

Stiovanna Esse



**ITALIAN WOMEN'S
EROTIC SINS**

Giovanna Esse

Italian Women's Erotic Sins, Volume I

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

Esse G.

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Giovanna Esse

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Credits

(for The Iron Fairy)

A tender thank you to my friend Princess who has agreed to donate her story. In fact, this is a real story, interpreted with only with some crumbs of fantasy.

(for My Princess)

This is a true story. As sensual and sinful, angelic or infernal it may seem, it's true.

I've had to bare myself of my preconceptions and my education to be able to accept it partly understand it, and finally love it.

The force of this story also comes from its Source, my friend. The most delicate, fine and sensitive girl I have ever had the honour of knowing. The same one who, a few years ago, donated to me the story of her youth, condensed by me: The Iron Fairy. I thank her and give her my unconditional affection.

Thank you A., sweet creature, wherever you are, maybe I cannot understand you but I am certain that from your execrable sense of Love scatters culture, goodness and respect. While in my long proclaimed moral of the civil world only selfishness, lie, greed for power and war are born.

Often, who indulges in professing is only trying to hide his incapacity to learn, to change his disposition to tolerance and respect towards others.

Reader

I thank those who have read me and I hope that these true stories, revisited with a lot of imagination, have been enjoyed.

I invite you to read the next volume, which features new, exciting, adventures.

A very special thanks to Clarissa Cassels.

She translated my words carefully. She allowed my book to cross the borders of my country. She has translated well everything except these phrases, which are all wrong ... but you will understand the same, because they come from the heart.

Giovanna Esse

Five Sins

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The iron Fairy

A girl is always a mystery: there is only to rely on her face and the inspiration of one's own heart.

E. De Amicis

1

A fairytale with as much as a Fairy and a Princess, a hut in the woods and an enchanted trail.

Once upon a time, there was a young princess named Dawn.

One day the king and queen, her parents, decided that the small reign, that the good God had reserved for them, was too limited and the money, to such a royal couple, was never enough. Beyond the woods, not too far away, there were other realms all of wealthier and more sumptuous appearance. Certainly, emancipated, they could enhance their noble lineage, entertain relationships and friendships with important families; increasing their prestige and finally, perhaps, they could find that wonder that we all seek but no one ever finds: the Source of eternal youth.

As it is known, on the other side of a dark forest one can find anything, perhaps this is why each person undertakes the same journey without asking too many questions. So the royals made their bags and left, together with their dearest people and princess Dawn, their beloved daughter.

The journey soon became exhausting and full of dangers. The woods are always mysterious and intricate: by day full of illusions but by night inhabited by ghosts and nightmares. The illusions push the brave wayfarers to overcome ordeals that await them, but the ghosts scare them and make them lose orientation and safety.

Overcome by the many and unexpected obstacles adventures, the queen realized she didn't have time to take care of the young princess. So she remembered that, long before, she had met a very special fairy that lived in the forest, in a small place not too far away. Not that she blindly trusted her, but deep down, just like satyrs and mermaids, fairies are just a figment of our hopes and imagination. The forest is insidious, confuses the traveler and fear often leads us to hasty choices. She summoned the little Dawn and said:

My dear, our journey is more complicated than what we could have wished for.

By now, as you can see yourself, all around us the plants have become an inextricable tangle, and the trails are more and more obscure. We started amid the rolling hills and now we are surrounded by ravines and gullies. The light no longer filters joyously from the tall green treetops, leaving in its place only darkness, cold and dampness. I don't want you to suffer for our difficulties, there are thousands of paths, many of which are wrong and others that don't lead anywhere!

The princess hangs from her mother's lips, young as she was she did not realize the pitfalls she could have been encountering. Happiness, to her, was to be with her parents; her world only extended until there. That was her only measure of joy. The queen continued: This is what we will do! While we attempt to get out of this situation, you will wait for us in the home of a fairy I met a long time ago, an old friend. I still remember where the little road that leads to her house begins, come! Taking her by the hand she led her to a nearby clearing. There said the queen, pointing with her finger at a delightful alleyway, Look carefully! That is the path that leads to her house. You can't go wrong because at the entrance there is that sign on an old pole. Dawn sharpened her eyes and in fact saw a small pole on the edge of the path, with a little post carved from the trunk of an ancient tree. There, go to her have faith in her hospitality. Every now and then we will meet here, until we will have found our way.

They kissed and hugged and not without a shade of fear, Dawn watched her mother get lost in the undergrowth. Her discomfort only lasted a moment, then with typical curiosity of young people, she hurried along the path indicated by the ancient sign.

On the wood she could barely read an epigram faded by time:

Here lives the Iron Fairy.

She loves everybody and nobody.

She defies life but fears it.
When she rejoices later it hurts.
She is not a real Fairy
But she can't even be
A real Witch.

The blurred letters, penned with the colour of rusty blood, affected the little princess, but she decided to walk the alley which, with each step enriched with flowers, colors and perfumes of Guerlain.

