Charlotte I

By Parker & ?????

an210088@anon.penet.fi

"Pardon me Madame, but we're in Port.""

Francesca D'Abrette opened her eyes to see the Captain's bearded face on

the large colour monitor that hung from the ceiling of her opulent cabin.

"Thanks, Bole." She stretched, catlike, working the sleep from her body.

"Give me an hour or so to get ready, and we'll go ashore. Oh... and tell the

crew that tonight's a party night."

The corner of the Captain's mouth twitched in what might have been a

smile. "At once, Madame." He nodded and the screen went dark.

Yawning, the young millionairess slid off the soft bunk and planted her

feet in the thick carpet. The cabin was indeed opulent, but the luxury went

unnoticed; in her almost thirty years of existence, she had come to expect

nothing less from her surroundings. Indeed, she would have tolerated nothing

less. That was why, upon inheriting the "Monaco Nymph" cruiser when her brother

died (in somewhat mysterious circumstances), Francesca had personally ensured

that it was completely refurbished.

A large, mirrored wardrobe filled the length of one wall in her large

cabin/bedroom, and Francesca took a moment to admire her reflection before

opening it to select some suitable clothing. She was not a beautiful woman, but

she was a striking one. Her face, under her short, dark hair, was a bit thin

and harsh, and her body, while lithe and muscular, was not really curvaceous

enough to be called attractive; indeed, she was almost completely lacking in

breasts. Francesca could easily have rectified that with surgery, but on the

whole she was not really all that interested in attracting the kind of men who

were turned on by large breasts. Really, she was not all that interested in

attracting men in any case. Her pleasures lay elsewhere. And, if she did decide

that she wanted a man (as she did on rare occasions), she had learned that

money was far more effective an aphrodisiac than any mere physical feature.

And money was one thing she had in abundance.

Smiling back at her reflection, she slid open the door to the wardrobe. At

one end hung a variety of night dresses, some long and expensive, others short

and slutty. Next to these were her 'bedroom clothes'; a range of fancy dress

costumes that might be worn by herself or by a 'friend' in any fantasy she

might choose to enact. The remaining half of the closet contained day and

evening wear from the world's greatest designers. She pulled out a short white

Channel dress-suit, a present from an old girlfriend. She loved it's perfect

fit and simplicity, and decided it would be ideal. In a place like St. Maxine,

simplicity often attracted far more attention than flash and glitter.

And Francesca D'Abrette loved to be noticed.

After a quick shower, Francesca slipped into a silk camisole, panties and

shear white stockings, put on her dress, and applied some make-up. Preparations

complete, she called the Captain on the boat's intercom.

"Are you ready to leave?" she asked. Upon hearing an affirmative

response, she strolled to the upper deck. Topside, she paused briefly to survey

the view. The Port of St. Maxine consisted of a small bay nestled snugly in

between a rise of land to the east and an artificial breakwater to the west.

The town itself - long one of the lesser-known "getaways" for the rich and

famous - was spread out in a picturesque sweep of colour and light, beginning

on the north beach with the famous "Promenade des Anglais" and sprawling on

upwards through numerous magnificent summer homes and on up into the gently

rolling hills of southern France.

The Mate - one of the six men crewing the large cabin-cruiser - nodded

respectfully as he assisted her in her descent down the short ladder to the

launch bobbing in the choppy Mediterranean water. She was popular with the

crew. One of the reasons for this was her habit of throwing small "parties" for

them at many of the various ports of call. This particular stop was one of

their favourites; five of the six men (short straw stayed on watch - she would

be sending out some "entertainment" later on) would be joining her and the

Captain onshore later, once the relevant arrangements were made. As usual,

Fransesca would not be participating, but she did like to watch.

It promised to be a memorable evening.

The Captain, Nedrick Bole of South Africa, had booked a table in one of

the town's more celebrated restaurants - a Michelin "3 Star" on the busiest

section of the popular Promenade des Anglais. The restaurant had, of course,

been booked up when he had called - one usually booked weeks in advance for

this particular establishment - but the D'Arbrette name opened a lot of doors.

As they entered the restaurant, the Maitre d' Hotel came straight over to her,

atypically ignoring at least one gesture of request from another guest.

"Miss D'Abrette!" he greeted her in flawless english. "It is so good to

see you here again!" He ushered the two of them to a corner table.

Over dinner, she and Captain Bole discussed plans for the crew party later

that evening. For these occasions, Fransesca usually provided luxurious

quarters, unlimited alcohol and a number of prostitutes for the men to enjoy.

She herself rarely participated, usually just watching. Tonight, however, she

felt like doing something more. Something special.

Just what, however, she wasn't certain.

After the waiter had unobtrusively cleared away the remains of their

repast, Fransesca and the Captain made their way to a public phone to begin

making arrangements for the coming evening. As was almost always the case in

Europe, the booth was plastered with an assortment of stickers pasted onto the

glass surroundings. Each had been printed in both english and french, and

advertised the services of various 'escorts' based in the town.

CALL YOUNG BLONDE NIKKI

ON 755632

FRENCH IS MY SPECIALTY

MISTRESS HELGA INVITES YOU TO HER DUNGEON

PHONE 133598 - NOW!

SAMANTHA WILL BE YOUR 24-HOUR SLUT

TEL.613344

SCHOOL-GIRL SHERRI NEEDS YOUR PUNISHMENT

-166455-

48DD DEBBIE NEEDS YOUR BODY ON 314569

MASTERCHARGE AND AMEX

"Captain... have a look at these!"

