

A man with brown hair and a light beard, wearing a dark grey tuxedo jacket, a white dress shirt, and a black bow tie, is seated and looking upwards and to the left. A woman, partially visible on the left, is wearing a bright red, sleeveless, form-fitting dress and a wide, multi-strand metallic bracelet. She is sitting next to him, with her hand resting on his shoulder and her legs crossed. The background is a light-colored, textured wall.

*Captive
Women*

DON JULIAN WINSLOW

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Captive Women
by
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Slaves of Rome

Part One: Breedlowe's Women

Dedication

Dedicated, with grateful appreciation, to Helmet Newton and his charming dinner guests at Ca'del Bosco, Erbusco, 1989.

"..like every heterosexual man I knew, I found the sight of an attractive woman's breasts endlessly and inexplicably

novel and fascinating and delightful and arousing."

-- J. P. Kansas, "The Circle", in *Erotica*

Chapter One

His Lordship's Obsession

Acutely alive to his silent gaze, the dark-haired girl suddenly feels a flush of warmth come over her. She knows it. It is the heat of his unspoken admiration. And it inevitably follows the quiet shiver of pride that thrills her each time that look of pleasure brightens up the English Lord's pale, blue eyes. Nicole's response is an almost imperceptible one: a slight drawing back of her undraped shoulders, a subtle stiffening of the spine. Sitting imperiously erect now, her gaze passes over his head to dwell on an age-darkened painting of some long dead Duke: a stern Elizabethan figure whose forbidding image graces the opposite wall, hands crossed on the pommel of a formidable sword that tapers to a point resting in the ground exactly between his booted feet. There is a lecherous, vaguely evil curl to that smirking nobleman's neatly-bearded lips. Contemplating that cruel face allows her to avoid Lord Breedlowe's silent regard; yet she is never unaware of his intense interest, the man's obsession with her.

And there is much to admire. The French girl's face is exquisitely made. Her observer drinks in her crisp beauty. He can never get enough of her cool lines: the neat precisely-sculpted features, those eloquent eyes that are large, and dark, inquisitive. The dim light gives a wonderful sheen to the girl's smooth black hair: the silken fringe of bangs that layers her brow, the soft bell of even hair that falls in a slight curve, curling in slightly till it kisses her collar. She feels his lovingly caresses of his gaze on her bare shoulders, the way his eyes trail down her front to dwell on her naked breasts. Firm, young breasts, high set and slightly conical, they jut out and up at a jaunty angle, offering to the world a pair of up-tilted nipples. Are her nipples perhaps a bit too large? Nicole sometimes wonders.

Breedlowe once said, smiling at her and rubbing a protruding tip between his fingers, that her nipples were

perfectly delightful. He smiled at her, looking into her eyes as he fingered a pert nipple. He said they presented with a certain “pouty insouciance.”

At first, Nicole felt ill-at-ease. It was not so much a sense of shame, as that she felt a bit awkward, self-conscious at the idea of taking off her clothes in this lavishly appointed room, to sit at this rich man’s table with breasts so freely displayed. Not that the girl is excessively modest. Far from it! Nicole is a free spirit, who enjoys flaunting her young, fit and trim body. She works out and she frequents the beach often, and there she can be found sprawled out on the hot sand, carelessly topless. Indeed, that was where Breedlowe had first seen her, as she lay eyes closed, stretched out on her back, hands at her sides, legs loosely parted, her body languid, in the heat of a warm summer’s day, gently mounded breasts casually served up to the sun god. But what seemed so natural and easy in the soft warmth of the Mediterranean afternoon left the girl a bit disconcerted in the evening formality of the chateau’s elegant dining room.

It didn’t take long to overcome this initial embarrassment. Soon she found it wasn’t such a difficult thing after all. It required no more than striking a pose, holding herself with the perfect poise of a high fashion model, slipping into a role like some supremely consummate actress. By now, the slender dark-haired girl was able to sit erect, self-composed, with the aloof indifference of a sculpted idol. She might have been some bare-breasted Egyptian goddess, blithely unconcerned that lesser mortals might contemplate her ageless beauty, that maidenly bosom which left openly, proudly displayed -- for all the world to see.

When she thought about it at all, Nicole concluded that it was a little thing really, a trifle, a modest enough request; no, not a request, she corrected herself, more of a demand, a softly uttered demand. Like most of the strange Englishman’s “requests,” on this, he was implacable. He

never failed to remain soft-spoken and courteous; his fine patrician face betraying little emotion, even though she knew it excited the man terribly-- to have her like this.

