



# Gaëlle and Jérôme

Book 1

M.P. FRANCK

He's been longing to meet a woman prepared to explore as an equal. She has the desire and the courage, but is starting from scratch. Their love for each other inspires them to set out on a voyage of discovery. How far beyond the limits of polite society will their passion take them?

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Gaëlle and Jérôme  
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*Gaëlle and Jérôme*

*Part One*

*By*

*M.P. Franck*

## Dedication

*All who are tempted, but have not yet dared.*

## Chapter One

“I need a desk calendar, just pass me yours, will you?”

She had already started to comply before she detected the mocking note in her manager’s voice. She knew that she’d made a big mistake the moment that she turned away from him and reached across her desk. As she bent over, out of the corner of her eye, she caught the movement of his hips thrusting suggestively toward her bottom. “Don’t be disgusting.”

“Aha! At last! A woman who knows about different positions,” came the sardonic response. “Well, well, well. It will be good to have a new girl in my section who understands.”

His hands went to her waist and then slid downward. “I’m serious. Get your hands off me.”

“Or what? You’ll scream?” He laughed. “What’s your problem? Wrong time of the month? A bit sloppy, are we?”

There was a moment’s pause. Past the open door, in the main office, she could see his acolytes, a couple of younger men whom she had already marked down as desperately immature. They were sitting back, enjoying the show, and sniggering.

She turned, slowly at first. Then anger, plus well-learned technique kicked in. *Drive up...from the legs. Accelerate, using hip rotation. Keep a tight, tight fist. Rotate forearm at point of... Contact!*

Her perfectly executed right hook landed flush on the point of his jaw. She knew he had caught the full force of the blow. His

head made a dull thud as he hit the floor.

There was a silence, deeper than before. Her hand was hurting. Conscious of her dignity, she walked, deliberately slowly, toward the restroom. Once inside, she ran the cold tap over her knuckles, while the rest of her body shook. She glanced up at the mirror.

“Well done,” she said to her reflection. “What sort of an idiot are you? One giant blow for womankind, and a small step out the door for you, my dear. You’ve just ruined your chance of a career here after...what? A couple of hours?”

Gaëlle was drying her hands when the door opened. She looked up to see Anne-Marie bustling in. Someone must have called her. This was just as serious as she’d thought if the doyenne of Personnel was so quickly involved.

“Is your hand okay?” Anne-Marie asked, surprising her by sounding as if she really cared. “Séverine called me.”

She made a mental note to thank her colleague, but wondered if she was, in fact, already an ex-colleague. While the scene was being played out, she’d noticed, subconsciously, that Séverine, the other girl in the section, who must have been used to the behaviour of her manager, had been visibly wishing she was somewhere else, anywhere else, in fact, and holding her breath. “The hand is fine,” she said, lying through her teeth. Her knuckles were throbbing.

“Ice it when you get home. You’ll have to go home for the moment. I’ll call you to tell you when to come in again.” Anne-Marie paused and then went on. “You know, there are two possible outcomes for this.”

“Two? I can’t see more than one. I start to look for a new job.”

“Two. The first possibility is, indeed, that you change course in your career. The other solution is that he’s the one who goes.

My view is that the second option would be the correct result, and I suspect that you'd agree."

"But he's a boss and I only just arrived."

"If you look at it like that, then there's just the one solution, that's for sure. If you want it to be the other way, then I think you'll find your only approach is to attack. He's done this sort of thing for too long."

Anne-Marie looked hard at her.

"Listen, I can give you nothing more than a hint," she said, "but I urge you to look into his background and work record, as well as anything else you can, to dig out evidence to present to the disciplinary panel. However, you're on your own, now. Good luck." Anne-Marie turned. Her footsteps retreated and the door closed behind her.



## Chapter Two

The weary line of commuters filed onto the bus, relieved to get out of the biting winter wind. Jérôme validated the ticket given to him by Paolo from reception and looked for an empty seat. As he sat down, he reflected that people often seemed prepared to help him out. Just luck, he supposed, or perhaps he looked helpless? Paolo had met him a few hours earlier, knew only that he was a new hotel resident who was looking for a gym and yet had had no hesitation in giving him the information that he needed, then handing over a bus ticket to get him there. He'd never have discovered this gym for himself, he knew that.

He smiled at the two women sitting opposite. He guessed that he was the only unknown quantity on this late-afternoon bus heading out to the big housing estate on the edge of town. How long had it been since he last caught a bus? He wondered what the regular passengers were making of him. People had left a space around him. He wondered if they could smell that he was not one of them. He smiled again, amused at his own stupidity. Of course, his expensive tracksuit marked him out as different from the shop-workers and labourers who were his fellow travellers. He hadn't had any alternative at this point, Paolo had pointed out that there was no changing room at this gym. There were a few curious glances from people sitting around him, taking in the tall, slim man with rimless glasses and thinning hair, as well as the incongruous sports bag between his feet. The bus ground slowly through the rush hour traffic and eventually

came to its final stop.

Jérôme got out last and looked around. The other passengers had already disappeared, melting away into the vast blocks of apartments that surrounded the desolate wasteland where he stood alone beside the empty bus. His breath smoked in the frosty air. Remembering the directions given by Paolo, he set off down the main street, the inevitable Boulevard du Général de Gaulle. Soon, he turned left, leaving the well-lit area, to make his way down a graffiti-daubed back street. At the corner, as instructed, he stopped and listened. His ears picked up what he'd been told he would hear—the slow, dull thud of heavy punches, with the speedball adding a rapid descant.

The sound was coming from behind a blank door in an anonymous building. He pushed it open. His glasses steamed over and he paused for a moment for them to clear. *Gym*, he thought when he could see again, was a very generous term to apply to this barn-like place. The ring, where two lads were sparring, their thin arms making the practice gloves look even more outsized, took up only a small part of the space. The heavy bag and speed ball were louder now and there was the clink of weights being loaded or put down. A group of other lads and an older man were standing round the ropes, but now turned to watch the stranger who had arrived, blown in on a draught of freezing February wind.

“Hey! Close it—with yourself on the other side of it. This is a private club.” That was the older man.

“I know. That’s why I’m here. I want to join,” Jérôme declared. “I was told you’re the best place in the town for free weights.”

Detaching himself from the ropes, the man who had shouted came over. “Well? Talk. Persuade me. It’s my gym.”

“It’s like this...I’m going to be here in Nancy for six months,

and I'm desperate to find a gym. I'm used to working with free weights. The receptionist's son told me about this place. Paolo from the Hôtel du Parc? It suits me if I suit you. My name is Jérôme." He held out his hand. After a momentary pause, it was taken.

"Abdel. If Paolo sent you, then we'll give you a try."

"Nice to meet you, Abdel." Jérôme looked over to the ring. "They look keen. Any prospects?"

"A couple, but don't tell them I said so." The leathery face split in a grin. "Okay, so how much can you pay? Those clothes and watch say you aren't short. Six months you say..."

"Here's a thought for you," Jérôme said. "I get a displacement allowance for this job, with plenty toward a gym membership. How does five thousand francs sound?"

"Old or new?"

Jérôme laughed. "New, of course. It looks as if you could do with a cash injection, no?"

"It wouldn't be wasted. In fact, it would be seriously helpful. We might even be able to afford a decent heater. It's a deal."

"Great. Can I start now? I haven't been able to train for over a week."

"Of course." Abdel paused, started to move away, then stopped dead and turned. "One other thing," he said. "You leave the girl alone, okay? You don't even talk to her unless she talks to you first, and she won't."

Jérôme looked around, puzzled.

"On the speedball."

Jérôme looked again. The slight figure in the corner, giving the speedball a good pounding, was wearing grey track pants and a pale-grey hooded top, which had a wide dark streak of sweat down the spine. The hood was up and nothing told him that this person was in any way different from the rest of the youths.

Jérôme shrugged. “No problem. Nice fast hands, though.”

Another grin from the trainer. “Believe me she punches her weight. It’s a pity she isn’t a boy. That would be a prospect.”

“Okay. So, I promise. I leave her alone. Any other house rules?”

“Use your own towel to mop your own sweat. Don’t look for showers, there aren’t any. Keep the fucking door closed in this weather. That’s about it.”

Jérôme put his bag down in a corner, well away from the speedball, and sorted out a circuit for himself.

Forty minutes later, he was towelling the sweat from his head and cleaning the steam from his glasses. He felt better than he had in over a week, the time he’d had to organize his temporary move. They hadn’t given him much warning that he was expected to up sticks to Nancy from his base at Annecy, although he’d been hoping for a posting such as this for some time. One colleague with an inflamed appendix, then a crisis at the UK centre that demanded the attentions of the usual team, finally an unexpected pregnancy had left the company desperately short. It was a question of who could fill in at short notice and was able to do the work alone. Send for Jérôme. He’d agreed, but only if he could do the whole six months, plus the review, not just hold the fort for a few days or weeks.