Bole, who had been scanning the passing crowds for attractive women while

Francesca had examined the cards, peered into the small booth. She held up a

couple of the cards for examination. "Which of these do you want? I think I

might give 'School-girl Sherri' a ring!"

"Ha!" Bole laughed. He like this part of the job. "I was thinking of her

myself! The men always like that sort of thing. How about 'Debbie'?"

"Why Captain," Francesca teased, "a breast man. I never knew."

Bole grinned, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm only thinking about the

welfare of my crew," he declared stoutly.

Fransesca laughed. After a final glance at the other advertisements, she

slipped the two cards they had chosen into her purse and left the phone booth.

Something was bothering her, though. She still felt like doing something

different tonight, but she didn't know what it was.

Ah well... something would turn up.

A few moments later, they entered the Hotel Adelphi, walking into its

large, marble reception area. It was there they encountered an unexpected

problem in the form of a stubborn desk clerk.

"I'm sorry Mademoiselle, but we are fully booked tonight." The speaker -

the creator of the problem - was a young blonde girl standing behind the

reception desk. Unused to being refused anything (it was an experience as

unpleasant as it was unfamiliar), Fransesca stared at her. She saw a girl in

her early twenties: a tall, willowy blonde, with soft blue eyes and long hair

that fell in gentle waves down her shoulders.

A girl who was in her way.

The desk clerk - Charlotte - looked back, trying to maintain a firm look

on her pretty face. She saw only a rich woman; a spoiled, rich woman who was

all too used to getting her own way in everything. A woman who had not been

forced to scrimp and save and work her fingers to the bone in order to get

through two years of business school; a woman who had not been required to

trudge endlessly from interview to interview, finally accepting a position far

below that for which she was qualified. A woman who had no right to speak to

her in that tone of voice.

A woman she resolved herself to stand up to.

As for Fransesca, she suddenly realized just what it was she wanted to do

that night. The reason - the source of her strange restlessness - suddenly

became apparent. A nasty smile flickered across her face. If Charlotte had been

a little older - a little more experienced, a little more observant - she might

have sensed the danger in the woman's smile. But she was none of these things.

"Call me the manager" Francesca ordered, smile gone, glaring at the poor

blonde.

Charlotte sniffed, but did as she was told. Henri would sort this spoiled

woman out. Soon a short frenchman - Henri Delacourt, the manager of the hotel -

appeared from a side door. Charlotte turned to explain matters to him, but was

cut off before she could speak.

"Francesca, mon ami!" Henri rushed forward, taking the proffered hand and

bestowing an elegant kiss. "But it has been too long! How are you? How is your

brother?" After accepting his obeisance, Francesca cooly explained how her

brother had regrettably just passed away, and that she, as his only heir, now

managed the D'Abrette empire.

"You have both my sympathies, and my congratulations..." he said

tactfully. Knowing what he did of the D'Abrettes, he had a pretty good idea

that her brother's death had not been an accident. Still, it was not his place

to question either the motives or actions of the rich. He was, despite his

senior position in the hotel, a servant; and he knew it.

He was also well aware that the D'Abrette empire included a large

Parisian holding company, which in turn owned a controlling interest in the

Adelphi hotels.

"And how might I be of service, Madame?"

"The 'Nymph' is moored in the harbour," Fransesca told him, "But we were

hoping to enjoy a night on dry land. However, the young lady here informs me

that you have no rooms available."

"Mon dieu!" The manager turned and slapped his young desk clerk across

her slender wrist. "Charlotte! What nonsense. Do you not know who this is? You

will ensure that the penthouse is immediately readied for her, and that her

visit is made as enjoyable as we are able!"

Charlotte, amazed at this turn of events, blushed furiously, but quickly

nodded her head in obedience. "Oui Monsieur, je comprend, je comprend!"

Francesca smiled as the young girl stammered out an embarrassed apology.

"She's very pretty Henri. Perhaps she could be our chambermaid for this

evening?" Henri frowned; that was highly irregular. "Oh," she continued, "And

while you are here, might I invite you and your wife to dine with us on the

Nymph next week? We will be returning to St. Maxine on the first of the month."

He was perceptive enough to perceive the implied promise; he did not wish

to spend the entirety of his career managing this one hotel. "Mademoiselle,"

Henri said, beaming. "You are too kind! Of course we will be happy to join you.

Charlotte will get changed immediately, and ensure that your room is prepared!"

The manager was well aware of the eccentricities of the rich, and neither

knew, nor wished to know, why the young heiress might demand a chambermaid in

her bedroom. He had learnt the importance of discretion, but realised that his

blonde employee might not recognize such values. As Francesca and the Captain

left to take a drink in the hotel bar, he pulled the girl to one side.

"Charlotte," he hissed, "Miss D'Abrette is one of our most valuable

customers. I will be asking her in the morning about your performance and will

expect an favourable report! In that way, you may make amends for your

unforgivable rudeness to her."

"But Monsieur..." Charlotte felt like she was going to cry. "It was not my

fault. We were booked. And the way she looked at me... it was if she was

undressing me with her eyes!"

Henri looked around to lobby; no one was nearby. He turned back to

Charlotte. "Indeed," he whispered, "she may well wish to do such things or

worse, so you should accept that now! If you are good to her, and she speaks

well of you, I can assure you that your future within this hotel will be

significantly improved. I might add that she will likely reward you very well

herself."

