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The Tasting

Jennifer Williston, 27 years of age, had married wealthy five years earlier and never had to use her college education for anything other then contemplating her framed degree which hung across from the toilet in the master bedroom bathroom. Her husband Mark Williston went to business everyday at his father's stock brokerage firm downtown, but he spent more time surfing the Internet then he did learning the business. At 28, Mark had nothing to work towards because his father had set him and his sisters up with enough money to last a thousand lifetimes. The family had a foundation that would use the balance of their wealth to initiate research and development to help solve medical, educational, and environmental problems through out the world. Each of the Williston family members sat on the board of the Foundation and worked diligently in getting the best minds within the industrialized nations of the world working on solving what they perceived as the worst of the worlds socioeconomic problems.

Jennifer heard the doorbell ring and wondered who could be there at 8:45AM in the morning. She walked to the front door not even thinking that she was still in her flimsy, see through nightgown having decided earlier to sleep in rather then get up with Mark and workout in their fully equipped gym, when she opened the right of the two solid mahogany front doors. To her surprise, standing there was a six foot two inch UPS driver as much surprised as she was because he was there to deliver an overnight letter and not gaze at the thin well proportioned body of the beauty who resided in the house. Jennifer quickly slipped herself behind the door but kept her head out so she could talk to the driver as she wasn't in the mood to explain to her husband why she gave the guy a show of her well proportioned and not outrageously muscular body.

He started the conversation, "Excuse me Ma'am, I have an overnight letter that requires a signature."

Jennifer looked at him askance but figured someone had mistakenly sent her husband an important overnight letter to their home instead of his office. "Give it here if that is OK and I'll sign. I know where to put my signature."

The UPS man handed her the letter envelope and the brown electronic pad that was used by the company to collect signatures. She signed and handed back the ugly brown electronic device to the driver. Without saying thanks or good-bye, she closed the door and looked at the UPS Overnight Envelope that she held in her hands. She saw it was addressed to the both of them, but she let out a gasp when she read who had sent it to them. She couldn't believe what she was reading and knew she had to call her husband immediately. Mark had to know and would probably come home as soon as he could if not immediately.

Jennifer walked back into the kitchen picked up the phone and hit then speed dial for her husband's private office number. She stood there shaking in anticipation with news that she could only infer as she had not opened the overnight letter. The senders name and address was enough to make her shake with delight and what could only be described as an impending sexual orgasm. She bounced from foot-to-foot and felt her small pert breasts move with

her up and down motion as she waited for her husband to pick up his private line. '*Come on!!! Pick up the Phone!!!*' she thought to herself.

"Hello, Jennifer. What do I owe this early morning call to?" said her husband as he sat in his office waiting for the morning bell to ring at the exchanges on Wall Street.

"Mark, you're not going to believe who has sent us an overnight letter!!!" cried Jennifer, her voice up several octaves showing her excitement.

"I can't imagine who would be sending us an overnight letter," he calmly replied.

"Please Mark think about what we've been discussing for the past two years. Think about when we're together alone in bed and what makes us both very hot."

"Is the overnight letter from an overseas individual?" he queried.

"Yes, my sweet. I haven't opened it yet, but I could if you want me to..."

"No!!!" he yelled. "I want to be with you when we read it. I'm on my way home. I'll be there shortly." Mark hung up the phone. He too shook with excitement at the prospect of what was in the letter. As he exited his office, he motioned to his Administrative Assistant that he was going home for the day. Having had this happen on several previous occasions, his Administrative Assistant nodded and knew the rest of her day was going to be ever so boring. She would have a hard time keeping from falling asleep at her desk.

Mark retrieved his 2007 Black Cadillac CTS-V from the private garage underneath his family's corporate offices and drove like a maniac to his home in the suburbs. Traffic was lighter than he expected and he made the trip in less than an hour. He pulled into the driveway, dashed to the side door, and was ecstatic that Jennifer left it unlocked so he wouldn't have to fumble for his keys. He opened the side door, raced through the mud room into the kitchen, and still standing by the phone was his beautiful wife of five years. She was shaking from the potential news that arrived in the overnight envelope. Mark strode up to her and took her lithe body in his arms. They kissed passionately. Their tongues sought each others as their bodies pressed against each other as their sexual libidos drove them beyond just a kiss.

Jennifer sought the zipper to her husband's suit pants. She found it and pulled it down without breaking the deep French kiss they were engaged in. She reached in and found her husband's hardening cock. She broke the kiss and sighed, feeling better that he was as sexually charged as she was over the receipt of this special overnight letter. She leaned against the counter, raised the flimsy cloth of her nightgown, and opened her legs so she could insert her husband's hardening fuck meat into her body. Mark let his wife take control because he could see she was charged sexually. Their love for one another allowed one or the other to sometimes take charge of their sexual union and control the impending contact of their genitals. Jennifer found her wet opening and placed the head of his hot hard cock there. Mark needed no verbal help from his wife. He felt her wetness and slammed his fuck stick into her body.

"Oh, yes..." cried Jennifer as Mark slipped his nine-and-a-half inches into her sweet hairless pussy. She loved to feel him drive himself into her body. She loved the feeling of being torn apart as his manhood pushed the insides of her vagina away from the nose cone shaped head of his cock. She knew by the way he entered her she was going to get a good fucking this morning. She looked up into her husband's eyes and could see the growing lust emanating from them. When he bottomed out in her body, he did not immediately pull back to begin the coital act of fucking. Mark kept his body pressed against hers. Jennifer could feel his cock twitching inside her.

"Fuck me!!! Fuck me, Mark!!!"

"No, Jen. Get the envelope and open it while I'm bottomed out in you."

"Oh my God!!! You're crazy!!! I can't last with you in me while we read the letter!!!"

"You will. Just open the letter, NOW JENNIFER!!!"

Jen found the letter and pulled the tab to open the cardboard envelope. She looked inside to find a single sheet of linen writing paper. She pulled it out and read the heading out loud. "Le Société Secret de Liberté Sexuelle"

"Please!!! Oh, my fuckin' God!!! Mark, fuck me!!!"

Mark had a good idea of what was in the letter and he gave into his wife's pleas. He took her by her hips and began pounding his cock in and out of her wet hole. She leaned her head back, moaned, screamed obscenities, and allowed her husband the pleasure of using her body to get off in. She wasn't interested in making love. All she wanted was to feel her husband use her as a masturbation tool and he knew she felt that way too. Mark fucked her hard for twelve minutes and when he was ready to ejaculate he jammed his cock deep into the love of his life's body. He felt his body, especially his ass, tighten and then his cock exploded inside his wife. She pressed herself against him so he didn't have to move far as he filled her hot wet hole with his sperm. Jennifer knew that this was a very different fuck for both of them. It was a fuck borne of the possibilities that existed on the letter from the French Société. She didn't care that the orgasm she wanted did not happen, but feeling her husband explode inside of her was enough to make her forget about attaining an orgasm.

Mark looked down at their connection and saw a small pool of his cum and her juices surrounding his not yet softening cock. He decided to keep himself embedded inside his wife and took the letter from where it had fallen on the marble countertop. He read the letter mentally interpreting the French as he read. Jennifer leaned further back on the counter, looked at her husband while he read the letter, and just sighed contently having just been filled with a copious amount of his ejaculate. Mark Williston eyes grew wider and his cock began to twitch as he started to understand the contents of the letter. He began to move within his wife. His cock was not softening but hardening as he dropped the letter and began his assault on his wife's just fucked cunt anew.

"What Mark? Tell me what it says!!!" cried Jen as she felt her husband's cock beginning to slam in and out of her body. She was actually beginning to feel pain from his renewed assault. She tried to move so he would have an easier time fucking her, but she saw that he was in some other place than the gourmet kitchen in their custom built mansion. His eyes were closed. He was fucking her in reaction to the contents of the letter. Mark Williston was in some fantasy world, fucking his wife, and thinking about the contents of the overnight letter that had fluttered to the polished oak hardwood floor.

Mark didn't verbally respond to his wife's pleas. He just held her by her hips and drove his cock in and out of her body. He heard her cry out in pain but did not respond by easing his coital assault. He continued to think about the possibilities and just not care what he was doing to his wife as he squeezed her hips and fucked her relentlessly. Jennifer never had seen her husband so lost in sexual fervor as he was now. She knew her best chance of surviving his onslaught was to relax as much as possible and allow him to use her as he had moments earlier. Mark continued to tightly hold onto her hips and pressed her into position as he began to audibly moan thinking of what was to come just not for him but for both of them.

Mark opened his eyes for a moment and peered down into his wife's eyes. She saw a dazed look in his eyes as if some form of sexual monster had taken over his mind and body. He saw his wife on the counter, her legs wide open resting near his shoulders, her bare pussy surrounding his rampantly erect cock, and for the first time a look of fear in her eyes. He moaned at the sight of her, closed his eyes, and continued to use his nine-and-a-half inches to ravage her now sore fuck hole. Jen closed her eyes and wished he would finish but had the feeling that this encounter would be a long one. When they've had consecutive rounds of sexual intercourse, the second fucking could last as long as forty-five minutes. She could feel the pain emanating from her inside her. She closed her eyes and did everything she could to maintain a level of calm as she did not know what Mark would do if she cried out in pain and tried to break into his sexual reverie.

Forty-seven and a half minutes later, Mark Williston buried his cock balls deep into his wife and shouted, "FUCK, JEN!!! WE'RE GOIN' TO FRANCE!!! WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO THE TASTING AND WE'VE WON THE SPECIAL AUCTION!!!" Just as he finished yelling, he groaned and ejaculated another load into his wife's body. Jennifer Williston tried with all her might to keep calm from the pain she was enduring as she felt his cock spasm inside her and coat her insides with a second load of his sperm. When Mark finished his orgasm, he released his wife's hips

and stumbled backwards into the table and chairs that they used for breakfast only. He tried his hardest to keep from falling to the floor, but the second orgasm took everything out of him. He collapsed in a heap next to the table with his softening cock hanging out of the front of his now stained suit pants.

Jen used all her feminine power to gain control of her now ravaged body as she saw her husband collapsed on the floor of their kitchen not moving a muscle except for his labored breathing as he came down from his second orgasm. She felt his jism beginning to flow from her ravaged pussy. She knew that if they were in bed making love and he sensed she had not attained an orgasm he would have slid down between her long slim legs and sucked her to multiple orgasms. That was not to be today. Today, Mark Williston basically raped his wife with her consent over a special delivery letter received from France. She moved ever so slowly down from the counter and lay down next to her husband.

"Mark, are you ok?" she asked.

"Jennifer, I'm so sorry, but I just couldn't stop myself. Don't you understand what has happened?" said Mark as he rolled next to his wife and took her into his arms cradling her against his body.

"I know sweetheart, I know. I can't believe we were invited, but to have won the auction. That is amazing." She whispered as she used her right hand to massage his cum covered cock.

"Please Jen; I don't think you need to do that to me. What is most amazing is that not only did we win the auction, but we both have the same number one option. I thought maybe you or I would win. Not both of us. God, we have to get plane reservations because we need to be in Paris tomorrow the latest. From there, we will be taken to the Chateau d'Frontinac for The Tasting which is to begin Saturday evening." Mark reached down to stop Jen from masturbating him, leaned in, and placed a gentle but very loving kiss on her lips. Jennifer Williston responded to her husband's lips, but did not keep the kiss from progressing further. They broke the kiss, gingerly and ever so carefully stood up, and began the process of getting things together for their unexpected trip to the French countryside.

