

# Breeding Boudoir

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## Part 3

There was one thing Simone was absolutely certain of. Her writhing, mewling, whimpering charge was no longer self-conscious. Her body arched and lurched with waves of anxious pleasure followed by short bursts of oversensitivity. It was hard for Villepin to focus on what she was specifically here to do. She wanted to make sure things went smoothly for this younger doe, and all she could keep her mind on was how unbearably aroused she'd become from watching Madeline driven to her peak three times in easy succession by an orally tireless Beaufort.

"Oh do take your time, Stephane, this is no interrogation," panted Villepin mirthfully, a little surprised at how breathless she'd become. She ached for relief from her own need, but did not want to distract. This was not about her. This was about the gift of motherhood to be bestowed on her very eager charge. Still, some enjoyment could be had. Simone moved her mouth down to one of the younger doe's breasts. Madeline gripped her guardian's graceful antler with one trembling silk-gloved hand and cupped her face with the other. A moan of encouragement enticed Simone deeper into the taboo she was already partaking in.

Villepin cupped her mouth over the pert teat of the huffing younger lady doe as she seemed to get a reprieve for a moment from the torture between her thighs. Simone had that break confirmed as Stephane brought his larger head up alongside hers, his mouth claiming the other round, youthful breast. He was gazing up at the crooning Madeline as she squirmed with passion.

"Oh... Okay this.. Ah... This is unexpected," shuddered the raspy younger doe. "I... I like this..." Simone gazed at the buck as he suckled and kissed that bare, firm flesh atop his captured half of the doe's bosom. His mouth - half his face, honestly - was glistening with slick evidence of his impressive service to her charge. Villepin felt her ears heat like torches as the thought fluttered through her mind to push her tongue in his mouth and share the taste of her charge that lingered there. She had to nearly physically restrain her hand from tucking between her thighs to attend to the hidden flames ignited by that playful imagining. She pulled her head away from Madeline's nipple, relishing how achingly thick and firm it was with her desperate arousal.

Simone gazed down to find Stephane's heavy, strong hand between Madeline's wide-spread thighs, middle and ring finger pushed deep inside her. His hand rolled lustfully, digits coated fully in the doe's slick need. The nearly rolled-back eyes of her charge showed she was completely comfortable with that.

"Shall I?" inquired Beaufort with the only real uncertainty Simone had heard in his voice since she'd met him. He drew his fingers out of the glistening heat of the writhing doe they were both holding.

"I'm not the one you should ask," Simone whispered.

"Please, yes," whined the arching Madeline, hand on the buck's antler already to pull him upward and force him to move over her body. He sucked in a deep breath and drew himself up onto his knees. Simone lifted herself up some as well, onto her own knees to better watch. She found herself somewhat embarrassed at how voyeuristic she was being. Again, it wasn't why she was here, but she could not help the relentless heat of arousal blowing through her like a gale across the Sahara. Her vision tracked down to the same thing Madeline's wide eyes were locked on. The size and girth of the buck's arousal was as stately and perfect as he was, and Simone felt certain that it would have been quite a challenge for her poor charge if she'd not been given some time to prepare for what she'd soon be given.

Stephane just rested that drooling cervine cock right on the gawking doe's pubic bone to let her appreciate its pink-toned presence. A slender, gloved hand moved to it and pressed it against her body, stroking with an air of curiosity and covetous longing. Simone couldn't blame her. It was what she wanted to do immediately as well.

A wide, eager smile spread on Madeline's face as she gazed fixedly at that girth in her grasping hand and stroked it against her lower abdomen with diligent care. She pushed at the clear bead of Stephane's easily milked pre-cum as his hips shifted a bit to enjoy her touch. Those slow pulling caresses became more involved after a moment, stroking more deliberately and intently. Stephane gave a guttural groan as his thick cock was pushed and stroked against Madeline while she undulated her hips.

"It'll be counterproductive if you end up wearing all he's brought for you, sweet girl," teased Simone as she eagerly watched. Part of her would be delighted to see that, and she silently scolded herself for thinking it. She knew what they were there for, and the chances dropped significantly if his seed was wasted early.

