

Burping Frog Publishing

Dans
le Murs
Part 1

an erotic novel

Pebbles

Dans le Murs Part 1

We had owned the property in Beaumetz les Aires in the department Pas-de-Calais for about six months when the episode that turned my life upside-down actually occurred. Who are we? My name is Colin, Colin deVilliers BSc. (Hons) to be specific, married to Tessa deVilliers (néé Wyatt) for some twentyish years and normally residing in the English cathedral city of Winchester. Tessa could not be called particularly maternal so children were always way down on the 'I want' list, coupled with the fact that she was somewhat conservative in our bedroom. I am forty five while Tessa is thirty nine and we stay together simply out of habit, because we have our own lives and interests and there is no overpowering incentive not to. We both felt we needed a challenge, which is why we took on the rundown farmhouse in the Pas de Calais. I was alone for a few days, taking a mid-week break, before Tessa joined me at the weekend, working in the loft decorating one of the bedrooms. I decided to take a well-earned coffee break and strolled into the garden noting that it already required attention despite the unseasonably cool spring. A noise attracted my attention; it was a sort of mew, not a cat but more human. I moved to the grange, an outbuilding to which we had given little attention in the short ownership of the property. Slipping in through the workshop entrance I heard the noise again, this time punctuated by a giggle. Definitely human. The noises came from the space above. Quietly I moved to the southwest corner where a ladder led to the upper floor. As silently as I could

I climbed the rungs until my head poked through the opening. The roof had windows and in the afternoon light the visibility was adequate, good enough at least to see the antics of the three teenagers in the far corner. By the rays of the early May sunshine I observed in amazement the frolics of the two girls and a boy. Despite the cool weather, the boy was naked and the girls hardly overdressed. The blonde wore no bra and her skirt was lifted to reveal a deliciously trimmed 'vee'. The brunette had on both a blouse and panties but little else. The blonde was sitting on a rough oak beam, her legs off the floor. The boy had his tongue buried in her puffy sex and she was unashamedly enjoying it. The brunette had her hand around his very ample penis, working it in a very competent manner. I watched this 'ménage a trois', wondering how it would end, as if I could not guess. I realised that they probably thought that the old barn was unoccupied and had decided to come in out of the chill air for their orgy. I would not disturb them until they had finished; a little entertainment was most welcome. My own penis stood rigid in my trousers and I felt it dampen the cotton of my pants, something Tessa had long since ceased to accomplish. Whatever happened I would have to relieve myself in some way. The blonde girl suddenly went rigid and pulled at the head between her slim thighs, moaning in climax. Almost simultaneously the penis in the other girl's hand spurted copiously, spraying glistening droplets over the oak floor and the ministering fingers. Seconds later both were satiated and they all separated. As I blocked the only exit I thought it was time to announce my presence.

"Excusez moi," I declared in my best bad French. The result was electrifying. Both girls grabbed what clothes they could to cover their rather delightful charms while the boy placed his hands over his soft, but still ample, penis. "Pardon, monsieur," stuttered the brunette as she valiantly looked for another exit that did not exist, "Nous considerez le grange abandonne."

This was going to be difficult.

"Vous parler Anglais, sil vous plait?" I said, more in hope than faith, however my confidence was supported.

“I speak some English,” said the blonde.

“Thank goodness,” I said with genuine relief, “Now, what are you doing here?”

“We thought that the grange was empty,” she said softly, “so we came in out of the cold.”

“It isn’t,” I replied, “and what you were doing is not what I intended it for. Now, before I report you to l’agent de police, I want some explanation.”

She explained my question to the others and the brunette responded so quickly that I could not follow.

“Jacqueline says that if you do not report us we could be very nice to you.” said the blonde.

My cock surged. A sex session with two girls and the boy helping out was my idea of being ‘very nice’.

“Nice?” I probed, feigning innocence of the suggestion.

“Very nice,” said the blonde pressing her small breasts together and upwards. “You saw what we like to do.”

I smiled and they all relaxed.

“My name is Colin,” I said quietly, “what are your names?”

“I am Michelle,” said the blonde, “this is Jacqueline and my brother Marcel.”

“Your brother?” I echoed loudly and stupidly, “Well, at least you are not afraid to admit it.”

“Why should I?” Michelle said proudly, “We love each other and it is quite lonely out here in the country and we enjoy it.”

I was lost for a reply for a moment. “How much do you do with each other?” I asked clumsily.

Michelle spoke softly to Jacqueline who smiled cheekily as she nodded. She then turned to me. “I believe the English say ‘no olds barred’,” she said sagely, “we will do anything together.”

I said nothing, inviting more revelations by nodding.

