

Breaking the Girl

Chapter 9

Fleur and Gabrielle cut through the maze of hedges, following the winding path as they made their way back home. Gabby's skirt snagged on a bramble, but she ignored it. The shopping trip was a disaster. They'd meant to buy a cake for Apolline, but Gabby had panicked in the bakery when the clerk asked if they wanted a receipt, and Fleur's only response was to wink and lean over the counter so the poor old man could peek down her top.

"I am going to die of embarrassment," Gabrielle muttered as they emerged onto the lane. "Why do you have to be like that?"

"Like what?" Fleur asked, squinting at the sky. The late-afternoon sun was bright and warm, and her hair seemed to glow in it. "It is not my fault that I am beautiful." She snorted and shot Gabby a sly look. "You should try being less shy, Gabby. You are pretty enough to bring men to their knees, but you act like a scared little rabbit."

Gabby snorted. She stomped ahead, but Fleur caught up and hooked their arms together. The smell of blooming flowers followed them as they walked.

They said nothing for a few minutes. Gabby tried not to think about Harry, but all she could see was his face between her legs last night. She absolutely loved the way he licked her so tenderly and then so roughly. The sensation of the two techniques was incredible. She shuddered and pulled her cardigan tighter.

Fleur looked over. "You are making that face again."

"What face?"

Fleur grinned cheekily. "The one you make when you are thinking about his cock."

Gabby's ears went red. "I am not!" she protested, but it sounded weak even to her.

"I do not blame you," Fleur said, smiling naughtily. "He is very gifted. Even Maman says so."

That thought made Gabby's legs weak. She pretended to trip on a root, just so she could let go of Fleur's arm and compose herself. She squinted at the horizon and mumbled, "Can I ask you something?"

Fleur fell in step beside her, her hands behind her back. "You can ask me anything, Gabby."

They rounded the bend where the lane opened onto the front path, and Gabby's heart started pounding. She'd been rehearsing the question all afternoon, but now that the time came, the words refused to come out.

She glanced at the ground. "Does it hurt?"

Fleur blinked in confusion. "Does what hurt?"

Gabby made a flustered noise, then whispered, "When he ... puts it ... in your, you know ..."

Fleur burst out laughing, but not cruelly. She hugged Gabrielle tightly and kept walking. "Mon dieu, you are so cute," she said, ruffling Gabby's hair. "You mean in the ass, yes?"

Gabby whined. "Yes! But you do not have to say it so loud!"

Fleur smiled and leaned in to whisper, "It is only us. Besides, most women try it eventually." She pulled back and looked at Gabby's mortified face, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief. "It does not hurt if you do it right. At first, a little bit, maybe, but then it is ..." She made an obscene gesture with her hands and laughed even harder. "It is amazing, Gabby. You feel so full you can barely breathe. It is dirty and hot and makes your whole body feel like you are on fire."

Gabby's face was so red she thought she might faint. "But ... it is wrong, isn't it? I read ..."

"Who cares?" Fleur interrupted. "If it feels so good, how can it be wrong?" She gave Gabby a look that was sweet and affectionate. "You want to try it, don't you?"

Gabrielle hugged her bag to her chest and shuffled her feet. "Maybe." She peeked up at Fleur, almost trembling. "But only with him. I would die if anyone else ..."

Fleur softened and put an arm around Gabby's shoulder. " 'Arry will be gentle. He is always gentle with me when I ask him to go slow. And I promise, you will love it if you let yourself enjoy it."

Gabby nodded. She didn't know what to say. She was more terrified now than ever, but also excited in a way she had never felt before. The conversation died as they crossed the gravel drive and mounted the front steps.

They could hear the moaning before they even opened the door. The sounds were unmistakable. They could hear a man's grunts and a woman's high, warbling cries. Fleur rolled her eyes. "Maman must have gotten home early," she said. She nudged Gabby's arm. "Prepare yourself."

Gabrielle giggled and tried to look unimpressed, but her hands were trembling as she pushed open the door. The entrance hall was bright and sunny, and they followed the noises through the foyer and into the sitting room. What they saw stopped Gabby in her tracks.

Apolline was naked and on her knees on the living room couch. Her hands gripped the back cushions tightly, and her long, blonde hair hung down over her face. Harry knelt behind her, one hand braced on her hip, the other snaking up to grip her breast. He was slamming into her ass, and his cock gleamed with lube. Each thrust sent a ripple through Apolline's thick, perfect thighs.

Gabrielle could see the tight little ring of Apolline's asshole stretched around Harry's cock. Every time he pushed in, Apolline shrieked and squirted a jet of fluid onto the tiled floor, and some of it arced up and splattered the bottom of the painting over the hearth. Apolline's whole body shuddered, and she squealed with pleasure.

