



THE HOUSE OF P L E A S U R E

*an Interactive Drama Live Action Freeform Role Playing Scenario for 11 players
(4 male and 7 female)
written by*

Hotscribe

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INTRODUCTION

The House of Pleasure is an interactive role-playing game scenario designed to allow 4 male and 7 female consenting players (of diverse sexual preferences) an opportunity to receive sexual gratification while acting as characters in a *maison de rendezvous*, a home in Paris, France, during the late 1800's where various individuals could come to fulfill their secret sexual fantasies and desires in relative privacy. It is during a time that will come to be known as "La Belle Epoque"---a era when Paris overflowed with artists and writers, singers and actors, bourgeoisie and nobility, millionaires and paupers, financiers and land-owners...

The game moderator, or hostess, or however she wishes to be called will answer questions, make decisions and resolve any problems that might arise as far as the rules or game mechanics are concerned.

Although the characters have come to the *maison* to indulge in their sexual fantasies, they also have private agendas which each of them is hoping to fulfill. And therein lies the story...



THE CHARACTERS

ANTONIO
COUNT RODOLFO
COUNTESS NARCISA
EMORÉ
FENELLA
GARRICK
LAILA
MADAME JOSEPHINE
MONIQUE
SOLANGE
ZABRINA

THE LOCATION

The *maison de rendezvous* can be the home of one of the players, or a particular place designated for the game. There should be at least six rooms available as bedrooms, and another room which can be used as a sitting-room,

BEGINNING THE GAME

Madame Josephine, Monique, Solange and Emoré are already at the home. The rest of the players can draw numbers (1-7) in order to determine who arrives first, second...and so on, although the Count and Countess arrive together. Players arrive at the door and are met by Madame Josephine, who inquires into their needs and shows them into the sitting-room. If a client requires company for an hour, he or she is shown Monique, Solange and Emoré. Payment of the required amount of money (characters are assumed to have the proper amount) gives the client an hour's worth of time with the man or woman of choice, or a spare room in the home. If none are available, the clients may wait, or think up some other enterprising solution to obtain what they desire.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends when all the players' Private Agendas have been completed to the extent they are able to be accomplished in the duration of the game, or after all the clients have left the house.



ANTONIO

PUBLIC PROFILE

For much of your childhood, you were raised on a farm in southern Spain. Then, when you were sixteen, your father died, leaving you to take care of the farm. But being a creative person more than a farmer, you sold the farm and purchased a studio in one of the nearby cities. There you began painting and selling various portraits, still-lives and nude studies. In a few short years, you were making a decent living off your artistic abilities.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

You are Countess Narcisa's secret lover. You met her one day in a gallery while you were showing some of your paintings. Noticing her interest in art (and, possibly, in you), you invited her to your studio to see some of your other paintings. This she did, showing up earlier than expected, then stripping off her clothes to join the model you were painting. Surprised by her candor and exhibitionism, you nonetheless began a series of portraits of her -- both nude and clothed -- and in a short while you were involved in a love affair with each other which has continued, now, for at least six months.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a bi-sexual male. Although you've enjoyed sex with the Countess and various other ladies of the night, you've also had an opportunity to share sexual pleasures with several men as you were growing up. Yet, sex with the Countess has been beautiful and erotic. You remember one time when, on a cool evening, you both spent time before a crackling fire....

You nod and smile, then you bend down to kiss her. Her lips tremble slightly--whether from cold or excitement you're not sure--as you run your tongue around them, then trace a path along her cheek to her earlobe. You nibble on it, she giggles and tries to pull away, but you draw her closer and kiss her once again.

You stroke her cheek and, as you kiss deeply, your tongue darts through her lips, meeting and circling her own tongue. Then you slide your lips down her chin to

nuzzle in the warmth of her neck. She sighs, whispers your name and runs her fingers lightly through your hair.

You move off the couch, kneel between her legs and kiss your way down to the hollow between her breasts. Her hands reach up, undo the buttons of her blouse. You nose your way beneath the fabric till your lips brush across her nipple. Your tongue encircles the tiny bud, your teeth lightly run across it and you feel it harden between your lips.

You breathe in her scent--she smells as well as tastes delicious.

Now you kiss down her abdomen, pull her hips forward so she slides towards you. You undo her skirts, pull them and her panties down together. The shadows of her pussy beckon to you, the warmth of her sex hidden for a moment in the even darker shadows created by the fire.

You slip her feet out of her skirt and panties and you push the clothes to one side.

Her feet and legs now bare, you lift them up, kiss the soles of her feet, suck and nibble on her toes. She giggles, gasping that it tickles, but that it feels so nice and relaxing.

You gaze at her with her soft flesh glowing orange in the light of the fire, her full breasts peeking out from the two separated halves of her blouse.

You put her feet down, undo your own shirt. In front of you, she spreads her legs wide, runs her finger across the soft mound between them, then slips it down between the folds of flesh.

Your shirt drops to the floor. You rise, undo your pants and push them down letting them join her own garments.

She sits up, puts her hands on your hips and draws you forward. You feel her face sifting through the tendrils of your pubic hair, her strong fingers kneading the muscles of your buttocks.

Now her mouth slides up the stalk of your cock, takes it in and sucks on it. Your breathing quickens and it seems the fire behind you cannot equal the heat of your bodies. Her mouth slides up and down the length of your shaft and you feel its hardness and thickness within her mouth. Then she runs her tongue down to your balls. She sucks first one, then the other into her mouth, rolling them gently in the warmth and wetness there.

