

Breeding Boudoir

Concept and Art by Scappo
Story Adaptation by Alps Sarsis

Part 2

Apprehension and concerns were muted by the enjoyment of fine wine and the merry company of holiday-embracing friends and family there to help celebrate Madeline's special night. Parties often carried on well into the night, but this was an event that, by design, terminated early for all but Madeline and her chosen evening company. Normally, it would be just the two of them, but at the offering of her parents, Villepin was welcome to stay if Madeline wished it. To Simone's surprise, her caretaker was welcome.

The older doe understood why as she watched her near-daughter fidget in the room set aside for a luxury encounter with her chosen companion. She sucked in a slow and wavering breath, before speaking.

"Is it much like home, Monsieur?" She remained a good twelve feet away from the towering, strong-looking buck.

"Not so different, no. I don't think I have a room quite so... violet." He caressed a silky curtain as he watched the snow fall silently outside. He seemed as nervous and cautious as the almost quaking doe behind him. To the older lady reindeer, it only added to his already very notable charm.

"Does it offend?" Madeline questioned warily.

"Certainly not." He turned, placing strong hands behind his back and standing taller. "It's quite lovely, and I see great care went into the comfort of it all." There was a long and uncomfortable silence. This was the reason Villepin ultimately would be needed. She took an unsure breath herself. She'd done much to prepare her charge for this night, even teaching her what to expect, how things would feel, and what she might say or do. It did little to prepare her for being so out of her element.

"Let's make you more comfortable. You don't want to watch the dawn at separate windows, do you?" the girl's caretaker murmured delicately. She slipped behind Madeline, eliciting a slight gasp from her as older elegant hands worked the bow at the back of her dress. Beaufort remained where he was at the window, but he turned to see. It wasn't rude in this case. It would be more offensive to pretend not to want to see.

"I am sorry if I seem so..." Madeline faltered a bit.

"It's not a problem," the buck replied, eyes on her, his expression relaxed.

Villepin spoke encouragingly. "This is not all so unfamiliar. You certainly can't do it *entirely* wrong. Just let yourself relax and enjoy it."

Madeline chuckled nervously. "I was stiff and awkward when you were showing me too, don't forget."

"You seemed to warm up to it easily enough. I suspect this won't be any different," Villepin explained, flitting her cervine tail in hidden glee. Watching the intense blush on those youthful cheeks, seeing the dress fall away from hips which still bore cream-toned spots on her pelt... it was all as beautiful a thing as Simone had ever seen.

"It was easier with you. I know if I mess up you'll not judge." She glanced at the less familiar individual in the room.

Beaufort expressed earnestly, "I would never think ill of you for uncertainty in the completely unfamiliar. You have my assurance that your comfort and happiness are at the front of my mind at all times."

"I - I know. I don't mean to assume negatively of your intentions. If they were... untoward... you'd already be admiring the topiary." She shot a glance to Villepin who nodded. If Simone felt the buck was even a little unsavory he'd be out on his ear. He seemed to know that too.

"We take our time, yes?" he asked in a softer tone.

"...and perhaps I help the young lady loosen up." Simone smiled at Madeline and then gave a coy glance back at the buck. He was unaware of what had been done to prepare the rather uncharacteristically meek doe, but Simone knew full well that the girl enjoyed it. She moved closer to her anxious, rigid charge and pushed back her graceful doe ear before slipping her fingers behind her head. Madeline's eyes drifted shut as the older doe moved forward.

The buck barely broke the silence. "Oh... my..." The words were breathed out more than spoken as supple doe lips met one another in a slow kiss. Who else would have taught Madeline to do this? While Villepin might have missed out on this important night and all of its meaning, it did not mean she was lacking in *all* experience or understanding. There were clear advantages to being as valued as she was in a very important family.

Silky wine-scented tongues pushed and mingled, stroking and caressing in the darkness of very tightly cupped mouths as the buck could only silently watch. While Villepin kissed her younger charge her shoulders sagged, stance softened, and younger hands moved to clutch the elder doe's arms to hold her in a grateful embrace. The kiss lingered for some time, as the buck's breathing became more audible in the room.

Simone finally drew away from the kiss to check on the younger doe. Shy eyes fluttered open, the insides of slender and graceful ears pink with a mix of embarrassment and arousal. "That's... helping," she murmured.

"Shall I continue?" asked Villepin.

"Please," insisted Madeline in barely a whisper. "Err, if this is okay with Monsieur Beaufort, that is," she clarified slight louder.

"Ahheh... Oh, certainly. Whatever makes this a wonderful night. Of course. Oh, and please, Stephane will do." Villepin looked over her shoulder at the handsome Beaufort. He'd undone the silver buttons of his shirt while the two were quietly kissing. The older doe had worried that the *real* hurdle might be with how *he* felt about this unusual arrangement, but it did not appear to be bothering him right that moment. She returned her attention to the slightly breathless younger doe.

"You have a natural gift for this part, at least," encouraged Simone as her mouth pushed against Madeline's again. Tongue to tongue, hands pushing, pulling, petting and touching, they entangled. The breathing of their audience became shorter and heavier. That, Villepin knew, was a good sign. Her hands slipped down along the bodice and blouse of her charge, untying this, unclasping that. Soon, frilly garments began to fall away, disassembled carefully by someone who was likely far better at their removal than the awe-stricken buck.

In moments, the eagerly kissing, breathless and shy doe was bare save for her silky white gloves and stockings. She'd not needed to wear much else beneath a dress that was only temporarily ornamental for the purpose of the greeting. When she finally broke the kiss, Madeline gave a short little gasp as her eyes fixed on their watcher. Beaufort had bared his top half entirely, wearing neat dark trousers which showed off a strong and healthy form. His almost sculpted bare upper body was a treat to look at and even Villepin felt the rush of heat waft through her loins as she gazed at his softly rising and falling chest.