Fleur glanced at Gabby and grinned. "It seems that someone else enjoys anal sex as well," she whispered.

Gabrielle tried to answer, but she could only make a small, strangled sound. She felt dizzy with shock, and her own pussy tingled in a way that made her squeeze her thighs together. She couldn't stop staring. She wanted to look away, but the sight of Harry's shaft plunging into Apolline's ass, and the way she moaned and howled with every thrust, made Gabby's heart pound with longing.

Apolline gasped, then turned her head. Her cheeks were flushed, and her blue eyes were glazed with lust. She saw them standing in the doorway and gave a wobbly, blissful smile. "Do not just stand there, girls," she panted. "Come and say 'ello to 'Arry." She braced her forehead on the couch back and shuddered as another spasm wracked her body.

Harry didn't stop. He looked over his shoulder and smiled sheepishly, then went back to fucking Apolline with hard, deep strokes. "Sorry," he said breathlessly. "She, uh, asked me to ..."

Fleur laughed and stepped into the room. "You look busy," she said. She eyed Harry's cock and Apolline's spread ass with open approval. "I told Gabby it does not 'urt if you do it right."

Apolline moaned, then cried out as she squirted again, soaking Harry's balls and the white upholstery beneath her knees. "It is divine," she crooned. "If you trust your man, it is the best thing in the world."

Gabrielle hovered in the doorway, red-faced and silent. Her hands covered her mouth, and her eyes were huge as she watched. She knew Fleur was right. She did want to try it. She wanted Harry to do that to her. She wanted to feel his cock stretch her and fill her up until she was blubbing with pleasure. The thought made her dizzy.

Fleur leaned against the back of the sofa, close enough to brush Apolline's hair away from her face. "You are such a show-off," she teased, but her voice was gentle and affectionate. She watched as Harry slowed, then slammed into Apolline one last time. He groaned and gripped Apolline's waist tightly, and his cock throbbed inside of her. Apolline shrieked and bucked, and another torrent of fluid sprayed from her pussy onto the floor.

Gabrielle stared, almost hypnotized at the sight of Apolline's asshole pulsing and quivering as Harry pumped the last of his cum inside. When he finally pulled out, his cock glistened, and Apolline's gaping ass closed to a very tight puckered hole almost instantly. She whimpered, then collapsed forward onto the cushions, shaking and smiling.

Harry caught his breath, then reached out a hand for Gabby. "Come here," he said softly.

Gabby quickly made her way over to him. Her knees trembled, and her heart pounded. Fleur gave her a look of encouragement. Gabby went to Harry's side and looked up at him, her face burning. He touched her cheek, and the heat of his hand sent a shock through her.

Fleur knelt by Apolline and patted her on the ass. "You are a mess," she said, laughing. She used a corner of the throw blanket to wipe up some of the squirted fluid, then kissed Apolline on the forehead.

Apolline smiled dreamily. "He is a wonderful lover, isn't he?" She looked at Gabby, who was still staring at Harry's glistening cock. "You must try it, Gabrielle. It is very special."

Gabrielle swallowed, nodded, and whispered, "Maybe later."

Fleur gave her a hug, then turned and grinned at Harry. "She will need a lesson first, I think."

Gabby groaned and buried her face in Harry's shoulder, but she didn't protest. Her mind was spinning with images of what had just happened, and she felt a new, powerful hunger curling through her belly. Harry put his arms around her, and Gabby relaxed into him. She was thinking about what Fleur had said, and what Apolline had shown her, and all the possibilities that had just opened up. She smiled shyly, then leaned up to kiss Harry on the cheek.

Fleur noticed and winked. "Next time, Gabby, you will be the one making all the noise."

Gabrielle snorted, but she didn't say no.

Breaking the Girl

Gabrielle sat cross-legged in the center of her bed, staring at the gold pattern in her comforter. The lace canopy overhead billowed with the faintest breeze from the open window. She tried to steady her hands by pinning them beneath her knees, but they shook anyway. A soft, persistent

panic fluttered in her chest, and every so often her thighs would tense and squeeze together like she could suffocate the anxiety away.

Fleur looked through her dresser drawer, humming a tune under her breath. She rifled through Gabby's undergarments until she found something she liked. She pulled out the tiniest thong imaginable. Fleur had bought these for her last week, but Gabby hadn't had a chance to wear them for Harry yet.

"Are you nervous?" Fleur asked in English.