He’d hurled clothes and sports stuff into his old people-carrier, together with a cardboard box-load of books, taken at random from his shelves. Anything else could wait for his next visit home. Then off up the motorway to a hotel he hadn’t chosen in a town he didn’t know. He would need to rent an apartment soon. Hotel meals would soon make him feel fat and slow, he knew that from experience.

He glanced across the gym. *The girl*, whoever she was, had done a pretty complete set of weights, too, he had noticed almost

subconsciously. That must be some seriously trim body in those sweats. He shook his head, reminding himself to leave her alone. It was clear that the trainer was very protective of her. Besides, he was sure to be far too old for her to be interested, he concluded ruefully. He changed his sweat-soaked tee shirt and put the rest of his clothes on, ready to leave. He took out his chequebook and wrote in the sum, then went across to the ring to make out the rest of the details.

Back at the hotel, Jérôme showered and changed. He looked at himself in the mirror. Not too bad for thirty-eight, he concluded. Squash, tennis and the gym work all helped, but then, he needed to be fit to play as he wanted. He read the local paper. Knowing little of the references made that uninteresting, so he watched the news, which was no less depressing than usual. He looked at the clock, half past ten, and sighed. Bed, he concluded.

He lay awake for some time, allowing his mind to drift. Nice to see young boys who still had illusions, he thought. How old had he been when he'd realised that he'd never wear the number Ten rugby shirt for France? Probably about sixteen, he decided, although it should have been evident well before that. Dreams die hard. Six months in a cancer unit hadn't helped, either. He was grateful that they'd caught it early, though, more grateful now than at the time. At age seventeen, it had just been a pain, in all senses. No more contact sport and that had led to his taking up tennis and then squash. Even then, he'd soon learned about the gulf that separated any level that he might achieve from the top players. Still, he reflected, he'd reached his late thirties, still capable of giving younger competitors at his club, a hard time. He smiled to himself and turned over. *Strange girl* was his last thought as he drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter Three

By the end of the following week, Jérôme had made a start on the review. There were still many sections of this outpost that he hadn't visited, but a picture was emerging for his eventual report. He allowed his thoughts to wander as he trudged through the snow in the car park. He had been back to the gym twice, and although he had kept his promise, he could not help but be intrigued by *the girl*. She was there each time, pounding the speed bag or skipping furiously to the only music allowed. Driving blues was good enough for the American heroes of his youth—Ali and Reuben Carter, the trainer kept drumming into the group, so it was good enough for them. Jérôme didn't mind. The beat set a nice rhythm for working out.

He now knew that she had an oval face and what his mother would have called a *proper* nose, not a smudge of putty. That information was only from passing glances as she always wore her hooded top. She avoided eye contact with him, but then she did the same to all the others, except the trainer. Speculating about her made the weight sessions just a little more quickly done, it seemed to Jérôme. He turned on his working face as he pushed open the door marked Personnel.

"Hello. You must be the famous Anne-Marie, the lady who knows everything," he said, holding out his hand to the mature woman behind the first desk. He had done his research and had paid attention to those who told him this was who mattered in personnel.

"Only because I've been here forever, although not for much

longer. You caught me just in time. I'm about to retire," Anne-Marie said, standing to take his hand. "Do we call you Jérôme here in Human Resources, too? I understand that's how you prefer it?"

"I'd better pick your brain while I can, if you're deserting us. Jérôme is fine. Do you want to walk me round the department?"

"Of course, but before I do, shall I tell you about the people in it?"

She spent ten minutes giving him details of the section. Then she paused. "Then there's our Gaëlle," she said. "I have great hopes for her because she has the potential to go far. However, before I tell you about her, I need to inform you of some of the expressions I've heard used about you since you arrived."

"Oh dear."

"People use adjectives like straight and honest, they say Jérôme has no hidden agenda. They say he listens, tries to understand people and their concerns. They even say he can be trusted." Anne-Marie paused, looking him straight in the eye. "Worrying, isn't it? It probably explains why a man who is as competent as you clearly are, hasn't risen further, faster."

"Um. It's possible," Jérôme admitted, "but I can't change, not even for extra money. I was rather hoping that this chance to do the review would press my case a little more."

"Many of us here will do our best for you, based just on what we've seen so far."

"And your Giselle?"

"It's Gaëlle, not Giselle. When she arrived two years ago, we had a cadre, an ambitious managerial level bastard, related to one of the big bosses. He assumed that his position allowed him to make crude comments to junior female staff, to put his hands where he wanted and so on. Girls who complained were moved or somehow left. None made an official complaint, so my hands

were tied.”

“I know the sort,” Jérôme said. “Brown nose for those above him and fascist brownshirt to those below.”

“Exactly. I’ll read you the witness statement from someone who was there because it’s better than I could do it,” Anne-Marie went on, picking up a sheet of paper. “X was doing his usual thing, he’d patted Séverine on her bottom, ran his hand down her back to check if she was wearing a bra and so forth. He mimed having sex with Gaëlle, who had just started in the section. She told him he was disgusting. Then he put his hands on her waist. She told him not to touch her. He said something like, *Oh, wrong time of the month is it?* and put both hands on her bottom. She turned and cracked him a right, flush on the jaw. He was out cold before he hit the carpet.” Neatly put, don’t you think?”

“Very vivid,” Jérôme agreed.

“There was a disciplinary panel on her. I had given her some hints about how to get back at him, but it was more in hope than expectation. I can still see the scene because I was a member of the panel. Him sitting there, among his colleagues, two of them his drinking and golf buddies, resentfully nursing the bruise on his jaw, but smug at the same time. He was so certain she was about to be humiliated and sacked. She turned up with a dossier on him that she presented as evidence. Not a word about his behaviour, just a professional, dispassionate destruction of his work performance. She had instances of his taking credit for others’ work, of his shifting blame for his errors, the lot, along with impeccable paper evidence for every allegation she made. The cherry on the cake was her discovery that he had inflated his university grades on his original CV. I had an idea of some of it, but I still don’t know how she got it all together so fast and so well. Then just as she closed the file, having made sure he would



be looking for a new job, she said, *and the fact that he is a dirty, nasty man who can only get it up by bullying women in inferior positions, has nothing to do with the case.*"

"Ouch!" Jérôme commented. "Consider me warned."

"That wasn't a warning, just information that you may find useful. As I said, she's first-rate, but touchy around men. Shall I lead the way?"

She led him through the open office, introducing him to the people as she went. It seemed to be a sociable place, he noted.

"Hey, Gaëlle," Anne-Marie called out. "Don't disappear."

The young woman who had leapt to her feet and was heading out of the office at the far end had long blonde hair dragged into pigtails and, it seemed to Jérôme, couldn't have looked in the mirror before leaving for work. Surely that dress was for a much fatter woman? She turned and came reluctantly toward them, her eyes lowered behind unflattering spectacle frames.

"This is our indispensable Gaëlle," said Anne-Marie. "She's red-hot at her job, but don't expect her to be convivial."

The young woman raised her eyes, almost defiantly, Jérôme thought. She tossed her head to flick her hair back and he realised then where he had seen that gesture before. *The girl!* He caught the fierce look that challenged him to declare that he recognised her and where from. He tried to convey that her secret was safe with him. "Pleased to meet you, Gaëlle."

"You, too. Please excuse me. I am very busy." She turned and walked away.

"Look at that back," Anne-Marie said. "As stiff as a ramrod!"

"All that's missing is the sign that says keep your distance and don't even start to think of trying to intimidate!" Jérôme agreed. He'd have bet that Gaëlle was unconscious that, as she marched away, the swing of her hips made her look really sexy.

On his next visit to the gym, Jérôme avoided eye-contact as

usual, but it was harder now that he had a name for her. At the end, he was about to leave when she put down her weights to come over to him.

“Thank you for not saying anything. They think I’m strange enough already,” said Gaëlle.

“Strange? I guess I am, too, then. It’s no more their business than it is mine, in any case,” Jérôme replied. He glanced across at Abdel, who was looking at them with a stern eye. “See you next time. Bye.”

She waved a hand and went back to her weights.

Jérôme returned to his temporary home. He unlocked the door and entered his one-bedroom flat. He had moved in two days earlier and his belongings lay around him, still in bags. Only the books were out of their box and put in a row along the wall, on the floor. He should put some order into it, he knew.

Ignoring the mess, he sprawled on his new bed, deep in thought. He couldn’t help being fascinated by this unusual young woman. She had stood up to and beaten someone in a higher position at work, no simple matter, but what he had seen at the gym and how she dressed at work, were mismatched. It was as if she chose to be asexual in the office, wearing clothes that were as wrong for her as possible, whereas the training she was doing at the gym had to have given her a toned body. He had a strong urge to find out why. There was no point in asking her for a date, that was certain, but he would love to find a forum where they could simply talk. He sighed. Just as much a dream as your teenage rugby hopes, Jérôme, he told himself.

