Maude/Madeleine Part 4

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Madeleine's first client and the secrets of the salon

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At 7 of the evening on the day after my encounter with Mistress Pickles in her bedchamber, Jenkins came to my room and entered, as always, without knocking. I was wearing the new silk underwear I had been given. It was diaphanous and felt delicious against my skin. I was freshly bathed and my hair was pinned. I was rolling a stocking up my right leg as she entered and I looked up at her. ‘Continue.’ I ribboned the top of the stocking above my knee and then stood. I took a corset from my table and Jenkins came and laced it about me tightly, her hips pushing at my buttocks.

I had grown to find her increasingly desirable and half-turned to kiss her but she merely pulled the laces even tighter and said, ‘Tonight you belong to another.’ She sounded angry and I obediently stood in silence as she slipped a fine petticoat down over my undergarments but left my breasts quite naked. She then buttoned me into a dark, red dress that cupped my small bosom, was laced to the waist and flowed to the floor.

I was led to the salon. Mistress Pickles introduced me to the other girls, all attired more or less similarly to me except one who was dressed in masculine attire. There were five and I had noticed them all before but now was greeted as a friend by all. They welcomed me into their conversation but, I observed, asked no questions of the normal social sort, such as my birth place or family history, but discussed items of clothing, the weather and other inconsequential matters.

It was not until at least 8.30 that the first guest arrived. She too was greeted warmly and invited to sit. Wine was brought, served by Amy who was supervised by Jenkins, the perfect butler. My guest was the last to arrive. She looked stunning in a long dress of the darkest blue velvet which did not itself cover her breasts. Her bosom was covered by almost sheer white silk and the darkness of her nipples was readily visible. She sat with me and accepted wine. She seemed to have a certain excitement about her but kept her composure and entered into conversation with me, enquiring as to my age and health and commenting upon my clothing and appearance. I engaged in conversation with her as Mistress Pickles and Jenkins had advised me I should, complimenting her and making no enquiries concerning her identity nor her private life.

We conversed genially and occasionally she would touch but never immodestly. I noticed Miss Jenkins placing paper shades around the candelabra and the atmosphere in the salon became more intimate. A harp suddenly began to play from behind a screen in a back corner of the room and I alone seemed surprised. My Lady's hand immediately found my thigh and rested there. As the music played one of the girls, Bella, stood and began to sway sinuously in time with the music, moving between the guests and performing before them. When she stood before my Lady she moved her hands to the bodice of her dress and pulled one lace. This had the effect of revealing two things; the first being that her bodice was not attached to her dress as it appeared to be and the second was that as the bodice fell open it revealed her large breasts, each nipple having a ring through it and between the rings, a chain. She cast her bodice to the floor and bent forward so that her breasts dangled deliciously before us as she continued her sinuous dance, the chain glistening in the subdued lighting. Another girl, Marie, the one who was dressed as a man somewhat in the manner of Jenkins, stood and danced towards Bella. They danced together and then a third girl whom I knew to be Grace and who was entirely naked but for silk bloomers which were open at her privates revealing a dark triangle of sumptuous abundance joined them, she behind Bella, Marie in front. They swayed together and then Bella's hands descended to Marie's britches and fumbled there for a moment and, to gasps from the audience, extracted from within the britches' embrace a dildo, like Miss Jenkins had revealed to me. She caressed it wantonly as, to yet another gasp, Bella's skirts fell to the floor, clearly having been unfastened by Grace.

The three girls separated and danced momentarily alone, Marie caressing her dildo, then they reassembled. Grace elegantly knelt before Bella's cunny and Marie swayed behind Bella and although one could not clearly see I suspect she entered Bella as Grace buried her face between her legs, her hands reaching up to grasp and gently pull the chain which glistened between her breasts. My Lady's hand was alternately gripping my thigh and stroking me, a sensation which was by no means unwelcome.

