

Mistress and her French Maid

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Occupied Paris held its breath, but in this small corner of the Marais, another kind of occupation was underway.

I stood behind the counter my dress tight black satin and white lace, cinching tight at the waist and straining over my curves that jostled against the fabric, for attention creating a pronounced, desirable and jiggling silhouette.

The short skirt brushed against my stockinged thighs, and occasionally by the ruffles of my apron.

The, the owner, of the cafe watched me from her usual table. She hadn't hired me for my skills with a coffee pot.

"Yvette," she called, "The floor near the door needs attending to."

My cheeks flushed and as I fetched the mop and bucket I could feel the eyes of a table of men, who were finishing up a bottle of wine tracking me.

I knelt, beginning to swab the tiles, the action caused my skirt to ride up exposing my thighs above the stockings. I tried to pull the skirt down, but that just exposed more cleavage and pressed my breasts together, exposing them and drawing all the attention from the few remaining patrons in the room.

A hand settled on my lower back, just above the rise of my ass, short, feminine nails dug slightly into my skin making me catch my breath. "Your posture is key, Yvette. A maid must be presentable, but also functional."

Mistress's meaning was clear, her hand slid lower, fingertips tracing the top edge of my stocking. The touch was electric, a bolt of pure, illicit sensation as her hand brushed the crotch of my exposed panties. I kept mopping. Trying to mask my growing sense of arousal.

"Come," Mistress said, "The storage room requires inventory. Follow me."

The cafe's small back room was dim and crowded with sacks of coffee and crates of wine. There was barely any space for the two of us to stand without being in close contact.

Mistress reached for the lace trim at my collar.

Her fingers unloosed the satin, as my breasts were revealed in all their pert round glory, displayed in a silky black push up bra that barely held their weight,

Mistress peeled the bodice open.

"Very impressive," she said.

The cold air and the situation made my nipples even more erect than they were before as did the sense that the table of men in the cafe were watching the scene play out through the unclosed door.

Now you will take this bottle of wine out to our guests," Said Mistress. "But don't bother putting your shirt back on and ask if once you've finished refilling their glasses if they would mind you sitting with them and if there's anything else they require."

â??Yes Mistressâ?• I said

And returned back to the cafe. Wine on tray in hand.







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1. Uncategorized

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