“Marcel made love to us both. He climaxed with both of us but could not make any ‘come’. It was nearly two years before he made seed. Now we have to be careful, like we did a while ago, sometimes we suck his seed, other times we use a condom.”

With this information out in the open I had many ideas on

how to spend the remainder of the afternoon.

“I have a few suggestions for our afternoon enjoyment,” I spoke to Michelle.

“Tell us please,” she replied, “we will enjoy a different man.”

“Jacqueline will lay on the floor, lift her skirt and hold herself open. I will kneel between her thighs and kiss and lick her pussy. Michelle, you will lie on your back between my legs and suck up my penis. Marcel will put his penis into Jacqueline’s mouth so that she can suck him.”

Michelle explained my proposal to the others. Marcel nodded, Jacqueline squealed excitedly.

On the floor was an old rug so this was dragged over to the centre of the barn. Jacqueline first sat on the rug, laid back, pulled her skirt above her thighs and spread her thighs invitingly. Her pubic fur was thinly spread and light auburn. The sex cleft pouted through the hair, the gash glistening proudly in the late afternoon light. Her fingers probed the slit and opened it to reveal the pink inner flesh. I knelt in front of the inviting cleft. On closer observation the pink flesh was slicked with fluid, both from the previous action and the expectations of what was to come. The vagina was clearly visible, open and inviting and certainly not virgin. Lowering myself I placed a gentle kiss on the mons and brushed the widening cleft. She arched her back and thrust her thighs to me. Moving away momentarily I slipped out of my trousers and pants and presented the girls with a massive, curving and dribbling erection. It was over sixteen centimetres long, thrusting eagerly from the mass of curly hair at the base of my flat belly. The balls were tight and distended with sperm, the circumcised head tumescent and purple, glistening with my excitement and, as they gazed in amazement at the throbbing meat, beads of colourless lubricant appeared at the tip and drooled suggestively down the helmet-like knob.

“This is yours,” I took the hot cock and pointed it toward Michelle, “to suck and swallow.”

I knelt between Jacqueline’s white thighs and nuzzled the soft, fragrant fur, my sex pointing down and dripping globules

of juice. I felt Michelle shuffle under me then a soft, cool hand caressed my aching penis. I lowered my thighs as far as possible until I felt a pair of soft lips sliding over the slippery head. Kiss after kiss was placed on the turgid flesh and then I felt the grip of a delicious mouth close over the swollen tip and begin to suction. My prick surged on her probing tongue sending rivulets of tangy oil over her taste buds. Her tongue swept over the taut skin of the shapely head gathering the bubbles of clear, spicy salve that trickled from the slit at the apex of the knob sending climactic signals surging down the engorged shaft to the whole of my loins. I reacted as any man would; I prepared to release the volume of steamy, hot semen into her sucking mouth. I began to thrust my hips to and fro so that she had to take the full length of my manhood into her mouth and, at the same time, lapped eagerly at the delicious pink fissure that was Jacqueline's sex. The bud of her clitoris stood proud and swollen out of the gaping maw and the vagina secreted copious volumes of her musky juice. She gave a surge and, on removing my head from her muff, saw that Marcel had insinuated his ample penis into her mouth and was fucking her face frantically. I realised that neither of us could last much longer, me probably less than him for he had ejaculated some minutes previously. However he was much younger and able to shoot more readily. I spread my thighs as wide as possible to give Michelle as much as possible. Her cool hand caressed my aching meat and stroked the pulsating balls. That did it. The feeling heightened, the balls tightened and the tip began to dribble pre-shoot fluid. I drove my tongue into Jacqueline's puffy lips as the sensations began to take over my penis. Stronger and stronger grew the delicious sensations, tearing at the turgid shaft that was lusty for the relief of climax. Michelle recognised the signs, the grunts, the taut, crinkled balls, the abundance of tangy secretion emanating from the swollen flesh onto her tongue, and prepared for me to spurt. I felt her tongue caress the tip and cover the drooling opening. She was going to try and guide the sperm under her tongue; some chance she had. She had not experienced my come, but this was soon to change. I felt the point of no return

approaching. The hot, grey semen bubbled into the base of my prick ready for the journey into the girl's throat. Abruptly it was on its way. Nothing in the world could stop the flood of juice that was moments away. I could give her only a minuscule warning time before the cream flooded out.

"Here it comes!" I shrieked at the moment of release, "Take it! Take it!"

The first deluge came in rapid, shallow pulses, flooding her suctioning mouth with its delicate softness. I felt Michelle's mouth tighten over the pumping penis drawing the volumes of come from the tingling balls. Jacqueline's pussy puffed as she climaxed with my tongue rasping the bud clitoris. I tilted back and sat on Michelle's chest still ejaculating firmly into her mouth but a little splattered up her cheek as I changed direction.