2

Problems and solutions: mum's friend. (Reality)

And this is Nicole! See? I told you she is no longer a child. Time goes by fast, damn! the girl's mother smiled at her old friend Flora. Come on, Nicole, shake Flora's hand and introduce yourself properly. Come on! Her mother cared of making a good impression, of flaunting the daughter like a trophy to highlight how smart and lucky she had been. Nicole puffed saucily and mimed a theatrical bow, sharpening the whole formal scene with a smile:

Nice to meet you! she said quickly Sorry but my mother would make me parade like at the circus, if she could.

Of course! said the mother, making full of her. Because only in the circus you find parading monkeys like you!

Flora laughed entertained:

There is only to say she began that you couldn't be more "diversely" similar. She shook the small hand of the girl, looking at her from head to toe, Your mum is right, you are truly beautiful! to be a little monkey, I mean!. They all cackled.

Nicole and her mother followed Flora inside the small mansion, which although being suburban was very well connected to the city centre.

I'll make you a good cup of tea, would you like that? Or hot chocolate, don't be shy!

The kitchen was part of a large hall out of a big flat which hosted a series of sofas and a big dining table. In the back of the room, in front of a wide window, a long wooden walnut bench served as divide with the cooking zone, covered in ceramic tiles in an infinite sequence of warm shades that spread between yellow and brown. Floras's house was welcoming and clean!

They hadn't met in years and Nicole's mother enjoyed those moments of thoughtfulness. If a fortune teller had predicted this to me, I swear I wouldn't have believed it... so far from home and finding ourselves here! I am so happy!

While Franca was lively, at times almost fierce, Flora was had a joyful character, but spoke little. She was one of those people who inspire security: a quiet smile accompanied each movement. Watching her make tea was relaxing, just like the whole environment that she had created around her.

Nicole immediately liked the figure of the mature and prosperous woman, with generous breasts that squeezed under the thin shirt that she wore at home.

Nicole, do you prefer hot chocolate? asked Flora with her stroking voice which the girl couldn't resist.

Oh, yes, please! Thank you, Mrs. Flora she answered, as she looked around inspecting the house.

No need for formalities, Nicole: I ain't no married old lady like your mother! she laughed, showing her small white teeth that looked like little pearls. Franca protested, but kindly.

Come Nicole, I may have something for you. You should enjoy it more than our chit-chat". Flora made the way to the living area, where a large TV towered on a coffee table, full of DVD movies.

Here you should find something suitable to you; the daughter of my brother leaves around a lot of these disks, she is more or less your age. "

"Wow!" She exclaimed ecstatic, leafing between the clamshells "but this is the last concert of my favorite singer. Please, please ...!" She preceded in attempting the best doe-eyed interpretation ever carried out "Can I watch it? Flora had to make an effort not to stand still and enjoy watching those beautiful languid eyes. Briskly, Flora replied:

"Ah, my dear, as far as I am concerned you can even marry it, I never watch such modern stuff."

"NicÃ²le! Be aware that we will go home shortly!" Screamed Franca in the direction of the living room, where her daughter had already taken possession of the remote control. With the typical craftsmanship of the young, she had already performed all maneuvers to start the movie on the big flat screen.

"We have to return home soon." Franca told Flora, "You know dear, I couldn't wait to see you, but we just got here ... Picture that at home I still have the workers assembling the furniture, and Monday we have to already uptake service." Meanwhile Flora, heedless of the tornado that as usual unleashed Franca, methodically continued her operation of serving a good tea for two on the kitchen table. She then brought NicÃ²le a cup of steaming hot chocolate and a plate of homemade cookies, which disappeared soon from the tray.

In the meantime Franca had spang on her feet: "Come on, I'm curious to see your home!" She said, simultaneously secretly using her chin to point at her unaware daughter, who had already been kidnapped by images. Flora understood so, cup in her hands, she made way to her friend towards the staircase leading to the upper floor. There were two very comfortable and spacious rooms and a bathroom.

"It's so cute, beautiful! And these tiles: delightful. Mind if I take advantage? "

"Are you kidding? Be my guest" The host replied watching her friend quickly lowering her pants and tights to urinate. "They come from Italy," continued Flora, pointing at the tiles. "Vietri sul Mare, to be precise; the planks are decorated by hand, one by one. I also really like them. They have those strong colors born in places where the sun shines strong". While Franca reassembled giving herself a check in front of the large ground mirror encased in plaster and surrounded by a ceramic frame, she took more confidential tones, and quickly told her latest adventures.

They were at a moment of total confusion. Her companion, NicÃ²le's father, had been transferred quickly from their city. She had fortunately found work, with the help of a colleague, as a cashier. She would often have to cover the evening shift, but she did not complain. After all, the important thing was that she already had a job. Franca was very fond of appearances and with little money she wouldn't bare it... he had two other children, the fruit of the first marriage, who were grown up. The young adults had moved with them out of necessity, but they were soon arranging to go and live in Paris to attend university.

Flora tried to follow her hurried description as she quietly sipped her tea. The friend had mentioned something about some "help" on which she was counting. She listened carefully and curious to see where the monologue would land. Franca's problem was not just practical: the whole family was going through a time of confusion and she tried to do her best. The eldest children, irritated by the forced move, had become impossible to deal with.