That was the carrot; time for the stick. "If, however, you refuse to do

this, I promise that you will never work in this business again!" He stared at

her. "This is a large chain; you are aware that I have the means to do as I

say."

Charlotte wilted under his intense stare. She was one of the many young

hopefuls who had arrived at one of the resort villages in the south of France

from a poor farming family, searching for riches. Despite her attendance at

business school, good jobs - indeed, any kind of jobs - were scarce. And

anything, she reasoned, was better than the life of street prostitution that

had befallen so many of her contemporaries. One thing that was always in demand

in a place such as St. Maxine was female beauty.

Charlotte shuddered.

"Yes sir," she said quietly, "I will do as you say."

"That is good. Go to the chief housekeeper and ask for a chambermaid's

outfit. She will dress and prepare you."

He put a fatherly hand on her shoulder. "You may be shocked at the

activities that take place this evening but do not forget my promise!" Nodding,

the young girl left the desk, to go and ready herself for the night that lay

ahead. After she left, the manager picked up the desk phone and punched a

button.

"Madame..." He spoke into the receiver. "This is Henri. Charlotte will be

coming by in a moment for a chambermaid's uniform. I want you to give her one

of the costume outfits... Yes, the one we used for the longshoreman's party

last year... don't worry about that; tell her to put it on when she gets to the

penthouse..."

In the bar, Fransesca and the Captain sipped their drinks and made use of

the bar's cellular phone to call the women advertised on the cards. It was a

matter of only a few moments to contact them and set up the evening's

activities; any hesitation the prostitutes might have felt was quickly

dispelled when Fransesca mentioned the location of their assignment; the

Adelphi was one of the most expensive hotels in a town full of expensive

hotels, and anyone who could afford a night in the penthouse could surely

afford to pay top rates.

Business finished, Fransesca relaxed in her seat while the Captain

informed the crew of the plans for the evening and arranged for some company

for the unlucky crew-member consigned to watch duty. Word came, in the form of

Henri himself, that their room was ready, along with all the "special

arrangements". Fransesca and the Captain quickly they finished their drinks,

and took the elevator to the eighteenth floor penthouse.

His employer didn't react, but Bole could not help but gasp as they

entered the penthouse. The main bedroom was huge, featuring two all-glass

walls that afforded a spectacular view of the sea-front all the way down to the

eastern hills. The white walls contained numerous specially-commissioned

paintings by some of France's most acclaimed modern artists. It was a suite, of

course, and polished wood doors lead to a library, a second bedroom, and a

large, brass and marble bathroom. The second bedroom door was partly open, and

they heard a rustling coming from behind it. Francesca walked up to the door

and knocked.

"One moment, Madame." It was Charlotte. "I am getting changed."

Francesca turned to the Captain and giggled. "I think she's shy!" she

smirked. "We'll soon cure her of that. Still, we'll play along with her to

start with!" Fransesca felt a warm glow of anticipation. She had been right;

this was indeed what she had needed for tonight. Her crew would have their

party, and she would have her's.

The Captain walked over to a beautiful teak drinks cabinet. After

surveying the extensive collection of premium brands, he poured himself a glass

of Scotch and mixed a Martini for Francesca. After he passing it over to her,

he took an appreciative sip of his drink.

"Not ba..." he began to comment, but fell silent when the door to the

second bedroom opened and Charlotte walked out, her cheeks flushed red with

embarrassed self-consciousness.

She was quite a sight.

Her long, wavy blonde hair had been tied up in a high pony- tail with a

white lace ribbon drawn into a large bow. Thick, pale pink lipstick and red

blusher - applied by the housekeeper, in accordance with Henri's instructions -

gave her a beautifully tarty look, that perfectly matched the effect created by

the skimpy maid's costume. The outfit itself was a thing of beauty. It

displayed her svelte figure perfectly, the tight, black silk squeezing her

breasts upwards, the twin points of her nipples moulded and clearly visible

beneath the thin material. The plunging neckline and puffed shoulders were

trimmed with white frills, as was the thigh-length skirt's hem. White

petticoats flared under the tiny skirt, hanging clear from tight panties and

stockings. Gossamer thin, white net gloves went from her fingers to upper arm;

black stiletto high-heeled shoes clasped her feet, and, as a final touch, a

bib-like apron was tied around her torso with a large bow, matching the one in

her hair.

Charlotte fought back the tears as she entered the main bedroom, tottering

slightly on the high-heels. She had belatedly come to the realization that the

outfit she had been given was not the normal hotel chambermaid uniform. By

then, however, it had been too late to protest. She had known, when Henri had

pulled her aside in the lobby, that more would be expected of her than simple

maid's duties, and she had accepted this as the price she would have to pay to

keep her job. The costume though... she felt like such a slut in it!

'One night,' she told herself, gathering her courage as that man and his

hateful employer stared at her, him in open admiration and the woman in...

well, she didn't know what.

It scared her, though.

"How do you feel darling?" Francesca spoke at last, gliding forward to

inspect her new maid.

"Umm, I feel embarrassed Madame" replied the poor girl, acutely aware of

the looks her breasts and thighs were receiving, both from Fransesca and the

Captain.

"Don't worry," Fransesca assured her, fussing over the bow in Charlotte's

ponytail. "You look splendid." She stepped back, taking in the full effect of

Charlotte's maid costume. "Quite delicious. And in about half an hour we'll

have you looking just as I want! Just stand there for a moment."