She rises. You lie on the floor with your head resting against the front of the couch. She turns, faces the fire and straddles you, lowering her crotch to your face. You kiss her buttocks, run your lips through the moistness of her crack, then slide your tongue down to push against her clitoris. Your hands reach up and grip her bum, pull it apart to allow you to see the glistening depths of her purplish-pink gash. You run your tongue down the groove, thrust deep into the dark recesses and she grinds her hips above you, moans and groans issuing from her mouth.

Her cunt moves down your chest and she kneels on the floor. She grips your hard member and steers it into the heated netherworld of her pussy. Up and down she begins to ride you. You reach from behind, grasp her breasts and squeeze them, feeling, too, the heavy beat of her heart, the rising and falling of her chest in time to the up and down movement of her cunt upon your erect, hard cock. You feel the solid contact of your crotch to hers, the slipperiness of your lubricated organs.

You pinch her nipples as she continue to slide on your sex. Her head goes back, her hair brushes your face and chest, and the light from the fire reflects from the glistening sweat of her body.

Her hand goes down, her finger rubs against the hardness of her clitoris, firmer and faster until finally waves of ecstasy ripple through her body. Her cries of enjoyment and fulfillment heighten your own excitement. You call out her name, thrust up hard into her cunt as you feel the pulsating shots of hot jism spurt into her engulfing hole...

...and now she has dared you to make love to her under the very nose of her husband. It is a challenge, and exciting one, but one that will have to be planned out properly.

PRIVATE AGENDA

To find some way to make love to Countess Narciso without her husband learning about your love affair with her.

COUNT RODOLFO

PUBLIC PROFILE

You are a very rich and powerful figure in the world of politics, hobknobbing with some of the most important figures of the day, meeting with them and discussing various financial and military concerns, as well as buying and selling property and cattle. Besides your large hacienda in Spain, you own property with summer villas in Italy and France.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

Although you love your wife, the Countess Narcisa, and endeavour to make love to her at least once every two weeks (after all, you don't wish to impose your animal instincts on such a pure and gentle creature), there have been times when she seemed somewhat distant, perhaps preoccupied, and you've begun to suspect that perhaps she has another lover. So you've persuaded her to come with you to the *maison* so that you can devote a period of time to win back her affections by endeavouring to meet her needs.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a bi-curious male. Although you've made love to your wife and several of the maids (without Narcisa's knowledge of course), for some time there has been a desire to satisfy your curiosity about whether you could have sex with another man, a younger man. Occasions have arisen when it would have been possible for you to fulfill that desire, but you've always declined any opportunities. And yet, you remember a long time ago when a woman named Elena invited you and a young man named Felipe to join her. You couldn't believe your own boldness during that time of erotic pleasure. Perhaps it was in the heat of passion, perhaps, as now, it was curiosity. Whatever it was, it happened. After an initial session of lovemaking in which both you and Felipe plunged your members deep into Elena, you returned to the bedroom to see both of them lying quietly on the bed...

He leans back against a pillow, looking at you, his fingers gently caressing the hair of Elena's pussy. You smile at him as you approach them both.

Felipe's legs dangle off the side of the bed. You kneel down between them, lean forward and smell his cock. The sweet odor of Elena's cunt still lingers on it. You reach for your own cock, begin to stroke it slowly but firmly, moving the skin back and forth.

You stick out your tongue, run it over the tip of his cock, tasting the remnant of her juices. Then you take the bulb into your mouth, begin to move your head up and down the length of his shaft as it begins to harden between your lips and teeth.

Elena watches you both for a moment, her fingers searching out and rubbing against her clit. Then, fascinated by watching you go down on your friend, one man on another, and not one to miss out on any action, she straddles his face and lowers her still-wet pussy to his lips. His tongue laps at her clitoris, sliding back and forth along her labia, teasingly poking into her cunt while her own hands slide up to her breasts to cup them and tweak the nipples in her fingers.

Then she bends forward to join you for a meal at Felipe's cock. For a moment she and you kiss, your tongues frantically searching each other's mouths. Then, as you run your lips down one side of the shaft of his stiff cock, her mouth slides down the other side till you meet together at his balls and you tongue him together.

Elena's mouth covers his cock, slithering down it, then up and off. Your mouth engulfs him, deep throats him, comes up for air. She feeds on him again, then you take her place, both of you alternating the gulping and sucking of his rigid sex.

And it is Elena who cums first. She rises up and arches her back as Felipe's tongue dances across her clitoris. Waves of ecstasy ripple through her body, cries of passion escape her mouth.

By now you have gripped Felipe's cock with your hand and are pumping him up and down rapidly. You hear his muffled cries of bliss from Elena's crotch, then you watch as you continue jerking on his member and white thin streams of cum spurt high into the air, splattering down onto your hand, his belly, his balls...

...Oh! to relive that again!

PRIVATE AGENDA

To win back the affection of the countess by pleasuring her as best you can.
To satisfy your need for a man's cock without Narcisa finding out.

COUNTESS NARCISA

PUBLIC PROFILE

Your husband is Count Rodolfo, a spanish nobleman. He possesses a large estate in southern Spain as well as other plots of land in France and Italy. These places have little vacation villas built on them which you and your husband spend time in on occasion at least three times a year. At the hacienda, your main home, your maids look after the mundane aspects of your life -- cooking, cleaning, etc -- leaving you time to attend the theatre, see various art shows, hold sumptuous parties, and generally enjoy a life of pleasure.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

You are bored. Rudolfo, when he makes love to you (on average about once every two weeks) is not concerned about whether or not you enjoy it or even have your own sexual needs fulfilled; for him it seems to be a sort of "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" type of arrangement.

