

Rosaline and the Marquis

By

PJ Perryman

©2013 by Blushing Books® and PJ Perryman

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®

is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Perryman, PJ

Rosaline and the Marquis

eBook ISBN: 978-1-62750-2610

Cover Art by edhgraphics.blogspot.com

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

Table of Contents:

CHAPTER ONE: THE BOOK	5
CHAPTER TWO: CAUGHT RED-HANDED	14
CHAPTER THREE: THE PRICE OF INSTRUCTION	18
CHAPTER FOUR: A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY	24
CHAPTER FIVE: THE KISS OF THE MARQUIS	29
CHAPTER SIX: OLD WOUNDS	34
CHAPTER SEVEN: THE LOCKER ROOM.....	37
CHAPTER EIGHT: COUGAR LOVE	40
CHAPTER NINE: THE BRANDING	48
CHAPTER TEN: NO ONE HOME	55
CHAPTER ELEVEN: A SACRIFICIAL LAMB	58
CHAPTER TWELVE: A CEREMONY IN THE CELLAR	61
CHAPTER THIRTEEN: TO THE DEVIL A SOUL	66
EBOOK OFFER	69
PJ PERRYMAN	70
BLUSHING BOOKS	71

Chapter One: The Book

Rosaline rushed into the front room and threw herself into the great chair in front of the fire, a smug smile spread across her flushed face. She dropped a large bag by her feet that landed with a dull thunk on the carpeted floor.

“Well, did you get it?” asked Jack.

“Oh my God, I bet she got it.” Brenda closed her book and jumped up from where she was lying on the floor. There would be no more studying tonight.

“Yes, I’ve got it. Keep your voices down.” Rosaline leaned down and warmed her hands by the fire. She looked about the room; someone was missing. “Where’s Peter?”

“In his room, studying.”

“Someone go get him.”

“Okie-dokey.” Jack got up from a table by the window and went in search of their friend. He soon returned with a tall, red-haired student, who looked in need of a good meal. The boy was dressed in heavy wool clothes and his lower face was lost under the thick scarf draped around his neck.

“It’s freezing up in my room,” Peter grumbled.

“Why don’t you study down here with the rest of us?” asked Brenda.

“Too much chatter. Our exams are coming up and I’m not going to let you dorks spoil my grades.”

Brenda shrugged. “Suit yourself.”

Peter sat down in the seat across from Rosaline. “So you have it?”

“Yes, yes I have it.” Rosaline reached down and patted the bag at her feet. “Mother will kill me if she finds out I took it. Or her coven will kill her. Who knows?”

“How did you find it?” asked Jack.

“It was quite a hunt. I always thought Mom would keep it in the cellar of the bookstore, where the Coven meets to do their thing. I looked all over, but in the end I accidentally came across it in the basement of our home. Mom’s super protective of the book, always has been. She cares more about that thing than she does me, I swear.” A shadow passed across Rosaline’s face and her mouth twisted into an anguished sneer.

“Well, you did find it, so lucky for us,” said Jack.

“Anyway, if this works, we’ll have it back to her before she even knows it’s gone,” said Peter. “Let’s have a look at it then.”

Rosaline bent over and picked up the bag. It contained only one item: a thick, heavy leather-bound book with a musty smell. The four of them looked at the thing in awe.

“So we’re really going to do this then?” asked Brenda.

“I vote we do it tonight,” said Peter, “as soon as possible. That way Ros can get this book

back straight away and her mother will be none the wiser.”

They all nodded.

Rosaline, who had the book balanced on her lap, handed it to Peter. Peter took it to the table, and let his hand rest reverently on the leather cover.

“Veneficas Libro Mortuorum. The Witches Book of the Dead,” Peter read. “You realize that if I read from this book, there’ll be no going back. If anyone is going to wuss out on us, better do it now.” He looked around the table at the eager faces. Only one of them looked nervous. “Brenda, you okay with this?”

All eyes turned to Brenda. “I don’t know, Peter,” she said. “It all seemed so cool when we talked about it before. But now that the book is here...” Brenda clutched her hands together. “I don’t know, now that the book is here I feel kind of funny. It’s suddenly real. So yes, I confess, I’m a bit scared.”

“Don’t forget what we all talked about,” Rosaline said. “This is why we formed the Smut Club isn’t it, to hunt for new experiences? I don’t want to go through life thinking this is it; this is as good as it gets. I want to go beyond the normal. We all did, didn’t we?”

“I know,” said Brenda. She pushed back her black hair and stared at the book. “And I don’t want to let you all down, but I’m afraid. I sense that book is evil...”