Francesca went to the phone, and dialled the direct number given to her

by the manager. "Hello, Henri? Yes, this is Francesca. Yes, she is perfect...

just one more thing to complete the ensemble. I need some... virile young men

who can be trusted. Just for about twenty minutes." Charlotte's face adopted a

look of fear, but she kept her position; there was no backing out now. Not if

she wanted to keep her job.

Fransesca noted her expression and smirked over at her as she listened on

the phone. "That would be perfect. Oh yes... by all means. Please do. The more

the merrier."

She hung up the phone and walked slowly over to where Charlotte stood in

her maid's outfit. Slowly, she ran one of her long, painted fingernails down

the frightened girl's cheek. "Don't worry my dear," she purred. "We're just

completing your 'look' for tonight's party."

"Madame." Charlotte swallowed, gathering her courage. She couldn't just

let this happen without saying something. "I am not... not a prostitute."

Fransesca smiled at this. "Well," she said, glancing over at the Captain

who was trying, vainly, to suppress a chuckle, "I'm glad to hear it. I'd hate

to think that I was going to have to pay extra for your services. You do come

with the room, don't you?" The Captain laughed out loud.

Charlotte started to speak, but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

The Captain strode over and pulled it open. The manager stood there, with five

men who appeared to be from the hotel's kitchens.

"They're Portuguese," he announced, correctly interpreting Fransesca's

raised eyebrow, "and don't speak any English or French. They can all be

trusted." He led the five men into the room.

"Excellent," commented Francesca, motioning them over to the where the

Charlotte stood, now trembling. The cooks laughed and pointed at their young

co-worker who stood before them in her new outfit. They knew who she was, just

as she recognized them. Charlotte, conscious of her position in the hotel as

only one who was used to worse could be, had made a point of ignoring those

whom she considered to be of a 'lower position' than herself. In her few months

as an employee, she had managed to alienate most of the kitchen staff as well

as many others with her haughtiness. Hence, seeing her reduced to a mere

chambermaid - a sexily dressed chambermaid at that - was a pleasant surprise to

these men. One of them, bolder than the others, reached for the tail of the

large apron bow that hung from the small of her back, and pulled it free as he

passed. The apron dropped to the floor. Anxious to retain what clothing she

had, the humiliated girl crouched down to pick it up.

"Charlotte!" Fransesca ordered angrily."Stand up! As long as you are my

maid, you will NEVER bend your legs to pick something up. They must remain

straight, and slightly parted, with your back arched inwards. Do you

understand?"

Flushing red with humiliation, Charlotte glanced over at the manager. He

just stared back, however, expressionless. No help there. Trembling, Charlotte

looked back at Fransesca and nodded.

"Good. Now try again. And do it slowly! We all want to watch."

Charlotte did as she was told, feeling the tiny skirt slide up over her

thighs as she bent at the waist, legs straight and slightly parted. The cooks,

as a group, moved around to get a view of her from behind, laughing and jeering

as her tiny panties were exposed. They stretched against her shapely buttocks,

clearly outlining the shape of her vulva. The cook who had pulled free the

apron ventured forward to slap her hard across her exposed ass. Charlotte

gasped and tried to straighten up, but Francesca, who had moved up next to her,

gripped the girl's neck, keeping her head low.

It was time to begin in earnest.

"Get your cocks out boys," she ordered, a cruel smile on her face. The

manager quickly translated her statement into Portuguese, and then followed the

order himself. Fransesca examined the exposed cocks in satisfaction; they would

do nicely. One of the men even sported what must have been at least an eleven

inch monster of a penis. Perhaps later, she herself would...

The same bold cook who had earlier tormented Charlotte moved forward and

tried to press his cock against the girl's barely- covered pussy.

"No!" Fransesca spoke sharply, using a tone of voice calculated to

establish control, regardless of the lack of a common language. "You're not

fucking her. She's going to suck you off." She waited while the manager

translated her words before continuing. "And none of you are going to cum until

I say! Do you understand?" Once again, the manager translated. The men looked a

little disgruntled at this requirement, but nodded their agreement. The thought

of that snooty little desk clerk being forced to wrap her sexy lips around

their cocks was irresistible. They would have agreed to anything.

Fransesca turned her attention back to Charlotte. Still held down by the

back of her neck, the girl had fallen to her knees and was waiting quietly,

head down, seemingly resigned to her fate. The skirt, never particularly

concealing, now rode high on her rump, exposing long, slender legs right up to

her ass crack.

Fransesca leaned down to whisper some final orders in the poor girl's ear.

"Keep your hands behind your back, holding up the hem of your skirt, slut!"

Charlotte, now crying, moved to obey. Her trembling hands hesitantly pulled the

short skirt up, completely exposing her backside. "Now," Fransesca continued,

"I'm going to spank you until all of your friends here are ready to cum, so

you'd be well advised to give them your best efforts!"

She shoved downwards and released her hold on the girl's neck. Shaking her

head in mute denial, Charlotte knelt on all fours on the thick carpet. She

looked up to see that the men had formed a queue in front of her, the manager

at its front; his cock hung limply from the fly of his dress trousers.

"It's not very clean" he said apologetically, smirking down at his

employee. "But don't worry, it will be by the time you're finished."

This was too much for Charlotte. Mouth held firmly closed, turned her head

away from his limp cock. Francesca knelt behind the girl and raised her palm.

SLAP!

"Ow!" Charlotte, recoiling from the impact, instinctively dropped her

gloved hands to protect her reddening ass.