Consequently, you have a lover. His name is Antonio, a young man you met one day at an art gallery. He was showing some of his paintings of still lifes and nude women and you were struck by the beauty of them. Upon striking up a conversation to discuss purchasing some of his paintings, he invited you to his studio to see some more. That evening you arrived a bit earlier than expected, and found him painting a nude model. You turned to leave but he told you it was all right if you stayed; they were used to a few people watching on occasion. You sat for awhile, gazed upon the naked form of the young woman, then at Antonio, and you realized there was a strange stirring in your bowels, a sensation you had not felt for many years.

Almost as if in a trance, you unlaced your skirts and blouse and let them drop to the floor; then, after undoing your corset and removing it, you strode naked across the floor and situated yourself next to the nude model who gave you strange looks. But, Antonio allayed her alarm and allowed both of you to sit for another painting. That was the beginning of a sense of release from your boredom. And shortly thereafter you were caught up in a love affair with Antonio.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a bi-sexual woman. There have been a few occasions when -- not having received enough attention from your husband -- you have found pleasure with one or more of your chambermaids at the same time. As with Antonio, you have kept all your sexual liasons a secret from Rodolfo and, as far as you know, he has no reason to suspect you of having an affair. And Antonio has made a wonderful lover. You remember one time with him...

... He strokes your cheek and, as you kiss deeply, his tongue darts through your lips, meeting and circling your own tongue. Then he slides his lips down your chin to nuzzle in the warmth of your neck. You sigh, whisper his name and run you fingers lightly through his hair.

He moves off the couch, kneels between your legs and kisses his way down to the hollow between your breasts. Your hands reach up, undo the buttons of your blouse. He noses his way beneath the fabric till his lips brush across your nipple. His tongue encircles the tiny bud, his teeth lightly run across it and you feel it harden between his lips.

Now he kisses down your abdomen, pulls your hips forward so you slide towards him. He undoes your skirts, pulls them and your panties down together. The shadows of your pussy beckon to him, the warmth of your sex hidden for a moment in the even darker shadows created by the fire.

He slips your feet out of your skirts and panties and he pushes the clothes to one side.

Your feet and legs now bare, he lifts them up, kisses the soles of your feet, sucks and nibbles on your toes. You giggle, gasping that it tickles, but that it feels so nice and relaxing.

He gazes at you with your soft flesh glowing orange in the light of the fire, your full breasts peeking out from the two separated halves of your blouse.

He puts your feet down, undoes his own shirt. In front of him, you spread your legs wide, run your finger across the soft mound between them, then slip it down between the folds of flesh.

His shirt drops to the floor. He rises, undoes his pants and pushes them down, letting them join your own garments.

You sit up, put your hands on his hips and draw him forward. Your face sifts through the tendrils of his pubic hair, your strong fingers kneading the muscles of his buttocks.

Now your mouth slides up the stalk of his cock, takes it in and sucks on it. His breathing quickens and it seems the fire behind him cannot equal the heat of your bodies. Your mouth slides up and down the length of his shaft and you feel its hardness and thickness within your mouth. Then you run your tongue down to his balls. You suck first one, then the other into your mouth, rolling them gently in the warmth and wetness there.

You rise. He lies on the floor with his head resting against the front of the couch. You turn, face the fire and straddle him, lowering your crotch to his face. He kisses your buttocks, runs his lips through the moistness of your crack, then slides his tongue down to push against your clitoris. His hands reach up and grip your bum, pull it apart to allow him to see the glistening depths of your purplish-pink gash. He runs his tongue down the groove, thrusts deep into the dark recesses and you grind your hips above him, moans and groans issuing from your mouth.

Your cunt moves down his chest and you kneel on the floor. You grip his hard member and steer it into the heated netherworld of your pussy. Up and down you begin to ride him. He reaches from behind, grasps your breasts and squeezes them, feeling, too, the heavy beat of your heart, the rising and falling of your chest in time to the up and down movement of your cunt upon his erect, hard cock. You feel the solid contact of your crotch to his, the slipperiness of your lubricated organs.

He pinches your nipples as you continue to slide on his sex. Your head goes back, your hair brushes his face and chest, and the light from the fire reflects from the glistening sweat of your body.

Your hand goes down, your finger rubs against the hardness of your clitoris, firmer and faster until finally waves of ecstasy ripple through your body. Your cries of enjoyment and fulfillment heighten his own excitement. He calls out your name, thrusts up hard into your cunt and you feel the pulsating shots of hot jism spurt into your engulfing hole...

But your excitement with Antonio is beginning to wane...

PRIVATE AGENDA

You have suggested to Antonio that you want to make love to him right under Rodolfo's nose -- and the *maison* is just the place to do it.

EMORÉ

PUBLIC PROFILE

You are a general handyman employed by Madame Josephine to keep the *maison* in good working order. As well as being a plumber, you are also a chef, a carpenter, and a painter. She pays you well for your services.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

In the evenings, you supplement your income by being available to Madame Josephine's clients should they require an additional partner in their love trysts, or desire a male partner.

For this service, you receive additional sums of money -- usually as gratuities from the guests.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a straight male. Although you would not be averse to a threesome provided the male makes no sexual advances towards you, you prefer making love to women. Ah, yes! There's nothing as wonderful as the close embrace of a tender woman. You remember one woman in particular -- Raquel was her name....

...Together you lie on the bed. You kiss her neck and lips, your tongue thrusting into her mouth, entwining with her own. Your lips slide lower, down to her breasts and you suck one of them into your mouth, feeling its nipple harden against your wet tongue. You move to her other breast, widen your mouth and enclose as much of it as you can within it, gobbling hungrily like a baby.

