton were being driven around the countryside by Maurice. Melissa was explaining and showing off some of the local sights. As they drove past an *auberge*, a country inn, Melissa turned to Steve, and whispered, "That's where I used to go incognito when I first came here."

She had her arm around his shoulder. His fly was open and Melissa's other hand was quietly jerking off his erect penis as the car drove along.

Up front, Maurice could not see nor hear a thing. The back seat of the limousine afforded complete privacy to its occupants.

"What did you do there, Melissa?"

Her dress was up to her waist. Steve had taken down her filmy lace panties only moments after they climbed into the car. In her cunt was an energetically vibrating dildo. Its engine worked quietly, and Mrs. Staunton's misty eyes reflected the intense joy the instrument gave her. Steve had inserted the dildo into her darling cunt at her special request.

"Well," she replied, looking at his handsome cock. She had spent many nights sucking on it, and he had often used it to fuck her in both her delicious cunt and her unusually tight anus. "I couldn't move into the villa right away, you see..."

"You've already told me that part."

"Excuse me," she said, grinning to herself. Now that they were so familiar, Steve was quickly assuming a more masculine role in the unusual relationship.

"Well," she went on, "I hadn't yet hired Maurice, although I had hired Madam Andre and George. Those two seemed to come together. And, of course," she went on dryly, still playing with and rubbing the rosy head of his cock with her thumb, which she had wetted with the juices from her own cunt, "our lovely Nellie hadn't yet come into the picture."

"Go on ... go on," he said impatiently. He was now playing with her clitoris. He had his finger on it and he could feel the vibrations of the dildo. He liked the unusual sensations. Until now, Steve had been totally unfamiliar with dildos, vibrators, and the other sexual objects that Mrs. Staunton kept in good supply in the chateau.

"Well, I had this small Porsche and I would drive to that *auberge* to take my meals every evening. They have a really good cook, and excellent service.

"The management consisted of the owners, a nice middle-aged couple, their young son, a boy younger than you, and his sister. She was about your age. Very, very pretty. Very sexy ... as you will see.

"Her name was Odile and..."

Steve interrupted, asking Melissa to spell the name. "I've never heard of that name," he said with interest.

Melissa spelled it and went on. "She served the tables, you know, taking orders and bringing food from the kitchen."

"I used to sit in a secluded corner and listen to the transistor radio which played classical music broadcast from Monaco. It's one of the best classical radio FM stations in the world. They have a magnificent music library..."

"Go on ... go on, please Melissa. When you tell me a story, you drag it out so..."

"I'm sorry, darling. Well," Melissa lay back as Steve's finger manipulated her clitoris. He heard her moaning and saw that her eyes were closed, and when he realized he was giving her intense pleasure, he started to rub her clitoris in earnest. Steve loved to have her

"suffering" at his command, and so he pinched and squeezed her clitoris and rubbed it even harder, thrilling to the strange erotic noises she made.

Melissa was moaning and humming. Steve liked it when she hummed. It was like lulling music, until it grew into a growl, which it always did when she was nearing orgasm. Sometimes she would whimper, or softly cry like a child.

Melissa would often whimper as she sucked off his cock, her fingers manipulating his testicles, waiting for that glorious moment when his cock would churn and throb and his balls would release his thick, warm fluid into her sucking mouth. She could never get enough of it. For long minutes afterwards, she would keep his prick inside her warm mouth, milking it with her finger tips, squeezing it, wanting more of his sweet, thick come. She would chew on his balls, or pinch them in the hope that this would generate even more fluid to satisfy her rabid thirst.

"Oh Steve," she groaned as he got down on his knees in the rear of the car. He wanted her cunt. The vibrating dildo inside her hot pussy must have made a whole lot of pussy-honey, he thought, and the more of this there was in her beautiful, fragrant cunt, the more Steve loved to rub his face against her. He wanted to bury his tongue up inside to feel and taste her wetness. He wanted to suck her and feel the small clothespin size vibrator rumbling inside of her.

"Oh Steve ... oh my darling..." She began humming. As his teeth chewed on her clitoris, which vibrated in unison with the dildo, she started to whimper.

"Oh, oh, oh, Steve ... yes, oh, oh, yes, yes, my dear one. Good. Suck me. Oh, wow, oh Steve, yes. So hot. So hot ... yes, suck me. Bite it, Steve. God, bite it. Yes, like that. It's so good."

He licked her from the lowermost part of her cunt, where it rounded into her ass, to her clitoris before pulling away. He drew up on the seat again and rubbed his wet face all over her's. Melissa loved the taste of herself, the feel of her wetness covering her face. Then he finally relaxed and urged her to continue with her story.

"Go on, Melissa, I didn't mean to interrupt."

She opened her eyes and laughed. She returned her hand to his cock. It was still hard. Then, spontaneously, she bent her head, opened her mouth and sucked the full length of his handsome tool down her throat.

As she did this, she played with his balls. He felt her index finger sneaking beneath his buttocks, and spread his left leg, lifting it up so that her finger could easily slide into his hot, moist asshole.

She'd taught him to enjoy being fingered up his virgin asshole. Now he couldn't get enough of it. In the privacy of his own quarters, he would introduce certain objects up his ass as he jerked off his cock. This was highly stimulating.

She lifted her head from his lap and spoke. "Well, Steve ... oh, yes, where was I? Oh, now I remember." She pulled her skirt up higher and began to masturbate herself with one hand while still jerking him off with the other as the car vibrated beneath them. Her eyes were closed as she continued her little story about the *auberge*.

"Odile was her name, right?"

"Right, Melissa. Just go on with the story."

"You've got me drunk on sex, darling."

"Now don't put the blame on me," he said in a tone of boyish petulance.

"Odile and I grew quite friendly. One night it was raining. There were no other customers. While I was having my soup, I accidentally dropped the spoon. As I leaned down to reach to pick it up, I knocked my transistor radio over. Odile saw my problem and came over.

"She was wearing one of those very short miniskirts that were fashionable at the time. When standing, it came just below her darling buttocks. She almost always wore pantyhose, but this evening, I don't know why, her legs were bare. I noticed it right away.

"'I'll get it for you, Madame,' she cried, and down under the tablecloth she went. As she did, her skirt hiked up completely in the back. She was on her hands and knees and I could feel her hair brushing against my bare legs. I wasn't wearing any stockings myself, or for that matter, panties.

"I looked down under the edge of the table and saw her bare behind! I loved it! Her ass was completely naked and I could see the

wonderful hairy mouth of her cunt. It was such a young cunt, so pretty, with just enough hair. Her lips were like Nellie's, you know, so pink and sweet to look at. Well, I couldn't resist. I just could not resist!"

Steve looked up at her. Her eyes were tightly closed. He could hear the buzzing of the vibrating dildo. She was plying her clitoris rapidly with her index and third fingers, squeezing and pinching it. She squeezed his cock hard too, as desire surged through her body.

"Well, I ran my hand all over her bare buttocks. She didn't even move or jerk up or do anything to stop me. I moved my finger down the crease of her ass until it came to her little asshole and still Odile didn't move, not a single inch.

"Then the next thing I knew, I could feel her hands sliding up beneath my skirt. When she discovered my naked cunt, hairy and wet, she let out a long sigh. That was when I slipped my finger into her asshole. She loved every moment of it. I finger-fucked her right there."