Each of them took a solitary hot shower. Jennifer more so to ease the pain of her being so thoroughly ravaged by the one man she loved unconditionally. They did not have servants so they could be more spontaneous sexually and this morning was exactly why they didn't. Mark took his shower first, not out of some macho reason, but because Jen knew he had to make the necessary phone calls to arrange their flight to Paris. When she saw him leave the bathroom she entered the double wide shower with seven shower heads and just let the hot water play over her body for a good thirty-five minutes.

During the time Jen was in the shower, Mark got dressed in business casual pants and knit golf shirt. He went to his private office on the first floor and proceeded to make arrangements for their trip. First he made an international phone call to his contact in France where he learned that they would be picked up at Charles de Gaulle and transported directly to the chateau. Because they were the winning bidder in the auction, the proprietor invited them to stay at the chateau. He told his contact that they would be arriving on a private jet and he would fax their time of arrival. He then contacted Vector Air a private airline that the family used to travel around the world. In a matter of twenty minutes, he had secured the use of a Gulfstream jet to take them to Charles De Gaulle Airport just outside of Paris, France. He paid extra to keep the plane and crew in France available for their immediate return to the United States. Vector Air also provided a limousine for the trip to and from their small private airport about ninety minutes from their home. Mark leaned back and smiled to himself. This was one trip they were both going to enjoy immensely.

The flight was uneventful if you consider that Mark spent a good hour between Jen's legs sucking her freshly shaved pussy to give her the orgasms she so willingly denied herself when he fucked her silly that morning. The crew just minded their own business as the two lovers added to their number of mile high club sessions. Mark used his tongue to caress her labia major and minor and using just the right amount of pressure uncovered her clitoris and sucked it into his mouth. Jen moaned in response to his ministrations. Her orgasms were just the ticket she needed to relax and eventually fall asleep in the custom made leather airline seat. Having treated his wife to an hour of cunnilingus, Marc returned to his seat to think about what would be offered at the upcoming special event of Le Société Secret de Liberté Sexuelle.

The flight took just under six hours from the private airport to Charles de Gaulle Airport just outside the City of Lights, Paris, France. There was an extra cost to land there but Mark did not want to have to drive from Orly into Paris during the Parisian rush hour because the French limousine service was situated closer to De Gaulle than to Orly. The limousine met them at the hangar where they also passed through French Customs. The drive to the chateau was expected to take close to three hours. That meant if all went well, they would be in their room somewhere in the French countryside by 10:00AM. Inside the passenger cabin of the Mercedes Benz was a completely stocked bar, coffee, tea, juices, jellies, and an assortment of French pastries.

Jennifer sat next to Mark and leaned her head on his shoulder. She was totally relaxed and mindlessly played with the inside of his thigh not even thinking about what she could be doing to him. Mark placed his hand on hers and with just the touch of his hand informed Jen that now was not the time for any fun. She sighed and without even raising her head began to speak to her husband.

"So, Mark, what do you think the pilot and co-pilot were doing while you were massaging my clit with your tongue?" Jen said with a twinkle in her eye that Mark could not see, but knew he knew was there by the tone of her voice.

"I sure a hell hope they weren't sitting there jerking off listening to us, but one has to consider that except for taking off and landing, they had nothing to do because the computerized autopilot flew us across the Atlantic."

Jennifer moved away from his shoulder slightly so she could look into his eyes when she asked, "Did you find out why we were invited to stay at the chateau?"

"Like I told you when I read the letter, we won the auction, not just one of the two but both. My contact told me our bids far surpassed the others. The owner of the chateau felt obliged to open his house to us based upon the amount of money we bid." Mark took his right hand and placed it around Jen's shoulders and just held her next to him. Their relationship was based on mutual respect and an undying love for each other. They always expressed their need to be close to one another and there was nothing on this Earth that would cause them to break their marriage.

Jennifer never inquired about how much money Mark spent but his statement about the cost of winning the auction peaked her interest. Without moving her head to look into his eyes and trusting him unconditionally she asked him, "So, how much did you bid?"

Mark didn't flinch when she asked. He smiled to himself and replied, "Ten million dollars for each side of the auction for a total of twenty million dollars. I did not want to lose a golden opportunity. I wanted to secure the highest place at the table for something we've both wanted since we were introduced to Le Société Secret de Liberté Sexuelle two years ago."

The driver of the limousine pressed the intercom button and asked in perfect English if they wanted to stop for any reason. Mark replied that they were fine and he should drive directly to the chateau. The monotony of the drive was like a sleeping pill for both of them. Within fifteen minutes of the driver asking them if they needed anything, they were sound asleep in each others arms in the back of the black Mercedes Benz. They were awakened by the driver just before he turned into the three kilometer lane that led up to the sixteenth century French Chateau.

Mark and Jennifer Williston were greeted by the concierge of the Chateau d'Frontinac a genteel looking man in his late sixties. He spoke English with a severe French accent, but he was quite understandable. "Monsieur and Madame Williston, it is a pleasure to have you staying here during this auspicious time. The staff and I will make sure your stay here is pleasant and enjoyable for you both. Do not worry about your baggage my staff will bring it to your rooms. First let me show you around so you can become acquainted with the grounds. As you can see, it is impossible for anyone to approach the chateau as it is hidden deep in the forest."

Jennifer stood looking up at the magnificent building listening to the concierge explain to them about the area the chateau was situated in. She broke into his monologue when she stated, "Excuse me, Monsieur, but you have not told us your name."

"Ah, Madame Williston, I have not told you my name. There is a reason. You must become comfortable here and it is important that the people you meet this weekend are strangers to you as you will be strangers to them. It is very unusual for anyone to stay in the chateau during The Tasting, but the owner realized that your bid should be rewarded with more than an evening enjoying the fruits of The Tasting. As soon as we are done introducing you to the surrounding area, I too will no longer use your proper given names." The concierge bowed slightly and waved his hand towards the side of the chateau so they could be given a short tour of this exquisite estate.

Mark and Jennifer were astounded at the rooms they were given to sleep in during their stay. All their belongings were put away and their clothes either hung up or placed in the bureaus in the bedrooms. In each bedroom on the desk were preprinted name tags that were attached to .999 pure platinum chains. For the rest of the time they would be part of The Tasting, they would be known as W1 and W2. There also was an itinerary of events lying on each desk. On the desk in Marks bedroom was a small envelope addressed to the both of them. Mark picked it up, opened it, and read the contents.

"Jen, we are invited to a special dinner tonight in the main ballroom. It will be you, me, and Monsieur M. He is going to give us a preview of The Tasting so if we find something we like prior to the festivities tomorrow evening, they will be marked as reserved for W1 and W2." Mark let out a breath as he felt himself become dizzy with desire and expectations.

"Mark, does it say what we have to wear to dinner this evening or for that matter, what we have to wear to The Tasting," queried Jen. She was concerned about making a good impression considering the people they were going to meet were from all over the world.

"Look underneath the itinerary and see if there is a dress code. I haven't seen anything from what I've seen," replied Mark.

Jen took to looking through the package of papers that were on the antique desk in Mark's bedroom knowing the same information was lying on the desk in her bedroom. She carefully paged through them being sure to read everything twice. When she came upon the single paragraph buried on the next to last page of the itinerary she gasped and handed the page to her husband. Mark read the paragraph, looked at Jen, and just smiled. They had brought too much formal attire for the event. He looked at his watch and said to his wife, "We'd better get ready as it is only an hour till we have to be in the main ballroom for dinner with Monsieur M."

At precisely five minutes before they were due to be in the main ballroom, Mark and Jennifer Williston stood in front of Monsieur M admiring his six foot ten inch stature. Mark stood six foot one inch and he felt short standing next to Monsieur M. Jennifer at five foot nine felt even shorter next to him. Both of them quietly admired his Adonis good looks and cut muscular body. His facial features showed that his origins were from somewhere in Mongolia, but they couldn't be sure. Monsieur M bowed gracefully and waved them into the ballroom and to their seats on either side of his at the head of the table.

Monsieur M raised his right hand and without saying a word the servants brought forth the dinner for the three of them. They ate in silence. Mark and Jennifer followed his lead by keeping quiet and enjoying the silence as they ate. Dinner consisted of a veal stew, potatoes, vegetables, and several bottles of a magnificent unlabelled red wine. The dinner took about ninety-five minutes to complete and when they were done Monsieur M again raised his right hand. The servants entered the room and cleared the table. When the last servant departed, Monsieur M stood and walked to a door at the furthest end of the long ballroom. Mark and Jennifer followed not knowing where he was taking them or why.

They exited the ballroom and followed him down a long corridor to a set of winding steps that did not go up, just down. The steps took them into the bowels of the chateau and they wondered how anyone could find their way around before the advent of electricity. When the three of them reached the bottom of the steps they were in another corridor that was lined with steel doors. Monsieur M walked up to the first door and pointed to a sign that was hung on the right side. He waved showing that each and every door in the corridor had the same type of sign next to it. The only difference was what was written on each sign. Mark and Jennifer knew that behind each of these doors was the reason Mark bid as high as he did. They looked up at Monsieur M and he spoke for the first time since they met him, ate dinner, and followed him to this hallway.

"Each of you will make your way down the hall, entering each room, reviewing the contents of each room, and noting which one is your choice for The Tasting. This is the first time a couple has won the auction so I must insist that you do this separately and not divulge your choice to each other. If I find that either or both of you have not kept your choice a secret, I will have you forcibly removed from the premises with no recourse to reenter or recover the monies you paid to upon winning the auction. W2 please start and take your time. I will wait with W1 until you have made your decision and then I'll wait with you while W1 makes his."

Mark waited with Monsieur M while Jennifer walked from room to room inspecting the product in each. Monsieur M waited by the stairs knowing that these two individuals had spent an enormous amount of money for the privilege of making their selection without worrying about anyone else trying to take it away from them. Although he wanted to give them a time limit, he decided against it as it could be perceived as being ungrateful considering their generously ostentatious winning bid.

Jennifer moved from room to room and knew better than to show any emotion as she exited each room. After visiting each room one time each, she returned to one room and stayed inside for a considerable amount of time. When she exited she walked to where Monsieur M and Mark stood and without as much as a smile, bowed, and said, "I have noted my choice per your written instructions, Monsieur M."

Monsieur M didn't smile he just nodded and looked at her husband giving him permission to search through the rooms to make his choice. Mark walked down the hallway and began entering the rooms. When he exited the third room he turned and walked back to where Monsieur M and Jennifer stood. He stopped a few feet in front of them, bowed, and said, "I too have noted my choice per your instructions Monsieur M."

Monsieur M did not respond verbally to them. He smiled, turned, and walked back up the winding staircase to where they began. For the second time that evening Monsieur M spoke to them. "W1 and W2, I hope you have found what you hoped would be worth the money you have paid. I am going to retire to my suite and you should do the same. The rest of the guests will arrive here between noon and three PM. The festivities will begin precisely at four PM and I assure you they will not finish until sometime late Sunday night. Go, rest, and prepare yourself for a very special weekend.

Mark was astounded that Monsieur M spoke English without the hint of an accent but did not say anything to him about it. He replied very simply, "Thank you for your hospitality, Monsieur M." He took Jennifer by the arm and guided her back through the main ballroom to the stairs that led to their suite. He sensed that Jennifer felt the same as he did and they rushed back to their rooms so they could be alone. Looking at the clock by the bed they decided to go to sleep as they would need as much as they could get considering tomorrow's festivities would take them into Sunday night without any rest. Although two bedrooms were allocated to them they climbed into the bed in Mark's bedroom. Sleep came to both of them as if they were given a sleeping pill, but it was the expectation of tomorrow's festivities that let them forgo any sexual activity and just nod off to sleep.