The instructions he gave when setting down the routine were clear; and they never varied. His driver, Ramon, would come for her at promptly at seven. Nicole was to be ready: smartly dressed in a narrow tailored skirt and a light silken blouse, one that buttoned down the front, always to be worn with dark-tinted pantyhose and high heeled pumps. He insisted on that exact outfit, allowing only minor variations from time to time. Old Gilles, the butler, would nod his grey-fringed head in deferential welcome and, blank features serenely undisturbed, would lead her to the spacious dining room with its dark wooden paneling, high arched, cream-colored ceilings, and those narrow gothic windows with heavy purple drapes always pulled shut against the light of day.

Lord Breedlowe (she never learned his first name), was probably in his mid-fifties, tall, lean, and aesthetic-looking, with startling blue eyes. He would rise to greet her, impeccably groomed in an expensive suit, white shirt, and vaguely regimental tie. There was something of a military air about the man, his carriage, the sense of command he exuded; the impression of someone who is used to being obeyed. Like the man, their intimate dinners had a formal and restrained air about them: the polished sliver, sparkling china edged in gilt, and Waterford crystal in elegant place settings for two, the black velvet gloves carefully laid at her place. The cavernous room was heavily shadowed though the table itself was an island of light, ablaze with light from glistening candelabras. Soft music, delicate strains of Mozart, came from some cleverly hidden source.

They take their places at opposite ends of the highly polished, rosewood table, and the liveried butler silently glides in with the sherry, offering to pour, with a hushed

“Madam,” and a muted “Sir.” Breedlowe is inevitably courteous, always the English gentleman, toying with his wineglass and making small talk like an attentive uncle, asking about her day, had she been shopping, *et cetera*. In this way they pass a few pleasant minutes till the butler has left them. And once they are alone, Breedlowe places his glass on the table, and politely ask his young guest if she would kindly remove her blouse.

Without a word, she complies, taking the napkin from her lap, carefully folding it, before getting to her feet. She comes around the table to stand a few feet from her host, who pushes his chair back from the table to be able to better watch her undresses; Breedlowe dearly loves to watch as the willowy girl slowly take off her clothes for him. His insatiable eyes follow her every movement, missing nothing -- the way she brings her slim hands up to her to the front of her collar, the way the long delicate fingers work open each pearl button, opening a long narrow vee down the front of the silky white blouse she wears. Nicole arches up and peels the loose blouse back off her shoulders, letting it slither down her extended arms before working on the cuffs and finally pulling her arms free, all the while, her eyes seductively lowered.

Breedlowe found his new acquisition in her brassiere to be a powerfully stirring sight! The pale violet bra that bands her lithe torso is a wispy, insubstantial thing of lacy straps and sheer satin cups; soft pouches in which her tautly rounded breasts are cozily nestled; thick, provocative nipples poking against the press of hazy fabric like two hard roseate points. The young woman reaches up behind her, undoes the catch, and the bra springs open, spilling her juddery breasts. She peels the thin ribbons off her shoulders, and gathers up the flimsy cups to dispose of her bra. She might be undressing in the privacy of her own bedroom, so nonchalantly does the girl bare her splendid young breasts to the warm moist air.

Breedlowe missed nothing. He watched those precious pendants swaying, lolling forward, as the girl bends down to place the discarded undergarment on top of the folded blouse at her feet.

Now Nicole, without being told, raised her hands to place them on top of her head, following the ritual that has been established between them. She is to stand there, as he wants her, presenting herself for his male inspection, simply letting his insatiable eyes drink in the moving sight of her youthful beauty, that lithe half-nude form, so devastatingly lovely and evocative. He smiled, nodded his approval, and silently beckoned the girl over to him.

Still avoiding his eyes, the girl lowered her hands and came to her benefactor. Falling to her knees, she bowed her head submissively, bending over his Lordship's expensively-trouseried lap to let him band her proffered neck with the black velvet choker he holds between his hands. The silken drape of jet black hair splits into two even folds that spill down on either side of the extended nape now being offered to him. He sighs, pats her lightly on the head, smoothening down the fine ebony hair, before slipping the ribbon around her throat and clipping it into place so as to leave her neck encircled with the snug band, a choker from which hangs a small disk inscribed his coat of arms. Then he places his dry soft hands on the girl's bare shoulders, and bends down to tenderly kiss the crown of her hair before softly urging her to her feet.