Back at the office the next day, he cheated and used his access pass to go through Gaëlle’s documentation. It showed a very able woman with high ratings for competence as well as an impressive academic history. There was no mention of the thumping of an executive, he noticed, but she’d moved to

Personnel quite suddenly, he noticed, under Anne-Marie's wing. *Twenty-four years old, unmarried, no children.* There was nothing in her records to tell him anything about her as a person and the secret that she made of her membership of the gym marked her out as a loner.

Several weeks passed. Jérôme had become accepted both at the gym and at work, but was no closer to getting more than a passing hello from Gaëlle in either place. One morning, he sat down at his borrowed desk and set about opening his mail. There was an envelope with no stamp, he noticed. Inside was a printed card.

*To celebrate the retirement of Anne-Marie after many years with us, there will be a vin d'honneur at Chettanneau's tearooms. It gave the date and time. On the back was handwritten, Jérôme. Everybody will be there. I hope you will come, too. Anne-Marie.*

He smiled to himself. At least his charm still worked, provided he used it only on ladies of around sixty. He asked where the tearooms were and made sure he was there early on that evening. Just in case *everybody* included Gaëlle. He didn't want to miss her.

"Jérôme," called Anne-Marie across the room as he arrived. "I'm so glad that you came."

He kissed her on both cheeks, in a mock-formal greeting. "How could I refuse? I wasn't going to miss a social occasion with such a lovely lady."

She smiled at him and lowered her voice. "Enough flattery. Listen carefully, because this is important. I've seen how you try to avoid looking at her. Trust me when I say she has noticed you, too. This is your chance, maybe your only chance. As soon as the speeches are finished, go and talk to her, Jérôme. You'll have to make the first move because she won't, but be quick or she'll

run.”

He jumped, startled. He started to ask what she meant, then followed her eyes. If it were possible, Gaëlle looked even more ill at ease here than in the office.

The speeches went on for an age, but at last the formal part of the evening was over. He almost ran across to Gaëlle, who, he noticed, was already gathering her things to leave. “I’d like to talk with you for a couple of minutes. Please? I won’t bite. Promise.”

She hesitated, then nodded and sat down again.

Jérôme sat, too, making sure he was not too close. There was a pause. “Is it okay to ask how long you’ve been going to the gym?” Jérôme began.

“Since I came here, two years now.”

“You give that speedball a terrible pounding each time I see you. A female Rocky,” said Jérôme.

“I take out the frustrations of the day on it, but I’d like to think I had a little more class than Stallone.”

“De Niro in *Raging Bull*, perhaps?”

“Sugar Ray Robinson is my boxing hero. But De Niro was great as La Motta. Did you see him in *Taxi Driver*?”

Distracted from a too-personal subject, and as if a door had been opened, their conversation took flight. In no time at all, they were deep in discussion of cinema. His preference for French directors over hers for Hollywood musicals from the thirties, her admiration for Busby Berkeley over his for Chabrol. Suddenly, she was smiling, laughing, nodding in agreement or shaking her head in good-natured contradiction. Jérôme was swept away by the relaxed and fascinating discussion.

Eventually, Gaëlle looked down at her watch. “Look at the time. I should go. I was supposed to go to the pool for my swim, tonight. It’s too late, now.”

“Can...we continue this discussion over a dinner, sometime? Sometime soon?” Jérôme asked tentatively.

Gaëlle stood, suddenly in a hurry. “Let me think about it. I’ll let you know tomorrow.”

Jérôme barely had time to stand before she was gone. He sighed and went to be sociable for a while before he left, too.

Next morning, there was another plain envelope on his desk. The writing was different. Today’s note said, *Okay. You decide where and when. We share the bill. G.*

Jérôme smiled to himself. At least it wasn’t the refusal that he had feared. His workload suddenly seemed lighter.

## Chapter Four

“I would suggest Chez Yves,” Anne-Marie told Jérôme. “It’s relatively small and it isn’t a usual hang-out for the people from work, so it should be neutral territory, and the food’s good, too.”

“Thank you. I don’t think Gaëlle would appreciate the news of a date, however platonic, being spread around the office.”

Anne-Marie gave him the phone number and he booked. He was very conscious of how careful he was being, not to make any moves that might frighten Gaëlle away. He wondered what this feeling was, deep inside him that said she would be worth the effort. He arrived early and sat in the bar area to wait for her.

She had made an effort with her clothes, that much was clear. The dress that she was wearing was the right size, for a start, and it was quite a suitable shape. Knee-length, it allowed him to notice a pair of nicely shaped calves. He stood to greet her. “Thank you for accepting the invitation. I’m flattered that you did.”

“Then you must be easily pleased. I enjoyed our discussion. It made a change to have an intelligent conversation.”

“I need to make it clear that I’m looking forward to dinner with a woman who is interesting to talk to, Gaëlle. I enjoy your company, but I have no intention of leaping on you. Shall we go through?”

The meal was good and the conversation easy. First a continuation of the film talk, then the gym. Jérôme decided that

the way to get her to talk was to be open about himself, so then he told her about his job, his background, his interests. She didn't reciprocate much, but listened politely enough. When the bill arrived, Gaëlle immediately picked it up, added a tip and divided the total scrupulously in half. They paid and sat finishing their coffee at the table.

"I'm very fond of women," said Jérôme finally. "I enjoy the company of intelligent women, and if they are as attractive as you are, then that is a huge bonus."

Gaëlle laughed. "Is that the line you use most often?"

Jérôme frowned. "It isn't a line. I'm thirty-eight, Gaëlle, too old to play games. I tell it how I see it. If you don't like that then I have to accept that we can't be friends and that would be a loss, in my opinion, to me if not to you."

Gaëlle pulled a face. "I'm sorry. That wasn't a kind thing to say, Jérôme. Please excuse me. I'm not an easy person, as they've told you, no doubt."

"There was some mention of that, I seem to remember. But let me be even more open with you. I find you very attractive, Gaëlle. You may be thinking I'm too old for you and I'll accept gracefully if you tell me that straight away. Otherwise, I do want to see you again, as soon as possible, and I do want to get to know you as well as a man can know a woman. Is that honest enough?" He put both hands flat on the table and looked her straight in the eye, trying to communicate that he had nothing to hide. There was a silent pause. Then she leaned across the table and tapped his wrist.

"Come home with me, Jérôme. Let's find out."

He froze, bewildered, in total astonishment.

Gaëlle stood and beckoned to him. "Come on, Jérôme. Now or never."

"What brought this about?" he asked as they walked out of

the restaurant.

"It's simple. I like you. I don't like many people. You've been honest with me so I'm being honest with you. I don't do this every weekend, I assure you, not even every year, but I want to try at least."

Jérôme followed her elderly 2CV through the town to her small apartment in an old building. Once inside, he noticed the simple sparse furniture and the rows of books along each wall. "You're as bad as I am," he said. "I could almost be at home. Books everywhere."

"Yes, and every one of them has been read. Coffee or tisane?"

"Tisane, please," Jérôme called to her as she disappeared into the tiny kitchen. "No sugar, thank you."

She reappeared a few minutes later to find him crouched by the books, examining the titles. She handed him his tisane and they sat on the sofa. They looked at each other, rather like china-dog bookends, Jérôme thought.

"Is this where I'm supposed to say I'm going to make myself comfortable and then come back wearing a lacy nightdress?" she asked, her tone ironic but uncertain.

Jérôme put his mug on the floor. "If you want to, I won't object. Your decision."

Gaëlle put her mug beside his. "Please, Jérôme, don't make this difficult for me. Kiss me, or at least say you want to."

Jérôme needed no further invitation and they kissed.

The kiss went on. Neither pulled away. At last, Jérôme released her lips. "I hope you've been told how nicely you kiss. That was really lovely."

"A natural gift, I suppose," she replied, apparently trying to keep the tone light. "It certainly isn't through practice."

"All the more impressive, then." *Time to take a risk*, Jérôme thought. "Is there any chance that sometime I'll get to see the



body that I've been admiring at the gym for the past few weeks?"

"You want to see me stripped?" Gaëlle's surprise was evident in her voice. "You'd be disappointed, I warn you. I'm not a model and I know I'm not especially feminine."

"Will you let me judge that, if and when it happens?"

"You're serious? You want to see? Just to look?" Gaëlle looked hard at him, then suddenly, with a little smile, she said, "Okay then, but you go first."

Jérôme was getting used to the unexpected with Gaëlle. He was determined to continue with his approach of absolute honesty. He stood and started to unbutton his shirt. "It's a deal, then? No backing out?"

"When I say something, I don't back out."

Jérôme was grateful that he was not totally erect as he finally stepped out of his boxer shorts. The half-smile on the face of Gaëlle, matched his semi-erection. "There you are. No secrets. Now you?" He sat back on the sofa, still naked, trying to appear relaxed.

Gaëlle stood and moved to a position in front of him.

He could see her biting her lip and realised that she was not as cool about this as she was pretending to be.

"You want to watch as I undress or you just want to see me with no clothes on?"

"Wow, what a choice. Whatever makes you feel more comfortable. Your decision."

"That's twice you've said that."

"It's my philosophy. I live by it," he explained. "We are each responsible for what we do, nobody else can be."