The next day couldn't have gone any slower than it did. Mark and Jennifer just relaxed outside the back of the chateau having anything they desired brought to them. As the concierge had told them they would be, they were pampered and given anything they required as the day wore on to the evening's festivities. They strolled around the grounds and took in the raw beauty of the surrounding countryside. No matter where they went they could see that the Chateau d'Frontinac was totally secluded from the outside world. What even made them more aware of where they were and the special situation they were part of was the presence of a constant companion who stayed a discreet distance away, but was available to get them anything they needed when they asked. Both of them did not take advantage of the owner's hospitality but it was hard not to have something brought to them when they were thirsty or hungry.

Just as Monsieur M had told them, the first guests arrived at precisely 12:01PM. They were brought into the Chateau d'Frontinac without any fanfare. Since they were not staying on the premises, they did not bring any overnight bags or suitcases. Mark and Jennifer noticed that the men were dressed in tuxedos and the women were in little black dresses. This confused them even more as to what the official dress code was for this evening's festivities. By 2:00PM, the drive up to the chateau was filled with limousines and the people were dressed even more eclectically. They noticed that Monsieur M did not greet the new arrivals personally. The concierge greeted the arrivals and brought them into the main entrance to the chateau where he handed them over to the inside staff to be brought to the

designated waiting area. Mark noticed something that surprised him but he decided not to say anything to Jennifer. They looked at each other and decided it was time to retire to their rooms, to take showers, and get ready for their first tasting.

"Did you see some of the people? I'm amazed that so many people from around the world were wealthy enough to be invited into the Société and purchase tickets to this event. I just can't wait," declared Jennifer as they passed into their rooms. "Mark, did you see..."

That is when Mark interrupted her. "Jennifer, don't say a word about anyone or anything. Remember, we are going to be introduced as the winners of the auction and we shouldn't have to worry about what other people say or look like. We are here to enjoy something a very small minority of people ever gets to be a part of and enjoy."

Jennifer looked back at her husband, sighed, and responded, "That is why I love you Mark Williston. You may not want to set the world on fire in the financial world, but your ability to analyze the people and social interactions around you are amazing. Shall we take a shower together, my dear?"

Mark smiled at her and respectfully declined her invitation. "Do you know what you are going to wear to The Tasting?" he inquired of his now naked wife.

"Yes, but, since we're getting dressed in separate rooms; you're going to have to wait and be surprised." Jennifer walked over to her husband, grabbed his crotch, kissed him on the cheek, and walked to her room.

Thirty-five minutes later Mark stood open mouthed as he gazed upon his beautiful wife and the amazing outfit she was wearing. Jennifer Williston stood before him in a white lace dress that was cut along the lines of the typical little black dress. The hem of the dress hung just below her privates and was designed to give the impression that she was wearing a bra and panties. The truth of the matter was she was totally naked underneath the dress. She had on a pair of sheer white thigh high stockings that had a lace top that matched the lace of the dress. On her feet were white leather platform sandals that added three inches to her height making her stand at an even six foot tall.

"Close your mouth, babe. What do you think?"

"I can't believe how stunning you look. You're going to stop the proceedings when you enter the room. I'd fuck you in a heartbeat. God, I love you!!!"

Jennifer smiled at her husband and noticed he was in a tuxedo that did not seem to be anything special. "So, I see you're in black tie, but what is so special about it?"

"I can't show you here, because if I do I'm not going to be able to make it look the way it does now. You'll have to wait until we're at The Tasting to find out. Sorry babe, but I don't have what you have and what you've decided to show off to the other guests."

Jennifer smiled back at the love of her life and said, "Let's go then. I can't wait for the festivities to begin." She extended her hand to her husband, he took it in his, and they walked down to the area where all the participants were gathering for the beginning of The Tasting.

Walking down the opulent staircase to the area where the other guests waited gave Mark and Jennifer a bird's eye view of the others as they stood waiting for the beginning of the festivities. When they reached the bottom of the stairs the concierge took them to the side and guided them to a small anteroom where he instructed them to wait for their announcement to the guests as the winners of the auction. They looked at each other and the concierge with a bit of surprise on their faces, but understood that they were considered special. Mark wondered if their introduction was something new for this year's festivities or was it standard operating procedure. They stood hand-in-hand anxiously waiting for their introduction.

At precisely 4:00PM the concierge opened the giant double doors to the ballroom where The Tasting was going to be held. The room was the length of two football fields and just as wide. The ceiling was twenty-four feet

high, each wall had magnificent stained glass windows from midway up to just below the ceiling, and two rows of leaded crystal chandeliers provided light to the room. The floor was a combination of inlaid wood and marble. Dispersed around the room were tables, chairs, sofas, and settees. A section of the room was set aside for the food that would be provided to the guests and it was already stocked with everything a gourmand would want to eat at an event such as The Tasting. In the center of the room was a small circular stage and podium where Monsieur M stood waiting for his guests to enter and quiet down.

In perfect English he began. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Chateau d'Frontinac and this year's Tasting. I know you are all excited to be here and are just chomping at the bit to get started with this weekend's festivities. You all have received the information concerning this weekend's dos and don'ts and let me impress upon you the fact that we will not tolerate the breaking of any of the rules. Ever since the beginning of this event we have never had to forcibly remove any guest. You may leave at any time, but if you do, you will not have the opportunity to return. You are requested to stay here until the end of The Tasting."

The guests looked upon Monsieur M and politely nodded their heads. A good eighty percent of them were making their annual pilgrimage to this weekend's festivities. They knew the speech Monsieur M had just given was directed at those who were here for the first time.

Monsieur M continued, "For the first time since I assumed the role of Maitre 'D and guide for The Tasting, a couple has won the prestigious auction. Permit me to introduce W1 and W2 to you."

The door in front of Mark and Jennifer opened and they walked across the room to the stage where Monsieur M stood. Both of them could hear small gasps as they proceeded across the room. When they climbed the three steps to the stage the guests began a rousing round of applause for them. Monsieur M directed Jennifer to stand to his left and Mark to his right. Just as they took their position next to Monsieur M a single spot light illuminated where they stood. The applause continued for a good five minutes before Monsieur M raised his hands asking for the guests to quiet down.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pleasure I expose tonight's choices to you." Monsieur M raised his right hand and magically the drapes that hung around the room were raised exposing to the guests their choices for The Tasting.

The guests looked around them and burst into a second round of applause. Mark and Jennifer were in the best position to see what was exposed to the guests and were amazed at how everything was set up for the guests. What the curtains had hidden where prepubescent boys and girls, teenagers, young adults, adults, mature men and women all naked and strapped into special chairs that exposed their genitals and anuses. Each of the guests would be able to inspect the individuals and at without any hesitation taste the genitals of the fare offered by "Le Société Secret de Liberté Sexuelle". When the guests had made a decision as to which they liked the best, they could try to reserve that individual for their later pleasure.

After waiting a good fifteen minutes, Monsieur M raised his hands for quiet and the crowd responded. "Ladies and gentlemen, as is the custom I am going to present to you the choices of our winners of the auction. First I present to you the choice of the female winner W2."

The same door that Mark and Jennifer walked out of opened and out strode a six foot six inch Mexican. Mark watched as this black haired, dark skinned man walked somewhat unsteadily to the stage and carefully made his way up the steps to stand next to his wife. Mark could see why Jennifer had chosen him. It was painfully obvious. His body was perfect and his cock hung down to the middle of his muscular thighs. Mark figured hard this guy had to be a good fourteen inches long and about six inches thick. He had the biggest set of balls he'd ever seen on a man. The guests oohohohed and ahahahed when they saw who and what Jennifer had chosen.

Monsieur M after a respectful minute or two continued, "Ladies and gentleman, I present to you the male winner, W1's choice."

The door opened anew and for a moment no one exited the room. Then as if by magic, an employee of the Chateau appeared guiding a frightened young girl to the stage. She was Eurasian, about nine years old, stood about

four foot one inch tall, with long black hair to the middle of her back, and was a very prepubescent girl. Jennifer tried with all her might to keep from saying anything to her husband. When the girl arrived on the stage and was made to stand next to him he took his right arm and gently put it around her shoulders. Jennifer couldn't believe that her husband had a pedophilic streak in him. She could have chosen some young boy or girl for that matter, but she didn't for fear of what Mark would say to her. And here he was smiling and holding a frightened nine year old knowing she was his for the night.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to get tonight's festivities started the winners of the auction will be the first to taste their choices and after a moment or two of admiring them we'll open the floor to you. W1 and W2 you may taste your choices." Monsieur M loved this part of the weekend. He could feel his cock beginning to stir. He would also be making a choice this weekend and he all ready knew who he was going to choose.

Jennifer took the tall Mexican and guided him to the chair that had magically appeared on the circular stage. She gently pushed him into it, strapped him into position, and proceeded to gently stroke and manipulate his cock to its erect size. Using both hands she continued to masturbate the fourteen inch cock. She knew that she couldn't make him cum yet, but the large brown uncircumcised cock strained in her hands. She looked into the crowd and saw the many faces of the guests straining to see if she would take the whole length of this magnificent cock deep into her throat. Jennifer looked over at Mark to see him preparing this scared nine year old for her first sexual encounter. Jennifer turned back to the cock that was standing at attention, opened her mouth wide, and slid all fourteen inches into her mouth and down into her throat. She raised her arms and showed the now screaming crowd that her nose was pressed against the Mexican's pubic bone and his cock was balls deep in her mouth.

Mark spoke very quietly to the young Asian girl. He could see she was frightened even though he knew the people of the Chateau gave her some Valium to calm her nerves. He picked her up and placed her into the chair and took her thin legs and placed them in the stirrups so he would have easy access to her hairless vagina and anus. She was shaking in fear of what was about to happen to her, but Mark knew that his licking of her genitals would be nothing compared to what would be happening later that night. He looked over to see his beautiful wife bent over in front of the Mexican with his cock balls deep in her mouth. Having seen the concealed shock on her face when this sprite of a girl entered the ballroom, he decided that his choice was the right choice for him. He knelt in front of the girl, leaned forward, and gently placed a kiss on her anus first. He then stuck out his tongue and slid it from her anus through her naked pussy to the top where the flap of skin that covered her clit gave way so he could suck it into his mouth. The young Eurasian girl gasped as he proceeded to suck on her clit and the crowd went crazy again in expectation of their being released to their own sexual desires and perversions.

Monsieur M could see that both of the winners were extremely happy with their choices and he couldn't be happier for them. He turned to face the audience and spoke the words they were waiting to hear, "Ladies and gentlemen, you may begin The Tasting. Enjoy!!!"

The guests were made up of every combination of sexual desire and perversion. There were your basic heterosexual, homosexual, and lesbian couples. There were D/s couples comprised of male dominant female submissive or female dominant male submissive. The same went for S&M couples where the masochist was always the brunt of some painful verbal and/or physical abuse. There were older men with younger women and older women with younger men. The Société was weird in one respect. It did not allow children or teenagers to be part of the guest list, but it allowed them to be used for tasting and whatever else came after. The most radical couple at the event was a gay D/s couple where the submissive was a 'nullo'. He had his penis and balls removed so he was totally a bottom for use orally or anally by his Master or his Master's chosen sexual partners. When you looked at him you had to be amazed at the prowess of the surgeon as the sexless man/boy was as smooth as a doll between his legs.

Depending upon the individuals or couples desires the guests began their hunt for the genitals that tasted best to them. This portion of the weekend's festivities was allocated for two hours. If the guests so desired, it could be extended by Monsieur M for another sixty minutes, but no longer. The guests knew that the winners of the auction had at their discretion the ability to allow any guest the pleasure of tasting their choice. If they did not want that to occur it didn't and if the guest was overly obnoxious they would fall under the rule that would have them forcibly removed from the festivities. The Société was weird in a second respect. They did not allow the guests to expose themselves during the first two hours of The Tasting. Although there were genitals exposed to them the guests were not allowed to

masturbate or even touch themselves. All they were allowed to do was lick and occasionally touch those chosen as the tastees.