Rosaline sighed. “You sense what?”

“There’s something unclean about it, I feel like it wants to create mischief if we let it.”

Her three companions rolled their eyes, as if they were dealing with a child. “Come on Brenda,” said Jack. “Rosaline went to a lot of trouble to get this. You had plenty of time to change your mind before tonight.”

Brenda didn’t want to disappoint her friends, so finally she broke down. “Okay, I guess we can start,” she said.

They all shifted their attention back to Peter. “Very well, there’s no turning back now.”

“I still think we should call Marilyn Monroe,” whispered Jack.

“What about Casanova?” countered Rosaline. She pulled her hair out of a scrunchy and her red curls tumbled loosely about her shoulders. “I wouldn’t say no to a night with him.”

“No, we all agreed,” said Peter. “It’s too late to reopen the debate now. Both of those would only tell us things we already know. Are you all ready?”

His three friends nodded. Peter removed his scarf so he could move more freely. The cold air grew heavy around them, and each student held their breath. Slowly, Peter ran his pale hand along the binding and let his thin fingers caress the spine of the book. Almost tenderly he circled upwards, and then, with a sharp intake of breath, opened the cover. Ever so carefully, Peter turned the pages. He read the title over each of the spells, but moved steadily on to the one page he sought.

At last he found it. “Sublato Mortuis. Raising the dead,” Peter said. He leant forward and studied the page carefully. “You know, this page looks more worn than the rest. I have a feeling we’re not the first to use this spell.”

“Now you mention it, my mother has mentioned it from time to time,” said Rosaline. “She said it was the most powerful and exciting spell in the book. That’s what made me think of it. I’ve always wanted to know what she meant.”

“Why didn’t you ever join the coven?” said Jack.

“What, and turn out like my mother? No, I don’t think so.”

Impatient to begin, Peter closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He’d waited a long time for this moment. “Soon we will receive instructions from the Master...”

They all nodded and sat a little forward in their seats. Peter slowly read the words written in Latin on the page before him. As he neared the end of the page he paused. It was time to call the name of the departed soul. “Ego postulo Marchisi de Sade resurgunt ... I demand the Marquis De Sade rise again.”

Peter looked up and the four friends waited but nothing happened.

“Did you say it right?” asked Rosaline. “My mother says if you say the spells wrong, either they won’t work or you can bring down some serious shit!”

Peter looked offended. “Of course I said it right. I didn’t spend three years overseas in an English boarding school without learning something about Latin. Perhaps this book is just bogus.” He pushed it away from him, disappointed.

“Well, it was fun you guys, but clearly nothing is happening, so I’m going up to my room,” said Jack. “Ros, you coming? All this hocus pocus has made me horny.”

Rosaline hesitated. “Damn it all, I’ve risked my neck for nothing. Can’t we try one more time?”

“You can,” said Brenda as she stood up from the table. “I agree with Jack, it didn’t work. I’m going to bed.”

Peter said nothing but stared at the book, his disappointment written clearly on his face. As the others were leaving he got up and walked over to the window. Outside the snow was falling hard.

“So this is it,” Peter mumbled quietly to himself.

Rosaline walked over and placed her arm across his shoulders. “You know, maybe we could try again. Maybe it takes more than the words. Maybe it’s the setting? Perhaps we should have waited till midnight or something?”

Peter placed his hand on hers and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Jack’s right. It’s all a bunch of hocus pocus. You must get the book back home tomorrow since you’ve risked enough already.”

“Well, goodnight then,” she said. Rosaline walked from the room and closed the door gently behind her.

The moment the door closed, Peter felt hot. The temperature of the room rose so quickly that the frost on the window melted away. He turned to see if the fire had flared to cause the change. He was startled by what he saw, and stumbled back onto his seat at the table. A man stood by the fire, apparently at odds with the ruffle at his neck.

“Really, I would have thought the prison could have dressed me in more suitable attire than this.” The man stared down at his coat and breeches and seemed to disapprove of the whole ensemble. “Tsk,” he said with a sniff, “my tailor would be appalled.”

“Are you the Marquis?” asked Peter.

The spirit bowed gracefully with an elaborate flourish of his arm. “At your service, young man.” The Marquis then forgot about his clothing and studied the room in some detail. “What is this place?”

“It’s a student house. We’re all students at Mallory University.”

“Indeed. And what course of study requires you to summon the dead?”

“We all study different things, but we’re all members of the secret Smut Club. We summoned you to show us how to make sex more exciting together.”

The Marquis looked affronted. “Smut? And for such a trifle you recalled me from the pleasures of Hell?”