The coexistence threatened to crumble because of her husband's affair with a colleague. finally, Franca was depressed, and was searching, for her part, for something different... Old unsolved problems had crept into the family and now were undermining the relationship.

"The little one is agitated and nervous," Franca continued "and our family is so messed up... We are uncertain about the choices to be make."

Franca stared at her, "Behold, I would like to entrust NicÃ²le to you for after school care, so you can teach her the language and help her to overcome this complicated moment. Of course you will be paid. It's obvious! Please, I do not feel like leaving her with a stranger in a country she doesn't know. For her it would only deepen the trauma so, frankly, I would avoid it."

Flora interrupted, raising a strong hand:

"Stop, my darling!" Said. "It is not a question of money, imagine that. However, what you ask me represents a big responsibility. You think that the Italian tiles and the kitchen on the veranda represent a heaven on earth? She glared at her, almost offended. "I also have my own life, you know? I live alone but it does not mean I don't have someone and especially I have my problems,

unfortunately. " Her face was overcome by a gentle sadness. Their eyes met eyes. Flora smiled, reviewing the haggard look on Franca; she seemed like the confused child, now.

"Oh, well," he said resolutely. "All right! We will make a week test, ok?" Franca nodded with the same expression of a happy dog wagging its tail.

"But I want to know precisely the days when she will come to me. I can receive her from three o'clock. Not before. I'm busy with work and more... and in the evening, at home by eight".

Later, alone in the big bed, Flora closed eyes and mentally returned to the emotions that had provoked the encounter with the young Nicole. The immature shapes, small breasts certainly, hard as marble ...

At that point, her thoughts languished, imagining the immature flower that the young girl guarded. She would pay to be able to at least admire and smell it, but this could only remain a dream. Her thoughts, however, became more and more lascivious, despite efforts to divert the mind. Then the images, which at present were mere figments of her imagination, mingled with memories of the past. The face of the young girl overlapped with those of her mother, when she was young and fresh. She saw her lowering her flowing hair, diving onto her body, which smelt of pure pleasure. Franca's tongue's insatiable search. She remembered all the times they had reciprocated that exasperating poking, with their mouth, into the other's secret spaces. The dream of Franca's young body, in the excitement that had seized her, mingled with that of another. An unknown woman with undefined contours, illuminated by a light behind her back, which discarded her features. Shortly, however, as fresh as dew, the innocent vision of Nicole appeared again.

Panting and dripping, the woman reached a languid and intense pleasure that rather than satisfying, disturbed her and left her on the bed full of a renewed thirst.

3

In the wonderful world of the Iron Fairy (Fairy Tale)

The Iron Fairy had a house that can only be imagined in the world of fairy tales. The young princess had introduced herself, armed only of her innocence, her love of life and her fears. She had lived too long among the mysterious echoes of the forest, seeking the strength to overcome her uncertainties; she had felt upon herself the crushing weight of indifference. Now, all this was contrasted by the fantastic ambient before her.

Immediately she was hailed as the most beautiful of princesses: the most exclusive cocoa mixtures came from all over the world to for her chocolates, while biscuits, marzipan and honey jujube, never lacked at tea time.

The Fairy Iron was uncompromising: first of all you had to do homework; but then, as if by magic, they flew past fast. It was nice to even study if the prize was an affable and allied smile of the fairy. The young girl did her best to collect good grades, not to interrupt the happy union.

The Fairy Iron proved to be the best and most trustworthy of friends. Beautiful, large and prosperous; she always wore colorful and cheerful clothes: a real ode to joy. She had a thousand outfits, all too short to hide the thick buttery legs; all too narrow to contain the swollen breasts and round buttocks.

In the Fairy's house everything was available and there was nothing to do but be happy. The hostess helped Alba in her choices without overpowering, sharing ideas. The girl would find no objection to the whispered advice, but would hang on every word she would whisper. It was amazing to receive her full, unconditional attention.

Nothing in that house was more important than the princess; she was the Iron Fairy's center of the universe, all that Alba was interesting, unique and valuable.

Although we would be pleased to see her family, she could never wait to run back to the world of fairy tales, to the house at the end of the path, amidst the colored and poisonous bougainvilleas and oleanders. Each day the princess felt bigger and stronger; running toward new experiences day by day. And, hidden in the heart of small sinner, she had a shameful but sublime secret. One of the things that attracted her was the body of the fairy; she could have remained hours admiring her. Only that enchantment was enough to make the visits hurried.