Melissa's grip on Steve's cock was firm and forceful. She squeezed it hard, feeling it pulse against her palm. She fingered herself more insistently as well, scarcely able to continue.

"I drove my finger into her asshole and felt it squeezing around me. Then I felt her tongue on my cunt, darting out like a flame to set me afire."

Melissa's hand pumped harder up and down Steve's cock, while her finger worked more furiously around her own sex. She opened her eyes and looked over at Steve; his eyes were closed in the rising deluge of his desire. He knitted his brows and let out a low moan. "What else?" he said, his voice low and breathless.

"Well," she stammered, her body rushing with warmth. "Well, she licked my cunt, my wet cunt. It's wet now, Steve, so wet, I'm about to come." As she said this, she could feel the ultimate explosion rising in his cock. She pumped her hand up and down while rubbing her finger wildly around her clitoris. "You're coming, too aren't you?"

"Yes..." he said and then they both exploded. He spurted onto his leg and her fingers. Their bodies were momentarily paralyzed in their

desire. Her hand stopped working up and down his cock and her grip loosened. He took his own hand to it then, and finished himself off.

Chapter Fourteen

Whenever Mrs. Staunton and Maurice were gone from the chateau, the hackneyed theme of "while the cat's away, the mice will play" applied in full, at least where Madam Andre and George were concerned.

Since the arrival some month's back of the Cockney girl, Nellie, another mouse was added to the game. Nellie had been only too willing to participate once she'd learned how much she could trust the two other household servants.

But at first, the young English girl was leery of both of them, and especially George. He was a huge, hairy man and huge hairy men always frightened her.

When Mrs. Staunton had first brought the young freckle-faced girl to the chateau and introduced her to Madam Andre, the housekeeper had had her misgivings.

"George," she said much later, "I don't know how you're going to take to this kid."

"What's that mean?"

"It means," she said, slowly opening her dress so he could observe her great breasts from across the table, "it means that we're going to have to move very fast if she's going to become a part of our secret games, the way I know you wish the tweenie maid to be."

"Right," George replied. He was chewing on a huge pork-chop bone, after having already finished a lunch that might have fed three normal men.

"So how do you suggest we go about this, eh?" she inquired.

"Well," he replied, observing that Madam Andre was now playing with her huge breasts, fondling them mindlessly, "well, if maybe you get her into some kind of embarrassing position ... that might do it."

Madam Andre interrupted, "You mean blackmail?"

"Of a sort."

French peasants, and for that matter, French aristocracy, are as addicted to blackmail as American teenagers are addicted to Rock & Roll.

"We might work it out together."

"How?" George threw his gnawed pork bone to one of the three waiting wolfhounds that lived on the grounds.

Madam got up from her chair and came around his end of the table. She kneeled in front of him. Opening his pants, she felt around inside until her fingers gripped his enormous cock. It was always semi-rigid. She felt its thickness, and the heat it threw off, but she especially loved the weight of the monster as she raised it up and down in her hand.

Cradling his cock thusly, she looked up at him. He was reaching for yet another pork-chop bone. When she growled at him, he obediently threw it to the dogs.

Madam Andre loved to lick and kiss George's huge prick while he sat at the table. There was something romantic, and at the same time, vulgar about it.

She loved to play with it while she had her other hand up under her long, ankle-length dress, twiddling her clitoris or finger-fucking her cunt. She would lick up and down the shaft, spitting on it, then masturbating it to full erection. He would just sit there looking down at her, perhaps smoking a cigarette, or leisurely drinking a glass of red wine.

When Madam Andre would finally open her big mouth and let his cock slide down her throat in one full thrust, he'd get on his knees and fuck her in the mouth as if he were fucking her from the rear. That sent the French woman out of her mind with lust: drooling, and gasping as his monstrous cock spewed his fluids down her throat in great gobs. Sometimes she was sure she would gag to death if he didn't pull the thing out of her throat, but she loved every minute of it.

She also loved another variation on the theme. Sometimes she would expose her huge breasts while she knelt in front of him, sucking his naked cock. As she kissed and sucked, she would play with her breasts so that George could watch and be amused.

With her hands busy on both breasts, her fingers squeezing, pinching and stroking her nipples, and his prick at her command, she was be lost in pleasure.

George, knowing her well, would shock her out of her ecstatic reverie by using some trick or another. One of his favorites was to

flex the muscles of his prick, making it jump inside her throat, or suddenly pulling his cock out, leaning forward, and whipping her face with the huge member. This always made Madam Andre red with embarrassment.

Now, as they discussed the frontal attack they would need to wage on the new upstairs maid, Madam Andre was down on her knees before him. Her huge breasts were swollen from the constant fondling, her nipples fully erect. George spread his knees.

She smiled up at him, knowing what he wanted. Gripping his cock with her teeth, her mouth wide open, she began to bite and chew on the rosy head until George moaned in ecstasy.

Knowing how much her man liked this, Madam Andre bit and chewed away, squeezing her giant breasts at the same time.

Finally, Madam held both breasts high up while the Frenchman put his cock between them. Half of his enormous red, throbbing cock was hidden in the crevice of her breasts.

George began pumping up against her breastbone. Madam Andre pumped back, massaging the shaft of his huge cock with the insides of her curvy breasts. When the friction became almost unbearable, the French woman lowered her chin, dropping great gobs of spit down between her breasts, and on his cock. The saliva lessened the friction, and increased the lubrication for the great prick.

Madam Andre knew by simply looking up at George's screwed up face that his prick would be exploding soon. She looked forward to it. She loved the feel of his prick throbbing and spurting between her warm, wet breasts. She felt him coming. His eyes were squeezed tightly closed; his mouth emitted a low moan. His cock pulsed in the full flesh of her breasts. She flipped over completely, throwing her head far back so that her upturned face was under his prick. She cupped her heavy breasts, holding them up high with the pointed nipples as targets for George's cock to shoot at.

He squeezed his cock tightly in his fist, rubbing it up and down. He came, but he missed her nipples. His gobs of thick sperm plopped onto her upturned face instead, hitting her eyes, her nose, her tongue, which stuck out from her open mouth.

"So, what we can do," Madam Andre said, wiping his come from her face and standing up, "is organize the blackmail situation so that she is compromised by both of us."

"I don't understand. You mean at the same time?"

"No, stupid, I do not."

"Then what do you mean, Madam Andre?" George always called her Madam Andre in the kitchen. He idly jerked off his slackening cock as they conversed.

"Well, I read this in one of those cheap novels by Hugo. You catch her doing something with me and threaten that you'll tell Madame Staunton."

"I think I understand," he grinned, showing strong, white, peasant teeth.

"Then, George, I catch her in some compromising position with you, and I threaten to inform on her. How's that sound?"

So that was the plan, but it backfired, despite the fact that it was cleverly organized and executed.

While Nellie was eating in her room one night, George went into her private bathroom, having knocked politely and begged emergency. Quickly he took off his clothing and waited for the secret signal he expected from Madam Andre. She meant to catch the naked George alone with Nellie.

As it happened though, when Madam Andre did arrive, George had inadvertently locked himself in the bathroom. Nellie didn't understand what his banging on the door meant, because the walls of the chateau were so thick she couldn't make out what he was yelling. So she just went on obliviously eating, drinking a glass of wine, and thinking over how fortunate she was and how much she loved her mistress.