“Well, we thought-”

The Marquis raised his hand. “It is of no matter; I am here now. How many are in this... club?”

“There are four of us altogether. Shall I fetch the others?”

“No, there is no point. Only the Summoner can see me.” The Marquis closed his eyes and appeared to be thinking. “So, you want to delve further into the pleasures of the flesh?”

“Yes, sir.”

The Marquis smiled at Peter’s show of respect. “The key to that is quite simple: you must take what you want, impose your will on others and hold nothing back.”

Peter’s mouth fell open to his chest. “That’s all? That’s it? That’s the best you’ve got?”

“Yes. However, I found with every delicious experience, I needed something new each time.”

“How did you find such partners? How did you get them to agree with your more ... ‘experimental’ tastes?”

“It never mattered to me what the other person thought, but you must work within the rules of the age. I understand that morals now are far less ... liberal.”

“So what can we do?”

“We have only a short time before I must return to the Underworld, so listen carefully. I already know the extent of your experience. Now let me share the delights of mine.”

Peter listened enthralled as the Master shared a lifetime of pleasure in only a few moments. Even as he listened he felt himself becoming aroused. The Marquis held nothing back, and with neither remorse nor pity, he recounted the defining moments of his life.

He ended with the following thought: “Know this Peter, each man - and woman for that matter - enjoys a unique honey pot. My delights are not yours. Your ecstasy is not mine. No one can teach you your threshold or limits. Your joy will come as you seek pleasures out, but they will take you where they will. I cannot instruct you in that.”

“Adieu mon ami.” On those words, the image of the Marquis faded and Peter felt the temperature of the room drop so quickly that the cold bit into his very bones. He picked up his scarf, pulled it tightly around his neck, and then ran to find the others.

* * * *

Brenda’s mouth never closed throughout Peter’s whole story. “He was here? Really? You saw him?”

“Yes, he stood right there, over by the fire.”

“You’re shitting me,” said Jack. “That’s incredible.”

“I shit you not, Jack.”

Rosaline's eyebrows rose incredulously. "Yeah right," she said. "The moment we all left the room, he just 'appeared.'

"That's right," said Peter.

"Well, it's clear you're not studying creative writing for nothing," Rosaline said. "If it really happened, why don't you bring him back?"

"It wouldn't do any good. He can only be seen by the one he calls a 'Summoner,' and that's me."

"Oh how convenient."

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"I wasn't born yesterday, Peter, though I appreciate the joke."

Peter rose and walked over to where Rosaline sat by the fire. The fire had burned low, so he grabbed a large piece of wood and threw it on top of the glowing embers. "I don't like to be mocked," he said in a soft voice.

"She's not mocking you," said Brenda, "but it is a bit, well ... you know, unlikely."

"You didn't think so when we read from the book," Peter countered. "And you of all people, Ros, should realize there's more to life than what you can see? Isn't that why you spent weeks hunting down the very book that brought him to us?"

"To you, Peter, only to you. None of us saw him, remember?"

"Dude, what did he say?" asked Jack. "You said you talked to him, what did he tell you?"

Peter closed his eyes and smiled. Even now, the memory of the Marquis's words brought him to arousal again. "He said we have to let go our inhibitions."

"I don't have any," Jack smirked. "I'm a jock, remember?"

"Oh? Do you want to fuck Brenda? I see you looking at her all the time. Ever wonder what she'd be like bouncing on the end of your balls?"

Brenda looked embarrassed. "Steady on dude, but that's a bit out of line."

"It is?" asked Peter. "You haven't answered me, Jack."

"Well, she's your girlfriend," Jack replied awkwardly. He looked down at his feet as if afraid his eyes might betray his own thoughts. Rosaline looked at him inquisitively, as they'd been dating for months. "I'd never do that to a mate," he said.

"That's not the answer to my question. I didn't ask if you would or wouldn't do it. I asked merely if you'd ever thought about it. You say you've no inhibitions, so prove it and tell us the truth.

"Yes, I'd like to fuck her."

"How?"

Jack closed his eyes tight shut, as if trying to combat the images rising in his head. "Oh God, this is embarrassing," he muttered.

"Tell us, Jack," said Rosaline. Her tone was curious, not menacing.

Jack turned pink and stared at the carpet. "I want her on her knees, and I'd fuck her like a dog."

Brenda jumped to her feet, affronted. "You bastards, this isn't a fun game."

Peter grabbed her wrist and pulled her to him. "Do you love me?" he asked. "If you do, then trust me."

"I'm not going to stay here and be insulted!"

“Where’s the insult? We all agreed to do this. If you have to go, then go, but wait a little while and just see for a bit. Please.”

