

# Mia and the French Father

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*Rough day as a nanny? Take a bath.....*

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It's mid-summer, and I've taken the some time out before final year to earn a bit of money as a nanny in France. It's incredible how much parents will pay for you to look after their children. I've landed a fantastic deal, a young couple and their adorable children in the south of France, complete with my own top floor suite. Late one evening I had decided to take a bath, it was warm enough to keep the long french doors wide open in both my bedroom and bathroom, and with the moon streaming in and a few candles lit, my mind was soothed from what had been a stressful, busy day. I switched the light off, and slid off my top and shorts and slid into the bath. I'm normally scalded because I haven't got it right, but tonight i'd made sure it was just perfect, making my nipples tingle. I looked down at my body, tanned from the French sunshine and freshly toned from dashing around every day. I was pleased with how it looked, and how I felt. After a few minutes of soaping up my skin, I freshened up my hair and managed to tie the long brown waves into a topknot. A cool breeze rushed in prompting the quick addition of more hot water to soften goosebumps rising up my arms and neck. I lay back in the tub so that only my head and chest were out of the water, nipples standing to attention. I let my mind drift to repeating the days events. The morning that had started so well, then the trip out with the whole family, the children misbehaving, the father shouting at them, at me. I've noticed tensions were high between the couple, but had steered clear. Eventually they had taken it out on me, as it was my fault the children had misbehaved. An awkward evening came next until I finally escaped upstairs. Snapping my thoughts away, I decided that I should probably finish and get some sleep. I reached for my towel, drained the tub, and stepped out onto my balcony. I knew no one was around at this time to see, I just enjoy the feeling on my skin as I patted the water off, and the exhilaration that someone might see! I closed the doors behind me as I went back in to fetch my robe. I pulled it on, leaving it untied and open, my hair felt damp but dry enough to leave up. I blew out the candles one by one making my way to the door, and with my last puff opened the bathroom door and "Oh shitfuck!.. I mean Mr Finn!" Stood in the doorway was the father, George, in just his pajama bottoms. His eyes lit up at the sight of me, half dressed in a wide open dressing gown. I managed to pull both sides together, clumsily babbling about not knowing he was there, and some sort of apology. Why was he there? He's bloody gorgeous in just his jammies. But he's not supposed to be here! And I'm not

supposed to be naked! "Oh fuck" he babbled too, with his French accent "I didn't mean to startle you. I want to say sorry, for earlier". Now I feel bad."hey, its okay, I'm fine, its all fine" I make my way over to my bed. He follows. He catches my arm, tugging me back. It is now that I look at him how I haven't been able to before. He was my boss, he paid me, but now I see he's a rather attractive man, tall, dark and handsome ring bells! His face is now close to mine."please, I must apologise" he whispers, reaching for my waistband, pulling it free. "Don't" I breathe, my body screams do! "But....." I look him in the eye, pleading with my eyes that this shouldn't be happening. He let's my robe drop to the floor. Kisses my eyebrow, making his way down my face and neck, his hands run down my arms. My heart races. I'm torn because this is wrong but I love it. He is a little rough with my skin now, grabbing and kissing. I'm somehow on the bed and he has disappeared to my knees, licking and biting. My legs pulled apart a little, he reappears next to my face, a trail of kisses and pleasure left behind. I am well and truly lost with arousal. "So, Mia, do you accept my apologies?" He purrs. Catching my breath, "err, not yet, you made me feel so terrible earlier....." I am not finished yet, he can't take me this far and disappear into the night... My legs were shuffled further apart. Any breezes caught on the wetness between my legs. My nipples were throbbing away. He noticed how erect they were. He climbed on top of me, my hands pulled up above my head, as he started licking circles on my nipples, one then the other, over and over, then my mouth, neck, nipple. I'm ready to burst. "I see you are sorry! But please, I need more!" I gasp. He stops, yanks off his pants and lies on top of me, taking care not to squash me. "oh, I know Mia, just one more minute, and you'll see how sorry I am!" And with this he backs off, diving his face between my legs, lapping and lapping, pausing to play with my nipples. I've lost it. I can feel every bit of tongue sucking, and I'm suddenly climbing into a screaming orgasm, reaching for a pillow to muffle the whimpers. He's sucked all the juices, and made his way back to my face, kissing me. My legs are wrestled apart by his, and he is pushing inside of me. I'm still throbbing from the orgasm, and its tight for him. He pumps his way in, as far in as he can go, I'm still quivering. He kisses me. Thrusting deep, and faster, his face shows so much pleasure. I am pleasantly surprised by how well he fills me. He won't stop, flips me onto my front, thrusts in again. I can't move, I can only groan into my pillow. I'm still tight, he's not stopping. I am now fighting pleasure with worry that I don't want it any more, but my pleasure grows, and I'm pushing back for more, he is coming, he reaches down for my puss. Caught by surprise, I am cumming again. I buck into him as he rubs me, eaking out every ripple of pleasure we have. He slows. Gasping for air, I am speechless, as is he. He slumps on top of me. Pulls out inch by inch. I pull my face out of the pillow. He is not sorry any more. "Ahh.. Mia. I will not do this again. I will not upset you again. I will not argue with my wife. I have wanted to be happy, and you have brought me back to life". I feel guilty. This is my boss, and that shouldn't have happened. "Please leave me, this never happened" I turn over. He re dresses and leaves. I have a huge smile on my face. Tomorrow will be interesting!