At this point, Madam Andre barged into Nellie's apartment, hoping to catch George and the new maid in the act.

"Where is George?" she asked.

"I have no idea, Madam Andre."

"What do you mean, you have no idea?"

"As I said. I have no idea. He was in the bathroom, but he must be out by now. I don't know where he went."

"What is that banging?"

"I have no idea, Madam Andre."

"Look," said Madam Andre, somewhat perturbed and a little worried, "is George in here, or not?"

Nellie shook her little head. "I have no idea where he is. I'm sorry."

George spent the night in the fortress-like bathroom. Finally, in the morning when Nellie tried to get in and couldn't, the household was alerted. Madam Andre got in herself and found him sound asleep in the giant tub.

Chapter Fifteen

In spite of the failure of the blackmail attempt, it wasn't long before the three of them, Nellie, George and Madam Andre, were swinging in the right direction, anyway.

Their first intimate meeting took place when Mrs. Staunton took Steve to a festival in Monte Carlo. They were to spend the night because Melissa didn't like Maurice to drive the crooked, twisting coast road at night. There were too many sharp curves, hairpin twists, and drunken drivers for her taste.

The three of them were alone in the chateau. The dogs had been fed and turned loose on the sprawling grounds to keep their eyes out for any intruders. Nellie was taking her evening bath. George and Madam Andre were in the kitchen. George was cleaning up, and Madam Andre was mixing the dough for the following day's bread and morning muffins.

In the background, a tiny transistor radio was playing dance music on Radio Luxembourg. A tall candle flickered on the long kitchen table where the staff took their meals. The polished table gleamed in the soft candlelight.

Out of doors, it was very still. Now and then, the light roar of a passing aircraft, a lonely dog barking in the distance, or a church bell somewhere in one of the tiny hill towns could be heard.

"I think she's attractive when she's relaxed, don't you, George?"

Madam Andre was speaking in a kind of *patois* French, a local vernacular that Nellie would not have understood even if she had spoken French. Nellie's command of the language was strictly limited. It is true that she learned a few words when she worked as the *au pair* with the French family in Paris, but now, with little if any French expected of her, Nellie was quite indifferent to the language.

Since both George and Madam Andre spoke perfect English (with accents, of course), there was no need for Nellie to learn another word. She could always point with her index finger if she needed something from a Frenchman, the way many foreigners do, especially the British.

"She's very pretty," he replied.

Madam Andre turned on her heel. "Oh, she is, is she?"

George glanced up. "Jealous, eh?"

She laughed. "What, may I ask, should I be jealous of? What could that little wench do that I cannot do, George?"

He was silent for a while. She turned again, wiping her floured hands on her apron. "Did you hear my question, George?"

"Huh?"

"George!"

"Yes, Madam Andre," he said, nearly standing while looking around as if something had happened. "What?"

"I asked you a question, did I not?"

"I don't think I heard it. Would you mind repeating it, Madam Andre?"

"George, you are impossible."

"That is not a question. That is a statement."

She laughed. "You are so very clever George. You should be master of some great house."

"I am master of this one." He sipped from his wine, looking over the rim of the glass, and winked at her.

Madam Andre folded up the dough. She wrapped it in a damp cloth and kneaded it once more for good luck. Then she made the symbolic French gesture of spitting over her left shoulder before taking the wrapped dough and placing it in the bottom of the stone refrigerator, which was actually a natural earthen storehouse in the rear of the great kitchen.

"What is she taking so long for upstairs, George?"

"You are too impatient, woman," he said.

She scoffed. "If I trusted you, I'd send you to find out."

"She'll be down, I'm sure of it."

Upstairs in her private bath, Nellie was brushing out her long hair. She looked forward to the small private party George had planned to celebrate her third month on the new job.

Madam Andre had baked a small French cake and George had promised her a fine old wine from the vast cellars under the chateau. Of course, there would be pretty flowers, because the chateau gardens produced so many wonderful blooms. The whole place sometimes

resembled a picture spread in a garden magazine. There were always freshly cut flowers all over the house.

Nellie put on a special pair of high spike heels, which Melissa had insisted on buying for her. She wore a tiny French brassiere, which accentuated her thrusting, ripe breasts. Her panties were very brief, silky and transparent in the crotch, revealing much of her lovely buttocks, which were plump and curvy. She wore sexy nylons with a tiny, lacy garter belt to hold them up. And over all of this, she wore a new pale yellow chiffon gown.

She used her new atomizer, another gift from Melissa Staunton, with the new fragrance from the town of Grasse, to spray her brassiere, her nylons and her panties. Nellie tried making up her eyes with mascara, but she never really knew how to apply it without making a mess, so she gave up the idea.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she decided she'd never seen anything lovelier. Her smile was radiant, happy, full of inner pride. She'd done it! She run away from a home she'd hated. She'd found happiness!

"Hello everybody," she grinned, entering the kitchen.

Both George's and Madam Andre's eyes popped. They clapped their hands and grinned.

"You're beautiful!"

"You're lovely!"

"Happy anniversary," said George, lighting candles on the tiny cake.

An hour later, two bottles of wine had been emptied. George was lying stark naked on the table. Straddling his face, wearing her sexy panties that still smelled of the new fragrant perfume, was Nellie. She was rubbing his face with her cunt.

Madam Andre was also naked, except for her boots and a wide black belt around her waist. She was up on the kitchen table, kneeling, her head over Georges' huge cock. She was sucking it. She washed it with her tongue and kissed it lovingly. She took it into her mouth and let her tongue swirl all around the top of it, down to the base and back up.

She made loud sucking noises as she looked up to watch the half-naked Nellie move her cunt all over George's face. She could visualize his tongue weaving into her cunt, pushing the panties aside. She could imagine how wonderful Nellie's cunt smelled and she could hardly wait to suck it herself.

She played with George's heavy, hairy balls, scratching them with her sharpened fingernails. Then Madam Andre inserted a finger up into his hot moist asshole. He squealed, but the sound was muffled because Nellie's cunt was pushed onto his mouth.

When the French woman felt his prick was hard enough, she positioned her body over the gigantic cock and spread her thighs. Wetting his cock with saliva, she slowly lowered herself down onto it until it was completely engulfed by her famished cunt. As it penetrated deeply, she began to bounce up and down. The juicy noises of Madam Andre's cunt aroused Nellie who was in ecstasy as the man's swirling tongue washed her own cunt lips and thrust deeply inside of her.

As Madam Andre continued to fuck George, she reached forward and gripped Nellie's shoulders, using Nellie for support as she pumped up and down on the man's cock. Nellie's back faced Madam Andre, and as she watched the girl's muscles and spine straining in exquisite tension, she was excited by the sight.

Then Nellie leaned back, turning her face. Madam Andre's mouth found Nellie's and soon their tongues were entangled.

As they kissed, George reached up to fondle and stroke Nellie's lovely naked breasts. *What a scene*, he thought: his cock up Madam Andre's cunt, Nellie's hot, virgin pussy covering his mouth and the two women kissing passionately, hungrily. Their tongues were visible. He could see them darting and twisting into one another's mouths. He used his own rhythm, pumping, lifting up his middle as Madam Andre pumped back down on him, almost as if in some kind of obscene competition with them.

After all three were spent, they rested. Eventually Madam Andre spoke. "George," she said, "why don't you show Nellie how you really prefer to dress?"