She was beautiful and, to the delight of Dawn, very distracted. When they sat at the delicacies table, she would often opulently cross her legs, careless of the rising of her apron going up, with every movement disclosing her stockings; always of different, new colors. The ones she liked the most were black. The black stockings seemed smaller by a size, the silk stretched on her skin creating mouth-watering lights and shades. Her gaze, hypnotized by that vision, would search the place where the strong black laced rim freed, with very slight snort, her rosy, clear fresh. Even when she sat on a low ottoman, munching beans and Tears of love, it was not difficult for Alba to steal a picture of her panties, squashed between her thighs. The poor fairy sat there, to not to steal Dawn's space that, as the princess she was, reserved the place of honor on the couch. Sometimes she wandered around the house, looking for a coward speck of dust, or one of the many items that, in the fairy house, had the terrible tendency to fall into the most hidden corners. Since he had found out that, to find them, the fairy would get on all fours, showing her ass or her glorious breasts; Dawn, although of affectionate and obliging nature, never offered to volunteer for the research. The fairy had infinite patience and asked nothing of its precious guests. Fortunately, all the redness and flushing of the sinful girl passed unnoticed. Until one day Dawn gathered her courage and called her godmother from the toilet with an excuse, letting herself be found sitting on the pot, her thin legs parted. Even then, the fairy said and saw nothing, locked in her chaste indifference. On the contrary, the princess fell in unexpected

shame after the excitement, she sought a hasty excuse to go home and for a few days there was no sign of her. But on the third day the fairy called, and everything resumed as before.

4

The governess: charm, but firm hand. (Reality)

Flora thought she was going crazy, the situation had become untenable. Despite the promises made to herself and to the mother of NicÃ²le, the girl's presence had become too intriguing, however oppressing for her. Her pleasure in feeling secretly observed from that little slut stirred the blood in her veins and, as soon as she saw or thought of her, she would find herself horny. From the very moment NicÃ²le would arrive at her home, her most inner part would begin to drool pleasure; she desired the orgasm for hours, while her cheeks glazed and her breasts sweat. She wanted her! And, of course, in the end she was left frustrated by the "stalemate" that she had solemnly imposed herself. She wanted to vent about her delicate body that infinite desire. The first day that NicÃ²le deserted lessons, Flora breathed of relief, after weeks of stress she seemed to regain control of her life and home. She had become a small despot; a real little rogue, that princess! The second day she got gloomy. She missed her. She wanted to still be bullied by the impertinent spy. She missed her eyes staring at her thighs. True that NicÃ²le had gone too far; being found naked on the toilet, still wet. Delicious thoughts had crossed her mind, as galvanic sparking currents, but she had to behave like a responsible adult. She had to resist! That evening she made up her mind and called one of her friends to give vent to her volcano of lust, but the man already had a commitment. The fact that she could have not him made her even more furious. She fumbled in her intimacy mechanically in bed, but the pleasure made her even more excited and unable to overcome her desire for NicÃ²le.

In the evening of the third day she decided to put an end to it and phoned.

"Yet, I was sure that she had warned you," said Franca, perplexed "today's young people no longer have any respect."

"No, leave her alone, they are just kids, maybe she gets bored here with me. Unfortunately I do not have neighbors with children of her age. I understand the poor girl." Flora justified her.

"Wait I'll call for her, let's see how she feels." Then Flora, anxious and awkward, heard the distant voices of NicÃ²le and her mother:

"What are you thinking? Why did you not warn Flora you were sick? "

"Ugh, but I was not well, I thought you had told her."

"You're a so rude. Now get on the phone and apologize ... " Other words that Flora could not hear followed. Shortly after, NicÃ²le came to the phone:

"Sorry!" she began.

"For what, my darling? I'm sorry you were not well," beaming Flora said " but now how are you feeling now?"

"I'm fine," NicÃ²le continued, somewhat laconic. Then, again, Flora heard mother and daughter confabulating in the background.

"Mom says: if it's not too much trouble, can I continue coming to you?"

Flora didn't know how to conceal the joy that those words brought to her, her voice broke in trepidation, as she said:

"You know, NicÃ²le, now this is your home. You have to decide, if you want us to see each other again."

"Yup. I still want to come" said the young girl.

The next day, when she entered the house, a fragrant scent of apple pie and cinnamon filled her senses. Flora went to meet her and they embraced without speaking. Since then, however, she no longer sat on the ottoman, but on the couch, next to NicÃ²le.

5

Perversed enchantment (Fairy Tale)

Now that the ice had been broken the Iron Fairy no longer kept her secrets for herself. On the contrary, buttery and languished, she had decided to give her soul and, if possible, even her body to the princess.

To Dawn it didn't seem real: after homework, in the afternoon, they would have tea and chat like best friends. And since Dawn had never been so good and willing in her studies, in the end she would get a prize. This prize was presented as confidence and intimacy.

The fairy, resigned, would give herself to her completely, so to let her satisfy her lust and languished feelings of young and impertinent girl.

So the naughty girl would sit beside her.

They would often make use of a small blanket with a scottish pattern, times when Dawn would rejoice even more. They would watch television or Flora would read something in the long winter evenings. She would crash on the sofa and follow pretending interest to any program, for the sake of staying close to her. Their legs, hidden under the blanket, would begin rubbing together and the mere sound of the textile would excite them. Dawn never lacked the right excuse: for fun or for fear, any pretext was good to squeeze against the Iron Fairy. Then, especially if protected by the woolen blanket, the thin finger would begin rummaging. The girl would hug the woman in seek of protection and would explore all her roundness, all her curves. She wondered on the cotton shirt, sometimes getting lost among the roses on the black background, or picking daisies on the violet nightgown. The more the fairy would keep quiet, the more the hands gained confidence.

