

Breeding Boudoir

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Part 6

"God, he's still just... throbbing," mused Madeline, her tone a little drunken. Villepin was well aware that the girl would probably be a little sore in the morning. Aroused as she was, prime for the taking, she likely didn't feel much discomfort that moment, but Beaufort was not a small buck. She'd feel it tomorrow.

"You're still just... squeezing me like a corset, sweet Madeline," the reindeer buck grunted with a hint of being winded.

"I would imagine she's been given exactly the gift she desired, though." Simone slipped back away from her charge who just rested her cheek on her crossed arms in front of her. She moved back over to Stephane and drew in close, touching her lips to his slowly. The kiss lingered for a while as they both listened to the soft panting of Madeline against the pillows.

Villepin felt light-headed and light-hearted. She had honestly been quite nervous about how disruptive her presence might be to this very special night, but she felt that it ended up improving it, not detracting from it. Simone certainly got more than she'd bargained for. Time alone with the girl might feel quite different going forward with the full knowledge of what they'd shared.

The older doe broke from the kiss with Beaufort and then looked down between him and Madeline. He drew out of her slowly with a long, shuddering exhale. Simone could not deny herself the sampling that immediately came to mind. She moved down on her own hands and knees and brought her mouth to the reappearing thick, meaty shaft of the sated buck. A dripping glaze of his thick, pearly seed clung to his twitching flesh as she stroked her tongue over it, partaking of the flavor of both simultaneously.

Once his cock was drawn completely free of Simone's quivering charge, the doe grasped Stephane's masculinity in her dexterous fingers before stroking Madeline's sex three or four times with her grateful tongue. She then turned her head and took more than half of Stephane's semi-swollen member in her mouth, drawing back slowly, suckling the glaze off of him longingly. With a gentle pop, her mouth was free and she rose up to help Stephane to fall back beside Madeline.

The smaller doe lowered herself from elbows and knees to cup her form against the side of the strong buck now conveniently alongside her. Simone chose a position at her

charge's opposite side. She wiggled invitingly to allow her caretaker to snuggle in closer, and the trio took an opportunity, as the holiday snow fell harder outside, to pass much of the evening telling stories of their youth, of their homelands, and of their wildest fantasies to get to know one another far more than had been originally invited.

With this, Simone was certain that tonight, while special, would not be one-of-a-kind.

While a double dose of Stephane would almost certainly be enough to make Madeline a mother, it certainly could not hurt to make absolutely sure. While Stephane's purpose in this had been pretty simple, his laughter and his gentle touch made it clear that perhaps in time he might find more than just his bloodline would be desired.

Simone would ultimately approve.

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