George laughed a bit nervously, and consented. He left the room and went upstairs. Nellie and Madam Andre occupied themselves by caressing one another's bodies. When George returned, fitted out in his black corset, wig and boots, Nellie gasped. She felt a sharp sensation bolt through her cunt.

"Did you bring the toy, George?"

"No, Mistress, I forgot." He looked down to his feet as he said this. Nellie was shocked to see so large a man look so pitifully dejected and boyish.

Madam Andre walked over to him, commanding him to bend over so that his buttocks were exposed. She slapped him five times. His buttocks turned instantly red and she told him to retrieve the instrument, which he hastily did.

When he returned, Madam Andre told Nellie to make herself comfortable. Nellie sat in a chair. George, at Madam Andre's command, crawled over to her feet. Nellie could barely believe this scene unfolding before her. Madam Andre came to them, her large breasts bouncing in the power of her walk. She sat down in a chair beside Nellie, face to face with George.

"Such lovely hair you have," she said, petting the blond wig, "and such a lovely, lovely figure. Nellie, doesn't he look marvelous in that corset and those boots? Don't they accentuate perfectly the form of his legs?"

"Yes," breathed Nellie. Her cunt ached. She brought her finger to it and slowly began rubbing.

"Lick my breasts, George," said Madam Andre as she cupped them with her hands and squeezed hard so that her nipples rose up. They were large and dark brown.

George stuck out his tongue and began to lick. She continued to hold them, pressing them together and squeezing. She watched as his tongue moved in fast circles around her pointed nipples. Nellie continued to slowly massage her cunt.

Madam Andre stretched out one spiked high-heeled shoe, and brought it to rest on George's thick, strong thigh. Finding his fully erect cock with her foot, she began to tease and tantalize it with the toe of her shoe. She slid the metal heel up and down his enormous

shaft. His cock jerked at the touch of her shoe. He sucked hard on her breasts.

Nellie watched George's lips wrap around the woman's nipples, and the sight brought urgent sensations to her body. The sight of the woman's shoe fondling the man's huge cock sent heat surging through Nellie's loins. She drove three fingers into her cunt, moaning, and moving her hand more furiously against her clitoris.

After some minutes, Madam Andre ordered the man to turn around. When he growled, continuing to feast on her breasts, Madam Andre pulled away and slapped him hard across the face. George did not wince – but Nellie did.

When finally he obeyed, still on his knees, Madam Andre stood up. She strapped the belt around her waist and attached the huge black dildo to it. Nellie was in raptures of debauched pleasures as she witnessed these.

Once it was on, Madam Andre weaved the dildo obscenely over George's head. "Suck it," she commanded, gripping the instrument with her fingers, offering it to his dried lips.

He took it into his mouth, sucking on it noisily and licking it from the shaft to the tip. Madam Andre rotated her heavy hips. When the instrument would slip from George's lips, she would weave it before him, while he tried to take it once again into his mouth.

"Suck it!" she repeated, louder this time. Nellie's legs were parted wide in the chair, her eyes intent on the scene being enacted before her.

"Suck me off," Madam Andre said, this time more softly. George shuddered in delight at her words. In seconds he was sucking on it wildly, his cheeks deeply shadowed as he took the fullness of the instrument into his mouth and down his throat.

"Spit on it George, spit on it!" He spat on it, spreading saliva on it with the palm of his hand.

"Turn around now George. I'm ready to fuck you. Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress."

"Is your asshole ready?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" he said, his voice high-pitched and feminine sounding. With this, George turned around. He raised his ass high

into the air, balancing his weight on his elbows and forearms, with his forehead resting on the floor.

Madam Andre grabbed him by the flanks. She ran her hands up and down his thick thighs. Then, bracing herself, she aimed the head of the dildo at his opening.

"Beg for it. Beg for it!" she commanded. Nellie's body, meanwhile, was bracing itself for the onslaught of a painful orgasm.

George cried like a baby, wiggling his ass promiscuously. His giant balls swayed between his thighs, and his prick was on the verge of exploding. Madam Andre eased the head inside his asshole, then plunged it in with all her strength.

When the huge instrument vanished up his hole, George let out a loud scream. Nellie rushed to him and contorted her body so that she could take his prick into her mouth while she continued to work on herself with her eager fingers.

She sucked on George's cock for no more than two minutes, fingering herself all the while. Madam Andre drove in and out of his ass furiously until he exploded down Nellie's throat an endless jet of pulsing come. Just then, Nellie's own orgasm shook her body uncontrollably. She dropped his cock from her mouth, fell beneath him, and fingered herself to full satisfaction as the last of George's come fell on her breasts and face.

Chapter Sixteen

As time passed, the love affair blossomed between Melissa Staunton and the young Stephenson Bradley Gould. The older woman began to feel so young that at times the very idea of having such a wonderful young man for her pleasure made her giddy.

Melissa found it difficult to keep her hands off Steve's body. She would constantly find some kind of excuse for touching him. But most of all, she loved seeing him naked or even half-naked.

Also, as the days passed, she grew more and more fascinated with his handsome cock, his magnificent balls, his toes, his fingers, his nose. She especially loved his tight little ass, and his completely hairless asshole. She could tongue it for hours if he would let her. She was constantly tickling him. Her finger seemed to be attracted to his asshole as naturally as certain metals are to a magnet.

Once he got used to her thumbing his asshole, Steve would actually urge her to do it. He would kneel over her upturned face, his eyes riveted to her high heels or her hairy cunt. Then moving his naked buttocks over her face, he waited to feel the tip of her searching tongue as he lowered his ass.

As her tongue wet his anus, he would get violent shivers and his cock would stiffen and lengthen substantially. He'd jerk himself off as he moved slowly back and forth on her tongue.

Melissa loved to have Steve's balls dangling over her face. She would open her mouth very wide and then, as he'd settle down on her face, his hanging balls would fill up her mouth. Melissa would chew on them, or she would roll each testicle around with her tongue.

Then she'd reach around in front of him to jerk his cock until he was about to shoot off. When he was almost ready, she would suddenly drive her thumb right up into his asshole, bringing a wild howl from his lips.

"Fuck my thumb, Steve. Fuck my thumb, my little darling," she would cry out, ramming her thumb all the way up inside his tight, hot asshole, twisting and wiggling it, and drawing it almost all the way out before plunging it back up again. This drove Steve crazy with lust.

When she felt like it, she would have Steve on his hands and knees, with his ass high up in the air. His buttocks were wide open in this position. Then Melissa would anoint his cute little asshole with Vaseline or, and this is what he preferred, her pink lipstick. Sometimes, when his tight asshole was well lubricated and responsive, his sphincter would try to suck in the lipstick, container and all.

Melissa would then suck his ass as he wiggled it against her pretty face. Sometimes she would thumb his ass until he thought he would lose his mind.

One afternoon, when Melissa came to Steve's room, she found him reading a book and brooding. Sometimes he got that way, reflective and surly. There was never any particular reason for it; he just tended toward moodiness. As Melissa often told him, this was entirely unbecoming to his otherwise pleasant demeanor.

He heard the knock on his door and he barked for whomever it was to enter. She entered, knowing from the way he'd invited her in that he was in one of his moods. She asked him what the matter was, but he did not answer, but continued to read his book. She told him that she thought it would be a good idea if he undressed. He finally looked up, a scowl on his face.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because, I think you need to be taught a lesson in manners. How to properly behave yourself around your elders, shall we say?" She gave him a good-natured wink, which alleviated a good deal of his bad mood. Steve rose and undressed, tossing his book aside.