Gabrielle made a squeaky little sound and shook her head. It was a lie, and they both knew it. "No, it is just ... I 'ave never ..." she trailed off, biting the inside of her cheek.

Fleur grinned, crossed the room, and flopped onto the mattress beside her. She tossed the panties next to Gabrielle. "Mon dieu, Gabby, you would think you were meeting a dragon, not 'Arry," she said, giggling and nudging Gabby with her hip.

Gabrielle groaned and buried her face in her hands. "It is not funny. I do not even know if I want to do it anymore. What if it 'urts? What if I 'ate it?" The last word came out as a whine. "I will look like an idiot."

Fleur moved over and kissed Gabby on top of the head. "You will not look like an idiot. You will look like a goddess. Besides, 'Arry will not let anything bad 'appen to you. I told 'im you are nervous, and 'e will be very gentle."

Gabrielle's belly fluttered. "You told 'im?"

Fleur laughed. "Of course! I tell 'im everything." She tugged Gabby's hands away from her face and squeezed them. "You want to be 'is completely, don't you?"

Gabby hesitated, then nodded, blushing furiously. "Oui."

"Then do not worry so much," Fleur said, her voice suddenly soft and intimate. "If you don't like it, you tell 'im to stop. But if you do ..." Fleur winked. "You may like it more than you think."

Gabrielle didn't answer. She just stared at the window, listening to the muted birdsong outside and the pounding of her own heart. She counted Fleur's breaths and tried to match her own breathing to them. It didn't help. Her hands still shook. Her body tingled in ways she'd never felt before, and the anticipation made her whole body ache.

Fleur checked the bedside clock, then kissed Gabby's forehead again. "I am going to get 'Arry. You get ready. Wear those," she said, pointing to the panties on the bed. "'e will like that." Fleur smiled, then sashayed out of the room, her hips rolling with purpose.

Gabby waited until the footsteps faded down the hall. She let out a long, quivering breath. She stood up on wobbly legs, shrugged off her bathrobe, and let it slide to the floor. Now she was totally naked in the cool air, and she hugged her arms over her chest out of habit, even though no one was there to see her.

She reached out and snatched the tiny thong off the bed. It was so insubstantial it could fit in the palm of her hand, and she was embarrassed even looking at it. She stepped into the leg holes and pulled it up over her hips. The thong hugged her mound tightly and left almost all of her pussy on display. She turned and checked herself in the full-length mirror. Her thin frame was surprisingly curvy. Her ass was high and round, and her skin was almost shockingly pale. The thong vanished between the cheeks, framing her little asshole perfectly.

She knelt on the bed, then hesitated and pulled her hair out of its bun. The pale blonde hair tumbled around her shoulders. She practiced smiling at herself in the mirror, then gave up and let the nervousness overpower her. She pulled a pillow to her chest and hugged it tightly.

She heard voices in the hallway, and Gabby's breath caught. She listened as Fleur's voice faded and Harry's heavier steps stopped just outside the door. There was a moment's pause, then a gentle knock. Gabby squeaked, and her whole body tensed.

"Can I come in?" Harry asked, and the sound of his manly voice made Gabby's stomach flip.

She stammered out a "Yes," and the door clicked open.

Harry stepped into the room, wearing black jeans and a thin white t-shirt. He looked at Gabby, then stopped and stared. His eyes widened, and his mouth parted just a little. Gabby tried to look away, but she saw the way his gaze roamed over her body. She saw his chest rise and fall, and she saw the outline of his cock press against his jeans.

"Hi, 'Arry," she said, her voice trembling.

"Hi, Gabby," he replied, still stunned at her beauty.

She crawled toward the edge of the bed, her knees rumpling the comforter, and stopped just short of the footboard. Harry approached her and ran his fingers under her chin, making her shiver.

"You look incredible," he said, taking her all in. He reached out, cupped her cheek, and kissed her.

Gabby melted into the kiss, and her nervousness dissolved under the heat of Harry's lips. She moaned quietly, and Harry deepened the kiss, his tongue darting between her lips. His hands moved down her neck, over her shoulders, and then stopped at her waist. He hesitated for a second, then slid his hands down her hips to her thighs.

Gabrielle's skin tingled pleasantly. She clung to him, and her body trembled with anticipation. Harry kissed down her throat, nuzzling the hollow above her collarbone, then bit her shoulder with a gentle nip. Gabby shivered and made a desperate, needy sound.

She reached for the hem of his shirt, tugged it up over his head, and tossed it aside. Harry's chest was warm and broad, and she ran her hands over it. She then moved them down to his stomach, feeling the muscles flex under her touch.