"I will admit, this is not at all what I expected, but I am... enjoying the openness." He nodded at his own words.

"Good," Madame Villepin answered earnestly, and then carefully drew Madeline back, pulling her toward the location where she would be better served. The opulent, comfortable bed found itself adorned by one nearly bare doe, and Villepin crawled onto the bed with her, holding her back and leaving her bare for Beaufort to visually feast on while mouths connected again eagerly.

"May I?" asked Beaufort, after watching this for a good four or five minutes more. Villepin suspected more confidently that he was not offended by the display, given the prominence of his arousal against tightly framing trousers. Even *she* had to blush and look

away. The promised girth and length made it clear that Madeline would certainly not be left wanting!

"You should enjoy this," suggested Simone to the almost panting doe resting before her.

"Please," she responded with a renewed sense of confident eagerness. Still, as a means of self-distraction from her obvious self-consciousness, she pulled Simone back into the kiss. There was a short, hot gasp through her nose as her back arched. Simone glanced down to see the buck has cupped his own mouth on the younger doe's inner thigh. He pushed a hot, lustful kiss there to let her feel his tongue. Stephane's strong hands caressed her tummy and thighs to soothingly accommodate her shyness and acclimate her to his touch.

And Simone positively ached for that touch herself. She felt flushed, hot, almost dizzy from the alluring nature of the moment. Finally, still deeply kissing her charge, the doe began to undo her own elegant clothing. It was sincerely harder to undress herself than it was the doe who was *intended* to lose her clothing this night. Fumbling but well meaning younger hands moved to assist with the banishment of Simone's regal garments.

It ultimately did not require an end to the kissing at all for her to disrobe completely, down to an entirely bare form to share in the vulnerability with Madeline. She opened her eyes and glanced up and down the doe's lean, refined form, pupils dilating noticeably.

"Madame... You did not have to... for my c-comfort," Madeline shakily stated, writhing at the male's continued touch. If he had looked at the undressing of the second doe before, he wasn't looking right then. His eyes were closed as he kissed, nibbled, and suckled along inner thigh and over quivering tummy, drawing little gasps and adorable squirming from her. Madeline most certainly had her eyes on Villepin though, inspecting her with scarlet so prevalent in her soft ears..

Simone answered in a slightly shaky breath, "That clothing was... a prison to me while such happy things should continue. I could no more tolerate them than you could spend a night of this kissing and nothing more." With an unusual show of aggression, Villepin wrapped a hand around one of Stephane's perfect antlers and pulled his head up and slightly to the side.

A loud, surprised moan rushed from the quaking doe as his hot mouth sealed over her obviously soaked, honeyed folds. He kept it there, obviously relishing the forced opportunity as Madeline dropped her head back onto the pillows. Her breathing was much more erratic as Villepin moved over her again and kissed feverishly, her body pushing closer to the younger doe to let her feel secure and embraced. She was held down as this unfamiliar tongue pushed and probed at sensitive, silky, slick heat. Her hips undulated in slow, desperate need as she moved her own hands over Simone's naked form.

They *had* practiced kissing, and it *had* gotten heated, but this was entirely different. Simone had taught Madeline pleasure before that night, a mere three evenings before, but that was almost clinical in comparison. She had provided her with material to read, and a general idea of what she was to do. This, however, was passionate, intimate, and in most circles, incredibly taboo.

The wet smacking and hot nasal breathing of the buck's mouth between Madeline's thighs proved his complete disregard for such taboo, however. He was *very* much into the moment, it seemed.

Madeline parted the kiss with a sweet, pleased cry. Villepin glanced back to the buck. His eyes were open, but he was focused entirely on what he was doing to pleasure his intended doe. It pleased Simone that he did not disrespect Madeline by switching his focus on her now nude guardian. Two fingers slid into her tight channel, slowly widening it, preparing her for what was to come. It would seem he was prepared just as diligently. He lowered his head slowly again and then began pushing and teasing his tongue over her slightly rigid little clit. Yes, he'd definitely been instructed properly. This revelation relaxed Simone a lot. He wasn't some bumbling fool of a lover. He was dedicated to pleasing this sweet doe, and knew how to go about it.

"I can't wait..." whimpered Madeline.

"There's no rush. Enjoy him. He enjoys you." Simone smiled brightly to the beautiful doe spread out before her. She leaned in and kissed her lips adoringly. Simone touched delicately at perky nipples, seizing them between thumb and forefinger, pulling, rolling. She even moved her head down and took one between her teeth.

Arching deliciously, Madeline instantly interrupted again. "N-no, I mean I can't..." A hot gasp and a long, heavy shuddering whine punctuated a very lovely physical response.

Simone grinned mirthfully. "Oh... Oh you can do that all your heart desires," she crooned, holding herself closer to the mostly quietly climaxing younger reindeer. She flexed and undulated helplessly as a happy groan rumbled from between her thighs. Stephane very obviously appreciated that. That would certainly *not* be the young doe's only brush with her peak of pleasure tonight. However, it made for a lot sloppier attention between her thighs, which he only continued to attend, fingers stroking in and out of her clutching channel, tongue flicking and pushing as the glistening mess of his lustful endeavor steadily increased.

Villepin was delighted to find that the buck enjoyed that almost as much as his doe.

Her heart soared. She had *hoped* that Madeline would get to enjoy this. She was actually there to help make sure of it. However, with Beaufort proving as capable as he was

with the now fully willing and not-so-anxious lady, they were all three likely to enjoy this far more than they had ever expected.