"STAY STILL!" Fransesca shouted, "AND MOVE THOSE HANDS AWAY." Sobbing,

Charlotte obeyed, once again pulling the skirt up on her thighs. "Now open your

mouth," she was ordered. "The spanking will continue until you are finished."

SLAP!

Charlotte trembled in shock as Fransesca's hand was once again brought

painfully down onto her exposed ass, but followed orders, opening her mouth as

wide as it would go. The manager looked down at his subservient employee,

enjoying the sight of her pouting lips opening to accommodate his member. He

decided that he could get used to this. As he slipped his cock in, Francesca

brought down her palm again, and Charlotte started energetically sucking on

him. A few seconds later, as the manager grew visibly harder inside her mouth,

Francesca momentarily stopped the spanking and grabbed the girl roughly by the

ears.

"Come on my petite bimbo! Open up; let me see your pretty little tongue

cleaning your nice manager's cock!" She pulled the girl's head back, and

watched in delight as the maid/receptionist obediently ran her pink tongue all

around the manager's still- growing cock head, collecting lumps of smegma as

she licked. The man was soon groaning in pleasure at the sight of the girl

kneeling before him in absolute submission. Impulsively, he took hold of her

pony tail and yanked her head towards him, driving his cock down her throat.

"Let me feel your throat around me Charlotte!" he ordered, voice hoarse,

as he slid his nine inches of throbbing manhood deep into her face. "Arggghh -

the slut's gagging on me - merde! it feels good!" The sight of the girl's

slender neck contracting around his cock heightened his feeling. Before he

could come, however, Francesca ordered him away, and gestured for one of the

cooks to take his place.

The first cook was a huge, bearded man, his thick, hairy arms covered

with tattoos. He wasted no time in thrusting his greasy cock between the

Charlotte's still-parted lips and then fucking her face, his cock driving down

into her throat. Gasping for air, Charlotte tried to pull back, but her

assailant grabbed ahold of her ears and pulled so that she had no option but to

take the whole penis down her throat.

SLAP!

Fransesca, delighted at what was taking place before her eyes, had resumed

the spanking.

After a minute or two, Francesca ordered the man to the back of the queue

and allowed a younger cook - the one with the eleven inch penis - to enjoy the

sensation of Charlotte's moist young mouth. Gagging and chocking, Charlotte

accommodated it as best she could.

The sucking continued for some time. As each man looked like he was just

about to come, Fransesca got him to pull out and move to the back of the queue.

The rotation moved quicker and quicker as each man was sucked again and again

by the sobbing girl. After each of the six men had enjoyed Charlotte's mouth

three times they were all visibly ready to orgasm.

'Time for phase two,' Fransesca decided. She stopped spanking and began

to speak. "Form a circle around her. I want you to cum in her hair, on her face

or her dress. Charlotte, you will lick and touch them until they cum all over

you!"

Charlotte, momentarily unrestrained, tried to stand up. She had to get

away! No job could be worth this price. It was a futile effort, however. As she

began to pull herself to her feet, Fransesca grabbed her by her ponytail and

pushed her back to her knees.

There was no escape. Hand firmly gripping the poor girl's hair, Fransesca

leaned forward and whispered: "I'm going to allow you thirty seconds, slut. If

they're not finished in time - if they haven't cum all over you - then they

will cumming up your ass. It's your choice!"

Fresh sobs wracking her abused body, Charlotte started frantically licking

and sucking at the circle of cocks, sweat and pre-cum dripping down her lovely

face and smearing her carefully applied make-up. She used her long, slim

fingers to masturbate two men while bobbing her mouth up and down on a third.

She felt her hair being yanked cruelly as a man wrapped it around his cock

using it as a make-shift cunt. One man pulled open the elasticated frilly arms

of her dress, pushing his cock under the lace and against her shoulder. Another

pushed his cock down into her cleavage, while the seventh - the Captain had at

last decided to join in - had wrapped her frilly skirt around his penis and was

masturbating it up and down his erect cock. She was now servicing seven men at

once.

For Fransesca, however, it was still not enough.

"You've got twenty seconds Charlotte!" she warned, pitching her voice

above the groans and sobs. "Say slutty things about yourself while these nice

men bring themselves off!"

The terrified girl pulled her mouth of the cock and, after coughing, began

to speak. "I'm a slut..." she said, her voice faltering as she cried in shame.

"I'm..."

"Be more dirty!" Francesca interrupted slapping Charlotte's tear-stained

face. Charlotte choked back her sobs and obeyed as best she could. The man

whose cock she had been sucking began to run his hand up and down its

well-greased length, all the time keeping it pointed directly at her face.

"FUCK... FUCK MY FACE. I'M A DIRTY SLAVE SLUT. HURT ME, MAKE ME CRY - I

DESERVE IT!" she cried. Desperate to make the men cum before Fransesca carried

out her threat of allowing them to rape her ass, she began to lick at the cocks

surrounding her, speaking as best she could between slurps.

"MAKE ME SICK WITH YOUR SPERM, DRIP IT ONTO ME AND MAKE ME LOOK LIKE THE

BITCH THAT I AM." Moving as quickly as she could, Charlotte moved from cock to

cock, licking, sucking, rubbing, kissing... doing everything possible to make

them cum all over her.

"I'M A SLUT... I'M A WHORE... CUM ALL OVER ME!"

That did it. One of the cocks in her hand begin to jerk.