Mark and Jennifer continued their exploration of their chosen sexual partners. Jennifer was dripping from her cunt as she fellated the Mexican and couldn't wait to feel his cock slide in her. As she stroked his cock she thought she would also be able to experiment with things she never would attempt or want to do with Mark. The Mexican was under the influence of a drug that made him totally submissive to her but yet she knew when she wanted him to he'd be able to perform. Jennifer looked up at him and decided to make sure he knew who was boss. With her left hand stroking his humongous cock, she slid her right hand down, she took hold of his right testicle and squeezed it just enough to see his eyes open in shock. She continued to keep just the right amount of pressure on the testicle to cause him pain and she could see the fear begin to invade his eyes, sweat form on his brow, and his lips begin to quiver. Jennifer became wetter as she thought about what ten million dollars could buy.

Mark had a very difficult time keeping himself from exposing his hardening cock to the frightened young girl he was sucking, but he knew better and did everything to keep himself from cumming in his tuxedo pants. What Jennifer didn't know was he was not wearing any underwear and the pants were designed to fall open at his crotch exposing his cock, balls, and ass. He would be able to perform sexually without having to get undressed. When his tailor showed him what he had designed Mark knew he had a winner, but the dress Jennifer was wearing had to be the hottest dress ever designed. Mark stopped licking the young girl's snatch and decided to use his fingers to part the lips of her pussy. He carefully pulled them in opposite directions opening her vagina and when he saw what he was hoping to see he sighed and moaned audibly. There just inside was an intact hymen. This sweet tasting nine year old Eurasian was a virgin and he was going to take it from her. How forcibly would be dictated by how she reacted to his nine-and-a-half inch cock.

The initial two hours flew by as Mark, Jennifer, and the other guests prepared for the weekend of debauchery that was theirs for the taking. Monsieur M strode up the short set of steps back onto the stage, stood behind the podium, signaled the guests to stop their tasting, and turn their attention to him. When the ballroom was quiet except for the occasional whimper from the tastees, Monsieur M spoke to the assembled perverts. "Ladies and gentleman, the initial two hours have passed and I need a decision. Would you like to extend the time of tasting for another sixty minutes or are you satisfied with your choices? Please signal your choice by raising your left hand to extend the time or your right hand to stop the tasting portion and accept your choices." As if he knew the answer in advance, he could see a sea of right hands raised in response to his question. "Ladies and gentlemen, you have made your decision and all prohibitions are now expired. Enjoy!!!"

Mark and Jennifer watched from the podium as the assembled guests began removing their clothes in preparation of the sexual encounters they were so hot to consummate. With the removal of the prohibitions, it also signaled to Mark and Jennifer they were free to finally talk to one another about anything and everything. Jennifer wasn't in the mood for talking. She wanted to feel the Mexican's cock inside her. She took the semi-flaccid member and began stroking it to hardness. She leaned forward and licked from the base to its head. She pulled on the foreskin covering the head to reveal it to her lips. She sucked it in her mouth and this time used her left hand to roll his big balls around. When he was at full length, she stood, placed herself above him in the chair, and sat down on his cock. She felt his cock head spread her lips and enter her body. She did not hesitate as she forced herself down onto his Mexican manhood. She screamed with delight as his cock hit and entered her cervix and she knew she had taken the entire length into her body.

Jennifer took a moment to carefully lift her one-of-a-kind lace dress over her head and toss it to a chair near where she was beginning her evening of sexual high jinxes. Before she began fucking her Mexican stud, she sat upright and rubbed the palms of her hands up her body to cup her perfectly pert breasts. Jennifer gently squeezed her nipples causing them to protrude from her breasts. When she felt them standing at nipple attention she leaned forward and used the Mexican's massive shoulders to support her upper body as she began to fuck herself with his now rampantly hard cock. He looked into her eyes his mind exploding with sexual heat as he felt her cunt tighten around his thick cock. He tried to speak as Jennifer bounced on him, but she had other ideas. She placed her lips on his and began kissing him. She probed his mouth with her tongue while using her hands on his shoulders as levers to move herself up and down his fourteen inch love muscle. Jennifer was in sexual heaven sitting atop the cock she had chosen to fuck her or for her to suck until Sunday evening. She'd had Mark's cock inside her, but she'd never felt anything close to what she was feeling now. When she was literally sitting on his hips and his cock was balls deep

inside her, she could feel the edges of her pussy being spread so hard that if they had to go any further apart she would have torn herself in two.

It didn't take Mark long to remove the cod piece that covered his genitals when the prohibitions were removed from the guests. His cock sprung out and a feeling of relief coursed through his body. His genitals were free of their enclosure and he could begin his sexual assault of his frightened nine year old Eurasian sweetie pie. He made sure that when he did remove the cod piece he did it in front of her. The look on her face, the fear in her eyes, and the small amount of urine that dripped from her body told Mark she was completely and totally frightened of what was going to happen to her. He moved forward so his cock was now lying on her stomach. He leaned forward, kissed her sweet lips, licked the sweat and tears off her cheeks, and whispered in her ear, "you're going to become a woman tonight and a whore this weekend. I know you don't understand a word I'm saying, but I love the fear in your eyes."

Mark reached between his legs took his cock and began to rub it all over her nakedness. He moved back away from her so he could see her better, especially her eyes. He had a decision to make. Would he fuck her vaginally or anally? He knew that taking her anally in his present state would probably end up ripping her anus and causing her to bleed a lot. He'd heard that party invitees had been so hard on certain tastees that death would result. He didn't want to sexually murder this child. All he wanted was to fuck her vaginally, anally, and orally. His cock was beginning to drip and he wanted to cum so badly but he also wanted it to last. He moved from between her legs and presented his cock to her lips. Tears welled up in her eyes as he rubbed the head of his cock on her lips. She kept her mouth closed and to get her to open it he took his left hand and held her nose closed. It didn't take her long to open her mouth to breath and when she did he shoved the head of his cock in her mouth. When he could feel her around his cock he let go of her nose. Mark took hold of her head and began to drive his cock into her mouth. Her eyes opened wide as she felt him force himself into her mouth and down her throat. She was beginning to thrust her hips and move her body in a vain effort to have him remove his cock from her throat.

Mark looked up for a second to see his wife spitting in the Mexican's face as she ground her cunt into his crotch. She was crazy with lust as she took the dominant role with her Mexican stud and began to abuse him verbally and physically. Jennifer rode his cock and when she felt the time was right she'd reach behind her, grab either of his balls, and squeeze them while calling him a cunt in Spanish. Even in his drugged state the Mexican knew what she was saying to him. He knew better than react to her because if any tastee harmed any of the guests the guest had the final decision as to the punishment. Jennifer released his testicle, leaned forward, and began grinding herself on his cock anew. Mark continued to shove his cock into the child's mouth when a blood curdling scream filled the room. Both of them looked towards the area of the room from where the scream definitely originated.

What they saw was mind boggling. A rather large, muscular Arab man had a small preteen boy bent over a settee and he was butt fucking the child relentlessly as his completely covered wife knelt behind him licking his balls and asshole. A lot of the guests paused to see what was happening to find out why the child was screaming and crying in pain. When the Arab accidentally pulled his cock out of the boy, they saw an eleven inch monster covered in blood pause for just a second before the Arab grabbed the child by the hips and plunged his cock balls deep into the terrified child. His wife continued to lick and suck his balls as he called the boy names as he also made sure his wife knew she belonged between his legs sucking his balls.

Mark knew he wanted to explode down her throat so when he fucked her he would last longer than he was now. He had her head and was holding it against his pubic bone. He felt his balls begin to tingle and his cock begin to expand as he knew he reached his plateau. He didn't want to release her head but he did relax his hold as his cock began to explode in her throat. He pulled back and let his cock fill her mouth with his hot seed. The young girl sputtered trying not to choke on his ejaculate. His cum began running out of the corners of her mouth as he watched her try to keep from choking. No sooner than he finished shooting his load into her mouth he heard Jennifer scream obscenities as the Mexican began ejaculating inside her hot pussy as she crescendo in orgasmic pleasure herself. Jennifer was covered in sweat and her body shone with a glow that could only be caused by a massive orgasm. After she came down from her orgasm, she stood up and the Mexican's cum began dripping from her wide open cunt and down her thighs. They looked at each other knowing that everything they'd hope would come of being invited to The Tasting and winning the auction would be coming true this weekend.

Monsieur M walked around the gathering checking on the guests and seeing what if anything was required of the staff. He knew that the young boy being fucked anally by the muscular Arab would need medical attention as soon

as he was done being used. He was happy to see a young man between the legs of an eighty-five year old woman fucking her like it was his last piece of pussy. By the look on her face, the young man had been kind enough to use some lube so he would not tear the fragile tissue inside her ancient cunt. In another corner he saw a dominant man forcing his submissive female to lick his ejaculate from the ass of the woman he just finished fucking. Monsieur M knew that sooner or later he'd have to relieve himself sexually and he had his eyes on someone already.

Mark rested for just enough time and when he was ready he stood between the young girl's legs rubbing his semi-flaccid cock. Again he could see the fear in her eyes and could see her body beginning to quiver. He decided that he would be nice to her and bent over and started licking her from her neck to her flat nipples, down her stomach to her belly button, and finally knelling down to suck on her nine year old clit again. He released his cock so he wouldn't ejaculate due to his excitement and began to stroke the young girls anus with his right hand. She reacted by pushing her hips up which just gave him a better angle to suck her pussy. The little girl couldn't help but try to pull back and when she did she felt his finger on her anus again. Mark was laughing inside as the sweet tasting girl tried to stop him from sexually abusing her body. She settled down when she started to feel his tongue on her now hardening clitoris and when she relaxed enough Mark inserted his middle finger into her asshole. She jumped but not far enough to stop from sliding his middle finger all the way inside her. Mark's cock jumped and he knew it was time. Time for him to take the young girl.

After rotating his finger in her for a few moments, he removed it from her asshole. He stood up and showed her his erect cock. He didn't say a word to her. He just began rubbing the nose cone shaped head between the lips of her naked prepubescent vagina. He smiled as he felt her wetness begin to coat the head of his cock. He also knew he was starting to produce decent amount of precum as he moved his cock up and down between the lips of her virgin cunt. He paused and used the head to rub her clit and the young girl reacted by moaning even though she was scared shitless. Mark moved the head of his cock lower and felt where the opening to her body was. He moved his cock back to her clit and rubbed it there causing her to moan again. Just as she was relaxing from the feelings emanating from her clitoris, Mark lowered his cock and without any thought of what it would do to the young girl, he forced his cock into her. She cried out in pain as her body stiffened from the assault that was happening between her legs. Mark could feel small amounts of urine escape from her body, but he continued to shove his full nine-and-a-half inches into her.

Mark knew he was hurting the girl, but he didn't care. He wanted to bottom out in her in one thrust no matter how much pain he caused her. And that is exactly what he did. He pushed his nine-and-a-half inches all the way into her. He watched as her eyes grew wider and she screamed in pain. He smiled, licked his lips, and felt his pubic bone stop against her mons and he knew he'd just bottomed out in a small child. He waited a moment and then began fucking her. He moved in and out of her without caring about her feelings of pain and abuse. He looked up for a moment and saw his wife watching him fuck this child. She didn't say anything to him as he looked down at his cock to see it covered in the little girl's blood. He looked up at the ceiling and moaned as he continued to fuck the tiny nine year old girl. Mark forced himself to calm down so he could enjoy the copulation with this child. He pulled his cock out so that just the head was embedded inside her. He looked down at the crying child and waited for her to stop so he could give her some pleasure when he fucked her.