When she began she would want to stroke with delicacy, faking little interest: distracted, occasional caresses, as if born spontaneously with no ends. But then the excitement would increase, the movements would become increasingly raw, convulsed, disconnected. Those hands literally possessed the body of the large fairy.

Dawn would touch her abundant hips and then would crawl like a snake to her soft and generous belly, suddenly slipping under the cotton to caress her groin. Then she would return upwards, find her tits and pull, squeeze, play with her large breasts. The nipples would reveal themselves at her touch bloated and hard under the material, pressed under the maternal bra.

Then the fingers would explore the neck, the head, dangle on the earlobes and the fairy would slowly die of languish. The heart would go crazy and small drops would shine on the forehead.

The blanket was Alba's accomplice.

The girl would start complaining of being hot and, underneath the quilt would slip her skirt from her gazelle legs, staying only in panties and socks. The bare flesh would now again seek the contact, move the cotton, slip the silk and find, finally the other's skin. When the skin met, it was a joy for both. The desire was as great as it was suffered and prohibited. The fake silence of the fairy, that impossible indifference of hers, make the young girl shudder: instantly, she feared of being discovered that consequently banned, shooed. She knew she was taking advantage of all the Iron Fairy's enchantments, but she couldn't help it. She had to drink from that forbidden fountain.

Every evening, returning home, she would promise herself to resist that thirst but the next afternoon the good intentions would fall and she would dive back on the surrendered, soft, maternal body.

6

Getting lost, to after seek for each other more than before. (Reality)

The afternoon was cold, though spring had already arrived.

NicÃ²le arrived with rosy cheeks and knees, her little nose was frozen. Her slender figure emerged superb, between the play of light of the door's glass. Flora was dazzled, once again, by her grace. She had been missing for a week and she had realized how much she loved her already.

Master of the world, NicÃ²le took off her coat and white scarf. Then, she took off her cotton cap, letting her golden hair scroll down her shoulders. She flooded the house of smiles and words without importance.

"No school tomorrow, no homework today!" She established, domineering, that it was the suitable afternoon to watch "Doctor Zhivago". Flora wanted to cry, but did not, nor did she oppose the request. She had been waiting too long for her to not fulfill the wishes of her small "tyrant". She began feeling butterflies in her stomach, while her mind relished the caresses she longed. Their hands would dance with their fingers, intertwining and repelling each-other, like dancers on a stage. She could not curb her desire, nor to put a real brake to that girl.

But they had been stalled for too long: she could not continue like this. Flora decided to take the plunge and play her cards:

"Go pee then, otherwise you won't want to get up later" she smiled. "Meanwhile, I'm going to prepare tea."

"Yes, Sir!" Teased NicÃ²le.

While Flora was fumbling in the kitchen, the young woman lingering in the bathroom shouted:

"I have a surprise, you want to see?"

"Oh, ohhh!" Relunched Flora, "your surprises do not promise anything good to my fate..."

"But yes, look at me!" She came out of the bathroom, putting herself on display. She was wearing only the thick ribbed sweater. Below, instead of socks, she wore blacks and sheer tights. Flora lurched, despite the girl held her thighs clenched, it was obvious she was not wearing panties: a mop of fair and delicate hair, cleared the socks, right over her virginal groin.

"And look now," NicÃ²le said with her smile of youthful impertinence. She parted her feet, spreading her legs. She had ripped her tights roughly with her fingers, just between the legs, so the stockings worked as a frame for that stunning spectacle.

"It is my invention! Do you like it?" She did not wait for an answer; she knew, anyway, that it would not come. Flora's mouth was wide open in amazement, she could not utter a single word.

"They keep me warmer, I'll be very comfortable. And without panties, I can pee easily." She looked up and stared at Flora with swagger, the doe eyes defied her without shame. Flora managed to distract her attention from the spectacle. With longstanding breath, she pretended to mumble something about youth, turning to hide the redness of her cheeks. She dedicated herself tenaciously to filtering tea. Still boiling hot, she poured it in the favorite cups. Then, without a word, she retired upstairs to the bedroom.

NicÃ²le had already settled on the couch, as cozy as an alcove. She had dared, but in her heart she hoped not to have gone too far.

The film had just begun. From the stairs she could spy on Flora on her way into the living room. She had changed clothes: she wore a long shirt, tight over her breasts in a kind of empress style, slightly flared at the bottom, in fact, and closed with buttons. The girl noticed that she wore no socks. "She must be hot" she thought to herself, and took pleasure in the sight.

7

The fairy with no veils. (Fairy Tale)

That afternoon the Iron Fairy had been wearing a light dress with buttons on the front. Silently as always, she sat down next to Alba. After a few minutes, the Princess curled up at her side. She began to savor the voluptuous atmosphere that was creating between them. She closed her eyes and inhaled the fresh scent on her delicate flesh. She pulled on the couch both legs, bandaged by the pantyhose while abandoning her head on the arm of the fairy. Moments later, her free hand slipped from her thin legs to the deliciously full of ones of the mature woman. Pushing along the light cotton, she felt the easy flow on the bare skin of the thighs. The princess felt one of those thousand shivers that constituted her precocious sexuality.