Now you move down, your tongue trailing down her belly till you reach the warmth of her sex. Slowly at first, your tongue runs across her clit, then it presses harder. You suck her clit into your mouth, feeling the folds of her labia against your tongue. You push her legs apart, slip your tongue down and push its wetness into the depths of her hot pussy. Thrusting in and out, then your finger rubs against her clit and she squirms above you.

You rise, bring her up to her hands and knees, spread her legs again so that you can gaze upon her beautiful sex. You insert your fingers deep into her hole, thrust them in and out. She reaches back and begins to rub her clitoris. Now you rise behind her, slipping your hardened cock into her pussy, thrusting hard, feeling the walls tighten about your shaft.

Thrusting in, pulling out, the tip of your cock brushing against the edge of her lips. You thrust in again with your cock, lubricate your finger and rub it around the rim of her bum. Then you push it in slowly, thrusting with it in time with your cock that continues to shove into her love channel. In...out...in...out...She writhes in front of you, her breasts swaying, the nipples grazing the covers of the bed. She moans as you continue to thrust with your cock in her pussy, your finger in her bum.

Now her breathing quickens, she groans louder and the sounds excite you more. You ram into her harder, and you cry out almost at the same time she does as your hot jism spews into the hot slippery depths of her wonderful sex. Then you remain close to her for a few moments, letting your swollen cock subside, and your bodies continue to shudder with the after-shocks of your orgasms...

PRIVATE AGENDA

To have sex with one woman, or to become involved in a menage-à-trois

FENELLA

PUBLIC PROFILE

For a year, you have been working as a backstage helper at the Folies Bergere. Now you have gained recognition as an exotic dancer, teasing the audience with a new act you designed in which you and several other actors portray erotic scenes from mythology and history -- with you playing the lead role, of course. All the sex scenes in the tableaux are simulated, but certainly titillate the audience.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

In spite of the fame and fortune as a result of your exotic act, you are lonely and frustrated. Acting out the tableaux has made you rather dull to any normal sexual stimulation and you are looking for something more exciting. You hope that by coming to the *maison*, you will find it.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a bi-sexual female. Although, in the past, you have enjoyed the embraces of both men and women, lately it seems that nothing excites you any more. But you have fantasized meeting a woman in a restaurant, spilling a drink on your blouse, then she tells you she may have something in the back room that will fit you...

"Here we are," the waitress says. "You're about my size, so it should fit." She holds it out to you.

"Thank you," you reply.

You pull your blouse out of your skirt waist and undo the buttons. In a moment you shrug it off.

The waitress look at you for a moment. "You do have a nice pair," she says matter-of-factly

Then, before you realize what has happened, she lifts up her own blouse to expose her breasts. And she does have a nice round pair slightly smaller than yours, but just as full.

"Yours are very nice," the waitress says softly, then suddenly reaches out to run her fingers over one of your nipples. You start, momentarily taken aback by her forwardness.

"Th-thank you," you answer. "So are yours."

Then the waitress bends forward, opens her mouth and plants her lips over your nipple. Your breath catches and you close your eyes.

The waitress takes your hands, moves them to her breasts, places them there. "Is this okay?" she asks huskily.

"Yes," you reply, not really sure whether it is or isn't, but certainly enjoying the electric sensations she's sent from your nipple to your crotch.

You squeeze her breasts, feel the firm fullness of them, then run your thumbs across her hardening nipples.

Already you feel a wetness between your thighs.

The waitress pushes you slowly backwards and you feel the edge of the table against your buttocks. You allow her to push you down lengthwise on the table. You bring your feet up to the end, spread your knees apart to expose the lair of love between your thighs. The waitress goes down on you, her tongue seeking out your clitoris and the channel of your sex.

You twitch on the table as the waitress' tongue fires your passions. Now she slides two fingers into your cunt, thrusting them in and out in a slow rhythm until, at length, your body trembles terribly with the strength of its orgasmic force....

Yes, if only it could be like that.

PRIVATE AGENDA

To find a woman to share some sexual stimulation and excitement

GARRICK

PUBLIC PROFILE

You are a writer from England. You have come to Paris to have a look at the sights and, in particular, to write about the french society in general for the magazine which has sent you here. They are looking for stories about up-and-coming artists, singers, dancers, musicians and other people of the visual, literary and performing arts.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

You are an undercover agent for the British government. You have been sent to Paris to find and subdue an assassin known only as "Jaguar" who, sources have said, intends to murder Count Rodolfo. Your sources have also said that "Jaguar" will attempt the murder in Madame Josephine's *maison*. It is to be hoped you will locate the assassin before the murder is committed.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a straight, submissive male. In spite of the fact that the life and death of other people are in your hands, you enjoy placing yourself at the mercy of a woman who allows you to be her love slave, doing her bidding. There is a fantasy you often dream of when you are alone...

"I am here to serve you, my lady," you say.

You kneel before her, gazing first at her stern face, then her full breasts peeking out from behind the two halves of the black gown she wears, then down further to that most private place between her thighs.

You feel the riding crop she holds touch the base of your chin, lifting up your head so that you look at her again.

"Get on your hands and knees."

"Yes, my lady."

You do as she bids, and she runs the tip of the riding crop down your back, sliding through the crack of your ass, then gently cradles your balls with it. She gives a sharp, but not painful slap across your buttocks with the crop. You bite your lower lip.

"If you do not obey me, it will be harder, do you understand?"

"Of course, my lady."

"All right. Lie on your back."

You lie on the warm carpet, feel its softness against your back. She removes her gown, straddles you with her legs. You look up at her, sensing the powerfulness of her presence, the control you have given to her over your actions and body. She moves forward, then crouches down so that her cunt is only inches from your face.