Jennifer didn't say anything when Mark jammed his cock into the little Eurasian girl. She just watched as he took her without mercy like he had fucked her when he got the letter saying they been invited and had won the auction. The Mexican was still in his chair and she raised his legs exposing his asshole to her. Jennifer looked around and found the sixteen inch dildo she had requested after he had ejaculated into her. She pulled the strap-on up to her hips, inserted the bulb that would fill her pussy and massage her clitoris, and lewdly stroked the ersatz cock while looking into the eyes of the now openly frightened Mexican. She wet her fingers and used the saliva to coat the massive dildo that stood out from her thin muscular body. The Mexican never knew what hit him. She stepped between his upraised and supported legs, placed the head of the dildo against his unlubricated anus, and just like Mark did to the sweet young girl, Jennifer pushed her strap-on into his ass without stopping until she was all the way in. He opened his mouth to scream but nothing came out because all the air in his lungs was expelled when the pain of his asshole being stretched and abused hit his brain.

Jennifer laughed and cursed at him. She leaned forward and slapped his face several times. She continued to curse at him in Spanish calling him a sissy, a faggot, a pussy now that he's being fucked like one. Jennifer didn't care less about what she was doing to him internally; she just wanted to fuck him until she had as many orgasms as she could take. The Mexican tried to keep her from fucking him but to no avail. His asshole finally relaxed, the sixteen

inch dildo slid in and out of his body, and Jennifer made sure that each stroke in or out rubbed against his prostate. The result was exactly what she was hoping for. The Mexican's cock began to harden to its full length. He was beginning to enjoy the fucking he was receiving and nothing was more event of his liking it than his erect cock. Jennifer took his hard fuck stick in her hand and began stroking him as she fucked him. She was either going to give him a pleasurable orgasm by jerking his cock while the dildo rubbed against his internal clitoris or she was going to release it and use the monster dildo to milk him like some sissy bitch.

Mark, having given the young girl a chance to stop crying and feeling pain, began his assault on her now unprotected pussy. The young girl still had a look of pain on her face and fear in her eyes, but Mark thought she should have accepted her fate and showed some pleasure to him by smiling. Since she hadn't he just looked at her, moaned, and began fucking her in earnest. He felt her pussy begin to get wet with her juices as he continued to use his cock as a battering ram inside her body. He could feel how tight she was and this made the act even more scintillating. He wished that Jennifer was her with him while he fucked this sweet young girl. He'd love to have her next to him, kissing him, holding his balls, and whispering in his ear how wonderful his cock looked embedded into the prepubescent child. He'd just have to fantasize about it as he fucked the young child silly.

Across the room two couples, as different physically as two couples could be, were desirous of a painful S&M session. They had tied a middle aged man and woman to a pair of x-crosses. The first couple was starting to whip the female with a set of steel studded cat-o-nine tails. With each stroke, the woman cried out in extreme pain and the resulting razor cuts began to ooze blood from her torn skin. The man had an erection and with each cry of pain his cock would jump, pulse, and produce a small amount of precum. His wife was not a small woman and with each stroke she would use her left hand to rub her furry cunt and taste the juices flowing from within. The other couple was working on the crying man's cock, balls, and asshole. The woman was inserting a metal rod into the man's urethra causing him extreme pain as it slid up and down the length of his semi flaccid cock. Her husband was using a blow up anal probe to stretch his asshole in preparation of the tastee being fucked by a set of longer and wider dildos the largest being thirty-six inches long and twelve inches thick.

Looking around the room one could see all different forms of straight and homosexual sex to the most horrible of sexual perversions that could be inflicted by one person upon another. The individual tastees not chosen for immediate use were still strapped into their chairs and the guests knew that after a period of time they would be allowed to abuse or use them as they pleased. Monsieur M stood by the stage and quietly watched W1 fuck the shit out of the nine year old Eurasian girl while his wife W2 fucked and abused the Mexican she had chosen for her fun. Monsieur M never thought that this beautiful woman would have such a mean streak in her. He noticed the Mexican beginning to show signs of the drug wearing off which meant he wasn't given enough to last as long as it was supposed to. He looked towards the door from whence W1 and W2 entered the ballroom and signaled to one the servants to bring a large syringe to him immediately.

Monsieur M took the proffered syringe, climbed onto the stage, and stood next to W2. He put his hand on her back to let her know he was there. Jennifer felt his hand on her shoulder, she stopped fucking the Mexicans now stretched asshole, and quizzically looked at Monsieur M. He leaned into her ear and spoke in a quiet tone, "W2 your fuckee is coming out of his drug induced stupor. If he recovers any of his strength, you're not in a position to stop him from harming you. I am going to give him a major dose of the drug so he doesn't have the ability to hurt you." Monsieur M took the syringe and jabbed it into the right buttock of the Mexican and pressed the plunger pushing the drug into the Mexican's glutinous maximus. He stood there until he saw the drug take effect on the muscular Mexican and when he was satisfied the prostrate Mexican could do nothing to hurt W2 he nodded giving her the go ahead to continue fucking or doing whatever she pleased to him.

On one of the sofas a dominant husband was fucking a teenage girl while his submissive wife licked their union. The teenager was crying because she had saved her virginity for her boyfriend but he would never know the feeling of taking it from her. Her boyfriend was bent over the other end of the same sofa getting his virginity taken by a large black man while his wife took her ponderously large breasts and slapped the teenage boy in the face with them. He was moaning in pain and pleasure as the black man used his virgin ass just like he would use a woman's pussy for his pleasure. Both couples had chosen these two because of their labels as boyfriend and girlfriend. The taking of their respective virginities was worth the trouble keeping other guests away from them. Both couples also knew that they'd gladly exchange the two so each of them could say after the weekend they shared a young couple and ruined their sexual future by taking their saved virginities.

Although the room was huge, the smell of sex began to permeate itself throughout the room. Strategically placed servants would quietly move among the guests to clean up ejaculate that was not part of sexual dominance play. They didn't have to worry about condoms because none were in use. There were three preteen boys that were special to the guests. They were chosen by the Société because of their inability to ejaculate. The individual guests that decided to have sex with the boys were required to only perform fellatio on them. The idea was that if any of the three should have their first wet orgasm the guest would have a very special reward given to him or her. The fellator would have to make one of two choices when the boy began to produce their first wet orgasm. They could swallow the ejaculate or pull this boys cock out of their mouth and allow him to cum all over their faces. The guest would be required to wear the boy's ejaculate as a badge of honor. Any subsequent orgasms by the boy would be at the behest of the guest as the boy was his or hers for the rest of The Tasting.

Three females; one fifteen years old, one twenty-three years old, and one thirty-six years old were also a special treat for certain guests. The teenager and the two adult women were in the middle of their menses producing the maximum amount of blood from their bodies. The fifteen year old was sitting on the face of a fifty-seven year old woman while her husband shoved his cock deep into menstruating girl's ass. The woman was eagerly lapping up the oozing blood and clots from the girl's vagina. The thirty-six year old was on her back legs akimbo while a submissive panty clad male stood between them masturbating. His dominant wife abused him verbally as he stroked his pathetic cock in preparation for ejaculating on the bleeding woman's cunt in anticipation of having to kneel between her legs to lick up his cum and her blood. The submissive sissy knew as soon as he began licking up the mess on the woman's privates his dominant wife would abuse his pussy-ass with a strap-on dildo and his balls with a pair of large pliers. The only one of the three not chosen for sexual pleasure or abuse by a man, woman, or couple was the twenty-three year old. She was strapped to a low table and an arrogant Austrian couple had four Bull Mastiffs delivered to them so they could watch the dogs fuck this menstruating girl's cunt all night long while they played with the dog's balls and masturbated or fucked each other to multiple orgasms. Presently the husband had his fat cock in his wife's cunt as she licked the largest dog's balls and the poor twenty-three year old woman was taking the brunt of the animal's expanding cock crying out in pain as the nut grew to its largest. Her cunt began to fill up with her menses blood due the dam formed by the dog's penile nut. Both Austrians knew that when the dog finished and his cock finally slipped out of her a flood of dog sperm and blood would rush out of her just as if a dam had given way.

Mark and Jennifer were still on the stage not caring that everyone around them could look up and see them having the sexual time of their life, but they had to move out of the spot light to see the actions of the other participants. Mark used all his intellectual power to keep himself from cumming from the excitement of taking his choices virginity. Every so often he would pull his cock out of the girl so he could see the pink colored blood congealing on her thighs and his cock. He would sigh, look into her eyes hoping to see some acceptance of what was happening to her, and seeing nothing but hatred and fear he would forcibly jam his length into her. He wanted to take her, hold her in his arms as he kissed her tender lips while his cock slid in and out of her young cunt. He leaned over, kissed her lips, and to his surprise she responded by opening her mouth. She allowed him to seek her tongue and caress hers with his. He remained over her as his hands ran up and down her soft prepubescent body. Her skin was extremely soft to his touch and she began to respond to his stroking. The girl also began to meet his thrusting with her own. Mark moaned as he realized that the young girl had gone from extreme pain to pleasure and was beginning to express her need to feel his cock rub across her clit so her body could shake with sexual pleasure and not pain.

Mark rose up and spoke to her, "Now you know what it feels like to be a woman. Tell me what you want."

She responded, "Fuuuuccckkkk meeeeeeee..."

Mark did exactly that. He leaned in and placed his lips on hers, his tongue inside her mouth, and pounded his cock in and out of the tightest pussy he's ever felt. The Eurasian girl responded as best as she could considering his cock was too big to be inside her. She pressed her narrow hips up to his when he thrust inside her. Mark knew that he couldn't last much longer and began fucking her like she was an older woman. She tried to keep up with him but couldn't and the pain started to return. The girl began to cry and beg him to stop. Mark looked at her and growled. His cock grew thicker, the head expanded, he pressed his full weight into the child, and he ejaculated seven strong ropes of cum into her. He could feel his asshole pulsing as his cock deposited his baby making fluid into the female child's cunt. He knew that his jizz would be the first but not the last to fill her and this would not be the last fucking she would endure during her lifetime.

As Mark deposited his sperm inside the crying girl he cried, "Oh, my God!!! What a fuckin' hot cunt!!! Take my load!!! You little bitch!!! He couldn't stop thrusting as he emptied himself. When he finally calmed down and withdrew his cock from the girl. Her pussy was wide open and his juices started leaking out of her. He looked over to see Jennifer still pounding the Mexican's asshole and instead of stroking his massive cock she was twisting and pulling it causing the prone man to grunt in pain. The pain exploded throughout his body from her abuse of his cock and the abuse of his ass and bowel took from the sixteen inch dildo she was using on him. As much as Mark wanted to hurt this child sexually, he also wanted her to learn the good things about sex. Seeing her gaping cunt leaking his and her juices, Mark knelt down between the whimpering girl's legs and began to gently lick her red and puffy pussy. He was used to the taste of his cum and he wanted her to feel him bring pleasure to her as his tongue glided around, across, and in her sore nine year old pussy.