Curious, with a pounding heart, the transgressive hand made its way to the top; climbed over the belly, delayed on the stretched navel and then up the slight slope that plodded under the generous breasts. She wanted to launch a small cry of victory, but held it back, biting her lips: she had just realized that the woman had also removed her bra. Her breasts, deliciously warm, rested on the bodice of her gown and were only withheld by the buttons. Alba met appetizing dew forming under two big breasts. The urge became violent.

The fairy was silent, as if nothing was happening; with a Sphinx face, she looked without seeing in the direction of the television; her lips enigmatically pursed; not a shred of emotion peeped on her face. Her piercing eyes carefully avoided crossing Alba's. Yet, for the first time... the fairy, under her clothes was naked, but seemed completely indifferent to the conflicting passions that agitated the young girl.

Alba wanted to keep touching the bare skin but was afraid to seem too insistent. Eventually, she took courage: she had to attempt it. She could not stay forever in insecurity and with her breast on fire. The slender fingers acquired courage and, like artificers that manipulate an unexploded bomb, she freed one after the other the three buttons which clutched the neckline of the Iron Fairy. The breasts overflowed, as an overflowing dam, now devoid of any defense, flaring softly, moving away from one another. In the middle, like a fragrant valley, mild and sweet dew appeared.

As if coming from the undergrowth in the month of August, a puff of female fragrance invaded the nostrils of the cheeky princess. Alba was insecure in reading the signals of pleasure, but certainly did not avoid to seek the voluptuousness between those two tender and warm mountains. On the summit, rising as Tibetan temples, the breasts with the apex already as thick as a thumb, soared, enticing her to dare.

The contact of bare skin with the most intimate places of her "godmother" made the euphoric princess feel as if she was drunk. She abandoned all inhibitions and lunged with her hands on her chest and belly that sustained them, her hands eager to touch.

The indifferent and bored silence, which had often been cause sorrows in the young princess's heart, were now blessed. The excitement made her reckless ... and, miraculously, the woman, motionless, let herself be tossed, felt, smelt, without giving signs neither of discomfort nor of appreciation; which was good for Alba who had lost her mind. She was, by now, almost ready for the decisive step; the proximity of the face and mouth to that generous breast, asked her to do something that she had never yet dared: take it between her lips with all her passion. That first kiss, erotic, extreme, would mark the end of any compromise ...

The Fairy's voice came, calm but firm, totally unexpected, as a slap in the face. The matron came out suddenly from her cryptic numbness. She revived turning to Dawn, stared at her with her dark eyes glowing like embers:

"But do you really like what you're doing?"

Dawn jumped back; withdrawing her hands. She stiffened as if she had been struck by lightning. Although she continued to remain motionless on the couch with her breasts outside of the tight gown; despite the underlying edge, urged by the motions of Dawn, had climbed up to completely uncover the big thighs to the point of even showing the white panties, it was Alba who felt stripped naked. She felt discovered in a game that she had crazily thought she could hide. The excitement had suddenly fallen, she felt ashamed of having taken so much advantage, exaggerating, usurping. She had invaded the friendship of the good-natured fairy, insistently touching up her body without ever having received permission explicitly.

That day she had certainly exaggerated and fully felt all the violence of her transgression. She remained frozen, completely sober after the drunkenness of pleasure, she wished to sink, rather than having to admit her humiliating attitude.

Time had stopped in the living room. Everything seemed to be silent, even the TV.

The Iron Fairy, as impassive as a jailor, peeping into Dawn's soul through her eyes, clear as water. Then, finally, on her face drew a faint smile that smelled of whipped cream. She resumed her comfortable position on the couch and slowly tried for Dawn's hand, repositioning it on the yielding breasts. As soon as the girl broke from the grip of fear, she laid down her head, letting some tears of joy flow from her eyes. Then the fairy pulled her close until her mouth found itself right on the nipple.

"You know that this is forbidden? Will you know to keep the secret?" She whispered to her ear. Breaking her mouth from the perverse but sweet kiss, Dawn promised with all her soul: "I will never say anything to anybody about what happens between us... here. I swear on my life!". The fairy looked down and their lips met: hers were fleshy and pronounced, and parted to the curiosity of the maiden. Dawn did not really know what to do, but the contact was intoxicating. A moment later she found on her tongue an oily and transparent juice: it was the saliva of her lover. Passing from mouth to mouth, the temperature of the liquid lowered, bringing into her mouth an unknown and new freshness. She thought she wouldn't resist the flavor without fainting, but she gave herself strength.

"Nooooo!" She could not believe that everything was really happening. That penetration between her lips was the most intimate and secret thing that had ever happened to her. When the tongues captured each-other, Dawn wanted to cry again with emotion. Little did she know that was just the beginning of their forbidden dance.

8

Taking each-other: exercises, skirmishes, perversions. (Reality)

"I'm so happy with you, I like to touch you all over and I wish so much that you to also caressed me," NicÃ²le said.