"Lick me," she orders.

You lift your head, put out your tongue and begin to run it slowly back and forth along her labia. She smells sweet, she tastes delicious, of raspberry wine. She sighs as she feels your tongue sliding around the folds, finding hidden crevices, thrusting up into the deepness of her cunt, then curling around the tiny bud of her clitoris.

You continue to lick at her cunt, tasting its nectar-like wetness, then flick your tongue up and encircle the rosebud of her ass, twisting your tongue and stabbing it into the tiny hole. She moans, and you feel her grasp your cock with her hand and begin to stroke its length. It loves the feel of her tightening fingers and it begins to harden, its length increasing, its shaft pulsing with desire.

"Enough. Get on your hands and knees again."

You do so, seeing her from the corner of my eye strap something around her waist. Then she straddles my legs behind you. You feel her finger smearing your ass with a cool liquid, then penetrating your bumhole slowly, widening it.

Her finger leaves you. Then you feel something larger push against your hole, feel the pressure as she slowly inserts the dildo strapped around her waist. The slipperiness of the lubrication makes its entry easier and you feel the strong pressure as its wideness enters your rectum. You groan and feel your cock getting harder.

Then, as she begins to pump the rubber cock in and out of your ass, she reaches beneath you and grasps your thick member, her fingers encircling the shaft, her hand beginning to pump in an alternate rhythm to that which is shoving into your bum.

I groan with the build-up of my inner sensations.

"Don't cum until I tell you, slave. I want your cum, slave. No one, nothing else can have it. It's mine, do you understand?" This while she thumps into your ass and yanks on your cock.

"My lady -- I'm beginning to cum!!" you cry out.

You feel the dildo suddenly pop from your ass, feel the aching left behind and the sensation of its presence still there. She releases your cock, pushes you over onto your back and the cumming sensation subsides for just a moment. But she grabs your throbbing shaft anew, covers its tip with her mouth and rubs the hard column vigorously. At the same time, she slides a finger into your ass and begins to thrust in and out.

Now the sensations within you are too much. You cry out aloud, feel the gushing from the depths of your bowels, then your hips buck up into the air, thrusting your cock deep into her mouth as your hot jism spouts into her throat. She pulls off you, strings of cum dangling from her lips to your cock and you continue spurting onto her contented face and neck and breasts as she finishes pumping your cock in steady, firm movements....

But, alas! it is only a fantasy.

PRIVATE AGENDA

To find and subdue "Jaguar" before Count Rodolfo can be murdered.

To find a woman who will help you live out your fantasy.

LAILA

PUBLIC PROFILE

You work as an artist's model, hiring yourself out to various art schools and private studios throughout Paris and the surrounding country. The income is adequate, giving you enough to live on and you have your own suite above one of the shops in downtown Paris.

PERSONAL INFORMATION

Although your work as an artist's model is satisfying to you, it is not enough. You yearn to have enough money to open your own studio where artists from everywhere can come and paint, where you can model for them and have your likeness on gallery walls in all the world. But, in order to have that money, it is necessary to find someone who will give it to you -- particularly in return for sexual favours you will gladly give. Perhaps here at the *maison* you will be able to meet a wealthy patron of the arts.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a straight female. You have never been with another woman, nor have you ever been involved in a threesome, and if the opportunity to have sex with another couple ever presented itself, you're not quite sure how you would react. It's not something you've thought about very often. But you have fantasized about being with two men, one an older man, the other a younger, perhaps an encounter in a hotel and the thought arouses you...

"This your bag, ma'am?" the bellboy inquires, motioning to a suitcase beside him that did indeed look like your own. At the same time, you couldn't help but notice that his gaze just happened to fall on the gap from your breasts in your gown.

You bend over, turn over the label. "Yes, it is. There's my name. Please, bring it it and set it on the dresser."

"Yes, ma'am."

You opened the door a bit wider and the bellboy carries the bag in and sets it on the dresser. As he turns to leave, your gown accidentally falls open without you realizing it and he stops in his tracks to stare at your exposed breasts and pubic area.

His eyes are wide and he swallows a lump in his throat.

Your older lover watches, bemused, from the bed.

Then you see what the bellboy is looking at. "Oh, my! I am sorry." you say. "I didn't realize--" But of course you do.

"Excuse me, ma'am..."

He heads for the door.

"Just a minute--" you reply as you reach for your purse.

The Bellboy stops and turns. Already you can see a lump in his pants.

"Come here," you order, but the bellboy doesn't move. "Come here--I'm not going to hurt you!"

He staggers over to you. You pull your hand from your purse, lift up his hand and placed some money in it. "That's for you," you say.

The bellboy stares at the money, then before he knows what has happened, you are on your knees in front of him. In a matter of a couple of seconds, you tug down his zipper, reach in and pull out his hard young cock.

He draws in his breath quickly, not sure what to do. But by then he can't do anything because you've already wrapped your succulent lips around his bulbous cockhead, sliding your lips up and down his throbbing shaft.

On the bed, your elder lover's own cock is hard as a rock. He gets off the bed, goes behind the bellboy and began to undo the young man's coat and shirt.

Wide-eyed and speechless, he looked up at the man. "It's okay, son," your lover remarks, "Just enjoy the ride..."

Your lover gets the bellboy's coat and shirt off, undoes his belt and pushes his pants to the floor. His cock pokes out of the fly of his underwear and you take your mouth off him so you could pull them down.