When he was naked, Melissa also undressed slowly, as if to tease him with her deliberate movements. Then she walked toward him, as if to kiss him. When she was face to face with him, her nipples just touching his chest, her breath brushing against his brow, she told him to turn around and bend over. He looked at her, puzzled, and then complied.

He heard her move away, but she told him to stay in his position. Finally, she returned. Just as he felt her body's warmth behind him, there was a stinging blow to his buttocks. She was spanking him with a wooden paddle, once, then again, and yet again. It felt as if his buttocks were on fire, or being pierced with a million tiny pins.

"This will teach you to be petulant," she said, delivering her final and hardest blow. His body lunged forward and his arms reached behind him to soothe his burning buttocks. Melissa dropped the paddle, fell to her knees, and began to soothe his reddened flesh with her tongue. She licked the entire expanse of his buttocks and reached under them to lightly tickle his balls. Surprisingly, Steve found himself aroused by all that had just passed. His cock was hard and waving in front of him.

He turned around, pushed her backwards onto the floor, threw himself on top of her and drove his cock into her not-quite-ready cunt. He drove deeply into her, moving furiously as if to avenge himself for the pain she'd just caused him. Melissa loved the force of his fuck. She had never seen him so aroused.

She lifted her long legs and wrapped them around his waist, her heels bouncing against his back. With one final thrust, the tip of his cock knocking against the far wall of her cunt, he came violently, still feeling the fading sting of the wooden paddle against his buttocks.

Later that night, as Melissa readied herself to go to the Opera, Steve appeared in her room. She was fully dressed but Steve was naked. She got down on her knees before him where he sat in her chair, and fondled his hard cock with her white-gloved hands. Her fingers softly teased his testicles. She looked up into his eyes as he gazed down at her, careful not to mess up her hair by putting his hands in it, as he desired to do, in order to force her mouth over his throbbing cock.

"Steve," she begged. "You must understand that I cannot miss this performance of *Aida*."

"Well, I can."

"Yes, my darling. I know. I realize that you are not particularly interested in going with me, but Steve..."

"Yes?"

"Would you let me do something to you first?"

"Like what, Melissa?"

"Well, I don't know how to put it, but..."

"C'mon, Melissa, get with it. You're all dressed. Maurice is waiting for you."

"I know, Steve," she sighed, her enthusiasm waning. She would have given anything not to have to attend the opera, but she was committed.

"Steve? Would you stand up?"

"Oh, Melissa," he whined.

"Please, baby?"

Steve stood naked in front of her. Pushing her opera cloak to one side, pulling up her expensive gown above her waist, Melissa ran two fingers into her cunt. At the same time, she took Steve's penis into her hot mouth. She sucked on it slowly at first, then gradually she wrapped her lips all around the lengthening shaft, riding up and down on it until the heat and the friction became so unbearable he tried to push her away, but she kept at it, squeezing his balls with her gloved fingers.

She felt his prick throbbing in her mouth, and she began chewing on the end of it. Then it happened; it lurched in her mouth. She sucked more eagerly and within seconds, she felt his balls shriveling and then his prick exploded, splattering her mouth with his hot fluids.

She sucked every drop out of his cock, milking it dry. Then she took the spent prick out of her mouth and held it with her gloved fingers, milking it again, squeezing it until not a drop of wetness remained.

With the thick, rich taste of Steve's semen in her mouth, Melissa Staunton went to the opera. She didn't speak to anyone all evening. Those who knew her commented to themselves that she probably had a terrible toothache because she kept licking the interior of her mouth.

Not long after that, Nellie was introduced into the scenes between Melissa and Steve. It happened quite by accident. Steve was in Melissa's room, leisurely enjoying her body. Both were in naked repose on her big bed when the door, which was slightly ajar, opened and in came Nellie with her Mistress's clean laundry.

"Oh, dear me. Excuse me," she said. "I thought you were out. I ... I was just delivering..." and with this she tossed the clean, folded clothes onto the chair and turned to depart.

"Don't be so embarrassed, silly girl," Melissa said. "We're just relaxing here. Why don't you join us? You've nothing to hide. I

think we all know that, don't we?" Melissa's voice was gentle and entirely unthreatening. Nellie smiled coyly and re-entered the room.

"Come over here," Melissa said, drawing away from Steve's caressing hand. She sat up on the bed, but Steve lay where he was, his body stretched out behind her. Nellie came over to the bed.

"Nellie, why don't you undress yourself and lay down on the bed with us. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I would indeed," she said. Steve's cock, which had been in a languid state, jerked awake. He had never been with two women before.

Nellie undressed and got into bed with them, lying between Steve and Melissa. It was Melissa who made the first move. She reached out and began to caress the girl's body, beginning at her cheeks, traveling down the curve of her neck, and over the swell of her breasts, where her hands lingered for some time. Steve was playing with his cock as he watched Melissa's hands in their descent to rest between the girl's thighs.

"Nellie, have you ever been fucked in your cunt by a man before?" Melissa asked.

"No, I haven't," she said, somewhat fearfully.

"Steve here, young and inexperienced as he was before my instructions, is now a wonderful fuck. Aren't you Steve?" Steve nodded, fondling his cock.

"Steve, why don't you show Nellie your beautiful cock." Steve rolled over, but deciding this was not the best position in which to show off the wonderful proportions of his cock, he knelt above her instead. He held the giant tool in his hand, pressing down against the base of it in order to make it stand higher, and harder. The head of it was a deep, rich rose color. Nellie smiled.

Highly aroused, Steve moved up the bed and waved his cock above Nellie's head and, to his pleasant surprise, she reached up, took hold of it and guided it down to her mouth. She closed her lips around it and sucked it fully down her throat. Steve moaned at the slight scratch of her teeth against his flesh and the deep sucking motion of Nellie's tongue. Melissa sat back and played with herself, content to watch and give directions.

"Now, Steve, don't be so selfish. Give the girl a chance to experience what you're experiencing." He looked over at her, annoyed that she should interrupt his pleasure, but he knew what she wanted, and, he had to admit, it wasn't a bad idea.

He pulled his cock out of Nellie's sucking mouth. He moved down her body, kissing her breasts. He took each one into his mouth and sucked them as she had just sucked his cock. He toyed with her nipples with his tongue until she reached down and pinched them herself. Then he moved further down her body, kissing her navel.

When his head was at the nexus of her thighs, he spread her legs with his hands and buried his face in her cunt. He hadn't shaved in a couple of days, and his beard irritated, but at the same time, aroused her flesh. His tongue traced the lines of her cunt lips. Then, to her surprise, he shifted his position, turning and sliding along her body until his cock was poised over her sex. Before she could protest, he drove his cock fully into her passage.

She screamed, clutched his shoulders, digging her nails deeply into his flesh. She threw up her legs and yelled, "Fuck me, fuck me!"

He pounded into her tight cunt and, despite the great pain of having her virginity taken so abruptly, she was greatly pleased and came almost instantly. Melissa shouted her approval.