"I don't know how to do a striptease, so close your eyes and I'll undress. Then you can look."

Jérôme dutifully closed his eyes and made no attempt to peep. He sensed that she was checking to see if he cheated, and

that if he did, that would ruin everything.

“You can open your eyes.”

Jérôme looked. She was slim, with the body of a gymnast or an athlete, but definitely a woman, not a girl. Smallish but perfect breasts, a flat stomach with muscles clearly marked, the same muscular definitions on her long legs and, as she turned for him, on her bottom, too. Only the untamed bush of her pubic hair detracted from the pure lines of her shape. There was no hiding his erection now.

“I thought you said I would be disappointed, Gaëlle. You have a most wonderful body.” He opened his arms to her. She accepted his embrace and sank onto the sofa.

Jérôme kissed and caressed her, doing his best to relax her and allow her to enjoy the moment. It took some time. Then he gently eased her down and lay beside her. He stroked her breasts, and when her nipples rose, kissed them softly.

Gaëlle shuddered.

“You like that?”

“Don’t talk, just do things to me,” she ordered.

He obeyed, trying to maintain a slow pace as he explored her. When he eased her thighs apart, he was surprised at how wet she was. He ran his fingertips the length of her cleft. They came away dripping. Her swollen clitoris was very evident and he was about to comment on that when he remembered not to talk, but to do. When he touched her there, Gaëlle shuddered. She extricated herself from his embrace, stood and led him into the bedroom where she sat down on the edge of what Jérôme was surprised to see was a double bed.

Gaëlle saw his look, “I like to sprawl. I’m the only one who sleeps here.” She lay down on her back. “Make love to me, please.”

Jérôme moved swiftly to penetrate Gaëlle. The next few

minutes were delicious for him as he slid in and out of her vagina. Soon he was counting furiously in his head to delay the inevitable. "I'm going to come," he gasped when he could stand it no longer. He started to extract himself. Gaëlle pulled him back down again and held him close.

"Never heard of the pill?" she murmured.

His release was immediate and he came in a gush that made him groan. Gaëlle continued to hold him clasped to her body until he calmed down, then she gave him a kiss, slid out from underneath and went to the bathroom.

When she returned, she had a towel wrapped round her. "I'd like to be alone, now. I need to think. Is that unfair?"

Jérôme shook his head. "This is unexpected for me, too. I quite understand." He dressed and left, but not before she had kissed him again, with apparent affection. Later that night, back in his own apartment, and alone in bed, Jérôme reflected on the evening. He had been so, so careful. Gaëlle clearly had very little experience of sex. He had needed to use all his knowledge to take her from rigidity and nervous tension to a relaxed acceptance of the pleasure that he knew he could give her.

He grinned to himself. His rigidity had not been an asset for a significant part of the time they had spent on the sofa together. It had kept getting in the way, but he felt that how he had dealt with that, not rushing her, but rather making her smile about it, was the right approach. It was like a military campaign, he thought, but with the understanding of her heart and mind as the crucial element, rather than any thought of conquest. She hadn't had an orgasm, though that didn't seem to have troubled her, so he'd let it go. Thinking of her had made him hard again. He got up to run the cold tap on it rather than masturbate. At last he managed to sleep.

He wasn't sure what to expect when he next saw Gaëlle in the

office. In any event, she seemed happy to be much more friendly, even when the others in her section grinned at each other or made comments under their breath. As he went toward the little café where he had become used to taking his morning break, he heard footsteps behind him. He turned to see Gaëlle skipping across the road, a smile on her face.

“Can I be very forward by I joining you?”

“I can think of nothing I’d like better,” Jérôme replied. “By the way, thank you for the other evening. I enjoyed every moment of it. Can we do it again...soon?”

“Tonight would be good. Can I be frank with you, Jérôme? I’d rather leave out the restaurant and just start at the second part. Is that a terrible thing to say?”

“Hey, I thought I was the one who was brutally honest.” Jérôme smiled at her. “Who am I to refuse?”

“Come round at about eight, then.”

They had their coffee almost in total silence, but sharing periodic looks that Jérôme was sure must have appeared very foolish to the other clients. He decided that he didn’t care. It seemed clear that Gaëlle did not.

\* \* \* \*

Jérôme arrived at eight on the dot. The door was ajar and he heard Gaëlle’s voice.

“Come in and close the door, Jérôme.” She was already in bed, obviously nude. She patted the mattress beside her, “Clothes off and in.”

He complied willingly and slid in, to lie beside her under the duvet.

She kissed him. “I’ve been thinking. You know a lot more than me. Tell me what you want me to do and I’ll do it.”

He breathed in sharply. "That won't be easy for me. My perception is that sex is supposed to be an equal opportunities activity."

"Humour me. Just this once?"

"For one night only, then."

"Agreed."

He started by caressing Gaëlle's breasts, as he had done the first time. He checked that she was just as wet as she had been then and noted again that her clitoris was very prominent, its tip protruding between the lips of her sex. He slid into her, more in control this time. The minutes passed, punctuated by the sounds of pleasure they both were making. "Can you turn onto your hands and knees for me?" Jérôme asked, withdrawing. She changed position and he slid back into her again.

"That's good," she murmured.

"It's time that you put those fantastic abs to work," he told her.

Gaëlle twisted round to look at him over her shoulder, "What do you mean?"

"Can you feel me inside you?"

"Of course I can!"

"So use those muscles to grip me more tightly... Yes...like that! Hold it!"

Her face was tense as she held her breath and contracted her abdominal muscles as hard as possible.

Jérôme slid half out and then drove back in.

"Oh!" Gaëlle gasped.

He did it again, with her squeezing him tight, and she collapsed face down on the bed, writhing with her orgasm.

"What was that?" she said after a few moments.

"You said I knew more than you did. So that was something new," he told her. "Lie on your back, now." He parted her thighs

and went down on her, using his tongue and lips to work at her engorged and sopping-wet sex. It wasn't long before another orgasm shook her.

She waved her hand in submission. "Let me get my breath back," she said, panting heavily

He let her recover, before penetrating her again until this time, it was his turn to come. He rolled over and lay beside her. He thought he must be falling in love.

A pattern emerged. Several times a week, he would go to her flat, after they had both been to the gym, but would never stay. He was determined that she would not get the idea that he was moving in on her personal space. The sex continued to be wonderful for him, and she told him, for her also. She seemed prepared to try any position that he suggested, and the only time that she refused was when he indicated that it would be nice if she took him in her mouth. The sudden freezing of her expression told him that here was a significant block, so he let it pass.

## Chapter Five

Gaëlle approached the door of Jérôme's flat. In her hand was a large paper fish. She planned to pin the fish to him as soon as he opened it, following the tradition of April Fool's Day. She rang the bell.

"It's open. Come in, Gaëlle, but don't get too close," a faint voice called.

She went in. The curtains were drawn in the bedroom and she could just make out the shape of Jérôme, still in bed.

"I have the 'flu," he told her in a croaking voice. "I don't want to infect you because it isn't fun."

"Do you need anything?"

"No, I have things to take, but most of all I need to sleep."

"Okay, I'm going. I didn't know you were a hypochondriac. Can I steal a book?" She pouted ironically. "My lover is sick, television is as bad as usual and I have nothing of mine that appeals and that I haven't read."

"Take them all if you want. I just want to sleep, please."

Gaëlle looked along the row of books. Most of them she knew. In the middle was a dog-eared paperback with no cover. "Is this one good, Jérôme?" she called through to the bedroom. "It's called *Emmanuelle*, I think, but it's falling apart so I'm not sure. The name rings a bell, though."

"I think it might interest you. Take it and we can discuss it when I'm back among the living."

Gaëlle shoved the book into the pocket of her raincoat and left, after blowing him a kiss from a safe distance.

\* \* \* \*

Early the following morning, Jérôme was feeling almost back to humanity after a good sleep, but he was still drowsy when someone rang the bell several times. He rolled over and looked at his watch. Half past six? Was the building on fire? He stumbled across to the door and opened it. "Gaëlle? Is something wrong?"

She was dressed for work, but her hair was a fuzzy mess and she had bags under her eyes.

"Come in and have some coffee," he said. "You look as if you need it."

She took off her coat and sat in the only armchair not covered in clothes or papers. He brought her coffee. "It's only instant, I'm afraid, but it should hit the spot. Now, what can I do for you? Bear in mind that I am still a poor convalescent invalid, but what I can do, I will."

Gaëlle took a sip of the coffee. She looked up at him through her eyelashes. "That book, Jérôme. I just finished it."

"Finished? You must have read all night. Why?"

"The stuff in the book, is it true or is it possible or is it all fantasy or what?" She spoke quickly, almost stumbling over the words. "I have to know, Jérôme, and I need to know right now."

"Oh. I see. Well. Where do I begin? Well, I'll tell you enough to get you through the day, but this evening, come round as soon as you finish work and we'll give it the time that it deserves, if that's all right?"

She nodded, unsatisfied, but patient.