You guide him over to the bed, lie him down. Then, your pussy already dripping wet with dew, you straddle his thighs, nestle yourself down onto his cock. He moans with pleasure, and you groan with the feel of his thick rod sliding in and out of your cunt.

Now your lover clumbs onto the bed. You support yourself with your hands on the bedhead, as he lubricates your bum with his finger, rubbing around the rim, then slowly poking his finger into your hole.

You continue to ride the bellboy's cock and you can tell he is finally getting into it now as he begins to thrust upwards in time to your gyrations.

You stopped your hips for a moment, as your lover presses his cockhead against your bumhole, then firmly begins to ease it in. You groan aloud with the feel of the pressure and he pushes some more until his cock slips suddenly into your hole. Now he begins to shove back and forth, and the ellboy begins his movements again, all three of you gradually taking up a rhythmic motion-- the one thrusting into your cunt as the other pulls back from your ass...shoving in... pulling back....back and forth...in and out...back and forth...in and out....

Suddenly you cry out in rapture as your orgasm explodes from both ass amd cunt. Then the bellboy and your lover, both of them catching the quavering of your body, both of them begin to cum, too, and you feel their hot cum gushing out in rhythmic spasms deep into your cunt and ass, both of their cocks slipping and sliding through the rivulets of jism.....

You shiver at the excitement the fantasy has raised and your hand reaches for that most intimate of places...

PRIVATE AGENDA

To find and seduce a rich and powerful man who would be willing to marry you.

MADAME JOSEPHINE

PUBLIC PROFILE

During the day, you visit friends and associates around Paris who have positions of power not only in commercial establishments but also in governmental and military offices. You have "friends in high places", some of whom owe you favours for services rendered, some of whom have connections to other people you might have to contact one day. You're very outgoing and friendly, always trying to find the good side of people.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

By night, your home becomes a *maison de rendezvous*. You rent out rooms by the hour to people who need a place to meet privately in order to fulfill their sexual fantasies. The rooms rent for various prices depending on the needs of the clients. As each client enters your establishment, you check his or her credentials, making sure they're not only able to afford your services, but that they're also not just some riff-raff from the street. Only respectable clients are allowed in your establishment. Monique, Solange and Emory are in your employ, working to keep the house clean, tidy and in good working condition (during the day) and being available to clients (at night). You make sure all three of them have regular medical checkups to make sure they are free from disease.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a straight female. Many of the men in power have asked you to hold sway over them, and you have consented, making sure they submit to your every whim. And thus, you know the secret lives of many important people. But they do not know yours, and you've thought about it for awhile, but never gained the courage to do it, so you fantasized about it...

"Lick my cunt, slave."

The man named Tomas drops to his knees, pushes his face up between your thighs. You feel his tongue sliding along your pussy lips, looping around your clitoris, then thrusting up into the depths of your cunt.

You look at the other man, Denis. "You--I want to see you suck his cock."

Denis bows his head slightly, then lies down on his side on the carpeted floor. Tomas' cock jiggles around as he continues to run his tongue over and around and into your wet cunt.

Denis grabs Tomas' cock, moves the skin back and forth along the shaft for a few times, then leans forward and covers the head with his mouth. You see the glistening glans appear and disappear from between his lips as his mouth moves up and down along the shaft, taking as much of it into his mouth as he can. Gradually, you see Tomas' cock grow bigger, harder.

"Enough. Stand up, both of you."

Tomas and Denis quickly rise to our feet. As they stand side-by-side, you get to your knees and grab both their cocks in your hands and begin to pump them simultaneously. You rub the heads together, watch their transparent precums mixing together. Then you hold both cocks firmly together and engulf both at one time with your mouth. Hungrily you suck on them, your tongue sliding around both cockheads, savouring the taste.

You take your mouth away. "Tomas, get behind me--fuck me hard. You--get down on the floor."

As Tomas moves behind you, Denis sits on the floor. Your mouth closes over Denis' cock once more. Your hair brushes lightly against his abdomen and thighs.

Your hot mouth rises and falls on his cock, and he watches, excited, as Tomas moves forward and plunges his hard rod into your cunt. They hear a muffled groan from you as he begins to ram in and out of you.

Denis reaches under and grabs your dangling breasts, kneading them, squeezing them, running his fingers over the nipples, feeling them hard and erect beneath his touch.

Your mouth comes off him. "Tell me when you're ready to cum," you say quickly, then he's in you again. He pumps upwards into your mouth as your teeth run along the edge of his pole.

Tomas' cock continues to pound into your cunt, his balls slapping against your thighs. He lubricates a finger, then slowly inserts it into your anus, to the first nuckle, stopping for a moment, then to the second. You moan loudly.

Suddenly you gasp, sucking hard on my cock, as you cum, your body spasmodically jerking as your orgasm ripples through your body from the sensation of Tomas' cock and finger thrusting into your cunt and ass, Denis' cock shoving up into your mouth.

"Almost ready..." groans Tomas.

"Me, too," Denis says.

You release Denis, pull yourself from Tomas' cock and finger. "Get up."

Denis gets to his feet quickly and you grab their cocks, pumping them in unison.

"Aaaahh -- !" cries Tomas as you yank on him.

"Cover me!" you call out. "Cover me with your cum!"

A moment later, unable to stop, Tomas spurts his warm jism, its thin streams shooting onto your face and neck, then, a few quick seconds later, Denis starts to fire his own load, the wet sticky milky-white fluid spewing out into your mouth, running down your neck and trickling down over your breasts and nipples...

You shudder with excitement. If only....