The act of love which was being performed in front of us continued: Marie, still fully attired rocking her hips behind Bella and Marie pushing her face hard against Bella's intimate parts. The music's pace increased somewhat and assumed a more urgent pace and greater volume as did the moans of pleasure from Bella's lips. Suddenly Bella threw her head back and, eyes closed, emitted a guttural ululation as she appeared, genuinely to my mind, to reach her crisis.

To applause, the music ceased and the three girls turned to face their audience. Grace remained kneeling, Bella curtsied and left to rejoin her guest. Marie stroked her dildo and patted Grace's head and the latter turned, looked up and then took the thing deeply into her mouth. Whatever had happened before, this was no simulation. Her head bobbed and Marie rocked until she too attained a climax, this time unaccompanied by music but by yet more applause.

My Lady turned then to Jenkins. ‘We will retire now Jenkins, thank you.’

‘Of course, Milady.’

Jenkins led us along the passageway to the room I had first ben to with her. She opened the door and ushered us in, following behind us. The room was softly lit and a fire burned warmly in the grate. Jenkins moved to a corner table where there stood a bucket with a champagne bottle in it. Deftly, Jenkins opened the bottle and replaced it in the ice then turned to face us. ‘Will that be all, Milady?’

‘It will, Jenkins.’ Jenkins left the room but, as she passed me her face assumed an angry look and I wondered what I had done to displease her. I watched her leave and close the door then turned to my Lady who was pouring two glasses of the wine.

‘One half glass per hour, no more, no less; I will not have you sleeping in my time, Madeleine.’ She proffered the glass and I took it but confess I had no thirst for wine. With a sudden movement she removed the white silk that covered her breasts and I suspect I may have gasped for they were of such beauty and delicate form. The nipples, now exposed were far darker than I had imagined and were hard, like rocks. She beckoned me and I went close to her and bent down happily to take her nipple between my lips and suckle there, licking around it, kissing it and squeezing it between my lips. She stroked my hair and made soft mewing sounds and I allowed my hands to roam freely over her back and buttocks, all the while sucking those beautiful nipples or licking the porcelain flesh around them. Somewhat abruptly, my Lady pushed me away from her breast and bade me loosen her gown. I unhooked the fastenings and she allowed me to hold it so she might step from it. Her breasts were already naked of course but beneath the dress she wore three petticoats which I untied at their waist and slipped them down. The last revealed crimson silk bloomers which went to her ankles and just above her finely buttoned leather shoes. I went to open the bloomers but she stayed my hand and had me stand. She looked into my eyes.

‘Take off your dress, Madeleine.’ I slowly, as taught by Mistress Pickles, unlaced the bodice of my dress and opened it to display my breasts. She may have growled at that point. Her eyes were dark in the subtle lighting of the room, candles reflected in their depths.

The dress removed, I slid down the petticoat and stood with the corset visible and my breasts hanging slightly above it. Beneath the corset she could see quite plainly the almost transparent silk that covered my privy parts and the stockings ribboned above my knees. She sat in a softly upholstered chair and beckoned me with her fingers. As I approached she spread her legs and I could see that the bloomers were quite open and her cunny was completely bare of hair unlike my own or any I had seen.

‘Pleasure me, Madeleine.’

I knelt, the corset pushing into the skin beneath my breasts and leant in to her. I softly licked her, kissed those naked lips and felt them swell beneath my tongue. She was delicately perfumed and a hint of lemon in the taste of her. I worked my tongue as I had been taught and lapped at her and suckled on her nub which was longer than my own and peeped out from beneath a fold of skin. I felt her unpinning my hair which was long and, if I may say without immodesty, lustrous. She spread it across the silk on her thighs and I could sense she was becoming increasingly aroused which encouraged me to double my efforts.

Breathlessly, she said, ‘A finger, if you please.’

I obliged, slipping the middle finger of my right hand into her cunny and curling it as Mistress Pickles had taught me. How, at that moment, I longed to feel a similar intrusion but I concentrated on her and was rewarded with a sudden tightening of her grasp on my hair and a sudden lifting of her hips as she reached what was to be the first of a number of climaxes that evening.

Pushing me gently away, she said, ‘You have been well schooled Madeleine. Let us hope that you are satisfactory in every other particular.’