Afterwards, Melissa strapped a dildo around her waist and took the girl in the same passage where she'd been taken so many times before. Melissa fucked her from behind, her hands reaching around to clutch her breasts, while Steve fucked her from the front, with his cock buried deep in her cunt. Nellie was in heaven, being simultaneously fucked by the woman she loved and having a man in her cunt.

Steve, too, was in rapturous delight. He could feel the tip of the dildo strapped on his lover, banging against the tip of his cock each time they drove fully into the girl.

Nellie's breasts pressed against Steve's chest and her thighs pressed tightly to his. Her buttocks rubbed against Melissa's belly.

"Oh, oh, I'm coming, I'm coming!" Nellie cried while Steve drove his cock hard into her, wanting to fill her completely with it and to feel the pressure of the tip of the dildo that was buried in her ass.

The three of them spent the night together, alternately resting and playing. Melissa, who was less tired than the other two, sucked Nellie's asshole while she was resting. She dipped her tongue into it and then her fingers. And as she did this, she also played with Steve's semi-erect cock, teasing it until it was once again hard.

Melissa moved around on the bed to take his cock into her mouth. Steve was exhausted and the feel of having his cock sucked as he fell into well-deserved sleep was exquisite. He wished he could always feel this kind of pleasure.

Nellie, aroused by watching them, reached slowly to the bedside table for the dildo. She strapped it around her waist and placed it gently between Steve's buttocks, pushing it slowly into his asshole, filling him completely. She then began punching it in and out awkwardly, but pleasantly. He was too sleepy to much notice the intricacies of her movements. If Nellie lacked finesse, Melissa, sucking on his cock, more than made up for it. Soon, just as he felt he might drift off into unconsciousness, he exploded in Melissa's mouth. She sucked him dry as he finally drifted into deep sleep. Nellie and Melissa passed the remainder of the night in quiet talk, fondling one another's breasts and gently tickling the insides of one another's thighs and cunts.

Chapter Seventeen

To Melissa, one of the most thrilling aspects of her relationship with young Steve was showing him off in private and especially in public, to the envy of her friends and acquaintances.

Two of these acquaintances were lady-friends of Melissa's from Philadelphia. They were sisters, unmarried, extremely wealthy, and not at all unattractive. They were known in society circles as the unattainable Misses Cornelia and Ophelia Rummington. The fabulously rich Rummington clan, Philadelphia mainliners from way back, zealously guarded these two sisters. Any male contender for either of the ladies' hands was subjected by the family lawyers to severe scrutiny. Few, if any, survived the initial investigations so beautifully prepared and served by the attorneys hired to defend the realm.

Neither woman was experienced sexually, except for a few minor incidents. Once, years back, a boy had touched Cornelia's breasts and then fled the family estate with Cornelia's father chasing him on horseback.

Ophelia had once had an affair, but she never spoke of it. She did once hint to her sister that an older man desired her, but that was when she was twenty, and she never made mention of it again. For years, Cornelia meant to ask her attractive sister what this affair consisted of, but she never found the right time or the courage necessary to ask such a question.

These two very rich sisters also owned a chateau on the Cote d'Azur, near Villefranche-sur-mer. It was not nearly as elaborate as Melissa Staunton's mansion, but it was in excellent taste and was well maintained by female servants.

Throughout the "season," the two sisters were kept from being bored by attending to various and sundry social activities. There was the opera, boating, horse races, flower festivals and the Mardi Gras parade in Nice to keep them busy. The balance of the time they spent abroad, shopping and traveling Switzerland, North Africa, Greece and Vienna. The rest of the time they were so bored that they didn't know what to do with themselves.

They threw a few parties, but these were also boring. They took long automobile trips but didn't really enjoy themselves. They had a small, semi-private beach, but they quickly tired of this too, as there were never any men about.

All in all, their lives were a waste, and what made this so preposterous was that under their severe clothing, both woman had glorious bodies: firm tight breasts, slim waists, lovely buttocks and clear, white unblemished skin. Both had nice long legs, with handsome feet and toes.

Cornelia's hands were her pride and joy. She had long, tapered fingers, but she always wore gloves in public so that no stranger or, for that matter, friend could see that she painted her fingernails.

Ophelia's toes were *her* pride and joy and she tinted her toenails many different colors. She was constantly manicuring them, anointing them with special imported cremes, lotions and ointments. Ophelia spent a great deal of money on her precious feet and toes. She adored them sheathed in silky nylons. She admired her trim, shapely ankles in high heels with thin leather straps. She loved to show her feet off, but the only one who knew just how much was her sister, Cornelia. It was such a shame!

One evening, shortly after Steve, Melissa, and Nellie had gone sailing on the Noon Star, Cornelia telephoned Melissa to invite her to a small afternoon gathering. A film producer wanted to use Cornelia's property for a movie and she found the gentleman so charming that, after signing the papers granting permission to shoot on their property, she asked him back to a party.

It was to be a lawn party. Melissa said she'd be happy to come if she could bring her new companion. Melissa didn't mention anything about Steve, particularly not about his age, which was, in actuality, eighteen years and four months. Melissa chuckled to herself, picturing the reception she would get from both Cornelia and her sweet sister, when she arrived with her handsome young lover on her arm.

For this event, she bought Steve a white suit especially tailored for his trim, young frame, and he looked even younger than his age in it,

with his light blond hair, shiny clean and tousled on his head. He wore sneakers in the tradition of the Cote d'Azur.

"You look beautiful, my darling," said Melissa.

Steve smiled over at her. She was naked. Steve had just finished sucking her off to a mighty orgasm and she was still breathing hard, still spreading his saliva all around her meaty cunt-lips, as her eyes smiled softly watching him smooth the new suit. Maurice had just brought it back from the British tailors in Nice.

"It looks good, I must admit," he replied with a broad smile. He felt good when he was all dressed up. "Thank you, Melissa, I love the new suit."

"I'm in love with what's under it."

He grinned. "How well I know that." His penis hurt from all the attention she'd been giving to it. Sometimes Steve's cock was so sore that even Nellie's mouth would harm it and she was so much more gentle than Melissa. Nellie loved to nurse on Steve's big cock while Melissa watched and played with Nellie's ripe breasts.

As Maurice drove them to the party, Melissa gave Steve some ideas about the two sisters. He listened to their sad story and felt genuinely sorry for them. Steve understood just what Melissa meant. Had he not been rescued by her, Steve feared he might have grown old being isolated from the world and its people.

When the black limousine pulled into the elaborate driveway of the Rummington chateau, Steve was impressed. Melissa was busy pulling up her skirt and sliding back into her silky panties that she'd removed at Steve's urgings at the beginning of the drive.

She had spread her legs wide on the seat while Steve climbed onto the floor and buried his head in her lap, licking her cunt until she came in mild, controlled spasms over his tongue, lips and chin. Afterwards, she dried his face with her panties, the ones she was now putting back on.

Melissa had been right about the reception Steve would find here. She saw the light in Cornelia's deep blue eyes as she introduced young Steve – Cornelia's lips parted, and she had to catch her breath.

Her eyes widened when she said, "This is your companion ... the gentleman I've heard about?"

Melissa grinned. "The very same."

"But ... but ... I thought he was ... he was..."

Melissa interrupted. "An old geezer, right?"

Cornelia burst out laughing. "Right."