Jennifer had pushed the dildo deep into the Mexican's bowel and held it there when she heard her husband scream that he was ejaculating. She turned to see him do to the child what he did to her. Jennifer saw her husband between the child's legs sucking her just fucked cunt. This made her happy and mad at the same time. She took the Mexican's cock and twisted it so hard he screamed out in pain. The sound the tendon inside his cock ripping brought her an orgasm that passed everything she'd ever felt. Her body quivered and shook as the waves of pleasure coursed throughout her body. She felt several waves of her juices pour from her wide open fuck hole. She had presence of mind to keep jamming the dildo up his abused ass just like her husband like to jam his cock inside her when he coated her insides with his jism. The Mexican could not take the pain Jennifer inflicted upon his genitals, but his body reacted defiantly by shooting copious amounts of cum all over his belly and chest, and then he finally passed out from the abuse.

Jennifer pulled the dildo out of the Mexican's ass and stepped out the strap-on harness. She turned to see Mark's child reacting to his licking her clitoris by having a body wrenching orgasm. Jennifer turned back to her choice to see something that actually scared her. She saw a rather good flow of blood dripping from the Mexican's stretched asshole. She realized that she used the dildo so hard on him that she'd pierced his lower bowel and he was bleeding from the fucking she just gave him. She also knew that she'd used all her strength when she twisted his cock so hard the she actually ripped the tendon that gets engorged with blood to create an erection. Jennifer was covered in sweat but most amazingly she was still shaking in orgasmic pleasure and her pussy was still dripping her juices. She took a deep breath and decided that she was going to perform the ultimate act of abuse on the passed out Mexican. Jennifer sort out the small vial of smelling salts, opened it, and placed it under the Mexican's nose.

The Mexican's eyes bolted open when the acidic odor hit his olfactory senses and he began to grunt and moan in obvious pain. Jennifer leaned into his ear and in perfect Spanish and said to the awakened Mexican, "Now that you're awake I'm going to take from you the things that make you a man. NOTHING YOU SAY OR DO WILL STOP ME!!!" The Mexican eyes bulged out of his head as he tried to respond and beg her not to hurt him anymore. Jennifer moved down between his legs and took his ball sack into her hands. She used her fingernails to pierce the thin skin of his scrotum. His eyes welled up with tears and he cried out in pain. Jennifer was not being gentle. She used her nails to rip a hole in his ball sack. She released the sack and using the fingers of her right hand she sort out each of his testicles and upon finding them she pulled each one through the hole. Blood was pouring from his abused asshole and now his ball sack was adding to the pool underneath the chair. Jennifer looked at his exposed testicles hanging by their individual vas and the blood vessel that supplied sustenance to them.

Jennifer stood between his legs with a testicle in each hand. She saw that the Mexican was losing his fight with her and was becoming resigned to the fact that he was going to either die or face a night of abuse at the hands of this beautiful American woman. She squeezed the testicles feeling the spongy cells give way to her pressure. The Mexican's eyes flew open as the pain coursed from his balls to his fog shrouded brain awaking him. Jennifer began verbally abusing him anew knowing he did not have the strength to respond to her. She released the pressure but did not reduce the pain she was inflicting on him. Instead of squeezing his balls she was pulling on each of them so the vas and the blood vessel became taut just to the point of tearing. She kept up the pressure and knowing she was close to ripping his balls from his body she began to orgasm uncontrollably. She could see the Mexican was feeling the pressure inside his body near his bladder and hoped he was praying for a quick death.

Monsieur M returned from a walk around the ballroom to see Jennifer standing between the Mexican's legs shaking in orgasm. He could also see the growing pool of blood on the floor, on her feet, and her ankles. Monsieur M knew that W2 was going to maim or sexually kill the taste she chose for her sexual partner. Jennifer turned slightly to

see him standing there and noticed that the front of his robe was beginning to tent. She put two-and-two together and realized that Monsieur M was taken with her. She looked at him directly in his eyes and without any inhibition ripped the Mexican's testicles from his body. She turned back to the screaming man, tossed his balls on his chest, and screamed back at him, "That is for telling me when I saw you that you would fuck me and kill me for the thrill of it. Well you arrogant wetback fuck head, you're going to bleed to death from your useless cock, balls, and asshole!!! Die you motherfucker..." She stepped back from the dying man and pissed where she stood relieving the stress from having just sexually mutilated and most probably murdered a man.

Monsieur M jumped onto the stage and grabbed hold of the shaking W2. He didn't care that she just caused the imminent death of the Mexican due to a huge loss of blood. He held her as she began to come down from what had to be the longest orgasm she'd ever experienced. Both of them did not care that Mark was only a few feet away from where they stood. They knew he was so totally into his pedophilic mind set that he was blinded to what was occurring around him. As Jennifer calmed down, Monsieur M held her naked body against his and began to use his left hand to cup her left breast and gently apply pressure to it. He slowly moved away from where they were standing so the assigned chateau workers could remove the dying Mexican and clean up the mess on the stage. Jennifer allowed Monsieur M to guide her to one side of the circular stage where they stood while the servants went about their clean up duties.

"W2 are you ok?" he asked.

"Yes, but the Mexican. Will he survive? I really didn't mean to hurt him that bad," breathlessly cried Jennifer.

"I have seen worse W2, but I believe the piercing of his bowel with the sixteen inch dildo and the absolutely heinous way you emasculated him will be enough for him to eventually bleed to death no matter what we do to save him. Although the Société does not countenance the death of any of the tastees, we know it has happened and will probably happen again in the future. The authorities know nothing of what is happening here this weekend. Individual adult and teenage tastees were apprised of their possible demise." Monsieur M continued to stroke the soft skin on the front of the magnificent woman leaning against him. He felt W2 relax and the stress leave her body.

"Thank you, Monsieur M..." Jennifer leaned into him and now could feel his very obvious erection. She tried to turn around to face him but he held her with her back against him. Jennifer stopped her movement and resigned herself to being held the way she was.

"From the minute I set eyes on you at dinner I knew that I had to have you," he whispered into her ear. "I don't want you to see what I am going to insert into your body, but you'll know that is truly my cock and you'll know that what you had with the Mexican is nothing compared to what I'm going to fuck you with. You have to accept that you will be my sex partner for the remainder of this event. You will never say no to whatever I tell you to do no matter how abhorrent you feel it is. Finally, you will never let any form of the word love pass through your lips while we are engaging in any sexual act. Do you agree?"

Jennifer couldn't believe that he wanted her because from the moment she saw him, she wanted him. She replied, "Yes, Monsieur M."

Monsieur M used his right hand to part the front of his robe to free his cock from behind it. He took it and began to slide the foreskin covered head between the cheeks of W2's ass. Jennifer's eyes grew wide as she felt what he was sliding between the cheeks of her butt. As he rubbed the head of his cock between her cheeks, he spoke to her again, "I am going to insert my cock into your ass. I never have oral or vaginal sex with a woman until I have sunk the entire length of my cock into her bowel. It is important to me that my first ejaculation occurs when I am balls deep into your bowel. I know you're thinking why and I'm going to tell you. When I ask to fuck your open pussy or ask you to suck my cock, I will never get its length inside you the way I will when I take you anally."

"Oh, my," was all Jennifer could say as she felt Monsieur M place the humongous head of his cock on her rosebud.

"I will be gentle with you. I am not going to purposely hurt you. Our union will be one of mutual desire to have our bodies used by one or the other. As I enter you, I will ask you if you're ok and I will continue to enter you

when you say you are ok with what is in you." Monsieur M moved his left hand down to her hip and used his right to force her to bend over slightly in front of him. She then felt it. Monsieur M began to force his cock into her body. Her anus resisted at first, but Jennifer knew that if she pressed out like she was trying take a shit his cock head would pass through her sphincter and into her body. She didn't want to disappoint so she pushed her anus out and she felt him begin to enter her.

Monsieur M could feel W2 trying to open her anus for him and took advantage of it. With another gentle push the broad head of his cock slipped out of his foreskin and entered her ass. Her anal sphincter relaxed and the head slipped inside the gateway to her lower bowel. Jennifer cried out. Monsieur M moaned in delight as his cock began coursing its way into her body. He stopped for a moment to let W2 relax so she could take some more of him. "Are you ok W2?" he queried.

"Yes, Monsieur M and I have to tell you that I have never had anything as wide up my ass as you're putting there. I am ready for you to take me without any more questions," moaned Jennifer.

"W2 are you sure?" asked Monsieur M with an incredulous tone to his voice.

"YEEEEESSSSSS!!!"

Monsieur M took her positive answer as total consent for him to enter her in one full motion. He removed his right hand from his cock as the part of his cock that was embedded into W2 was enough to keep him inside her. He took her by her hips and began to push the full length of his cock into her. Jennifer moaned and cried a bit as she felt him push into her bowel. Per the instruction manual, all participants had to take several enemas to clean their lower bowel so any anal activity would not result in fecal matter covering the cock or device inserted into the individual. Scat play was allowed but only under certain circumstances and with the consent of all guests concerned. Naturally the tastees had no say in the matter. Monsieur M was true to his word. He entered slowly but with enough pressure to open her so his full length could feel her surround him. It took him about three minutes to enter her fully and press his pubic bone against the parted cheeks of her petite ass.

Jennifer couldn't believe what she was feeling. Nothing except maybe for a future medical device had ever entered her anally or so deeply. She was astounded at the pressure she was feeling in her lower bowel. "Please, sir, tell me your size!!! I am so, oh my God!!! cried W2 to the man that was now balls deep into her body through her anus.

Monsieur M looked down to see that indeed this woman had taken his entire length without once crying out or begging him to stop. He moved in her slightly so he could send waves of pleasure through her body and up his cock to his brain. "W2 you have nineteen inches of eight inch wide cock up your ass and you've done what only a few women have done in my thirty-two years. Bon Chance ma Cherie!!! I not going to say anything else to you. You can cry, moan, scream, or yell all you want as I use my cock to bring pleasure to both of us. I assure you W2 you will be fucked by a Mongol's cock now." Monsieur M began using small thrusts of his enormous cock slowly building up to major long throw thrusts which caused Jennifer to try and keep him deep within her. Monsieur M knew that as soon as he started fucking her in earnest she would want him to pull out of her so she could feel a sense of relief. He didn't stop fucking W2.

Jennifer cried out and Mark stopped caressing his little girl to see his wife being butt fucked by Monsieur M. He looked over to where the Mexican was supposed to be and saw nothing. The chair was gone and the floor was wet from where it was mopped clean. He was relaxing with the Eurasian child waiting to have enough strength to raise his cock a third time so he could do to her what he saw Monsieur M doing to his wife. Mark knew that he wasn't required to stay were he was so he opened the straps that held the child in the chair, picked her up, and walked with her over to the spot his wife was being fucked anally by Monsieur M. Mark stood in front of his wife and took the Eurasian child and placed her in such a way that Jennifer could see what he was about to do to her.

The child never knew what hit her. She cried out in pain as the prepubescent boy did when the muscular Arab inserted his rampantly erect cock into the boy. Mark held her hips as he pulled her back on his third erection of the night. His cock pushed her virgin asshole open and he entered her only not as deeply as Monsieur M was in his wife. He looked into Monsieur M's eyes and nodded his acceptance of Jennifer's liaison with him. Inwardly Mark

wished he could see what his wife's asshole looked like with Monsieur M's cock buried in it. He noticed that every so often Monsieur M would remain balls deep in Jennifer and use his right hand to feel for his cock inside her body. He would attempt to grasp his length and massage it through her belly. Jennifer would moan while the Eurasian child cried and screamed as Mark forced his rampant man meat in and out of her abused body.

Much to Mark's and Jennifer's amazement, Monsieur M and Mark ejaculated into the bowels of the females they were fucking at the exact same time. Jennifer's eyes bugged out of her head as she felt Monsieur M's cock expand and then explode inside her. The Eurasian child did the same thing when Mark exploded inside her except Mark added something else to the mix. After waiting about sixty seconds, Mark began urinating inside the girl. The build up of need overtook his sensibilities and he did something he'd never done before. He couldn't believe the feeling coursing through his body as he felt the little girl's stomach bulge as his urine filled her bowels. Jennifer couldn't believe what Mark was doing until she felt a similar sensation within her body. Monsieur M was relieving his bladder inside her just as her husband was doing to the little Eurasian girl.