PRIVATE AGENDA

To enjoy a sexual liason not unlike your fantasy with two virile men

MONIQUE

PUBLIC PROFILE

You have been hired by Madame Josephine to work as a maid in her home. Along with Solange and Emory, you keep the house clean and tidy, occasionally do cooking for the guests, and shop at the outdoor markets when food and other supplies are needed. You are well-paid for your work.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

The only reason why you are working at Madame Josephine's is because you need enough money to support you child, Raphael. He was the result of a one night encounter with a soldier who left the next day for parts unknown. Without money, your child would be taken away from you. So, to supplement your daily income as a maid, you also provide sexual pleasure in the evening to men and women who desire and pay for your company.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a bi-sexual female. You have been with males and females, and yet you have never experienced that which you have fantasized about while lying on your bed at night, your fingers searching the cleft between your legs as the pictures run through your head....

You don't know what hour of the early morning it is when you open your eyes. You try to move, to talk, but panic surges within you as you realize a gag of some sort has been placed across your mouth, and you are spread-eagled across the bed sideways, your ankles and wrists tied with some sort of cords. You jerk back and forth, but it is of little use--you are fastened quite securely.

Wide-eyed, you look quickly around the room until you see, standing in the doorway of the bedroom, a man in his late twenties or early thirties. His hair is long, but neatly groomed, his eyes shining and mischievous- looking, his face thin, angular, but handsome.

"Hello," he says, his voice heavy and low.

You pleas are muffled by the gag and your eyebrows arch up in the middle in an attempt to ask what's going on.

He walks up to the end of the bed, stands beside you, looks up and down your body. "I've been admiring you for some time now," he says. "From across the street. Nice of you to leave the window open, tonight. Loved watching you get undressed. You have a very beautiful body, n'est-ce pas?"

He reaches out and strokes your belly. A slight tremour runs through your flesh. You glare at him, struggle again, but it's futile.

"I won't hurt you -- unless you make me. I just want to -- enjoy your body for a short while. Will that be all right?"

You scowl at him again, but he seems to be ignoring your expressions.

The man walks around the bed, stands behind and above your head which is almost hanging over the side of the bed.

"You know what I'd like to do?" he asks, holding up his cock in his hand, moving the skin back and forth. "I'd really like to slide my cock into your mouth from here...mmm, that would be nice. But, at the moment, you might decide to bite it off." He cracks a smile. "However, perhaps later- -?"

You try to say something, but only muffled noises emerge from the gag.

"If you promise not to scream, I'll remove the gag..."

You nod your head.

He smiles again. "Well...let's just wait a bit shall we?"

He reaches down, takes your nipples between his fingers and thumbs, twirls them firmly, but not painfully, twisting them back and forth until they begin to harden and protrude.

"You have nice breasts," he remarks, cupping them, squeezing them, feeling the firmness of their fullness. He pushes them together, bends down and closes his lips over first one nipple, then the other, rolling his tongue over them, sucking them deep into the warmth of his mouth, rubbing his teeth over the skin for several long moments.

He rises and moves forward. Your head dangles between his legs, his balls brushing over your face. He smells of a light musk.

Then his cock is between your pressed breasts as he pushes them together. He starts to pump himself back and forth. He continues with this for several minutes and you feel his cock hardening and lengthening.

When he stops, he pulls back and waves his cock above you face, letting the slightly wet pre-cummed tip brush against you cheeks and nose. He bends down, licks the juice. "It's only fair that if I expect you to drink my cum that I should be willing to do it myself, don't you think?"

You can't answer, just stare at him with wide, frightened eyes.

"I want you to want me," he says.

You shake your head.

"Maybe not now, cherie," he continues. "Perhaps later."

Then he's gone for a moment and you see him reappear on the other side of the bed down by your feet. He kneels down between your parted legs.

"You have a beautiful cunt," he remarks, then you feel his finger running down the outside edges of your labia, then moving between, then sliding back up to your clitoris, there to massage it slowly around and around. In spite of yourself, you mind trying not to think of hat he's doing, you moan quietly, arch your hips a little, almost automatically trying to get a better position for his touch.

Now his finger slips down and enters your vagina. It feels the insides, the ribbed walls, the wetness and the warmth of the hidden cave. A second and third finger join the first, beginning to push in and pull out slowly. Then the man's tongue is there on your clit, licking and sucking it while his fingers continue their prodding.

The longer he does it, the more you feel your body responding, even though you wish it wouldn't. And yet, it feels so good, and it's been so long since last your cunt felt a man....

Suddenly, before you can cum, he stops. You moan. He rises and lies above you, the head of his cock poking at the entrance to your cunt. It pushes aside your lips, inserts itself only about an inch, then retreats. Again it goes in only slightly, again it is removed.

A third time it enters, this time further, and then you feel the length and breadth of him as he plunges himself fully into you. You groan with the thickness of his cock as it fills your cunt. Back again, then forward. Back and forward. In an out. Thrusting

into your depths, pulling back almost until he is out of you, then pushing back in roughly once more, this time to the very bottom of his shaft till you feel his balls slapping against your ass.

You strain against the cords that hold your arms and legs, you wish you could tear away the gag on your mouth. But you are helpless to do anything.

Once more you near the point of no return; but once more the man stops.

He gets up, bends down. He releases your feet, although the cords still remain around your ankles. He moves to the other side of the bed, releases your hands, even though the cords remain around your wrists.□

He pulls you gently from the bed, drags you onto the carpet.

"Get down," he orders. Already weak, you fall to your knees. He pushes you forward onto your hands, then he pulls back the cords on your wrists, tying them back against your knees so that your cheek rests against the carpet and your ass is high in the air.