Harry kissed her again and slid his hand between her thighs, stopping at the strip of blue lace. He stroked her over the fabric, and Gabby whimpered while letting her thighs fall open. The thin material was already damp, and Harry traced the shape of her lips with his finger.

He slipped his hand inside the waistband, and Gabby sucked in a breath as he touched her bare pussy. He slid a finger along the length of her slit, then circled her swollen clit. Gabby moaned and tried to grind against his hand, but Harry kept her pinned in place with his other arm.

"You're so wet," he teased.

"I can't 'elp it," Gabby whispered back, her cheeks burning.

Harry smiled, kissed her, and tugged the thong down her thighs. Gabby watched him peel it off, then toss it to the side. Now she was naked with her legs wide open, and her pussy glistened brightly. Harry's gaze dropped to her mound, and Gabby felt like she was being devoured whole.

He kissed down her stomach, then licked a long, slow line up the inside of her thigh. Gabby gasped, fisted the bedspread, and arched her hips up. Harry hovered for a second, letting his breath tickle her skin, then flattened his tongue against her clit and licked her softly.

Gabby nearly screamed. She bit her lip and shuddered, barely able to hold still as Harry's tongue toyed with her. He licked her up and down, then flicked her clit with the tip. He pressed his tongue inside her and sucked her lips into his mouth. Harry then tongued her clit until Gabby was panting and writhing. Harry kept licking until Gabby's whole body locked up, and she came with a trembling, shuddering whimper. Her thighs clamped around his head, and her pussy twitched against his mouth. Harry licked up every drop, then crawled up the bed and kissed her, letting her taste herself on his lips.

Gabby was barely coherent. Her body hummed, and she clung to Harry like she might fall apart if she let go. Harry kissed her face, her cheeks, and her neck. He stroked her hair, murmured sweet things in her ear, and let her recover. When she finally calmed down, Gabby opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Do you want to stop?" Harry asked.

Gabby shook her head. "No," she said. "I want to do it. I want you to ..." She bit her lip, then said in the smallest voice, "I want you to take me 'ere."

She reached down, grabbed his hand, and guided his fingers to her asshole. Harry smiled softly. "Gabby, are you sure?" She nodded, her throat too tight to speak.

Harry kissed her gently, then rolled her onto her hands and knees. He positioned her so her chest was flat against the bed, her ass high in the air, and her knees wide apart. Gabby hid her face in the pillow, mortified that he could see how aroused she was. She could feel her cheeks flush as Harry knelt behind her and spread her ass with both hands.

He caressed her cheeks, kneaded them, then trailed his fingers down to her asshole. He stroked her slowly, letting her get used to being touched there. Harry then dipped his finger into her pussy and gathered her wetness. He brought it to her asshole and circled the tight rim.

Gabby whimpered. She squeezed the pillow in her fists and tried not to make any embarrassing noises. Gabby then felt Harry lube her up with a bottle that he had brought. Harry rubbed the tip of his finger against her asshole, then pressed in. The lube made it slippery, and it popped through with almost no resistance. Gabby gasped, feeling the strange, hot pressure of his finger stretching her open.

Harry worked the finger in and out, twisting it, then added more lube and worked it deeper. Gabby could feel herself trembling. Her whole body felt raw and exposed, but the naughty pleasure was there to be felt. She then felt him move, and she looked over her shoulder and saw him removing the rest of his clothes. She hid her face in the pillow again.

She felt Harry's cock nudge against her ass. She tensed, unsure if she could take it. Harry leaned over her back, kissed her shoulder, and assured her. "It's okay. I'll go slow."

Gabby nodded and bit down on the pillow as she felt the head of his cock press against her asshole. Harry pushed, and for a moment, nothing happened. Then, with a sudden, hot pop, the head forced its way through. Gabby yelped into the pillow as she felt herself being stretched. Her asshole burned, and her whole body tensed.

Harry's hands grabbed her hips and held her steady. He leaned over her back and kissed the nape of her neck, whispering, "It's okay. Just breathe. I'll go slow."

She whimpered and nodded. She felt his hand gently stroking her lower back. The touch calmed her a little, but the pressure in her ass was incredible. She tried to relax, but her body kept clenching around the invading heat.

He held still, letting her get used to the sensation. After a minute or so, he rocked his hips forward again. The head of his cock stretched her open, then slid deeper. The discomfort was

sharper this time, and Gabby grunted. It felt like she was being split in two. She couldn't believe how much she could feel. She gripped the sheets, shaking uncontrollably.

Harry stopped, held her tight, and said, "You're doing so good. You're so beautiful, Gabby."

