

# **Breeding Boudoir**

**Concept and Art by Scappo**  
**Story Adaptation by Alps Sarsis**

## **Part 4**

The older two reindeer did not give in to the need to immediately kiss again, despite being given leave by Madeline to do so. Villepin felt more interested in watching the rather graceful motions of strong masculine hips as they drew back and pressed forward with an even, eager gait. She had to lean back a little to get a look at that pink flesh drawn slick and hot from her charge's clutching depths, only to watch the sweet girl give a rapt squeak of pleasure when his thighs impacted her own.

She had, from what Simone could tell, easily adjusted to his girth, and was openly enjoying the feel of him as he took her. The older doe could only suffer the frustrating ache to experience the same thing as the whimpering, writhing girl spread out before her. It was still a joy to watch. Simone leaned down and caressed Madeline's round, perky breasts as they bounced slightly with the short, lusty motions of her buck.

It did not take long for there to be another hot, hard shudder from the girl, and an accompanying low, wavering groan to punctuate the presence of her rushing release. Madeline's tone and the desperate motions of her hips obviously delighted Stephane, who sped up and placated her desires with rather forceful, steady rutting.

Villepin ultimately could not help but to help herself. A hand tucked secretly between her thighs as she slipped behind Stephane to make her personal enjoyment less obvious. The second her fingertips brushed her clit it felt like fire erupted through her whole body. She had to bite her lip to keep whatever sound that should have caused at bay. Fortunately, Stephane and Madeline were making enough noise and were enjoying themselves enough that they didn't really seem to care at all what their observer was doing.

It didn't take much work on Simone's part to get what she was after. A shuddering puff of cervine breath over the buck's back signified the sweet release as her fingers felt the soaking heat of her spent need. Simone grinned dizzily and sat back again, drawing her wet fingers to her own mouth, licking them with sultry intent as she regarded from her new position a pleasing view of heavy balls slapping supple, spread doe flesh.

Then, rather quickly, his sack drew tight and he drove himself deeper into his lustfully calling lover.

"Oh!" Simone tried to ask Beaufort to hold back to let Madeline enjoy him just a while longer, but the obvious pulsing made it a moot point. Simone had to bite her lip again as he

drew back slowly a few inches and opalescent heat spilled from that tight channel with the slightest forward movement back into her. What an incredibly explicit and rewarding sight that was! Stephane groaned predictably, panting in hot rhythm with those strong pulses that Villepin knew were flooding her sweet charge to the point of overflowing. He held still, but Madeline finally made it clear she wasn't done with him. She wrapped her eager legs around his hips and tried to spur him on.

"Give him a moment, M'lady," panted Simone. "Can you feel his gift for you?"

"Ahahh... Already?" pled the writing doe.

"We have the whole night, Lady Girard," defended Beaufort through his panting.

A high-pitched tone from Madeline registered her teasing complaint. "I was getting close again... feels so good..."

"You heard the lady, Stephane," replied Villepin, flitting her short tail with delight. It was in her nature to tease a little, and she rarely got to have that kind of fun. Things were private enough at that point that she had plenty of room for that.

"I can't just... keep going... That would be... I mean that..." he glanced back at Villepin with adorable distress. Surely she understood.

She did.

It didn't save Stephane. The doe reached down between the bedding and the wall and selected the item she'd placed there should she need to more forcefully direct a careless male on his manners. It was a short, flexible, elegant riding crop. It would certainly get the point across if she needed it. She licked the end of it to make it wet.

"You've got to be kid-"

*Thwip!*

"Hah!" squeaked a joyful younger doe, still pinned on her back under the buck.

"Ow, hey!" returned Beaufort.

*Thwack!*

"Yes!" squeaked Madeline. The second, harder impact caused Stephane to drive his hips forward to avoid the cruel implement.

"Alright, geeze!" His tone was not angry. He seemed to actually take it in stride, but his hips only very slowly began to move.

"Thank you, Simone," whimpered a grateful doe.

"Faster, Stephan, back to how you were... Give her all she needs." Another pop of the crop to his opposite half-moon made him grunt and speed up again. Another strike followed, and then another. Not only did he speed up, the motions were harder. He was rougher. The impacts of his wet thighs to her own were more audible, and the results were a delight to Villepin. As she firmly snapped the buck's backside with the riding crop, his balls drew back tendrils of that sticky mess between the lover's bodies in a sensationally graphic manner.

The furious motion between them made for a short wait regarding the treat Madeline was after. In no more than a minute or two she wailed with cataclysmic release. It was loud and drawn out enough that at first it surprised Simone, and she nearly seized Beaufort's hips just in case he had, in his reckless pounding, managed to hurt her. The expression on her face made it absolutely clear that he had not, however. Stephane had perhaps been taken off guard by the volume and ferocity of it as well, as his hips slowed with concern.

"No, don't stop, please don't!" sobbed a pitching, straining doe.

Crack! Again with the riding crop. A loud grunt and then heavy, passionate rutting resumed. While he took the crying, joyfully pleased doe on a full rise to her peak again, Simone busied her digits between her thighs once more, feeling near shame at the level of absolute soupy soaking heat her fingers were bathed in. The bed they were on creaked in happy protest. As proof that Madeline was truly enjoying the ride, she arrived at her peak twice before Villepin's digits sank deep into her shuddering honeypot to ride out a greedily forced release.

Beaufort took advantage of the afterglow-phase of his lover to draw himself out and get back to his knees to rest for just a moment. Simone rose as well to gaze over his strong shoulder as his thick cock rested wet and hot on Madeline's lower tummy. Madeline moved a hand to that bare, twitching flesh dizzily, just stroking and smearing their mixed lust around on it and her soon-to-be-round tummy. She looked delirious. Her eyes didn't even blink at the same time. Simone was deeply gratified by that. It was exactly how she wanted this girl to experience tonight.

"Roll over, Madeline," Villepin commanded. The doe brainlessly did as she was told. "Let's try a little change of pace. Maybe you'll like this too."

"Y... yes Ma'am..." came a raspy, nearly drunken reply.