Then moments later, when Steve was introduced to Cornelia's sister, Ophelia, she had almost an identical reaction. But being the more brazen of the two sisters, her eyes swept shamelessly up and down Steve's young, muscular body, lingering suggestively at his crotch. In fact, her stare was so obvious, that Steve found himself blushing. A very frank stare it was, indeed!

Both sisters could hardly wait to get Melissa alone and learn the details of this relationship, which promised to be tantalizing.

The lawn party progressed, and the American film producer was as charming as expected. So were the other guests, including two half-naked young actresses and two very good-looking young homosexual male actors. But neither Cornelia nor her sister could take their hungry eyes off Steve, who was constantly at Melissa's side. Cornelia saw them holding hands. Once she even saw Melissa's hand behind Steve, caressing his buttocks as he looked dead ahead, listening intently to the producer.

Another time, while Melissa and Steve were talking, Cornelia saw Melissa brazenly reach in front of the boy and take the perfectly discernable mold of his cock into her hands and squeeze it. She saw Steve close his eyes and whisper something into Melissa's ear. His cock was hard; it seemed like a rock beneath his trousers. Melissa hugged Steve, after hearing what he said, and pressed his rock-hard cock into her loins.

Cornelia gulped and almost sprinted over to where her prim sister was seated to tell her what she'd just seen, but Ophelia wouldn't believe her.

At last, the party was over, and the many guests had gone. Everyone had had a perfectly marvelous afternoon with the delightful film people. Cornelia had invited Melissa Staunton and her young escort to remain behind.

The invitation was accepted. Melissa was so proud of her conquest that her heart was pounding at the thought of showing Steve off

further. In the back of her mind, she was conjuring up all kinds of situations that might take place. Her panties were getting soaking wet. Her breasts were growing more swollen and her nipples were stinging. When she secretly touched her clitoris, it responded like a flame, shooting waves of passion upwards through her body.

Once they were all alone, Cornelia invited them to join herself and her sister in the pleasantly situated sitting room in the rear of the chateau, overlooking an extraordinarily lovely flower garden. When they were seated comfortably, an ice bucket containing vintage champagne was brought in by one of the servants. When she was gone, Cornelia sat forward on the edge of her seat. Ophelia, the one with the attractive toes and feet, hoisted her skirt up an inch or so, and also leaned forward, her eyes eager.

"Tell, oh tell us, dear Melissa, how *did* you find this charming young boy?"

Melissa glanced at her young love, her eyes asking permission. Steve grinned and nodded his handsome head.

Chapter Eighteen

By the time the preliminary details were outlined by Melissa to the oooh's and aaah's of both Cornelia and Ophelia, at least half the bottle of champagne had been exhausted. Everyone had a slight rosy tinge to their cheeks, especially Steve, who never looked more youthful or more handsome.

His features fascinated both sisters. More than once, Cornelia felt a desire to kiss him, to hug him to her body. Ophelia felt this same desire, but she could not keep her prying eyes away from Steve's crotch. Ophelia could easily imagine his cock smoldering inside his new white suit.

The firm outline of his cock was quite visible, and when she began to playfully lift her skirt higher and higher, exposing her silken ankles and the straps of her high heels, Ophelia knew perfectly well that she was the reason behind his stiffening prick. This pleased her immeasurably. She felt a strange burning in her pussy and, though this did surprise the older of the two sisters somewhat, it was also exceedingly pleasant.

Cornelia, too, was physically aroused, especially when Melissa told them how Steve had been a virgin before meeting her and how now, he was not ... not in any of his orifices! The full meaning of this mystified the two sisters at first, but gradually the significance sank in. They looked at each other, wide-eyed in astonishment. Each thought, *Does she mean that his anus is somehow involved? Oh my goodness gracious!*

"Tell me more ... oh, dear Melissa," cried Cornelia, visibly excited. Without thinking about what she was doing, she ran her hands over her firm breasts, careless of what her fingers were doing to her nipples. God, she could feel her breasts becoming more and more swollen, and as Melissa went on with the story, Cornelia's nipples continued to harden beneath her urgent fingers.

All this while Steve sat unflinchingly, perhaps a little red in the face at times, especially when Melissa began to describe in detail their mutual affair with the young British maid, Nellie.

"I just cannot believe this," cried Ophelia. Her brow wrinkled, but then she smiled as Melissa told how Steve and she made hot sexy love to the young British girl at the same time.

"And you were all naked? Oh my!" exclaimed Cornelia, her thighs parting. She could feel the wetness begin to wash over her cunt.

"Steve loves to be naked. Don't you, my darling?" said Melissa.

Steve grinned; his eyes lowered. Then he looked up to see that both Cornelia and her sister had broad grins on their faces too.

This nudity business had been worked out earlier between Steve and Melissa. They had agreed they would emphasize nudity with the women, just to see if it might break the ice between them.

Melissa had told Steve that she was almost positive neither sister had ever seen a naked man, much less a naked boy. They would be stunned with his handsome body, his beautiful golden prick, his sweet balls and his gorgeous, rosy, smooth behind.

"Yes. We were all naked," Steve replied, crossing his legs.

"Really?" asked Cornelia, licking her lips, hardly able to contain her enthusiasm.

"He must be very attractive," said Ophelia. She was breathing deeply now, and drinking more quickly than the others. A second bottle of vintage champagne had already been opened.

"Oh, he is, let me assure you," enthused Melissa. "We both enjoy nudity so much. We're hardly ever dressed," she said. She felt herself blushing slightly, but hoped she was getting her point across.

By now, she knew that the ice had been broken and she was no longer in fear of being morally criticized by the so-called old-fashioned sisters. *Yes, she told herself, I have them where I want them.* There would be no backing down now. She winked at Steve. He winked back and licked his lips.

"I'm beginning to feel very friendly," said Ophelia. "I just hope you're not the jealous type, Melissa."

"I hope not too," smiled Cornelia, who was embarrassed that her cunt was leaking. Each time she thought of seeing this handsome lad utterly naked, her clitoris would begin to throb. She had to use all her self-control to keep from rubbing it.

"No, you both know better," smiled Melissa. "In fact, I like to share."

Cornelia clapped her hands. "Oh, that sounds so great," she cried. She drank more champagne, then refilled everyone's glasses. Her eyes misted up when she focused on Steve's muscular body.

"Do you suppose, I ... might ... well," said Cornelia, stuttering over her words, "do you suppose we might all take off ... our clothing?"

"Oh, yes, let's do that!" cried Melissa. She stood. "It'll be so relaxing. Don't you think so, Steve?"

He grinned, and stood up. "I certainly do," he said. Crossing toward Melissa, his back to the two ladies, he knelt before her. He looked over his shoulder as he lifted up Melissa's skirt. When her stocking-tops came into view, her white flesh above contrasted so vividly and so excitingly with her nylons, that Cornelia gasped. So did Ophelia.

"He's going to take down my panties, girls," said Melissa. She was holding her breasts, cupping them, running her hands over her lovely globes while both sisters stared incredulously.

"Do you want him to take down your panties, ladies?"

Both Cornelia and Ophelia almost went into a state of shock, instantly tongue-tied.

"Well ... well ... I ... yes ... I suppose so, wouldn't it be all right, Cornelia?" asked Ophelia. "I will if you will ... Cornelia."

Cornelia relaxed, "Yes," she said with a bright smile. "Oh, yes. Yes. I will."

As Steve pulled Melissa's panties slowly down her legs and over her ankles, her hairy crotch was fully exposed to the sisters. Neither could believe their eyes.