"Attention la fille," shouted Marcel helping Jacqueline to wank his penis on her breasts, "Ca va juter! Ca va gicler! Je ne peux plus me retinir. Ahh, j'ejaculer. Ah! Ah!"

Thick spurts pulsed out of his massive prick and splattered over her delicious breasts swamping the pink nipples with his virile come. Marcel produced a flood of glistening fluid that dripped lazily over the curve of Jacqueline's breasts leaving shining trails over the smooth skin. He stroked the frothing tip over an aroused nipple smearing the hard bud with silky soft juice. I watched as he took the penis and squeezed the last drops out onto her tits and then wiped it on his handkerchief. Michelle let slip my penis from her sweet mouth and let a little dribble of semen trickle down her chin.

"Tres bien," she sighed, wiping the watery fluid from her lips, "tres beau sperme."

I stood up and dressed; the others followed suit. When dressed the girls looked almost angelic and it would have been an astute person to divine the lustiness of them in their demure clothes.

"Merci Michelle," I said, kissing her gently on the cheek and stroking her firm breast, "je d'amour d'ejaculer."

"Je vous en prie," she replied pertly.

Then the three of them went into a huddle and whispered rapidly in French. After a few minutes Michelle came over to me.

“We will speak to someone because we would like you to join in with us in our organisation?” she said.

“What organisation is that?” I asked with sincere interest.

“We are part of the JOKER organisation, we help to make porno books and films.” I had heard of them. They were a Paris based group that specialised in high quality porn.

“Count me in,” I replied immediately, “if you three are anything to gauge the people by then it will be fun.”

“Come to Lille this evening,” she said, “we are going to make a film with Marcel and a girl.”

“Wow,” I thought, “that should be worth watching.”

“We could all go in my car,” I suggested, “that way we won’t get lost.”

“See you here at ... um, dix neuf heures,” she said haltingly.

“Seven it is,” I smiled, “see you all then. Au revoir.”

It was about one hour twenty into Lille Centre so I assumed that was where we were heading. In the event it was on the Bethune side and only took just over the hour. The kids were early and we were on our way at about five before seven. I made my way through Hazebrouck and then onto the A26 toward Lille. At the suburb of Lomme we turned off the autoroute toward Blanche Etienne. Michelle directed me to a large house, almost a chateau, down the rue Picardy where we turned into a well-kept drive. At the end we parked between a Citroen XM and a Peugeot 309 DTR Turbo. We spilled out and were met by a well-dressed, middle-aged man. “Bonjour monsieur,” he shook my hand, “comment allez vous?”

“Tres bien, merci,” I replied, “et vous?”

“Ca va,” he muttered, “M’sieur deVilliers?” I nodded; he smiled and turned to Marcel. After a brief discussion he beckoned us to follow him into the chateau. We trooped down to the basement that was sumptuously furnished and lit. There was a large room with cameras set up as a large and luxurious bedroom. I was introduced to Robert and Therese, the two camera

operators and editors, to Laurant the electronics expert, Pierre the producer and director and finally to Denise the young starlet. She was so tiny and so angelic I found it difficult to believe that she could even reveal her sex let alone use it on film with Marcel. After a welcome coffee Robert and Therese checked the cameras, Laurant the lights and video. Pierre came over to me; his English was excellent. "If you wish monsieur," he said, "you could have a part in the film, perhaps as the girls uncle. Laurent was to do it but he is willing to let you try. I will not show your face if you wish. These two are supposed to be brother and sister and they have fun together. You will discover them and I am sure Denise could make it worth your while to stay silent."

"So long as nobody sees my face," I replied.

"That is not the part of your anatomy we will be concentrating on," he chuckled, "I understand from Michelle that you are well supplied."

"I cannot disagree with a lady." I laughed as we shook hands.

I was to appear about two thirds of the way through, after Denise and Marcel had done a couple of turns. I would pull Marcel away and confront Denise. She would look very guilty and cuddle up to me. She would be completely nude of course. She would stroke my groin until I stiffened and then pull out my penis. I would sit down and she would kneel in front of me and suck me up. She would then go all the way until I climaxed and spurted over her face. Pierre explained this to Marcel and Denise who smiled and nodded. Denise turned to me, smiled sweetly and swirled her tongue round her lips. Laurant fired up the lights and the video while Robert and Therese adjusted the cameras. Denise left the set and Marcel sprawled on the bed and opened a porno book. He got himself comfortable, unzipped his fly and put his hand inside. The cameras were rolling. I watched the action not the cameras; that was Pierre's job as director. I could see the action on the colour monitor as Pierre switched from one camera to the other. "Go!" he cried. Marcel began to masturbate himself inside his trousers. After a few seconds he opened his fly fully and pulled out his pants, swollen with

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