Jérôme thought for a moment. "So...I have always assumed that it was based on facts. First, the writer has the same name as the book and she did live where it is set and I understand, had a very colourful sex-life. So it is at least partly true, I think. Second,



nothing in there is a priori impossible. Now, finish your apology for coffee and go and work. I'll think about how to explain anything you want to know about the book for this evening, okay?"

He hustled Gaëlle out of the apartment and settled back to consider what to tell her. The adventures of the heroine in the book were well beyond the experience of Gaëlle, he was very conscious of that. What had he been thinking of to let her take it? He blamed the flu. And now he had told her they would discuss it in detail.

Fortunately, he remembered the plot well, its dilapidated state bore witness to that. The first question was how shocked had Gaëlle been? Lesbian sex, sex with more than one person, masturbation in front of an audience and being offered to others for sex, all these figured in *Emmanuelle*. Gaëlle, on the other hand, was almost still discovering the missionary position, as far as he could tell. At least she hadn't flung the battered volume at his head and screamed that he was a dirty old man. He sighed, lay back on his bed and thought deeply. Total candour, he concluded at last, was the best, probably the only, way forward. The evening might be tiring, he thought. He got back under the duvet and drifted off to sleep.

By the time Gaëlle arrived, he was feeling much better. He was wide-awake and had showered, shaved and dressed to receive her. He had even made an expedition to buy some food that could be eaten informally. He was envisaging a challenging few hours, which he was very aware, might also spell the end of his relationship with Gaëlle. They ate and then sat on his sofa. There was a pause, "So, what did you make of the book, Gaëlle?"

She thought for a moment. "It was shocking, but not in a horrifying sense. You said this morning that nothing in it was a priori impossible, but do you think that it's a true story?"

"If it isn't true, it's at least feasible that the events in it happened, even if not all with the same woman as participant. In fact, the more of it that is true would lead to a conclusion that all of it is factual. How did you react...physically, I mean?"

Gaëlle blushed deeply. "It...excited me a lot." She looked him straight in the eyes and went on, "I had several orgasms while I was reading it last night. Does that shock you?"

"Shock? Not at all. I'm glad that you enjoyed yourself."

"At one point even, I came without touching myself, just from what I was reading."

"Fantastic! Which bit was it?"

"Oh, she was riding in an open carriage with Mario and he called a stranger over and told him to take off *Emmanuelle's* knickers. Just like that! However, when the man tried to do more, Mario shoved him away and said that she shouldn't let one man have everything, but share herself among many. I could see it happening in my mind and suddenly, whoosh!"

"I remember that bit. It's very erotic!"

They went through the book in considerable detail over the rest of the evening. Jérôme was happy to find that Gaëlle was intrigued rather than displeased that he owned such a book. He'd had all day to formulate his response to how *real* the book was and so he gave it to her, verbatim.

"There are some people, a few, who really have done all the things that you read about in the book," he told her. "There are many more people who have tried some of the things than have done all of them, and a lot more than that, who have had fantasies about them, but have never dared to act."

There was a pause while she digested that. "Jérôme, Have you done this sort of thing?"

"Some of it. Maybe it's easiest if I just tell you from the

beginning. I was a typical adolescent boy, head in the clouds and willy in hand. I'd never claim that an erection was inconvenient now, but then it could be a significant embarrassment! I went through a phase of hardly thinking at all about the girl I was with, just that I wanted sex with her. I'm ashamed of that now. If I had the chance, there are a couple of people I would willingly apologise to. Then I met a woman who was slightly older than I was and I learned a lot from her. She said she wanted to explore and I went along with that. We tried some of the experiences together. However, it turned out that she supposed it was fine to blame me when things didn't go as she expected, and that wasn't my concept of it at all. Eventually we separated. If you want, I'll tell you all the details about any of my experiences."

"I don't think I'm prepared for that, not yet anyway," Gaëlle said. "but I'll remember that I can ask, and when I really want to know, I'll do it then. Is that all right?"

"Of course. Whenever you're ready," Jérôme said, his heart skipping a beat as he realised that she had said when, rather than if. "So, you see, I've had quite a lot of sexual experience and I admit that the idea of erotic exploration still fascinates me enormously, although I'm probably too old now for that." He paused and took a deep breath. "Unless you think you might want to join me?" There. It was said. He sat back and waited for the storm. Her quiet reply left him momentarily speechless.

"If we're together," she said softly, "I think I'll discover how far I want to explore, don't you, Jérôme?"

He overcame his astonishment in time to reply calmly, even though his mind was racing. "I believe in honesty, Gaëlle, so the answer is yes, if you make that choice. It will always be your decision, but if you are willing, then yes."

"You realise it's a big decision for me, Jérôme? You know much better than I do what you're thinking of. I haven't ever

been able to trust anyone as much as you, certainly never if I'm talking about sex. I want to be as honest with you as you've been with me, but I'm really nervous about it, and you know, you aren't the only one with a past history. Before we go any further, there are some things that I need to tell you about me. If I tell you, will you just listen and not interrupt? You can ask anything afterward, if you want to know me still."

Jérôme nodded. He hugged her, then moved away from her to the other end of the sofa to give her space, mentally as well as physically.

Gaëlle turned so her back was to him and began. "I was always very competitive as a child. I used to compete with the boys at roller-skating and tree climbing and beat them, too. In fact, the first orgasm that I can remember came when I was sliding down a rope from a tree house. Of course, I didn't recognise what it was, at that moment. There was suddenly a hot whoosh that sent a wave of weakness and pleasure from my groin to my head and it left me hanging on desperately to the rope. At first, I was more cross than anything. It had cost me the race, but it gave me enough pleasure to encourage me to work out what had caused it. I've masturbated almost every day since."

She looked over her shoulder at Jérôme, expecting some disapproval, he thought. He smiled and gestured for her to carry on.

She looked away again and continued. "I used to call it testing the surf. In the summer of that first orgasm, I went with my family to Biarritz. Until then, we had gone mostly to the mountains for our holidays. The waves there were massive. They fascinated me and I used to let them break over me and toss me around like a rag doll. It came into my head that what I felt when I masturbated was a similar sensation, of being swept away by something far more powerful than I was. From then on, I would

say to myself that it was time to test the surf, or I needed to test the surf.”

“I’ve watched you in the grip of an orgasm,” Jérôme interrupted. “I can quite understand the analogy. Please carry on testing the surf whenever you want.”

“I was thin as well as small,” Gaëlle went on, “and my father used to say you couldn’t have been sure if I was a boy or a girl until I started to grow up. My two big passions then were my studies and gymnastics. I joined a gym club when I was eight and threw myself into it completely. I wasn’t interested in boys, like most girls of my age, and boys didn’t notice me, except when I was in front of them in races, of course. As I got older, I didn’t go out a lot. I was totally absorbed in my reading or studying or in doing my gym exercises. At the age of fifteen that was still the situation. I masturbated quite frequently, or to be truthful, very often, sometimes twice or more in a day, but without a focus. It was simply a most enjoyable release and not fuelled by sexual fantasies.”

She sighed, paused, then continued. “Everything changed in the summer after my fifteenth birthday. I was ill several times that year. During the school holidays, I had a fever. It left me exhausted and in bed for weeks. The only thing that made me feel any better was to masturbate, and I did it several times every day, even more than usual. When I was well again, I realized that I had grown by nearly three inches, to five feet four. The same thing happened again a bit later that year and I put on another two inches. I haven’t grown since.

“During that time, I had continued to do my exercises as well as I could, but I’d only been to the gym club very infrequently. Then in April, just after my sixteenth birthday, I went back to the club one Tuesday night. While I had been away, a new coach had arrived. I’d heard that this was to happen because from school, I

knew his younger brother, who lived not far from us. The coach was a stranger to me. He was a typical ex-gymnast, shaped like a triangle standing on its point. He was short and heavily muscled, with a military-style haircut. You know the type?"

Jérôme nodded.

"He was very aggressive toward me from the start, for no reason that I could understand. I realise now that I was taller than him and maybe he resented that. At the end of the session, he told one of my friends to stay behind with me. Louise was at least as tall as me, but where I was still fairly flat, she had breasts that made her very much admired by the boys and were envied by most of us.

"He looked angrily at us. *What are you two doing here? You're wasting my time. You're far too tall to be good gymnasts. I'm going to turn this into a performance club, not a social group for a pair of lamp posts.* His tirade continued for a minute or more. I was shocked and hurt. Louise walked off, in tears. I argued with him for a little longer, but realised that I was wasting my time, then left also. I caught up with Louise, and we walked home together.

"What a horrible man," said Louise. "I'm certainly not going back."

"It was not so easy for me. Louise was a talented dancer and she went to the gym essentially for the fitness. I knew that I was the best in the club at the floor exercises, in spite of my height, and besides, I needed an outlet for the competitive instincts that I couldn't find in other activities. I didn't go to the next session, but I went to the gym at the end of it, to try to argue with the coach. He walked straight past me without saying a word, but his brother, who often watched the sessions, seemed more sympathetic. He stood in silence while I explained my reasons.