The praise made her flush all over. She squeezed her eyes shut and forced herself to breathe. The ache in her ass started to fade, and it was replaced by a deep, thrumming pressure. Harry's hands kept stroking her back and hips, and it helped her remain calm.

She gasped as he pushed in just a little more. It burned, and she could feel herself stretching around him. He was so big. She couldn't believe it would ever fit, but he just kept sinking deeper, always being patient and careful.

Gabrielle lost track of time. She whimpered and whined with each little push. Sometimes he would pull back until it was almost out, and she would groan at the sudden emptiness. Then he'd press forward, and the burn would start all over again, but she could tell she was getting used to it. The discomfort was still there, but it began fading into something else. Her asshole throbbed around the thick, slippery length of his cock.

At some point, the ache turned into pleasure. She felt it first as a spark in her lower belly. It was a hot little rush that made her squirm. The sensation was dirty, intense, and almost overwhelming. Harry was all the way in. His hips pressed tight to her ass, and his balls rested against her bare lips. She felt completely stuffed, and every nerve ending was tingling.

He held her there, still buried deep. He gave her time to get used to his size. Gabby could feel him throb inside her. He reached under her body and cupped her breast, squeezing the soft flesh and pinching her nipple between his fingers. The touch sent a bolt of pleasure through her body, and she gasped, her pussy clenching reflexively.

Harry slowly pulled out, dragging his cock through the tight grip of her asshole. He then pushed back in, just as slow. The sensation was incredible. The stretch, the friction, the fullness ... she had never felt anything like it. Gabby started to pant, and she pressed her face into the pillow.

He fucked her with a slow, steady rhythm. Each thrust made her shudder, and each withdrawal left her empty and needy. Gabby's body started to react to the sensation as everything was drowned out by the raw, pulsing pleasure.

She moaned, " 'Arry ... it's too much ... " The pleasure felt strange and naughty.

Harry stroked her side, kissed her back, and asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

She shook her head violently. "No ... don't stop ... "

He kept going. His cock pushed into her ass, stretching her with every thrust, and Gabby lost all sense of embarrassment. She wanted it. She needed it.

When he started to go faster, the friction in her asshole set her nerves alight. Her body jolted with every slap of their skin. She whimpered and squirmed, but Harry held her steady, driving into her with slow, controlled power. Her pussy dripped onto the bedsheets, and her juices soaked the mattress beneath her.

Gabrielle's whole world narrowed to the feeling of Harry's cock in her ass. She squealed into the pillow, her mind blank with pleasure. She nearly lost control when Harry reached around between her legs and rubbed her clit. The intensity of the pleasure made her body buck wildly. She squealed into the pillow, her hips quivered, and her ass clenched down hard on Harry's cock.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried out, and the sensation of her asshole pulsating around his cock made Harry groan.

He fucked her harder, matching the motion of his hand on her clit with his thrusts into her ass. Gabby's vision blurred. Her arms gave out, and her face pressed hard into the bed. Her whole body convulsed as she came, and her pussy gushed, a hot, wild spray that splattered the sheets and dripped down her thighs.

She didn't have time to recover before Harry's cock drove back into her ass. The pleasure was too much. She wanted to beg him to stop, but she wanted him to keep going even more.

He fucked her harder now, and his hands gripped her hips possessively. Each time he bottomed out, Gabby squealed. She loved the feeling of being helpless, stretched to her limit, and filled up and used by him.

She orgasmed again, and this time it was even harder. Her asshole clamped down and squeezed him, and she squirted again, the wetness running down her legs and pooling between her knees. Harry groaned her name and started to lose control, slamming into her ass with wild, desperate thrusts.

Gabrielle lost herself in the pleasure. She came again, and again, and again, the orgasms rolling through her in hot, shuddering waves. Her asshole twitched and spasmed around Harry's cock, and the pleasure never stopped.

She didn't know how long it lasted. She just knew that when Harry finally groaned, "Gabby, I'm gonna ..." and spilled inside her, the heat of his cum made her whole body go numb.

He collapsed onto her back, both of them panting and slick with sweat. Harry kissed her bare shoulder, then pulled out slowly, letting his cock slide free with an obscene, wet sound. Gabby whimpered at the naughty sensation.

Gabby gasped at the emptiness. She felt the sticky mess inside her, and she was filled with a strange, prideful delight. She rolled over, dizzy and practically limp. Harry kissed her, and she leaned into the kiss, opening her mouth to invite him in.

She giggled through her deep breaths. "Did I do good?" she asked, her voice tired and dreamy.

Harry smiled and kissed her again. "You were perfect."

Gabby glowed. She curled up in his arms and fell asleep, her body still tingling.