The two men eyed each other and each acknowledged in their own way that they were men and no female would ever take them for granted. Jennifer reached out to touch the little girl's face to assure her that what she was experiencing was something she would survive. It wasn't a sure thing that she would have fond memories of Mark's cock and how he used it on and in her, but Jennifer wanted her to begin to understand that after all is said and done a woman or girl still possessed what all men want – their bodies. Both Jennifer and the Eurasian girl moaned as they felt the cock that had just ejaculated and urinated in them leave their bodies. Monsieur M and Mark took a step back to watch as each of the females tried in vain to keep their assholes closed to stop the embarrassment of evacuating their bowels of the ejaculate and urine on the stage.

Jennifer felt Monsieur M's hand keep her bent over. The Eurasian girl didn't know which way was up and just kept herself in the position Mark had put her in for fear of having him use more than his cock on her. Jennifer knew that she could do nothing to stop the flow of liquid from her stretched asshole. She had never experienced a man ejaculating and then urinating inside her. She was totally surprised that Monsieur M figured that Mark was doing it to the Eurasian girl and decided that he would do it to her also. The Eurasian girl began to quietly cry as Mark's ejaculate and urine began to flow out of her wide open anus.

Jennifer again reached for her face, stroked it, smiled at her, and said, "Look between my legs. You'll see that I too have the same liquid flowing from my body. I'm not crying, but enjoying the fact that I brought pleasure to the man who used me." Jennifer didn't know if the girl understood a word she was saying, but her calming voice was enough to make the young girl stop crying. Both men were amazed that the Eurasian girl ceased her crying at the sound of Jennifer's voice. Both men could see from their prospective the look in the eyes of each girl and they knew that Jennifer had fallen for the young prepubescent Eurasian girl as the Eurasian had connected with Jennifer. They lovingly looked at each other as the liquid flowed from their slowly closing anuses as Jennifer leaned forward to take the girl by the head and deeply kiss her. The small girl did not try to stop Jennifer, but instead raised her arms to Jennifer's to tell her that she was accepting of her advances.

Monsieur M seeing the connection between the older woman and the frightened girl decided that he would like to see them together sexually, but not in a way they would prefer. Speaking with a tone to total authority he stated, "Since you want each other so bad, make love to each other right were you are. Now!!!"

Mark smiled as he knew that Jennifer would have denied a request like that, not because of the age of the girl, but because the floor where they were to make love was covered in a pool of ejaculate and urine. Jennifer broke the kiss and looked up to her husband's face. He could see the momentary question of denying Monsieur M's request, when she took the girl into her arms and fell to the floor on her back with the small girl resting on top of her body. Jennifer held the girl tight to her with her left arm and used her right hand to pull her face to hers to begin kissing her deeply and lovingly. The small girl responded to Jennifer by placing her arms on Jennifer's pulling them down so she could stroke her abused body. Jennifer's mind accepted her lying in a pool of disgusting liquid and it showed as her muscles relaxed as she slowly opened her legs. They kissed for what seemed like an eternity when Jennifer began to push the girl down her body.

"Yes, sweet pea, go down there. Learn to lick my pussy no matter how disgusting it is down there."

The Eurasian girl let Jennifer push her down between her legs. She looked up at the woman lying with her legs open and her knees up as in invitation to her to begin licking her naked vagina. Jennifer smiled as the girl lowered her head and began licking her pussy slowly and haltingly at first. It didn't take very long for her to get the idea of how to provide pleasure to the woman whose feet were now resting on her head. Jennifer moaned as the girl's lips and tongue began to bring her up the ladder of pending orgasmic pleasure. Without any prompting, the sweet little tot placed two fingers into the woman whose hips were rising off the floor pressing her sex into her face. The Eurasian girl began to lick and suck in earnest while she herself began to press her hips into the floor of the stage. For each of them, the liquid that was flowing from their bowels had ceased to be replaced by the flow of their cunt juices as they made love on the floor of the stage.

Monsieur M stood across from Mark watching Jennifer writhe in orgasmic pleasure as the prepubescent tot sucked her to another orgasm. He noticed Mark beginning to get hard and trying to resist stroking himself. Monsieur M could see that Mark was taken by his wife's sexual encounter with the lithe prepubescent child that he chose to be his for the event. Mark looked up from the two bodies on the floor to see Monsieur M standing stoically with not as much as a twitch emanating from his too long to believe flaccid penis. Mark smiled at his host for the first time since the event began. Monsieur M angled his head slightly to the right, smiled, and used his right hand to invite Mark to his side.

"You haven't taken your eyes off of my cock since I removed it from your wife's rectum", Monsieur M whispered to Mark. "If you want it, then get on your knees in front of me and ask. If you do that, you'll become the second person I've chosen for my pleasure this evening. Your wife was the first."

Mark looked at him with surprise on his face, but a growing erection was giving his desire away.

Monsieur M glanced down at Mark's growing erection, smiled, and continued with the last part of his chat with Jennifer's husband. "If you do as I ask, you will no longer have that sweet prepubescent Eurasian to use for your sexual pleasure. You will accept that you have become mine to use as I please. Your wife has and it would be a first and an honor to have the couple that won the auction submit themselves to my sexual perversions and pleasures. The decision is yours."

Mark couldn't believe his ears. He knew that Jennifer would not bat an eyelash if she saw him with another man's cock in his hand or mouth. The thought of caressing the tube of human flesh that hung between Monsieur M's legs intrigued him and send shivers of sexual pleasure up and down his spine. He looked away from Monsieur M and back to where his wife was lying on the floor now with her hands holding the girl's head to her crotch rubbing it all over her face. He knew that his wife was not going to give up her chance to enjoy what he had – a pedophile's dream come true – the use of a prepubescent child without anyone saying anything about how wrong it may be. That helped Mark make his decision.

Monsieur M watched the female he chose to be his for the evening enjoy herself with the sprite of a Eurasian girl. He knew from her actions that this was a first time sexual incident for her just as he knew it was the first for her husband. Mark looked from where his wife lay directly into his eyes. Without breaking eye contact he moved in front of Monsieur M, knelt in front of him and stated, "May I please play with your magnificent cock, Monsieur M? May I provide whatever pleasure you desire? I will heed your every command without question, Master."

Monsieur M was pleasantly surprised that Mark had decided to become his for the rest of The Tasting. He decided to make sure that Mark was totally accepting of his subservient position in the relationship. "W1, I can't hear you. Please say what you want of me at the top of your lungs. Yell it out loud."

"MASTER, PLEASE ALLOW ME TO SERVE YOU FOR THE REST OF THE TASTING. I AM YOURS TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE!!!" cried Mark at the top of his lungs.

Jennifer thought she'd heard Mark scream but being under the influence of this young girl what he said did not register in her sexually addled brain. Monsieur M took his right hand and placed it on the top of Mark's head. He did not make any move to have him begin to provide any sort of sexual pleasure to him. He just watched Jennifer keep the Eurasian tot between her legs using her face as a masturbatory tool. It took a few moments for him to decide what he wanted. He took Mark by the hair and pulled him to a standing position.

"Turn around. Begin to masturbate over your wife's face as she is pleasured by the little cunt you ravaged earlier," stated Monsieur M to a somewhat frightened Mark.

Mark did not answer his new Master, but began to stroke his semi-flaccid cock to a complete erection. Just as he began to relax and feel himself begin to get sexually aroused, he felt Monsieur M take him by the waist and pull him back. It surprised him to feel Monsieur M's cock begin to part the cheeks of his ass and he knew that his Master had decided to take him anally the same way he took his wife. Jennifer had inserted fingers and a small vibrator into him, but he'd never had anything as large as Monsieur M's cock forced into his body. Mark wondered how in God's name Monsieur M had become so hard so fast. He knew better than to deny him entrance to his body. To ease the taking of his anal virginity, Mark leaned forward while continuing to masturbate himself as his Master had instructed. Monsieur M realized that Mark had made movement to show him his subservience and continued to force his cock into the unlubricated ass that was his for the taking.

Mark started to fall forward as he felt the fat head of Monsieur M's cock begin to pry open his anal passage. Monsieur M did not hesitate to pull back on Mark's hips thus forcing Mark to push the hard cock deeper into his body. Monsieur M did not take the time he took with Jennifer. He kept pulling back on Mark's hips until he felt the outer and inner anal sphincter give way allowing him to slide deep into Mark's bowel. In a matter of seconds, Mark was impaled on the largest object ever to invade his backside.

Just as Monsieur M bottomed out in Marks ass, Jennifer looked up to see her husband cry out in pain and humiliation at being fucked for the first time in his life. She also so him lose and then regain his erection. As Monsieur M began to fuck Mark, he continued to stroke his cock and the pain began to turn into pleasure. Monsieur M would slap his ass on the out stroke and call him his faggot bitch on the in stroke. He'd slap the back of his head when he bottomed out and on each successive thrust he would stay inside Mark's bowel longer and longer.

"I want to you ejaculate all over your wife's face as I fuck your ass. When you cum you are to yell to her that you've become the bitch you've always wanted to be." Monsieur M did not make it easy on Mark as he pounded his cock into and out of the winner of the auction.

"Oh, my God!!! I'm going to cum", cried Mark. His hand slid up and down the length of his cock. He wanted to stand up tall when he ejaculated, but knew that would be impossible with Monsieur M's monster cock embedded in his body. So, as he stroked himself he tried to move forward so his cock was over his wife's face. Monsieur M felt Mark's inside begin to pulse as cock began to spew his cum all over the face of his prone wife. Just as the last drops of his cum fell from the tip of his cock, he felt Monsieur M begin to thicken inside of him. His asshole was stretched and the walls of his lower bowel encased the sexual organ that was using his digestive tract as a masturbatory tool. Then he felt it. Monsieur M pushed the full length of his humongous man meat into him and ejaculated. Mark cried out as he felt the jism of his first man coat the inside of his body.

Jennifer didn't say anything as she watched her husband accept the cum of another man into his body. She continued to force the Eurasian girl to suck her cunt while she laughed inside at the cruel use of her husband's ass by the man who minutes earlier had done the same thing to her. Jennifer was not at all astounded that her husband produced as much cum as he did considering it was his fourth orgasm of the night, but she knew that Monsieur M's cock as pressing against his prostate, sending waves of pleasure through his body caused him to cum as forcefully as he did. When Monsieur M was finished ejaculating inside her husband, Jennifer released the hold on the little girl's head and pulled her up her body so she was again lying on top of her.

"Ok, you wanton bitch it is time for you to clean my face of my husband's cum and if you do a real good job I'll let you suck Monsieur M's cum from his ass as a reward." Jennifer knew the girl did not understand a word she said so she licked the tot's face to show her what she wanted. The Eurasian girl got the message and began to lick the cum that had pooled below her right eye and covered her right cheek. Monsieur M made no move to pull his cock out of Mark's ass. Mark knowing better just remained bent over waiting for his next command or the feeling of Monsieur M beginning to urinate inside his body.

Jennifer pushed the little girl off her when she knew her face was clean. She stood up and moved to the side of Monsieur M and her husband to see that Monsieur M was still embedded balls deep into her husband's bowel. The Eurasian girl lay on the floor her face covered with Jennifer's fluids and mix of urine and cum that had flowed out of

each of their bodies. Jennifer reached behind Monsieur M and gently took hold of the two biggest testicles she'd ever felt. She pushed her body close to his, looked up, and said, "Thank you for giving my husband what I could never give him. To see him impaled on your cock is worth the cost of winning the auction."