Slightly a-tingle, the bare breasted girl rises up, and moves to take her seat once again. From across the table he smiles at her; a look of delight in his eyes, so obviously pleased by what he sees. He eases back, content for the moment to do no more than drink in the pale nudity of the girl who sits across from him, the pristine lines of her naked torso bathed in soft candlelight. The butler attends them, serving each course, paying not the slightest attention to the fact that the young woman, his master's guest, now sits

topless at the dinner table. Once the intrusion of the butler has disconcerted her, but now his silent presence is simply a part of the routine, and Nicole no longer pays attention to his comings and goings of this ubiquitous servant. She even manages to eat a bit, sitting erect, nibbling at her food, her eyes lowered to her plate, while Breedlowe studies her over the rim of his glass, his pale blue eyes never leaving her.

For his part, he eats little and says nothing, occasionally sipping his sherry, taking his time in a leisurely survey of her splendid young body and hard jutting tits: tautly firm and uptilted; hardened nubbins sticking out saucily from wide disks of coral aureolae; alluring breasts, shaped with such perfection. He once told her they simply begged to be touched, to be cuddled, to be lavishly fondled and suckled, to be endlessly admired.

But although the urges she evokes come over him with terrible power, he forces himself to wait. His Lordship does not touch her. These are the pleasures yet to come, when he will finally allow his craving hands the satisfaction holding that proudly-displayed young bosom. For now, she knows, he wants only...to look at her, to look and let the tension slowly build. His frankly appreciative gaze always makes the girl hot, and now, as she has in the past, she feels herself warming to his approval; the desire she sees in his eyes. A familiar shiver of lust ripples through her as she feels the rising heat. She feels the flush come to her cheeks, as she once again experiences the quiet thrill that comes to her each time she is made to show herself to him like this.

And although she has learned to carry it off with a certain savior faire, as if sitting upright, eating a meal bare-breasted, in that lavishly furnished dining room of his imposing chateau was the most natural thing in the world, she still finds the experience gives her a tremendous rush. Her thighs clench reflexively; she feels terribly randy. Her breasts seem to become heavier, as though swollen with lust; the tips engorged, semi-hard now, and tingling with

expectation. And Nicole is moistening. She knows it. Getting wet, down there -- between her legs. Although she manages to retain her composure from the waist up, below the table she shifts excitedly in her seat, nyloned thighs spasming at the sharp electric thrill that knifes through her. There is a profound quivering, a throb of lust deep between her thighs.

For his part, Breedlowe can never get enough of the French girl. Like his half-naked mistress, Breedlowe also feels the powerful upwelling of sexual desire; but he forces himself to wait just a longer, savoring the sweet pain of aching lust. Breedlowe alone will control the pace, letting their desire slowly build till both of them are keenly aware of the simmering sexual atmosphere in the candle-lit room, the promise of pleasures to yet to come. The meal seems interminable. But finally, the brandy is served, and once more the two of them are left alone. As the double doors close with a soft but definite click behind the retreating butler, Breedlowe raises his glass to the pretty girl with the sparkling eyes, who waits expectantly across the table.

"The gloves, my dear...if you please," the cryptic words send a renewed wave of horniness spreading through her, signifying as they do, that it is time for the next act to begin. Nicole wiggles in her seat, straightens up a bit, till she sits stiffly erect, looking evenly across the table at her benefactor. Quite deliberately, she picks up the velvet opera-length gloves that have been set beside her place at the table. She draws on the long black gloves, taking her time, tugging the cuffs up well above the elbow, working her fingers into the gloves to assure a snug fit. Then, holding him captive with dark, sparkling eyes, the exquisite brunette brings her right hand up to cup her left breast. The long fingers of that finely crafted hand curl, cupping the smiling under curve of that rounded sexy tit. Her eyes never leave his as those gloved fingers tighten on the compact bulge of soft tittie-flesh, and she gives herself a reassuring squeeze.

The hand moves slowly, opening, tightening, rhythmically clenching, moving the neat handful of soft flesh in a slow circle. And all the while she sits fondling herself she looks straight at him, although now, as dreamy waves of pleasure rise up in her, she lowers her head to hold his gaze through seductively lowered lashes.

“Both hands. Use both hands,” he manages to gasp out, in a dry voice thickened with passion.

She moves to obey, placing both hands on her chest, palms curved slightly, long narrow fingers extended and angled up to meet at the sternum; gloved hands protectively covering those shallow breasts. She uses her palms to rub deeply, firmly pressing into the soft pliant flesh, and moving the firm bulges in a dreamy, slow, circular massage.