"Finally, he said, maybe I can help. I have some influence

with my brother, and if you are nice to me, perhaps I can get you back in. Come into the changing room, we can talk in private.

“I went. I know it was idiotic. What a stupid introduction to real sex. That was the end of the club for me. Instead, I threw myself back into my studies. Even if I was deprived of the gym club, I would still be an academic success, I decided. I also carried on with my exercises, in secret, in my bedroom, to exhaust myself each night before going to bed. I told my parents that my studies were too important and that it had been my own decision to give up the gym.”

Gaëlle glanced at Jérôme. He smiled at her encouragingly. He could feel that there was something else, something hard for her to tell.

Her voice choked a little as she tried to go on. “However, that’s not all. I was ignorant, not only about sex, at least about sex with other people, but also about some of the risks. He passed on an infection to me. I won’t go into the symptoms, but I ignored them until it was too late. I can’t have babies, Jérôme. No children, ever. I’m infertile. Now you know. Do you still want to know me?” This time her voice did crack and the tears flowed freely.

Jérôme gathered her to him and hugged her in silence for several minutes until she was calm again. “As long as I have you, then the fact that you can’t have children isn’t important, Gaëlle. Just think. I’m thirty-eight. That means that even if we had a child tomorrow, by the time he or she was a horrible adolescent, I would be into my fifties. I can’t guarantee that I would cope well with that. Thank you for telling me. I admire your courage. It must have made a huge impression on you for you to recall all that detail, so thank you again.”

Gaëlle smiled through her tears. “I cheated. Since I was about ten, I’ve kept a journal every day. I wrote it all down at the time,

so when I knew I was going to tell you, I read it again.”

“I hope that you will continue to write down what you do. I’ve never had that discipline. Maybe from now on there will be new things to record?”

Gaëlle sniffed, wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand, then nodded. “I was so afraid that it would be a fatal problem.”

“But... What was all that about the pill then?”

“I couldn’t bear for you to stop, I wanted you so much. I didn’t lie, did I?”

“Not quite! But I wouldn’t have cared anyway. I’m in love with you, but more than that, I care about you as a friend, a lover and as someone whom I want to have near me. Is that enough for you?”

Gaëlle turned to him. “More than enough, Jérôme.” Her voice strengthened as she took control of herself again. “Well...if we are going to explore, where do I start?” She laughed nervously. “Right at the beginning for me, that’s sure. Tell me what to do, Jérôme.”

“Not so fast, Gaëlle,” said Jérôme. “Were you listening carefully to what I said earlier? I have no intention of being your master. We’ll be equal partners in whatever we do. The responsibility for anything you do will be entirely yours. You have to understand that from the beginning, is that clear?”

She nodded, not wanting to appear foolish, although she didn’t really understand.

Jérôme went on. “But if you really want to make an immediate start, please, can we look at how you dress? I realise that you’ve had a reason for not caring how you look, but that’s in the past now, I hope. It’s a sin to hide such a nice body under such unflattering clothes. Then, there is your underwear. Just look at your bras, for example. They look ancient and they are so loose they don’t even support your breasts. Anyway, you don’t



really need to wear a bra at all, in my opinion.”

Gaëlle took a deep breath, “You are sure that I don’t need a bra? Would you enjoy the idea that I wasn’t wearing one?”

He smiled and nodded. “Not only the idea, but the view also.”

“Very well, I won’t wear a bra then, at least not at home. Maybe later I will have enough courage to do that outside also. Is that okay?”

“I approve, of course, but remember, it’s your decision. While we’re discussing appearance, there’s another thing. I found a little tub hidden away in the bottom of your airing cupboard...” He raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, that little tub,” Gaëlle said. “Contact lenses. I got them a couple of years ago, but I’ve never worn them. It felt like vanity.”

“Perhaps if you’re going to be more sexy, it might be worth your having another go?” Jérôme suggested. “Your glasses are not really an erotic asset, are they?”

“That wasn’t their purpose,” Gaëlle admitted. “My glasses are more of an extra barrier against the world.”

“I guessed as much. Do you feel you still need that protection?”

“Not so much. If you like, I’ll wear lenses when I’m with you. At work I’ll keep wearing the glasses.”

“Good compromise.”

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle’s Journal.

*This is the first real entry to my new Journal. I will try to keep it every day, but instead of the usual things, shopping, so-and-so was a pig or a star at work, how my gym session went, it will be exclusively about my sex life with Jérôme. I don’t know if it will always be easy to put down the words, but I want to do it for*

*myself and for Jérôme, my lover. So...*

*I have to admit that my grey, over-washed underwear is quite as appalling as Jérôme said. I'm anxious to please him. I'll have to get some new stuff. I feel that I'm suddenly faced with making decisions that may affect the rest of my life, even if that sounds over-dramatic. I had to say yes quickly, before fear took over, but I can't regret that I did.*

*I love having sex with Jérôme, that goes without saying. I'd persuaded myself that sex would never happen for me, and I'd decided not to think of it. Even when I masturbated, until now, it was still just a release, nice, but without focus. He has changed all that in almost no time at all. I've learned new positions, as well as how good it feels to have his tongue, sometimes licking hard, sometimes flicking over my clitoris. That must be the first time ever I've written that word. I'm shivering just to remember! He seems able to wait for me, so that his orgasm only happens when I am in the middle of mine. I don't know if that's usual, but I'll accept the rapture and not worry about how other people manage. However...*

*I've heard of people's lives that were totally changed by a book, but I wasn't expecting mine to be so transformed by a trashy piece of erotic fiction. I didn't dare to tell Jérôme that I had had a sudden fantasy of following its heroine, Emmanuelle, and living out all those experiences for myself, even if it was only while I was reading.*

*Recently, I was reading a book on the Universal Exhibition in Paris, the one that the Eiffel Tower was built for. But at least there are photos showing the different stages of the tower as they were building it, so you can tell how it progressed. It's as if the complete exhibition has materialized around me in full swing, with all its coloured lights and music and exotic novelties and temptations! It's hard for me to put into words how I feel. I'm*

*frightened by what I'm envisaging, because although I've read and been excited by the story of Emmanuelle, I am desperately conscious of my sexual ignorance.*

*Intellectually, I want to understand these experiences, and physically, my body wants to know how it feels to try such things. There, it's said! All I need now is the courage to take my first steps on that road. I'm fortunate to have found Jérôme to hold my hand along the way.*

## Chapter Six

Next evening, after work, Gaëlle came home and changed. She was down to just her underwear when she remembered that Jérôme had said not to wear a bra at home. She stopped herself and deliberately rephrased her thoughts. The decision that she would not wear a bra was not Jérôme's. It would be entirely her own responsibility. She took her bra off, putting on a tee shirt over her bare breasts. She stood on tiptoe to look in the bathroom mirror. Her nipples showed as little bumps.

Suddenly, she heard a loud bang outside the front door of the apartment, followed by Jérôme's voice in conversation with the landing neighbour. She waited until she heard the other apartment door close, then went to greet Jérôme, feeling very brave in only the tee shirt and her knickers.

Jérôme was leaning against the wall, sweating. Beside him stood a package almost as tall as himself, wrapped with corrugated cardboard. At his feet was another, much smaller parcel.

"Time for presents," Jérôme announced. "Stand aside and let me bring them in. Four storeys is a lot of stairs." He looked at Gaëlle. "This is nicely timed. You look delicious dressed like that."

"What is it? Furniture?"

"Yes, but also no. Will you bring the small package, please?" Jérôme said over his shoulder as he walked the larger item through the door and into the bedroom. "Follow me, my dear."

He was ripping the cardboard off the bigger package as he spoke. A full-length cheval mirror was revealed. He manoeuvred it into one corner of the bedroom.

"There, that looks right. I've never known a woman who had as few mirrors in her home as you. I saw this in a second-hand shop and thought it was just what was needed. Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's very elegant. Very simple. Thank you, Jérôme...but why?"

"Ah, well, now, I want to show you something new and that brings in part two of my purchases. Do you trust me?"

"You know I do."

"Turn round and close your eyes then."

Gaëlle turned her back on the mirror and waited, tugging her tee shirt down a little to hide her knickers. Even that feeling of security was brief, however. Jérôme pulled her tee shirt up and off. Then something cool and smooth slid down over her bare torso. She couldn't resist, she had to look. Her shoulders were bare and she was wearing a wine-red top with thin straps. It was short enough to leave her stomach exposed. "It's silk, isn't it?" Gaëlle asked. She had never owned anything in silk, it couldn't be flung into the washing machine. It was cool against her bare skin and her nipples were standing out more than before.

"Yes, it's silk. I hope you like it. I think silk is your material, or it will be." Jérôme went to the mirror and adjusted the angle. "Now I'd like you to come and stand just here."

Gaëlle moved to where Jérôme had indicated. The mirror reflected her body, but not her face.

"What do you see, Gaëlle?"