Monsieur M looked down at the beautiful woman that had his balls in her left hand and said, "The two of you are going to learn what it is to be used by a Mongol and a Master. The little Eurasian girl, whose name is Ming by the way, shall stay with us and for the first time in your life you'll see someone get fucked to death."

Jennifer let out a gasp. She had a feeling that Monsieur M could be a sadistic bastard especially when she had literally fucked the Mexican so hard she perforated his lower bowel. Her emotions would not allow her to react negatively to what Monsieur M had just said. She could have squeezed his testicles so hard as to make him beg to have them released, but she knew even with his cock still buried 18 inches inside her husband he could hit her so hard as to send her flying off the stage and onto the floor below. To ease the situation she quietly replied, "I'd like to see that, but if at all possible, could you not fuck her to death?"

Monsieur M looked down at Jennifer, smiled, and said, "Let's take it as it comes." With that he removed his cock from Mark's ass and let him fall to the floor. Mark was in no condition to stand after having his ass used for the first time in his life by a man's cock and not his wife's finger or vibrator. The Eurasian girl remained still hoping that Jennifer would not make her suck the cum from the ass of the man that had used and abused her.

Monsieur M looked over the where his servants were standing, raised his right hand, and waved to have one of them come over to the stage. A middle aged woman scurried over to attend to his wishes. Monsieur M leaned over and whispered something French in her ear. Her eyes grew wide but she bowed and made an immediate bee line for the door that W1 and W2 entered The Tasting through. Five minutes later she returned with two beautifully engraved cherry wood box and a rather large velvet bag. She mounted the stage and presented the boxes and velvet bag to Monsieur M. He motioned to her to place them on the floor to his right. She placed the boxes and bag where he motioned being careful not to trip over the prone man whose ass she could see was leaking cum and urine all over the floor. She did not wait around for Monsieur M to tell her she was not needed anymore.

Monsieur M leaned over and picked up the first of the two engraved boxes. As he held it, he commanded Jennifer to take Ming with her and for both of them to kneel in front of him. He opened the box and took out a three inch platinum strand and diamond encrusted choker. On the front of the choker, the phrase 'Property of Monsieur M' was spelled out in red rubies. "Stand, Jennifer," he commanded.

Jennifer noticed he used her given name instead of the code assigned to her. She looked up at him and without breaking her connection to his eyes she stood. Monsieur M smiled at her and took the elegant piece of jewelry and placed it around her neck. The choker was tight against her neck, but she made no effort to ask him to remove it. Monsieur M placed his hands on her shoulders, leaned into her, and said, "Pick up Ming and have her embrace you. It is time for her to receive her gift."

Jennifer did as instructed. She picked up the sprite of a girl and positioned her arms and legs around her body. She realized that she had just positioned Ming in such a way that Monsieur M had easy access to the girl's vagina and anus. Monsieur M picked up the velvet bag and pulled out a rather ominous looking sexual device. It was solid silver. It consisted of a vaginal and anal plug attached to a silver belt and a separate piece about 12 to 18 inches in length. Monsieur M inserted the eight inch dildo and the four inch anal plug into the girl. Jennifer felt her react to the invasion but made no sound or movement to show her discomfort. Monsieur M took the belt and placed it around the girls body two times which allowed him to fasten it just above the crack in her ass. He then positioned and attached what turned out to be a handle to the belt.

"Let the girl down," he said to Jennifer. Jennifer let the girl slip down the front of her body and when Ming hit the ground she found that the only comfortable position was on her hands and knees. Jennifer could see that the inserted dildo and anal plug did more than fill the girl's body. It made her into a person that could not stand, but could only navigate with the help of the handle with her crawling on her hands and knees. Monsieur M kept the silver handle in his left hand and pulled Ming to his side. Jennifer could see tears beginning to well up in the prepubescent child's eyes. Mark began to regain some sense of reality and just continued to lie at Monsieur M's feet.

Seeing Mark begin to move again, Monsieur M commanded him to stand. Mark did and used all of his concentration to remain still. Monsieur M picked up the second box and retrieved a second platinum and diamond choker. This one had the phrase "Monsieur M's Bitch" was spelled out in rubies. He placed the choker around Mark's neck securing it with a platinum screw and bolt. He then took his right hand and forcibly grabbed Mark's testicles. Mark couldn't help but let a cry of pain pass his lips. Jennifer was frightened for him. She was now beginning to wonder what they had gotten themselves into when the agreed to become the sexual partners of Monsieur M for the rest of The Tasting. Monsieur M just held Mark's testicles with enough pressure to keep the pain emanating from his balls just enough to keep Mark from crying out in extreme pain.

It was just at that moment a shriek of enormous amplitude broke the silence of the room. Monsieur M, Jennifer, Mark, and Ming looked towards the area of the ballroom from whence the shriek originated. In the far corner of the room, they could see three teenage boys and two adult men strapped to tables that could only be used by gynecologists to perform internal examinations. What they were screaming about were the two young women who were standing there wearing strap-on harnesses, kissing, and caressing each other while holding a carving knife and a packet of rawhide strings. Monsieur M knew exactly what the two women were up to. They were going to castrate or nullify them and hopefully make them watch as they savored their last orgasms. What Monsieur M didn't know was the two of them had plans to fuck the teens during the castration proceedings so they could see the fear of losing their balls in their eyes coupled with the pleasure of feeling a dildo caress their prostates. Both of the young women were trained cutters. They knew the exact moment to filet the young boy's scrotums freeing their teenage testicles for removal as their cocks spewed their last strong orgasm all over their young chests and stomachs.

Monsieur M loved to watch these two women work their sadistic magic on the unsuspecting men and boys. He especially loved to see the teenage boys begging to keep their testicles. He would take a position to the side of the table and quietly watch the women. Tonight was going to be different. Tonight Monsieur M was going to make a special request. Monsieur M was going to see how far individuals would go to keep from ultimately losing everything they've worked for in life. He motioned to the woman who was not in the process of thrusting the attached strap-on into the asses of any of their potential eunuchs. Jeanne caught his eye and walked over to where Monsieur M and his slaves were standing.

"Oui, Monsieur, how may I be of service?" she queried.

He leaned in and placed his lips next to her ear making sure that Mark and Jennifer saw him do it to conceal what he was saying. "I want you to eyeball the genitals on the male slave. Make a scene. Beg me to emasculate him. I may or may not let you do it, but no matter what decision I make you'll have the opportunity to cut the ones you've chosen."

Jeanne heard what he said. She took a step back and eyed the three slaves standing on either side of Monsieur M. The child held no interest for her. Jennifer possessed a body she could have fun with, but that wasn't what was requested of her. She looked to Monsieur M's left and saw Mark. His flaccid cock hung slightly to the right covering a nice sized pair of testicles. She thought to herself that he must dump a large load when he's excited. Jeanne made a point of ostentatiously licking her lips as she gazed upon Mark's manhood.

"Look at that cock. I can see it has been well used this evening. I wonder if it could get up again and give me a show before I take it for my collection. And those testicles would taste great sautéed with some onions," moaned Jeanne as she began to rub the ersatz cock that rose from the leather harness that surrounded her waist.

Jennifer couldn't believe what she was hearing. This woman wanted to emasculate her husband. Jennifer began to shake where she stood. Mark's mouth hung open. They turned and looked at each other and both knew from that simple glance that they would not let this woman go any further. They would not accept any further direction from Monsieur M. Mark closed his mouth and at that moment decided that the game Monsieur M was playing was finished.

Reaching as easily as he could, Mark took hold of the chain that was attached to the collar he was wearing. Seeing Monsieur M was not at all paying attention to him, he took hold of the chain in both hands and yanked it towards him. The action was quick and decisive. Monsieur M did not expect to feel the chain become taut and not being prepared felt it slip from his hand with a rather hot burning sensation. Mark made sure he had time to remove

the clasp from the ring on his collar so he could react to Monsieur M. Jennifer saw what was happening and decided to simply remove the clasp from her choker. She quickly moved to take Ming in her arms and release the chain from the handle on device that held the butt and vaginal plugs in place. Holding her tight, Jennifer moved to the left away from Monsieur M and Jeanne while falling and rolling away from the man who had just asked someone to emasculate her husband.

Mark kept his eyes directly on Monsieur M as he used his extensive Martial Arts training to assume a defensive position and began to swing the chain in a circle in front of him. Monsieur M took a quick step towards Mark with the idea that he could catch the twirling chain before it attained a speed at which it could do damage to his body. What Monsieur M did not know was Mark's in depth knowledge of three Martial Arts and had no chance to stop the chain as it wrapped around his right ankle. Mark saw the chain make several loops around Monsieur M's right ankle and precisely at the correct moment he pulled on it causing Monsieur M to fall to the floor. Jeanne fell backwards into the one of the tables hitting her back so hard she also fell to the ground.

As soon as Monsieur M hit the ground, Mark sprung towards him and hit him directly on the bridge of his nose with a closed fist. The ensuing sound confirmed that with one punch Mark had broken Monsieur M's nose. Mark was not going to allow Monsieur M to gain any advantage and immediately began to punch the prostrate man several times in his crotch using his ball sack as if it was a speed bag. Monsieur M was so taken by Mark's physical actions he had not time to react to the breaking of his nose and the beating his testicles were taking. Mark's attack on Monsieur M had effectively ended Jennifer's and his relationship with the Société. He didn't think of the repercussions, he thought only about protecting what was his. Jennifer and he would not suffer any of what Monsieur M had in mind even if it was a joke.

Mark finally stopped beating the prostrate Monsieur M. He took him by the hair and pulled his bloodied head off the marble floor. "So, you ready to give up to me? How would you like to be my bitch now? How would you like to lose your cock and balls to the bitches wearing the strap-ons? I knew you were after my wife. Now, the only thing you're going to fuck is an ersatz pussy." With that Mark dropped Monsieur M's head and proceeded to use his right foot to pulverize Monsieur M's testicles, he effectively castrated the man.

After removing the vaginal and butt plugs from Ming's body, Mark and Jennifer with Ming returned to their rooms to pack and find a way to leave the chateau. Mark's beating of Monsieur M had caused chaos within his household and the remaining participants. People found where they had placed their clothing and made a hasty exit. Mark and Jennifer cornered the concierge and used the threat of his ending up like Monsieur M to commandeer a car so they could drive themselves to Paris. They decided that the best thing for Ming was to make a few strategic calls to persons of less than savory character to make arrangements for her recovery. As much as they both knew what they did was unsavory and wrong, they would use their influence and money to make sure the young girl was taken care of for the rest of her life.

The drive to Paris was uneventful. They completed the arrangements necessary for the present and future care of Ming. They delivered her to an upscale apartment in Paris before they drove the borrowed car to Charles DeGaulle Airport to meet up with the pilots and fly home to New York. Upon their arrival, they passed through French Customs, and were off the ground in a matter of minutes. Neither of them said anything as the plane approached cruising altitude. They both knew that this weekend was one that could have become an annual event. Jennifer Williston saw a perverted side of her husband she'd never like to witness again, but she knew from his actions when confronted with the possibility of Monsieur M doing bodily harm to her that his love for her was as committed as hers was to him.

Jennifer leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, whispered, "I love you", and promptly fell asleep. For several minutes, Mark just looked down at the angelic face of his wife as she slept next to him before he too fell asleep. They would never discuss what happened at the Chateau, but both knew they had lived out their darkest fantasies and would never have a need to experience the sexual depravity of Le Société Secret de Liberté Sexuelle and The Tasting.