"She's enjoying herself," replied Beaufort in a highly pleased tone.

"I suspect she's not the only one," Villepin replied, eyes locking on Stephane's.

He smiled back at Simone. "We're not the only two, you mean." Simone glanced away with slight embarrassment at that. Yes, she was absolutely enjoying it. His hips shifted back and he glanced down, causing the blushing older doe to follow his gaze. Madeline continued to push his girth against her, but the change of his position made it so as he drew back, his throbbing spire was pressed along the young doe's glistening folds, spreading them tenderly, coating his pink flesh with her slick honey. She crooned with delight and pushed him tighter

against her. Simone watched with bated breath as the buck slowly drew back the rest of the way needed, his cock pushed right to the parting entrance of Madeline's anxious body.

And forward his hips went in a slow, rocking motion, spreading her wide and wider around every carefully delivered inch.

"Please... Yes, please," she gasped, as her guardian trembled to watch this very special moment unfold before her. The puffing, lust-laden breath of Beaufort punctuated every inch pushed deeper, his muscles tight with anxious anticipation. Simone's heart raced as she watched her young charge arch with a rapt squeak of pleasure and perhaps the slightest discomfort as he finally hilted her completely and gave a slow, eager grind into her tightly spread depths.

"Careful!" hissed Villepin, putting a hand on the buck's strong chest. His heart was paced with her own.

"N-no, it's good!" puffed Madeline, "It's okay. Ahah!" Simone glanced cautiously back up at her. "So much... but so good." She wrapped her silk-stockings-clad legs around Stephane's thighs and gave him a slight embrace of encouragement. He gave a gentle roll of his thighs and held still with the gasp he got from Madeline in return.

"Hurts?" he implored with concern.

"N-no. I f-feel every twitch of you... inside me. God..." She dropped her head back. Simone smiled at that and rose up slightly more on her knees. She was made aware as her hips rose of the cool sensation of wetness trailing down the inside of her thighs. When had she gotten so saturated? She blushed hotly and gazed back up at Stephane. His eyes were half-open, gazing down at the dizzy-looking Madeline as he began stroking his length slowly in and out of her suckling channel. The two of them were so wet, and Madeline had been given such an extra glaze by the buck's oral tending that the sound of their motion was exquisitely obscene.

"This okay, Darling?" inquired Villepin dotingly.

"Hah... Y-yes ma'am... it's wonderful..." She dropped her head back on the pillow, her little stubby antlers pushing into the puffy padding as her back arched from ecstasy.

"That... it is..." groaned her cervine lover in a deeper, shaky tone.

"Very good," commended the older doe, gazing up at him, eyes locked to his. He watched her for a while as he slowly drove his cock in and out of the whimpering, pleasure-addled doe on the bed between them. What happened next felt like it was commanded immediately of them both. An unstoppable force pulled parted mouths together in a desperate, hot, tongue-stroking furious kiss.

Simone wasn't sure what provoked it, why it felt so critically required right then, but the moment she saw his eyes drift shut and mouth open she couldn't stop herself. She felt a pang of guilt as it happened, but the guilt was riddled with so many other feelings. She wanted to break the kiss to check on Madeline, but didn't want to appear as if she'd knowingly done something wrong. It was a conflicted, if heated moment. Some of that conflict was tempered with a rush of taboo arousal that smashed into the older doe at the realization that the sweet tanginess that this perfect, passionate kiss was laced with was taken from the depths of her sweet charge.

The silence was interrupted by Madeline as she murmured upward softly, "Oh wow. Wow, that's... That's actually... rather strange."

Villepin pulled back, flustered, glancing down at Madeline, prepared to apologize. Surely she'd understand how much heat and emotion were at play just then. Beaufort looked pained as well, probably understanding that he'd probably crossed a line. This was about the younger doe's gift, not their personal enjoyment.

However, Madeline was grinning mirthfully as Simone's gaze fell upon her.

"Oh, don't stop," she panted. "... said it was weird, didn't say I didn't like it."

Simone's eyes widened and her ears felt on fire as the taste of her young charge's lusty nectar lingered on her tongue. Good heavens.