"God," said Cornelia, "you've got a beautiful cunt."

Ophelia butted in, "Cornelia, I didn't know you knew that word!"

Cornelia laughed. "I know it, and you know it too, my dear sister."

Melissa spoke as Steve tossed her lavender panties to the side. "Take down the ladies' panties."

Steve walked over to the seated women. He knelt before Cornelia, reaching up to take hold of her panties and pulling them slowly down her legs. She squirmed in her seat, helping them off. When they were

around her ankles, he brushed his hand up her legs and back down. Finally, he pulled her panties off. Then he bent his head to brush his lips across her naked, moist cunt, running his tongue over her lips, spreading them as he did so that her pink passage was exposed. He darted his tongue inside and then withdrew it. Cornelia let out a wild scream.

Her sister reached for her. "Are you all right, darling sister?"

"Oh, yes. Yes," she purred, just this side of fainting as Steve continued to lick her sticky cunt, letting his tongue swim between her lips while pushing her legs wider apart.

Ophelia was awe-struck as she watched. But when Steve came over to her, still on his knees, she lifted her skirt up by herself, exposing a lovely pair of long nylon-sheathed legs. Steve kissed the crotch of her panties before taking them down and off. Ophelia helped him by raising her buttocks. "Oh my God!" she cried as Steve put her panties in a pile with the others.

"Steve," said Melissa, "now suck her cunt like a good little boy."

Steve grinned at Melissa. "Yes, Mrs. Staunton," he said in an affected voice, which made all three older females laugh.

Moments later, Melissa was stark naked. Both sisters admired her lovely ripe breasts, capped with erect brown nipples.

"You're gorgeous," cried Cornelia, rubbing her own breasts. She watched with astonishment as Steve, down on his knees in front of her sister, buried his face in her hairy cunt. His tongue flashed in and out. Ophelia writhed and twisted in her seat. Her eyes were closed, and her fingers were white from gripping the arm of the chair as the young boy sucked and glided his tongue over the outer folds of her cunt and chewed on her long wiry pussy hairs. He drove his tongue deep inside her.

"Oh, God," Ophelia moaned. "Yes ... yes. Oh, God, Cornelia," she yelled out to her sister who, by now, had stripped naked.

"Oh, God, Cornelia, what is he *doing* to me? What is he doing to me?"

"He's sucking you, darling," said Melissa, sitting down next to Steve. She put her hand in his lap and began fondling his penis, which was fully erect inside his pants.

"Yes," said Cornelia, who sat down on the other side of Steve. She was staring at Melissa's fingers as they curled around the boy's covered cock, her mouth watering. Her lovely full, ripe breasts of which she was so proud were finally naked, shamelessly naked in front of a man.

Melissa reached out and touched lightly Cornelia's naked breasts, first one and then the other. The woman's nipples rose and darkened.

"Oh, yes, my breasts," she moaned. "Touch my breasts." Melissa cupped one in her palm, squeezing it. She reached out her other hand and cupped the other breast, kneading both roughly. Cornelia closed her eyes at the wonderfully warm sensation. She brought her hands up and covered Melissa's hands squeezing them, making Melissa in turn squeeze harder. Then she dropped her arms to her sides, swooning with ecstasy.

Melissa pinched the woman's nipples, then pinched her own. She reached out one hand and fondled Cornelia's breasts, gliding her hand back and forth from one to the other, while fondling herself the same way. She traced the outline of the woman's full breast with her fingers, as Cornelia reached up and pressed them together, trapping Melissa's fingers between them.

Shifting forward slightly, Melissa bent her head to take Cornelia's breasts into her mouth. She teased the nipples until they were hard as large pebbles. She sucked them as if she were taking nourishment from them. Cornelia moaned in utter bliss.

All the while, the boy's tongue was penetrating Ophelia's hot cunt. Steve loved the unique taste of her cunt; it was so different from Melissa's and Cornelia's.

"Suck her ... suck her ... suck her, lover," Melissa was squealing to Steve as she pulled down his zipper.

When Steve's huge hard cock sprang out of his pants, Cornelia let out a loud moan. "Oh, look! Look!" she yelled, "Look at this cock!" And before Steve could pull his tongue out of Ophelia's cunt, Melissa's mouth was covering his cock.

Melissa could never resist Steve's lovely cock. She dove for it as if she were starved. She slipped her lips down the full length of it and sucked it into her throat. This sent Steve into a wild frenzy of sucking

at Ophelia's cunt. He sucked on it roughly and fully, taking the woman's hard clitoris into his mouth and beating it back and forth with his agile tongue.

Holding the young boy by his ears, Ophelia fucked her hungry cunt back and forth across his face. She arched her back, threw out her naked legs and wrapped them around Steve's shoulders. When Steve pulled off, she stood up and ripped off her dress. She sat down next to Steve and Melissa, who took the woman into her arms. Soon they were kissing madly, passionately, each playing with the others' naked breasts. Melissa's tongue sank deep into Ophelia's mouth, and Ophelia's tongue fought back.

Cornelia, meanwhile, took Steve's cock into her mouth. She was at first tentative with it, not knowing quite what to do, but soon she grew accustomed to the feel of it inside her mouth, as if it were the most natural place in the world for it to be. She twisted her tongue up and down the shaft, holding it firmly in the grip of her full, wet lips. She loved the heavy thickness of it, and she sucked it with all the passion and energy she possessed. Steve moaned when he felt her teeth on his cock.

Then Steve felt a finger slide up into his asshole and there was no question in his mind whose it was. He grinned as he looked up at Melissa; then he kissed her. The taste of Ophelia's rich, virgin cunt-juices was still on his tongue, and Melissa sucked it greedily into her mouth.

Melissa returned to Ophelia, kissing her breasts, then pressing her own breasts against them. They fell to the floor and kissed some more. Melissa turned around and placed her face between her legs. As she did so, she lowered her wet cunt over Ophelia's face. Ophelia received it greedily, grabbing Melissa's hips and pulling them tightly down onto her face. Melissa ground her cunt onto the woman's lips, rotating it over her outreaching tongue, all the while exploring Ophelia's own intricate, sweet-tasting cunt.

Meanwhile Steve climbed atop Cornelia and spread her legs apart with his own. He leaned down and kissed her while slowly slipping his cock between her legs. She arched her hips, eager to have him enter more easily. When his cock was half way in, he could bear the

suspense no longer; he thrust hard and deeply into her. She moaned, causing Melissa to turn her glistening face away from Ophelia's cunt momentarily. Melissa smiled, then returned to her own mounting orgasm, which soon flowed forth into Ophelia's open, eager mouth.

Tasting the rush of Melissa's joy juice, Ophelia too, came into Melissa's mouth. Her orgasm was new and endless and agonizingly pleasurable. She thrust her hips far into the air, then pressed her exploding sex to Melissa's lips and teeth. When Steve heard those groans, he felt his cock begin to pulsate and soon exploded into Cornelia's tight cunt. She dug her fingernails into his buttocks, slipped a finger into his contracting asshole and then she too, came.

Afterwards, still naked, they all slowly sipped wine and relaxed, talking about what a good party it had been. Steve, although he had had a good time, was anxious to have Melissa once again to himself. He was leaving the following day and wanted to thank her properly for all she'd done for him.

Finis