Brenda shook her head first but stayed anyway. She flopped back down in the chair opposite Rosaline. “Well ... only because you said please.”

Rosaline looked at Peter, her forefinger posed tentatively on her lower lip. “So Peter, I’m curious. You ever think about fucking me?”

Like Jack, Peter’s first instinct was to deny the truth, but he remembered the Marquis’s secret words to him. “Yes, I’ve thought about it.”

“What do you think when you fantasize about me?”

Peter looked her straight in the eye as he answered. “I think about your breasts and your mouth mostly. I see you under me, and I imagine you groaning as I pound harder. In my fantasy you can never get enough, and I always come when you call my name.”

Brenda leaned forward in the chair. Peter was her boyfriend after all, and a wave of jealousy swelled inside of her. “So Jack, when you’re fucking Ros, do you ever think about screwing me then, while you’re inside her?”

Jack blushed even deeper and looked like he wished the carpet would consume him. “Tell me the truth and I’ll blow you right now,” she said.

“Yes,” Jack whispered. “I’ve done that.” He looked up, half afraid and half hopeful Brenda would follow through with her promise.

“Come here, Jack.”

Jack walked over to the fire and walked carefully around Peter. The two men stood almost side by side, though Peter made sure they didn’t physically touch.

Brenda shot Peter an angry glance, and then maneuvered the tall man squarely in front of her. Carefully, she slipped her hand inside Jack’s track pants and pulled out a very erect cock. She brought him close to her mouth and whispered gently, so he could feel the heat of her breath on the sensitive head of his penis.

“To tell you the truth,” she said, “I’ve often wondered how it would be with you. Know this as I suck you, your fantasy will be real tonight. All of it.” Brenda’s eyes shot towards Peter, then she closed her lips around the head of Jack’s cock and filled her mouth with his manhood.

For a girl with such a demure mouth, Brenda was surprisingly skilled with her tongue. She flicked around the end of Jack’s dick and tried to penetrate the eye. As Brenda sucked, she pulled Jack’s pants down exposing his backside, and grabbed a cheek in either hand while pulling him ever deeper into her mouth. His cock was wide and he clearly enjoyed her caresses, but he cried out loud when she reached down to massage his balls.

“Christ almighty Brenda, you’re going to make me come,” he said.

Brenda pulled away. “No you won’t, not in my mouth, anyway.” She removed her cardigan and with one hand still stroking his cock, undid the buttons of her blouse. She wore no brassiere, her breasts were heavy but pert, and she placed Jack’s hands upon them after standing up. “You like it doggy style, right?”

“God yeah,” said Jack. His eyes were closed and his hands pressed the pink of her nipples. Brenda still massaged his shaft in her right hand.

“Then take me from behind.” Brenda took off her jeans and panties, and then turned her naked body to kneel on the edge of the chair.

She had a small, heart-shaped ass, which she lifted so Jack could see the pink lips of her hairless entry. Without hesitation, he pushed into her. Brenda was not fully aroused yet, so the skin around her sex was a little dry, but he pressed in regardless and she was soon wet with desire. Round and around the tall athlete pressed into her openness, and the slaps of skin against skin resonated around the small room. Jack held firmly onto her buttocks and watched the folds of her vulva cling to him flesh as he moved back and forth inside her. He pressed faster and faster, till at last, he could hold back no more and cried out in release.

“I’m sorry,” Jack said. “I couldn’t wait for you.”

“That’s okay,” said Brenda. “That one was for you. Next time you can start by pleasuring me.”

“Next time?”

“You can count on it,” Brenda said with a smile.

* * * *

Even as Jack groaned at the first touch of Brenda’s lips, Rosaline turned Peter round to face only her. “I’ve wanted you too,” she confessed. “But I don’t want to suck you. I want you to do that to me.”

In spite of the cold Rosaline pulled her sweater over her head and unclasped the hooks on her brassiere. Her breasts were small and she had pink, boyish nipples. Peter fell to his knees and reached up to cup her small breasts in his hands. It was awkward to reach for her in the seat by the fire, but he managed to pull down her pants to reveal her plain black panties, and then he quickly removed those too.

“God, I want to fuck you so bad,” Peter whispered.

Rosaline opened her legs wide, and pulled Peter down towards the space between. “Show me what your tongue can do. If you can make me come, you can fuck me later. I promise.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

The chunky scarf around Peter’s neck got in the way and once again he threw it down on the floor by his knees. For a moment, he admired the beauty of the fragile chasm in front of him. Though not completely shaven, Rosaline kept her pussy well groomed. The flesh around her vulva was soft and inviting.

