

CECILE HEBELLE

**Séverine
and
Virtue**

Excerpts

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.

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.

— No... I don't like it, I love it!!

— Your breasts are soft and firm, your nipples are hard as rocks

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