Once again he's behind you, once again you feel the wetness of his tongue sliding over and over your cunt lips and clitoris, his lips and teeth nibbling on them, his tongue thrusting deep into your crevice. Then his tongue slides up and twirls around your anus, probing into it, licking around it, then back down to your clitoris, up again to your ass, then down again.

Then he rises and his cock penetrates you again, this time thrusting long and deep and hard, his wet thighs thumping noisily against your own.

He cries out, then he groans loudly and rams himself into you and you feel his hot cum gushing into the hollow of your cunt, his stiff cock making slurping and sucking sounds as he continues to pump into you.

Moments later, he slows his plunging motions to a stop, waits for his cock to slither out of your soaking cunt.

Now he rolls you over onto your back, separates your bound legs and arms and buries his face in your mound, his tongue forcefully thrusting its way around your clitoris. Again and again he licks at you, then shoves four fingers into your cunt, sliding them in and out, lubricating them with your wetness and his cum. Now he slides his little finger into your ass, the other three into your cunt, begins to pump them all back and forth as his mouth continues working on your clitoris.

The finger in your ass, those in your cunt, and his swiftly lapping tongue on your clitoris -- this time he lets you go fully, and your body bucks and wiggles wildly on the carpet as you cum and cum and cum as you've never cum before, myriad waves of ecstasy washing through your body, your mind soaring through worlds of passion and bliss.

...Perhaps it's time to get over your reticence, and make the fantasy a reality...

PRIVATE AGENDA

If possible, to acquire enough money to be able to leave the *maison* and move to the United States with your son.

To find someone at the *maison* who will help you fulfill your captive fantasy

SOLANGE

PUBLIC PROFILE

You have been hired by Madame Josephine to work as a maid in her home. Along with Monique and Emory, you keep her home looking neat and tidy, do the washing of dishes and clothes, and are well-paid for your work. When necessary, you also shop for linens and clothing.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

You are an assassin known as "Jaguar" hired by a foreign government to get rid of Count Rodolfo. It has been known for some time that Rodolfo often brings courtesans to the *maison* in order to have sex with them, and so you were planted here almost half a year ago to provide sufficient cover for you if you were ever suspected of the murder. Hidden away in your room, you have a dagger and a vial of poison. If one doesn't do the job, the other will.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a lesbian. Nothing excites you more than sharing a session of love with another woman, someone who can touch your vital spots and raise your levels of ecstasy to heights you've not reached before, and to do the same with her. You remember a time, a long time ago, when you were with a friend, Pamela her name was, and...

...she opens her legs and begins to rub her clitoris which is already wet and shiny. She slides her finger back and forth over her labia slowly and you watch it disappear occasionally into her dark cunt.

Then you draw your skirt up to reveal your own wet pussy. You begin to masturbate yourself and then you suddenly stop, twist onto your hands and knees and bury your face between Pamela's thighs. She gasps aloud as your tongue finds her clit and swirls slowly around it. She grabs your head, pulls you closer into her mound --

But, no!--that time is no more, and it will probably never happen again. There are more important matters to attend to than the lusts of the flesh.

PRIVATE AGENDA

To assassinate Count Rodolfo without being caught.

Although it would be nice to have a sexual liason with a woman, the prospect is highly unlikely as it could possibly deter you from your mission. However, if the opportunity were to present itself....

ZABRINA

PUBLIC PROFILE

You are a well-known spiritualist medium and fortune-teller, often advising those in positions of authority what they must do according to what is "written in the stars"; in addition, you have been able to call forth the spirits of those who have died. Many of your predictions have come true, many a grieving soul has been helped by talking to their loved ones who passed away.

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

Although your "parlour tricks" as a medium look authentic, they are just that -- stunts very craftily arranged by you and your assistants. No one, as yet, has found out about the fake sittings and, if things go well, no one ever will; you've made good money from them and have lived comfortably.

SEXUAL PREFERENCES

You are a straight female. You have enjoyed a few sexual pleasures, but up until today you have never experienced anal sex. You fear the pain more than feeling the pleasure, and yet you have fantasized about the time a man does take you in that way, perhaps on a table...

You imagine some young male lover burying his face in your cunt, his tongue licking round your clitoris, through your lips, thrusting deep into your hole, then flicking down and stabbing into your asshole. Then he'd pull you from the table, turn you around and bend you over the tabletop so you're lying face down on it with your ass and legs dangling over the side. He'd spread your legs with his foot, take his hard cock and ram it into your cunt, thrusting it harder and harder, and you'd feel his balls slap against your lips. Then, as he thrusts into you, he'd separate your ass-cheeks with his thumbs, then quickly slide one of them into the wetness of your asshole, pumping then with thumb and cock, alternating his in-and-out movements, hearing you gasp as the suction makes popping sounds from both your holes.

Now he removes his cock and thumb, slides his cock up until it reaches your asshole, then he firmly pushes it in, feeling your anus open, then close over the bulbous head, then sliding down the length of his shaft as he shoves it into you.

He starts slowly, feeling your muscles grab at him, sucking at him as he pumps in and out, then he reaches under your thighs with his hand, his finger finding your clit, pinching it, tugging it, rubbing it until, at length, he hears your cries of ecstasy and sees your body thrashing on the table as an orgasm rushes through your body. Your screams are enough to excite him more and he thrusts into your ass faster until he suddenly explodes, filling your channel with his hot cream, Then he lies down gently on your back, both of you feeling his cock slowly shrivel and slip from its resting place, tiny rivulets of cum dripping from your hole....

...So perhaps tonight is the night to put aside your fears and experience the fantasy for real...

PRIVATE AGENDA

To find a gentleman who will introduce you to the pleasure of anal sex