"You sure you want it? Do you really want a more intimate contact?" Said Flora, while they were embraced, their cheeks touching.

"Yup. I have wanted it for months: I want you to touch me too!" She added whispering "I know very well that my mother would not accept this, but I will never say anything. I want only to be yours!" Flora smiled and finally let go, the lace that blocked her emotions had dissolved. It was time to reap the fruits of her riding secrets and of her tenacity. She kissed her on the lips with complicity, and her hands began to move. They slipped under the thick sweater and searched her shoulders, satisfying their long coveted greed for that young body. From the shoulders to the hips, then, from above the stockings her hands went down to the buttocks, to find them tight and firm. They met her legs, to then rise again, dragging her wrists on the pubis, but not halting there... at least for the moment.

The caresses went back up, under the shirt and reaching the small pointy breasts, recently blossomed and very hard. Reaching the rose halo, they stopped. Flora stared at NicÃ²le with a smile of defiance; waiting for a permit that was not denied. Then she knowledgeably was able to press and pull those unripe hills. She surrounded and massaged them; after kissing her again, she headed, with her mouth to the jersey, subjecting her small breasts to the voraciousness of the lips. The warm breath penetrated the wool, flooding the girl with a new and heady warmth.

The excitement became dream when, with voluptuous movements, Flora slid upwards the shirt and the light vest, allowing direct contact of her lips on the pink buttons, hard as pearl stones.

The girl's womb was on fire. The desire stirred her wholly, she did not know how, but she wanted from that woman all that eros had to offer. NicÃ²le could not know, that the dance was only the set of preliminaries. In fact, a few minutes later, Flora got up, double-locked the door and took her hand. Barefoot, like forest nymphs, they went upstairs where the bedroom was.

She laid her down pressing on her gently, then she lowered over the young girl putting herself on all fours, like a bitch; while her boundless breasts precipitated on NicÃ²le's neck and chest.

"My darling, now you can look at and touch ... everything. No need to hold yourself any longer. It's been so long since I wanted this, my dear." She shook a lock of hair with her fingers. "At last ..." he added, almost moved by the ecstasy of the moment.

Then NicÃ²le, with a liberating gesture, opened all her buttons and let the robe flow off, leaving her fairy finally naked, in all the opulence of her soft forms: now exposed completely in front of the eager eyes.

She had already begun to enjoy just by watching the feminine curves she had wanted for months. She possessed her with her eyes, like a child who becomes master a toy he has longed for. Now free, NicÃ²le began touching the woman, to then study her breasts, her stomach and hips.

Flora was still wearing the white panties. Curious to try, NicÃ²le's fingers rummaged under the elastic, she wanted to find out how far she could push past the new frontier of sensuality. She tried for the edge and began to take them off. The woman abandoned herself to the fresh pleasure, and NicÃ²le, following her body with her touch, had the opportunity to explore all its flesh, all the way to the bare and warm feet which she had so often wanted to kiss. Now, the great lady was naked and her own: what an unexpected pleasure!

As a gift of love, even the young girl offered herself:

"Take me too, Flora, discover me, look at me and touch everything you desire of me, my body has belonged to you for a long time, treat me as if I were your thing."

The adult was very able: her hands slid off all her clothes, running on the skin and making her vibrate. Languidly she removed her torn stockings, making them slip on the long-legged gazelle. The fingers stroked her small breasts which reacted to each of her caresses by themselves. Motherly, she adjusted her lingerie on a pillow. Before long, even the girl was completely stripped naked.

For NicÃ²le to be facing her was like flying: to see the entire body made her feel suspended in a disturbing state never felt before.

Being so naked allowed them to melt in a total embrace, every centimeter of skin was in contact, coinciding. Lying on the bed, Flora's hands, immediately followed by her lips, began the passionate journey that would never be erased from the memories of NicÃ²le.

Her fingers on her were like sparks, molten lava. They slipped, hungry for meat; just after her fingers, the mouth came, moist of breath and saliva, seemingly smoky. A burning droll left on the still immature body unknown emotions. The trail evaporated immediately due to the love fever, procuring uncontrollable shivers of excitement. NicÃ²le was in a trance. She lived everything as if in another dimension. The new feelings were intense, violent, yet muffled, as if her mind was living under the effect of the most intoxicating drug.

Finally, after long wanderings, her fingers reached the little butterfly, which as if just freed from the cocoon, stood motionless and contrite, waiting for her innermost intimacy to teach her to hatch pleasure. What had seemed to be an unsustainable peak of pleasure, turned out to only be the dawn of the forbidden path during that terrible and unnatural pairing.

Flora's hand devoted itself to the gem belonging to young NicÃ²le: she caressed her, comforted her ... she warned her to stay strong, since the sinking was coming. In fact, a few moments later, the full mouth descended relentlessly, greedily. The little butterfly snatched, the raped wings filled with dew, splitting to its ends with the mighty and strong tongue. The whole mouth was pressing; the entire tongue penetrated unstoppable: like the canine tooth of a vampire, thirsty for honey. Flora penetrated into the wet and, simultaneously firey from passion chapel.