"In your hair slut!" Francesca told her, grabbing the girl's hand and

directing the cock as the first string of sperm flew through the air and landed

with a audible splat in her pretty blonde pony-tail.

"Oui! I'm cumming," cried the manager, his cum spraying the upper part of

her tits and maid's dress and dripping down towards the apron.

"Make sure it all drips onto you bitch! Anything falls on the carpet and

you're licking it up."

But nothing fell on the carpet.

Thankful to have succeeded in making the men cum within the thirty

seconds, Charlotte squeezed every last drop from the men's cocks, making sure

that it all landed somewhere on her body. Jet after jet of thick, white cum

covered her face, hair and dress. All in all, it took under a minute for all

the men to empty their balls over the cum-covered slut. When they were finished

they stood back to admire their work.

Charlotte kneeled, gasping in the middle of their circle. Her little silk

dress was now covered with white sperm, the thick fluid dripping down the

material until it congealed and dried. Smears of glistening white jism marked,

slug-like, the trails it had taken down her face and upper chest, and her hair

was matted with glistening cum.

"You stink like a pig!" remarked the manager, laughing at the kneeling,

crying girl.

"Good work!" remarked Francesca, motioning to the Captain. As the cooks

pulled up their slacks, he gave each of them a one thousand franc note,

thanking them for their efforts, and then showed them to the door.

While he did this, Francesca pulled the manager to one side.

"Fancy finding Charlotte looking like this in a bedroom with five men!"

she commented. "What a slut! And for someone in a position of responsibility at

the hotel? Don't you think that your other employees should be informed?"

The manager was momentarily taken aback. What was this leading to? His

puzzlement showed on his face. Fransesca sighed dramatically.

"I hardly think that Charlotte could resume her former position here if

word got out about her... activities?"

"Ahh..." Things were becoming somewhat clearer. "Perhaps I begin to

understand. But I promised her..."

"I'm not suggesting you fire her," Fransesca smirked, guessing at the

promises the manager might have made to convince the desk clerk to act as a

chambermaid. "Merely that a... new position might be a little more suitable for

her. I'm certain that, after a little training, her employment at the hotel

could be both long and... profitable."

"Ah," the manager prompted, at last understanding the game, "And you might

be able to help out with this... training?"

Fransesca laughed delightedly. "But of course," she answered. "I would be

glad to lend my assistance." She looked over at Charlotte who, still dripping

with cum, had struggled to her feet. The Captain stood behind her, ensuring

that she would not escape. "With a little work," she murmured, "I'm sure her

career at the hotel could easily be advanced. The first step is to ruin her

reputation among the employees."

"Ahh." The manager nodded in agreement. He would play along.

Having agreed on a course of action, Francesca and the manager turned and

ordered Charlotte to approach them. She obeyed, her head bowed in shame, still

dripping cum onto the carpet.

"The manager is going to walk you through the hotel's back rooms."

Fransesca was all business now. "You will confess to any man that should see

you that this is your responsibility, and invite him to enjoy your mouth. Only

when every male member of the staff has had the chance to enjoy you, and all

the woman have seen you, will I expect you back!" She expected some sort of

reaction, but the girl had lost any will to fight. Sobbing quietly, Charlotte

followed the manager as he left the room.

Once again alone, Francesca and the Captain sat down and fixed themselves

another drink. Both were excited and horny from watching the receptionist's

humiliation, and took showers in advance of the evening's entertainment.

Within the hour, the five crew-members had arrived and were awaiting the

whores. They didn't have long to wait, and they weren't disappointed.

'School-girl Sherri' turned out to be a young-looking woman with long, brown

hair done up in pig-tails. And Debbie, the Captain's choice, measured up

beautifully, with curly, platinum-blonde hair and large, firm breasts. Drinks

were poured, rates discussed and payment made.

Now, only one thing was missing...

"But I don't know," the manager protested, having been called back up to

the penthouse. "I'll find out." Picking up the telephone he dialled

Housekeeping.

"'Allo? 'Allo..." It was a woman. She had to shout over some sort of

commotion going on around her.

"Is this Housekeeping?" the manager asked, also shouting.

"No," came the answer. "This is Housekeeping."

"This is Henri. What's happening down there?"

"Oh... nothing monsieur.. nothing at all!" she said, plainly lying.

"Madame, I am the manager. I do not expect to be lied to. You will tell me

exactly what is happening or I will ensure that you lose your job. You will

answer at once!"

Sensing some entertainment, Fransesca hit the 'speaker' button on the

telephone. Now everyone in the room could hear what was being said.

"Monsieur, I apologise! I did not realise!" the woman said, clearly afraid

for her employment.

"Don't worry Madame! Just tell me what is going on! In english, if you

please." This was in deference to Fransesca, whose french was limited.

"Monsieur, I fear I cannot tell you! It is dreadful!"

"Madame," the manager said, losing patience, "If you want to continue as

an employee of this hotel, I suggest you overcome these inhibitions and explain

yourself!"

"It is the young receptionist, Charlotte!" the woman explained, clearly

distraught. "It would seem that she has engaged in some sort of an orgy with

the customers... and members of the staff. Her body and clothings is covered

with man's.... er, man's....."

Fransesca grabbed the phone. "A man's semen?" she asked.

"Yes Mademoiselle, Man's semen! It is shocking that she is such a slut! I

believed her to be innocent and good, but it seems I was wrong! Now she has

touched herself while many of the men here make their, er, semen, onto her

face, and other men make sex with her mouth..." In her excitement, the

housekeeper's english began to falter.