She laughed. "Me, of course, except the angle's wrong. I suppose you don't want to see my glasses. Don't worry, I'll persevere with the lenses, just for you!"

"Silly woman! Are you so sure it's you in the mirror? What I

see is a woman's body, a sexy one. Now watch."

His hands crept round her and up to stroke her breasts. She felt her nipples rise and saw them stand out more clearly under the delicate red silk.

"She's enjoying that, don't you think?" Jérôme asked.

"Who is?"

"The woman in the mirror. Watch how her body responds. You know exactly what she is feeling."

Gaëlle understood now. It was as if an unknown woman was being stimulated in front of her while she herself was having all the sensations of Jérôme's caresses. It was strange, but rather exciting. He lifted the silk top, making it slide over her nipples until her breasts appeared, then removed it entirely. The other woman's nipples were dark and erect and her own were very sensitive as his fingers pulled gently on them.

"Oh, that feels good, Jérôme." She leaned back against him and enjoyed both the view and the sensations. His hands slid down, tugging her knickers off her hips and letting them drop. She unhooked her feet and looked again. Now the faceless woman in the mirror was nude and a hand was creeping round her waist and dipping toward her pubic hair, combing it gently with spread fingers. Gaëlle watched, rapt in attention, as the hand slid into the cleft of the reflected sex. She wasn't sure which was turning her on more, the sight or the fingers pressing gently on her own clitoris.

"Make love to me, Jérôme," she murmured. "I want you, now." They sank to the carpet and within moments, she was rolling around on the floor with Jérôme deep inside her. On and on he drove, pausing from time to time to avoid coming and to get his breath back.

Eventually, he gasped, "I can't!"

He clung to her, shuddering with his whole body and

moaning as he came. She wiped the sweat from his forehead and kissed him. They separated and lay side by side. "What was that all about, Jérôme?" Gaëlle asked, when their breathing was back to normal.

"I've been trying think of a way to give you an idea of how sexy your body is. I thought you might appreciate it more if I let you see it as if it had been another person. I think that it worked quite well, don't you?"

"It was curious, but I see what you mean. If it had really been another woman, I don't know how that would have felt. I suppose that in *Emmanuelle* it happens all the time, doesn't it, but it's new to me. Umm. I did enjoy that you were looking at me, or at her rather. Which one was it?"

Jérôme laughed. "You, you and always you. The other part was for your benefit much more than for mine. I'm happy that you liked it. I hoped you would. It was fortunate that I arrived with the mirror just as you were dressed suitably for my little experiment. The top is perfect on you. A lucky guess for me. You look good with no bra. Will you be going out like that also?"

"Not so fast, Jérôme. What we do here is enough for me for now. Later, maybe."

"No hurry. If it's going to happen, I can be patient."

It was a few days later when she walked into the apartment and announced, "I did it, Jérôme. I walked all the way round the park with no bra under my tee shirt. Are you proud of me?"

He kissed her, then stood back, admiring how her stiff nipples showed through the thin cotton. "Three weeks," he said.

"Pardon?"

"It's only taken twenty-one days for you to go from barely daring to let me see you without a bra in private, to allowing the world at large to notice. Because, believe me, anyone who saw

you today must have seen—and yes, I am very proud of you,” Jérôme assured her. “Will you let me show you how much?”

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*Now we are starting to explore, I've become used to the experience of being naked in front of Jérôme in the apartment. When we take baths together, I enjoy the sensations when he soaps me all over and I do the same for him. In bed together we have sex very often. The pleasure that comes when Jérôme uses his tongue on my sex is astonishing. I have been surprised to realise that all this stimulation does not prevent me from wanting to masturbate just as much as before I met Jérôme. It seems that it's true, that the more you eat, the more your appetite increases.*

*I'm still shy about that. If I'm caressing myself when Jérôme comes into the room, it embarrasses me and I stop. It has always been something to do in secret, except when I'm alone in my own apartment, and so to be aware that Jérôme might see me in that situation has been difficult.*

*Jérôme has said nothing about this until now. He has ignored the fact that I'm sometimes pink and panting because I've just had an orgasm. He has even chosen not to notice that my fingers sometimes smell of sex when he arrives unexpectedly.*

*Eventually, I knew that he would make a comment. I was afraid of that moment, but I wanted it to happen, too, so that I would know what he thought about it. The question was whether he would be concerned that my masturbation meant that I was not satisfied with what we did together.*

*I arrived home before Jérôme this afternoon and was taking advantage to lie back on the sofa and test the surf, thinking of what we would do when he came in. I wanted to have a quick*



*orgasm, to ease out the tensions from work. I didn't even bother to take my dress off. I just pulled it up at the front. It was warm in the apartment, so I closed my eyes and allowed myself to stroke my clitoris, gently at first, then more firmly, squashing the little bud under my fingertips. Soon I had to take off my knickers. I was getting quite close when suddenly I heard the front door open, and before I could compose myself, Jérôme was in the room. This time I was truly caught, dress around my waist, my knickers on the floor beside the sofa. I went bright red. He smiled at me.*

*"What a fantastic picture you make, Gaëlle. May I stay and watch?"*

*What else could I do? I nodded. I didn't trust myself to say it in words.*

*He sat on the sofa, close enough so that he could see what I was doing, far enough away so that I didn't feel that he was invading my space. I couldn't do it anymore. I pulled down my dress. There was a silence.*

*"I'm sorry Jérôme," I said. "This is too embarrassing for me. What must you think of me?"*

*"I think that I'm very lucky to have a lover who looks so good. I wasn't joking that you make a beautiful picture. I bet that you don't know how often I've spied on you caressing yourself? It turns me on so much."*

*I hadn't realised at all. In a way, because now I knew that he had seen me before, it made things simpler. "You can watch, but please don't talk to me, Jérôme." I turned over, to lie on my front. I couldn't face Jérôme while I caressed myself in front of him this first time. I tucked my hands under my body and felt for my sex. I pulled up my dress and resumed my masturbation.*

*It was not easy initially. I was very conscious of being watched. Then as the sensations built up, I forgot to notice it.*

*When he pulled up my dress at the back so that my bottom was exposed, I noticed, but didn't stop—I couldn't. My fingers were squeezing and rubbing at my clitoris and labia. Jérôme rested his hand on my bottom and that felt very normal now. I came quite hard and then pulled my hand out from under me to allow the blood to flow back into my fingers. Jérôme reached over and took my hand, kissed it, still wet from my sex. I was a little disturbed by that. I sat up and looked at him.*

*"You taste nice," he said. He leaned over and kissed me on the lips.*

*It wasn't until afterward that I realised that his mouth was still wet with my juices, and by then it didn't matter anymore. I wanted him inside me, immediately. He was very willing and we had really good sex there on the sofa.*

*I now realise that he likes to watch, just as much as I like to masturbate, and that my enjoyment turns him on very much. He says that he doesn't feel that it takes anything away from him, that to see me caress myself is a bonus for him. A different pleasure of sex has entered my life. I've discovered that I love the sensation that he is watching me. Would I dare to allow someone else to see me do that? The future will tell. I am anxious but determined to go on as we have started.*

#### *Orgasms.*

*Having discovered that it increases my pleasure when Jérôme watches me having an orgasm, I realise that I have never studied myself coming. If I am going to explore—which I am!—I need to understand better what happens to me at those moments. The first thing I have learned is how difficult it is to make mental notes while my body is convulsing! However, I can at least make the following observations.*

*Sometimes I come very quickly, sometimes it takes an age. I don't know why, yet. It doesn't depend on how excited I feel. My*

*body seems to know what sort of orgasm I need. So when I say it takes an age, it's a very pleasurable age and I wouldn't want it to be any shorter!*

*When I do come, it's usually like a tidal wave of release, and it's rare for me to have a series of orgasms. When that happens—four times since I have been with Jérôme, and that's as many as I can recall for all my life until then!—it leaves me totally wiped out for anything up to half an hour. The contractions seem also to involve my bottom most of the time. I haven't told Jérôme that—yet?—I don't know if it's normal.*

*I've only ever come once so far without touching, which was when I was reading Emmanuelle, but it's been close several times now, while thinking of things I might do with Jérôme. I suspect that as I learn, that will happen to me more often, and I'm looking forward to it.*

*I haven't yet dared to get a mirror and look at my sex as I come. Perhaps it will put me off forever! But I am very curious to know how my bits look. It feels as if the whole area contracts and expands very hard and very quickly, and my clitoris is so sensitive that to touch it is almost painful for minutes after. It has felt strange, but nice to let Jérôme examine me intimately and tell me what he sees. According to Jérôme, when I'm turned on, my whole sex swells up considerably and my labia are quite puffy. I wasn't sure of that as an adjective, but he assured me that it was flattering. My clitoris is quite prominent, he says. He pointed out to me that it peeps between my outer labia when I am excited, something I had never noticed. He seems to find that very attractive, which is a relief. When he first made the comment, I thought maybe I was deformed or something.*

*I'm quite surprised that I don't feel jealous that he knows things like that. He just treats it so normally. Strange that he knows at least as much about women's bodies as I do!*

## Chapter Seven

Gaëlle was making coffee one Saturday morning when Jérôme called to her from the bathroom where he was shaving.