An obscene sound emanated from the erotic scene. The sweetness had given way to greed. An electric lightning, breaking bright, set off from NicÃ²le's womb following every innermost muscle, reaching the brain, making her jump with excitement.

A pleasure never experienced, unknown even in the lonely nights when she tormented her sex. Flora lay on her with the same strength of a male who wants to possess the conquered prey. Without deflowering her, she made her hers repeatedly, perhaps even more vehemently; branding her forever with her weight and with the blazing letters of her irrepressible desire. She slipped in with the stiff middle finger, then also the index managed to pass inside.

The orgasm... NicÃ²le's orgasms began a few minutes after the pressure waves on her wrecking flesh. After, it was impossible to count them, as it would not be possible to count the days of love and pleasure to come. All those hours together, during which they transformed into inseparable lovers.

When NicÃ²le tried to reciprocate, directing the mouth to the places of women secrets, Flora did not allow her to reach them. The girl had to be content to rest her cheek on her belly as she tried to inhale, close to the the woman's, all the smell that it emanated.

Her lover caressed her hand and gently guided her, granting to venture inside her but only with the fingers. NicÃ²le began to dig and to rummage, as if in her own property, wallowing in that sea of moods. Secretly, she licked her fingers to immediately return to her fingering. Flora exploded within minutes, with no more control. Just as NicÃ²le realized that her governess was reaching climax, she searched with the other hand, for her pudenda and joined in the novel pleasure, the liquid sound made her dissolve ... like fainting, in a lake of sin. Coming together was inconceivable, initiating at once a communion that could have never again been ignored.

For the young Nicole, this was the first real sexual experience, and it was all female. It went far beyond just sex; She flowed in the emotion of love: a sensation that would have never been matched in her life. For as much pleasure she would ever taste, no relationship would hold the comparison with the first, marking, adventure. Those couple of intense and overwhelming hours remained imprinted in her memory with a level of unparalleled ecstasy.

Exhausted, she curled under the body of her fairy, after the unbridled sex, now seeking unconditional love.

And she fell asleep.

9

Magic Intermezzo. (Fairy Tale)

The hot summer passed and warmed the senses, while the half-naked bodies of the two lovers, the young princess and the mature fairy showed and clung to each-other, slaves of the same desire.

Even autumn came, with her gentle calmness, inviting them to seek and to possess one another, taking advantage of every opportunity.

Then winter and the cold kept them close, skin to skin, under one blanket, in a scented pleasure.

Finally, in the spring their butterflies flourished and were hornier more than ever: The best time to drawn in the other's mouth, manipulating it until, from the intensely fragrant and sweet as honey corolla, poured rose love water.

And so, blending into one another, in an amalgam of sex and passion, the women passed the seasons of compelling and perverse love. Alba grew and learned; the Iron Fairy felt an intense languor, leaving a dominant part possessing her mature body. The princess, in addition to love, enjoyed playing with her, subduing her to her whims.

Often the fairy was content to kneel by the large sofa, being the servant, the slave. Her fawning tribute began at Alba's feet. Then she would massage her, kiss her to the extreme, leaving her in the end to rest under her motherly embrace. Slowly, she made her discover pleasure in all its possible shades. Firstly, she granted her all of herself, then she started to seek pleasure in possessing her. She taught her all the games and cunnings, allowed her to use sex objects, to learn how to give pleasure to a woman manfully. The princess was playing and experimenting. She loved to take the fairy from all sides, she enjoyed seeing her receive her penetrating thrusts in every meander.

The woman enjoyed the naivety of Alba, every day more proven, more curious, more cunning, the unbridled pursuit of passion. The fairy, now, took pleasure in her disciple.

At night the fairy, more mature and shrewd, alone in bed listening to the chirping of cicadas, would immerse in deep thinking of new perversions to practice the next day. It did not seem true to be able to crown her most shameful dreams, using that tender and young body, that fertile and enchanted mind.

She had kept her a virgin until then, but one day she decided to launch her most powerful erotic spell.

Meanwhile, the Princess's parents, unaware of what was happening, focused on their complicated lives. The queen, blindly trusted the friendship that bound her to the fairy. Although he realized that, in the gingerbread house, something more than just sipping some tea with cookies occurred. But all was quiet thanks to that very special relationship. The friend was sweet and patient, the princess was growing happy and strong, and she, the mother, was freer than ever.

That was fine. Investigating would have been useless and even challenging.

10

Uncontrollable thirst for pleasure. (Reality)

NicÃ²le was welcoming her, suffering, but firm. Arms crossed under her head that was being crushed against the backrest at each pressure. Her knees, resting on a blanket on the floor, were apart. She had done so much to persuade Flora to make her feel her most secret liabilities, since little NicÃ²le had been for years attacking all her intimate parts.

The object which helping them was big, very thick but not too long. When she wore it, NicÃ²le gave no respite to her friend. Flora received it all by herself, without blinking an eye, but became careful and strict when it came to using NicÃ²le's body for such pleasure. So she had taken time to enable her to suffer, but without being too painful and remaining a virgin.

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