"Madame?" called Francesca. "I hear the sound of women's voices. Are they

shouting?"

"Oui Mademoiselle. They are angry because the slut has had love with

their men!"

"Are they? How did they find out?" asked Francesca, who was now becoming

very interested in the woman's account.

"But it was obvious from her appearance. They also are receptionists,

waitresses, and maids here at the hotel. They have tied Charlotte to the

sinks!"

"And what are they doing?" Francesca had hitched up her tight white skirt

and pressed the palm of her hand against her pussy as she listened in

anticipation. This was even better than she had hoped.

"They throw the rotting food and vegetables at her Madame! No...wait! They

have thrown cans of food at her, to make her bruise. I fear that they might

kill the slut!"

"Do not worry," Fransesca told her. "The manager will be right down."

Taking his cue, Henri bustled out of the room.

"You have been most helpful, and we shall ensure that you are suitably

rewarded!" Fransesca kept the woman on the line, listening with malicious

pleasure as the housekeeper gave an account of Charlotte's continuing

predicament.

A few moments later, however, the manager's voice came onto the line.

"Hello? Mademoiselle D'Abrette?"

"Yes Monsieur, I am still here. It sounds like young Charlotte is having a

rough time down there!"

"Oui Madame... It is true. But I think you would approve!"

"Yes," Fransesca agreed, "I rather think I would, but that is enough for

now. I do not want her damaged. Yet. You must tell them that Charlotte will be

temporarily leaving the hotel for re- training. Let them know that they will be

seeing her again soon."

"Of course Madame. And then?"

"And then bring her up," Fransesca ordered. "We still need a maid for the

party."

By the time Henri arrived with his cum-encrusted charge, the party was in

full swing. Sherri was "entertaining" two crew members at once while being

energetically spanked by a third, while the Captain exercised the privileges of

rank on Debbie's ass as she stood, bent over the couch. The other crew members

took advantage of the well-stocked bar, waiting their turns. There was no rush;

the party was going to last all night.

Unexpectedly, it was the whore Debbie who reacted when Charlotte was led

into the room. Having sucked off a good dozen or so men after her exploits in

the penthouse, the young girl was again glistening with fresh cum. Her costume,

never all that concealing in the first place, was stained and torn in a number

of places, exposing large patches of abused flesh.

"My god," Debbie exclaimed (somewhat inappropriately) as the Captain

fucked her from behind, "It is her. The one who gave us the trouble last week."

Fransesca, grinning, walked over to the trembling girl.

"Trouble?" she asked.

"Mais oui," came the answer. "She got us kicked out of the hotel. She

makes trouble for all the prostitutes." Sherri grunted her agreement around the

cock in her mouth.

"You don't like prostitutes," Fransesca laughed, running a long, sharp

fingernail down Charlotte's face. The poor girl said nothing; she just

trembled, looking at her tormentor with large, frightened blue eyes.

"Nothing to say for yourself? Ah... young girls are so shy. Well, you have

had enough fun for one evening. For the rest of the night, you are to act as

our maid, serving everyone at the party. Do you understand?"

Charlotte nodded, broken. It was not in her to refuse this woman anything.

But still...

"M-madame," she stuttered, "After... after tonight; you will let me go?"

"But of course," Fransesca lied easily. "I have spoken with the manager.

He knows you are only to act as a maid for one night only. I have arranged for

him to place you in a special position in the hotel as a result of your service

to me."

Somewhat reassured, Charlotte began her evening's duties. She spent the

next several hours moving about the room as gracefully as she could manage,

taking empty glasses, pouring and serving drinks and generally acting the

perfect maid while a veritable orgy raged around her. She was touched and

fondled numerous times by the men, but she was not otherwise molested. Even

Fransesca ignored her, except for the occasional reminder to keep her legs

straight and slightly parted when bending over.

The sky was visibly brighter in the east when the party finally died down.

The whores were paid extra and sent away. Exhausted, Charlotte stood in the

corner, waiting to be released as the men got dressed and filed out of the

room, anxious to be gone with the tide.

At last Fransesca turned to her.

"You have done beautifully tonight," she told the girl. "And, as I

promised, I have arranged with Henri for you to be placed in a new position at

the hotel. This position, however, will require some additional training."

"T-training?" Charlotte's lower lip began to tremble.

"Fortunately," Fransesca continued, "I have had some experience in these

matters, and have decided to look after your education personally. The manager

has agreed."

"Noooo...." Unable to prevent herself, Charlotte burst into tears. It was

not over after all. She was still crying when Fransesca and the Captain led her

out the back entrance and down to the docks, still wearing the cum-stained

chambermaid costume.

Henri surveyed the wreckage of his penthouse and frowned. There were hours

of work to be done here. Fortunately, the D'Abrette pockets were very deep, and

would pay for the labour without even noticing the cost. Perhaps he would even

add on ten percent or so as a "tip" for himself.

Sighing, he stepped to the window and looked southward to where a small

launch approached the 'Monaco Nypmh'. If he had possessed a set of binoculars,

he would have been able to watch his young employee, still crying and

struggling, being fondled by Fransesca D'Abrette in the back of the launch.

He didn't have the binoculars, however, and so turned away and back

towards the penthouse and work. Life went on, and he would have to arrange for

a new receptionist for the afternoon shift...

Ahh... and he must remember to inform his wife about dinner with Fransesca

next week.