“I am Odysseus gazing upon Calypso for the first time. I’m ready to drink from the fountain of forgetfulness...”

“You talk too much, Peter. Put your mouth on me.”

He smirked and moved in a little closer. Ever so tenderly he kissed the heart of her vulva, then, with the tip of his fingers, stroked along the soft skin of her milky white thighs.

“Close your eyes,” Peter said. With his most delicate touch he traced around the outline of her genitalia, then moved up to run his hands across her pelvis and belly. He knew he could take her at any moment, but he preferred to postpone the final pleasure.

Round and round his fingers worked their special kind of magic. Then, like an eagle circling its prey, the circles grew ever tighter, and he swooped down over her wanton sex. Even as his tongue traced the line of Rosaline’s vagina, he felt her thrust towards his mouth, eager for

penetration. Peter smiled - she was at fever pitch and he knew it. His tongue slipped up and down, probing deep inside her. As he brushed the nub of her swelling clitoris, Rosaline whimpered in response.

Peter slipped his hands behind her backside and pulled her close to the edge of the seat. He sucked her gently at first, and then increased his pressure as her cries became more intense. His long skinny fingers pushed up deep into her pussy. As Rosaline's groans grew more heated, he knew she was close to release so he applied more and more pressure.

Rosaline writhed in the throes of ecstasy when her orgasm started, but Peter held his position and continued to suck her hard. She giggled as the first wave of her climax subsided, at which point he pulled her down off the seat and slipped between her legs on the carpet.

"That was fucking great," confessed Rosaline. "Fuck me hard, I want to come again."

"You got it," Peter said. His wet lips sucked aggressively on her small nipples, and she cried out.

"Harder," Rosaline pleaded. "Don't be gentle, really suck me hard I enjoy the pain." Even as he did so, Rosaline let go his head and reached around him to pull his erect penis from inside his pants. It was difficult but he kicked them off behind him and entered her. The wet folds of her vulva clasped around him as he pushed into her, and he almost came at that moment.

"Oh God, Rosaline." Peter held still for a moment to hold back his orgasm. He opened his eyes and looked down at the girl on the floor beneath him. Her red tresses fell loosely about her head, her green eyes were willing him into her, and she panted hard in the throes of desire.

"Fuck me Peter," she said. "Fuck me like you've never fucked anyone in your life."

As Rosaline said his name he felt his balls tighten and his moment of ecstasy came. Nothing could stop it now; the semen erupted along his shaft and he fucked her as hard as he could, not caring whether he hurt her or not; this moment was his. Peter grit his teeth and whimpered with the first pulse, and then caught his breath as the throbbing sensation weakened and the last few convulsions escaped him.

All energy spent, Peter opened his eyes and looked at Rosaline. Had he disappointed her, coming so quickly? Perhaps not. She was smiling like the proverbial cat with the bowl of cream. Though he'd finished she kept her legs tight around him and seemed to squeeze him for every last drop.

Peter shook his head, as if he suddenly remembered they were not alone in the room. "Fuck, that was awesome," he whispered close to her ear. He gently withdrew his sleeping cock from her hot body and reached for his pants. He looked down at the opening to her vagina, now slightly pink, his semen tangled in the small amount of hair. He'd always loved that moment after sex.

Peter lowered his hand and helped Rosaline to her feet. They were all feeling the cold again, and needed to dress quickly.

"Well, all I can say is thank God for the Marquis," said Jack while Brenda's breasts disappeared under the fabric of her blouse.

"Amen to that," said Rosaline. She looked like she wanted to drag Peter to one side and fuck him again. "So what happens to the Smut Club next?"

"First things first," Peter said. "Ros has to get this book back to her mother before anyone finds out it's gone missing."

“Pity, even though it was useless I kind of liked having it around,” said Brenda. “Let’s get a copy of that page and discuss your Marquis’s philosophy a little more in the morning.”

“Good idea,” Peter agreed. He took out his iPhone and re-opened the book to the appropriate page. As soon as he had a photo of the Resurrection spell he returned the book to Rosaline’s bag.

“Well then,” Rosaline said, “until tomorrow.” Though she took Jack by the hand, it was Peter she grinned at.

“Tomorrow, then,” said Brenda, ushering Peter out of the door.

* * * *

Unbeknownst to them, after they closed the door, the fire under the mantelpiece flared up one last time. As Peter climbed the stairs to bed, he thought he heard a sigh come from under the door. Just the wind, he thought, but when he reached the top of the stairs he turned and with an elaborate flourish of his arms, the student bowed reverently to the Master.