

***“At 18, the challenge
of being even more nymphomaniac
than her mother”***



Severine and Vertue

CECILE HEBELLE

© 2025 Cécile Hébel - All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means whatsoever, without the prior written permission of the author or the publisher, except for brief quotations in a review or an article.

Séverine and Vertu

Conquête I

In love with life and beautiful things, I was a student who was not too focused on her studies but much more on the teachers around me. My name is Séverine and I have just celebrated my eighteenth birthday. My childhood was a relatively hard time since my mother was forced to raise me alone, my natural father having abandoned us. I was left to my own devices very early on, sometimes relying on the fleeting relationships that my mother had with men. Attracted by curiosity, I witnessed, without her knowing, a multitude of intimate scenes taking place between her and her friends. No doubt this was one of the reasons why I was very attracted to men and their sex to the point that I masturbated constantly? I was born with this vice in my soul and I lived with it.

My mother met Mike, a tall, handsome Apollo with black eyes and hair, the type of man I dreamed of meeting one day in this life. His gaze attracted me, his muscles, his prominent and muscular torso excited me terribly. When I was younger, before falling asleep, I waited for them to go to bed. Then, I got up without making a noise to go and put my ear to the door of their room. I listened to everything that was happening and sometimes the slightly ajar door allowed me to observe them in the darkness without being seen. During my voyeurism sessions, I slipped my hand under my dressing gown and caressed myself for a long time during their lovemaking. Since they had sex every night, I could regulate my sessions without waiting!

My mother was young and beautiful, a magnificently muscular body; he was as handsome as a God and I was very

excited when I discovered during their lovemaking, the prominence of his sex that my mother grabbed with the passion of a nymphomaniac. They were of course unaware of my presence . I had become jealous; she was riding this man who for me was only her friend and whom I desired so much. I was obsessed by his body and finally in love.

Shortly after we moved to a new and large house designed by a very original contemporary architect. This house was made up of several levels eliminating as many doors as possible. Only three bedrooms were closed by a door; the other two bedrooms did not have one but had a specific landing that still preserved the privacy of those who slept there. This situation was for me a huge opportunity allowing me to immediately plan my night excursions; their bedroom was surrounded by large bay windows overlooking a huge terrace. Given the

original design of the house, I often wondered about this architect and his very particular concept of community life... I could therefore come very close to their bed without being seen and not only listen but see with my own eyes.

Once in bed, I approached their room very slowly, walking very softly on the thick carpet without the risk of creaking. I placed myself at the top of the three steps that separated the place from the other levels by thick and wide double curtains, allowing me to contemplate their lovemaking without the slightest risk of being surprised. I watched greedily as her mouth swallowed, licked, sucked his enormous penis, punctuating her head between her hands the back and forth movements of her mouth. She masturbated him while sucking his glans and suddenly I saw in the darkness, jets spraying her face, her mouth and her

breasts. I dreamed of taking her place,
but it was only a fantasy.

<https://payhip.com/b/FA6U9>

From Theory to Practice II

I had a free field alone facing my target;
I had to go for broke. Passing him in the
house I asked him:

— What are you doing this morning?

—The weather is great, I'm going to
relax by the pool! And you?

—Maybe I'll go there too after all...

I had put on my thong as thin as possible and a swimsuit top that only hid the tip of my breasts; I didn't want to put on my flip-flops, it was too ordinary. I had one pair of shoes left with a slightly high heel in transparent acrylic, ideal for rounding out my buttocks and making my walk sexier. I arrived at the edge of the pool without forgetting my suntan oil and came to sit on the deckchair that he had placed right next to him. I had noticed his furtive eye when I walked to join him; the game was about to begin! So who was staring at me, I began to delicately coat my legs with oil and asked him

— You don't put oil on your skin? you'll burn; this oil is great!

— Oh yeah! Oh no, I forgot, I'm going to burn!

—I can put some on you if you want!

— So I'm waiting for you!

— Ok I'm coming, come on lie down!

Mike had lain on his back and began my massage starting from the top. My hands delicately coated his face with love and I could see that he clearly appreciated the approach. I then went over his broad shoulders laying amber on his shiny skin, caressing his chest and particularly his nipples then his stomach. I didn't know how I was going to treat the area of his swimsuit. Fortunately he intervened before and fixed the question thus:

—And you want me to do your back?

—Go ahead, yes, no problem!

—Ok then come sit on me and pass me your bottle.

I couldn't have hoped for a better opportunity! I sat comfortably on his legs and he began to coat my neck; I felt the softness and strength of his hands penetrate me, it was a wonderful electric sensation. He then went down covering my shoulders while massaging them and I couldn't help but tell him: "You're an excellent masseur, I must say, how good it is, you can't even imagine the pleasure you give me. »

— I love to massage sensual bodies giving you a lot of relaxation!

I felt his hands press on the parts of my body sliding on the oil. I took advantage of it to just move slightly backwards; placing myself on his swimsuit. A priori it shouldn't bother him too much! While he had arrived on my sides, I felt his fingers brush the base of my breasts and suggested: "With this sun you should

take off your swimsuit top after you'll have white marks it's not great! »

—You're right, it's true, and then no one sees us here, unclip it, it's on your side

— Good! Do you want me to continue or would you rather do it yourself?

— Uh... No, keep going, it's so good and you do it so well, it's enjoyable!!

— Thanks for the compliment...

I saw myself now engaged on the slippery slope and no need for oil! I felt his hands gently surround my breasts more and more, his fingers electrified my chest. He put a little oil in the hollow of his hands and massaged me by going around my nipples which had become very hard. I let out a discreet sigh of well-being telling him not to stop. His hands covering my breasts, he massaged

my nipples and insisted by turning them slightly. "Do you like it?" he asked me.

ENJOYED THIS PREVIEW?

Don't stop here. Dive deeper into the world of « **CECIE HEBELLE** " and discover the full story today.

 **[READ THE FULL BOOK ON PAYHIP]**

<https://payhip.com/b/FA6U9>

Explore my complete author universe:

<https://lectures-dark-erotiques.com/en/home/>