EPILOGUE

ONE WEEK LATER...

Henri watched anxiously as Charlotte, still wearing the frilly maid

outfit, obediently followed along behind Fransesca D'Abrette as the

millionairess strode confidently into his office in the hotel. The Captain,

taking up the rear, came in after them and closed the door. The manager studied

his young employee, looking vainly for signs of abuse. She was physically

unmarked, but her demeanour had changed considerably. Rather than the self-

confident young woman he had hired as a desk clerk just over three months ago,

he saw a frightened, subservient girl, blue eyes cast downward, trembling body

awaiting the commands of her cruel mistress.

Or, it immediately occurred to him, her master.

"Monsieur," Fransesca greeted him brightly, "I have come to return your

property. The training is complete."

"C-complete, Madame?" To his annoyance, the manager found his voice

catching in his throat.

"Oh yes," she answered, smiling. "Quite complete. Perhaps a demonstration,

while we discuss legal matters?" Henri started to ask what she meant by "legal

matters", but fell silent when Fransesca turned to the girl.

"Charlotte," came the order, "the last time you were with your manager you

performed fellatio on him in a crude and ineffective manner. Show him how you

have improved." Without a word or any other sign of objection, the girl moved

forward, fell gracefully to her knees, and pulled his cock out of his trousers.

Henri swallowed as he felt her lips, soft and warm, encircle his penis. He had

enough experience to recognize the level of skill and effort she was expending;

she had clearly had a lot of practice over the last week.

"Now Henri," Fransesca continued, satisfied with Charlotte's performance,

"we have a few matters to discuss." She handed over a piece of paper. "This is

Charlotte's new contract."

Trying to concentrate, Henri scanned the paper. It was a standard

"personal services" contract; the employee - Charlotte - was employed to

provide "entertainment services" for certain guests of the hotel, in return for

which the management would provide room and board; no salary was mentioned. The

contract - perfectly legal as far as he could tell - required only the

signature of the manager of the hotel to make it binding, as Charlotte had

already signed.

Henri looked up from the document. "Entertainment services?"

Fransesca smiled. "Charlotte," she said, "Tell your new master what your

duties are to be."

Charlotte paused in her task and pulled her mouth from his cock. Lips

glistening with drool and pre-cum, she looked up at him with her large blue

eyes and began to speak. "Monsieur, I am to be attached to a special room which

will be set aside for friends of my mistress; I will provide 'services' for

them during their stay. When the room is empty, I am to live with the kitchen

staff, cleaning their quarters and providing any other s-services they

require."

The girl fell silent, still looking up. 'Waiting for further orders,' the

manager realized.

"Very good," Fransesca praised her, giving her head a pat. "Now back to

work." Charlotte obediently slid her lips back over the manager's penis and

resumed her labours.

"Special room?" the manager asked, suddenly short of breath.

"Check with Paris," Fransesca told him, referring to the head office.

"It's all arranged. Two friends of mine from Scotland - Nigel and Miriam

Hammersmith - will be visiting next week. They have expressed an interest in

young Charlotte."

The manager nodded his understanding. Twisting around as best he could

without pulling his cock free of Charlotte's mouth, he set the contract down on

the desk and signed his name with a flourish. There; it was done. Charlotte

belonged to the hotel now, for... the next three years???

"Madame," he raised his head. "The duration of the contract..."

"Is the maximum legal length for such a document," Fransesca told him.

"Any longer and it would not be binding. After the three years are up, however,

I have made other arrangements."

Smiling, she produced a second contract and handed it over. It was

another personal services contract, identical to the first, except that it was

dated as beginning the same day the hotel contract expired, and it was made for

the benefit of one "Sherri La'Rou". The manager was puzzled for a second, but

then he understood. "Schoolgirl Sherri," he exclaimed. "She will be working for

a whore!"

"Indeed," Fransesca agreed, accepting the document as he handed it back.

"I have spoken to Ms. La'Rou, and our little Charlotte here will begin her new

career as a whore after finishing here." She reached down and once again patted

the poor girl's head as it bobbed up and down on the manager's cock. Charlotte

groaned in humiliation, but continued her work. The manager was just about to

cum...

"By the time her three years are up with Sherri," Fransesca continued,

"She will be such a hardened little slut that no one will take her for anything

but a whore."

Despite the hellish experiences of the week-long "training", Charlotte

wanted to say something - to protest - but just then, the manager came in her

mouth. As she had been trained to do, the poor girl sucked it all down, letting

only a small trickle escape down her chin for effect. By now, she had done this

scores of times, and her technique was flawless.

Her efforts earned her a final pat on the head from her mistress.

Fransesca turned to go. "Don't forget," she called back as the manager

pulled his limp penis from between the kneeling girl's lips, "dinner tomorrow

night."

"Of course," the manager answered after her, "my wife and I are looking

forward to it."

The door swung shut. Henri fell silent, looking down as Charlotte

delicately placed his penis back in his trousers and zipped them up.

She had indeed been well-trained.

"Well," he said, pulling her to her feet by her pony-tail, "Let's get you

set up in your new home; I'm certain the kitchen workers will be happy to see

you again." He walked out the door with Charlotte, still silent, still sporting

the thin trail of sperm on her chin, following obediently behind. If he had

turned to look at her as she hastened along behind him, he would have seen one,

large tear well up in a sparkling blue eye, spill over and run down her cheek.

He did not, however, turn around.

There was no need.

THE END

Home

Library

Gallery