The stirring sight of this exquisite black-haired beauty caught in the throes of self-love is enough to drive his Lordship wild. Hot and bothered, and he reaches under the table to plunge a hand down the front of his trousers. By now Nicole is also caught in the rising heat. As she fondles herself, she rises up in her seat to arch her back, swaying like a big cat savoring the most delicious pleasures, naked shoulders twisting in sensuous delight. She strains upward, letting her head loll back, but never taking her dark, hooded eyes off the man who sits captivated, enthralled by her erotic performance as she gives herself up to languid self-love.

With her eyes on his, she lifts her breasts, holding them in cupped hands, presenting them to him, and when she releases them, they jiggle in their firm young elasticity. It is all Lord Breedlowe can do to keep from jumping up to take the girl right then and there. Yet he merely tightens his white-knuckled grip on the arms of his chair, forcing himself to remain seated, even though he feels uncomfortably warm now; his brow is damp, and there is a familiar tingling at his wrists.

“Your nipples... I want to see you play with your nipples, Pet.” His words betray just a trace of emotion. She immediately detects his weakness, the quiver of vulnerability in words that are almost a plea. Nicole smiles, inordinately pleased.

Slowly, seductively, she brings her gloved hands to her lips to lick the thumbs and index fingers of both hands. Then she looks down, lowering her head to watch as her hands slide up and she takes both nipples in the pincers of her fingers to tug on the passion-swollen buds. He sees her pluck the sensate tips, rolling the plump nipples between thumbs and forefingers, sees her tug on them, twisting and pulling the supple flesh, stretching the pliant nipples and letting the elastic flesh snap back. He watches, fascinated, as she gently pinches and plucks and worries her excited nipples, until they stood out hardened with lust, tingling with excitement, protruding from their taut expanded aureoles, jutting stiff with passion. As she toys with her nipples, the tip of her tongue peeks out and to deliver a quick swipe across her working lips. In spite of her best efforts at maintaining control, Nicole is clearly excited, a woman in heat, aroused by self-love -- as he knew she would be.

Should let her continue, to go all the way, till the healthy young woman brings herself to orgasm right there at the dinner table? He knows from experience that she is quite capable of doing so. He has seen it happen before. But the ultimate thrill of such solo pleasures will not be hers today, for his own need had grown into a ragging lustful thing; he simply has to get his hands on those choice young tits!

Now he calls her name, summoning her to him. The topless woman sways as she rises to her full height, a little unsteady, drunk with passion. She comes around the table to take her place at his side, and there she assumes the pose she knows he wants her in: widening her stance as far as the narrow skirt would allow, placing her flattened palms

on the tabletop to lean over the table, braced on rigid arms. The half-bent over position brings her needy breasts close to the man. Now he need only reach up to touch the taut globes that hang before him as Nicole leaned forward, bringing her breasts and those seductive, lust-swollen nipples to hang only inches from his eyes.

His right hand comes up, drawn magnetically to a dangling tittie, to sample and finger and explore the incredible silky smoothness he finds there. Using the pads of his fingers he lightly follows the top-slope, over the protruding nipple and down the jaunty curve, circling around the base of the compact bulge, rubbing over the hardened nipple, pressing the pebble-like nubbin into the softly yielding flesh around it, and then following the curve to the neat tuck of flesh under the jutting breast. He curves his palm and slips his curling fingertips up under the delicate weight till the small mound nestles, warm and cozy, in his cupped fingers. Then he flicks his fingers rapidly, flipping the jiggly tittie on the very tips of his fingers, amusing himself by testing the quivering bounce of Nicole's left breast. Looking up at her face, he finds the girl is staring straight ahead, as though oblivious of the fact that he's amusing himself with her body. Breedlowe is endlessly fascinated by the liquid quiver of that bouncy tit.

In time he turns his attention to the saucy nipple, fat and pink. Rubbing the pad of his thumb over the ductile bud, he presses in to indent the hardened tip into its surrounding disk of soft crinkled flesh. Taking up the tip between thumb and forefinger and rolling it, he hears her issue a short, tight-lipped moan. Eagerly, he moves in, bringing his lips to the expectant nipple that even now appears to be moistening, ready and ripe for the taking. He extends his tongue, touching the very tip. The girl whimpers. He reaches up to hold that soft little breast on his very fingertips as he brings his lips to that remarkable nipple. His opened lips press to the incredibly soft flesh, working to take her in,

while his active tongue lavishes the hardened nubbin. Nicole grunts, tossing back her head and straining upward, deepening the arch of her back, pressing forward to feed even more of her tit to the greedy man, forcing the tight bulge of her breast into his avid, insatiable mouth. He curls his lips protectively over his teeth and captures the stiffened nipple between his lips to tug on the elastic tip. His lively tongue flicks repeatedly at the moistened nipple, once, twice, tapping the hard, taut-skinned nipple. Immediately, he feels the responsive shudder that racks the woman's rigid frame as she gasps, and breathes a plaintive, open-mouthed moan.

And when he presses his hungry lips to that nipple, he can feel the thrill that races through her tightly drawn body. The lust-driven woman is unable to sit still, wriggling her shoulders in pure delight as her lover gently and persistently sucks on her swollen nipple, drawing on the pliant tip, pulling it deeper into his mouth, then worrying the excited nipple with lips, and mouth, and tongue, till he brings forth a deeper, more tremulous shudder that electrifies her spine. She almost cries out at the unmistakable throb of joy, and then, with a low earthy moan, Nicole comes, arching up, quivering, closing her eyes to fully savor the flood of ecstasy that thunders through her healthy young body in a ripping orgasm. Her self-induced climax is a minor tremor, yet its power is enough to momentarily obliterate her being in its flood of pure pleasure, leaving the dregs to be stirred by dreamy waves of warm rapture lapping over her depleted body.

Chapter Two

The Arrangement

Nicole was fascinated by the reclusive Englishman, intrigued by what she had come to regard as his rather odd sexual tastes. The local people, who of course knew nothing of his sexual proclivities, spoke with pride about the rich and powerful English Lord who had chosen “their” chateau for his residence; gossip was rampant, and elaborate explanations were put forth to explain his mysterious presence in France. These speculations were based on very little, since the villagers seldom caught more than a glimpse of his lordship through the tinted glass of his stately Rolls as it passed with serene indifference through their humble streets. When, on that warm summer’s day, the brief handwritten note arrived, inviting her to tea at the chateau, the young French girl was surprised, flattered, and quite naturally intrigued.

It goes without saying that Nicole lost no time in showing the note to Claudine. The two girlfriends shared the modest flat at 29 Rue de Broussard, and much else besides; they were close friends, intimate even. They had no secrets from one another. The excited girls speculated endlessly as to what the unexpected invitation might mean. The obvious implications of a rich older man utterly taken by a pretty young girl, were not lost on them.

Together they took great care, fussing over what Nicole must wear. After much debate, the girls decided on a light weight summer dress -- a simple cotton dress of pale pastel yellow, trimmed in white scalloped lace, with spaghetti straps that would show off her lightly tanned arms, nude shoulders and back, and allow an enticing, yet demurely modest, view of her superb cleavage. A beaded necklace of faux pearls seemed the perfect touch against the tawny skin of her upper chest. For a brief moment Nicole contemplated going without a brassiere, as she sometimes did on occasion, for she was proud of the jutting thrust of her taut

young breasts, and besides she liked the sensual feel of the warm cotton fabric pressed against her nipples. But after studying the thinness of the bodice, she decided that a bit of discretion regarding her choice of underwear was definitely in order.

However, even though the dress was so thin that one could see her legs clearly outlined as she stood in the sunshine, Nicole felt she could get away without a half-slip. Stockings were another matter. Normally, when wearing such a summertime dress, Nicole would have gone bare-legged, but Claudine convinced her that, as an English tea would undoubtedly be a rather formal affair, stockings were definitely in order. In the end, Nicole agreed, but stoutly resisted her girlfriend's suggestion of pantyhose on such a hot and sticky August day, compromising instead on sheer thigh-high stockings of stretched nylon. Her favorite pair of white, high-heeled sandals were deemed the obvious choice for to be strapped on her feet.

Almost as an afterthought, the question of hat and gloves was raised, Claudine having recalled pictures she had seen of proper ladies taking tea in English gardens, was convinced that white gloves and a large sunhat were, of course, *de rigueur*. Nicole only laughed at her friend's quaint notions of what constituted proper decorum. She was a care free spirit, one who enjoyed being free; loose and casual, her suntanned body barely kissed by minimal clothes like her light-weight summer dress.

Finally the day arrived and the two girls, huddled in barely contained excitement, stood watching from behind the curtains of their tiny kitchen window as the gleaming black Rolls Royce nosed its way into the narrow street and pulled up to stop in front of Number 29.

As the liveried chauffeur held the door for her, the girl in the yellow dress stepped out of the imposing Rolls to stand for a moment with heels together, squinting up at the pale