“If I offered to buy you a new skirt, something more in keeping with how I think you would look good, would you accept?”

She paused, breakfast bowls in hand. “What sort of skirt? You have something in mind? Do I get to say yes or no?”

“It would be my present, so I would choose it. Yes, I have something in mind, and no, it isn’t too extreme. You would like it, I hope, and want to wear it. What do you think? It won’t be silk, I guarantee.”

Gaëlle came farther into the bathroom and deposited a kiss on the back of his neck. “Is this part of my education? I assume that it is. In that case, whatever the skirt is like, I accept. It isn’t as if I have too many nice clothes. When were you thinking of getting it?”

“Today.”

“Today?”

“Yes, today,” Jérôme said, firmly. “Next thing. Will you let me decide what you should wear to go shopping?”

“Your wish is my command, O master.” Gaëlle giggled. She knew that he would react, he always did.

“Please, I am not your master. I am trying to help, that’s all.”

“Only teasing, Jérôme. You know that I enjoy it when I’m dressed for your pleasure. What would you like me to wear?”

“Your dining-out dress, I think, and the shoes that you wear

with it. Knickers, I suppose, and that's it. Okay?"

Gaëlle opened the wardrobe. The dress that he had chosen was chocolate-brown with a swirling pattern in gold thread. Knee-length, it was sleeveless with a round neck. It had some sexy memories attached to it. She peeled off her tee shirt and jeans and put on the dress. She had never worn it before without a bra and the material scratched against her bare nipples. It made her shiver. She put on the shoes that went with it, simple pumps with a low heel. A little lipstick and eye shadow and she was as prepared as she was going to be. "Ready when you are, Jérôme."

Jérôme emerged from the bedroom in casual trousers and polo shirt, his usual uniform for the weekend. "You look good. Let's go."

She was surprised when his car took the road out of town, toward Metz, the next decent-sized town. Her mind started to accelerate. What could he be planning if it couldn't happen in Nancy? She decided that she would say nothing, but see what emerged. The idea that it might well be sexy gave her a little warm feeling. Trust, that was the important element of their relationship, and she wanted to trust Jérôme totally. She sat back and relaxed to enjoy the drive.

They parked in one of the city-centre car parks and set off toward the shops.

"Here we are," Jérôme announced, stopping outside Galeries Lafayette.

"Yes, but this is the store where I usually go in Nancy. Why come so far? I thought you didn't like their stuff," Gaëlle protested. "Are you sure?"

"As sure as I can be. Shush and follow me, please."

He led her, not toward the women's fashion section, but to

the teenage clothes.

"I spotted this recently and it seemed just right, and here's a nice sales assistant, too. Excuse me, miss, my friend would like to try on one of these skirts."

Gaëlle looked at the rack that he was indicating. The skirts were short kilts, pale-blue with small darker-blue flowers. Age 14, the label said on the one he was pointing at. Gaëlle felt her mouth dry up. This was going to be a seriously short skirt.

"No problem," said the sales assistant. She was in her twenties, small, plump and rather pretty with long dark hair. She smiled at Gaëlle. "This way please."

Gaëlle took the skirt and went across to the changing cubicle. She pulled the curtain tightly closed, shutting herself in, and held the skirt against her. Then she realised, "Shit. How am I going to try the skirt and show it to Jérôme?" she muttered. "If I take the dress off, I have bare breasts, and if I leave it on I'll look ridiculous."

She sighed. There was no real option. She pulled the dress off over her head. The skirt was certainly short, although the waistband was fine, loose even. She decided not to say anything about that, or Jérôme might offer her the age 12 skirt, which would, no doubt, be shorter still. Trying to ignore her topless state, she looked at herself in the mirror. The skirt was short, but was nice. She looked as if she was about to play tennis, she thought with a little smile. She was about to take it off, dress again and tell Jérôme that she would have it.

The curtain was whisked aside.

"Oh," Gaëlle gasped. Her hands went involuntarily to cover her breasts. Jérôme and the sales assistant were standing no more than a couple of steps away, both smiling and examining her.

"Very pretty," announced the saleswoman. "The skirt length

is just right, too.”

Jérôme said nothing, but his look was full of pleasure.

Gaëlle’s mind was racing. This was clearly an experiment. Gaëlle breathed deeply to calm her racing heartbeat. Then, trying to be as graceful as if she had been completing a gymnastic routine, she lifted her hands away from her breasts and took a step out onto the shop floor. She looked Jérôme in the eyes and smiled. There. It was done. She hoped that she was making a nice picture for them. Then she turned, walked back into the cubicle and closed the curtain. Now she could let her body shake. She blew out her cheeks and decided that she could feel proud of herself. She put her dress back on, opened the curtain and went across to where Jérôme was waiting with the sales assistant.

“Okay, Gégé,” Jérôme was saying, “I agree entirely about the underwear and thanks for your help.”

“The pleasure is mutual, Jérôme,” the saleswoman replied. “She’s lovely.”

Gaëlle halted abruptly. Jérôme? Gégé? Jérôme knew this woman? It had been a plot? For a moment, she was angry, then thought again. He had obviously wanted her to be exposed to someone and had arranged this as an easy introduction. That realization gave her a warm glow and she was aware that her face was pink. She felt a need to speak, to say that she had enjoyed the experience.

“Thank you, Jérôme,” Gaëlle said. “The skirt is lovely. All I need now is something to wear on top. However much you two may have enjoyed it, I don’t think that it would be practical to go out as you just saw me.”

Jérôme laughed, the saleswoman smiled, and, after paying, they left the store.

In the car, Gaëlle asked, “She’s a friend of yours, Jérôme? Is

that why we had to come to Metz?”

“Gégé? She is the friend of a friend. Did that bother you?”

“At first yes, but then I thought if you wanted a show, I would give you one. It was more for you than for her, but she seemed to be enjoying the view. Was my reaction the correct one?”

“There is no single correct reaction, Gaëlle, but you looked lovely, and very sexy...and Gégé does enjoy looking at attractive women.”

Back at the apartment, Gaëlle was still feeling the effects of being seen with bare breasts by a stranger. “Can I model the skirt for you, Jérôme? I would appreciate your opinion on what I can wear with it.”

“My pleasure.”

She took the skirt into the bedroom and sorted out a few tee shirts and a couple of blouses that might suit, her red silk top, too, of course. Over the next twenty minutes, she worked out that a tee shirt was the best option, or one of her shirts, which she knotted to show her navel.

Her final display was as she had been in the shop, stripped to the waist, but with the difference that this time, as a surprise for Jérôme, she was also bare under the skirt. He was sitting on the sofa and she read the approval in his eyes when he saw her appear half-naked. “Happy?”

“Very.” Jérôme replied.

She flipped up the front of the skirt to show her nudity.

“More than very.” Jérôme confirmed. “Just one thing...”

“Something’s wrong?” Her anxiety surged.

“Not at all. It’s just that you’re so slim that I think you’d look even sexier if you trimmed your bush. It spoils the line a little. What do you think?”

Gaëlle’s eyes glowed. “I have an idea,” she declared. “You



remember Bée in The Book?”

“The Book with capital letters?” Jérôme chuckled. “In *Emmanuelle*? Yes, I do, why?”

“Do you remember, she had no pubic hair at all? She was shaved clean. Would you like me to be the same? It would let me feel that I was entering the spirit of the novel. Will you shave me, Jérôme?”

“If you trust me to do it.”

“Then do it now, please, before I change my mind.”

Jérôme brought a bowl of hot water, shaving foam and the razor that he kept in her bathroom. He changed the blade for a new one and then spread a large towel on the bed.

“Lie on the towel, with your legs hanging over the end of the bed. It isn’t elegant, but it’s the best position, I think.”

Gaëlle took off the skirt, lay back and closed her eyes. She heard him clipping her fur short, using scissors. Then she felt him wet, soap and rinse her to make the hair soft, before he put shaving foam on her. It was strange when she felt the first touch of the blade, it made her shiver. She kept very still while he shaved the little triangle at the base of her belly, listening to the blade whispering over her skin. He eased her legs apart and she felt him shave everything from there. Then he did it all again, shaving in the opposite direction, against the growth. He rinsed and dried her.

“All done,” he said.

With her eyes still closed, Gaëlle reached down with her hand. The skin felt very cool and very, very bare. She opened her eyes and looked. She hadn’t seen the shape of her sex so clearly since she was a child, but what she could see now was not what she remembered at all. This was the sex of an adult woman, but exposed and visibly wet. She was very excited. Jérôme knelt in front of her and kissed her on the labia. It felt wonderful. Then

he bent further and took her whole sex into his mouth. He sucked hard on her labia and clitoris. She folded up with the power of the almost instant orgasm.

“You know, Jérôme,” she told him when she had recovered, “For the first time in my life I feel bare. Not even just in a sexy way, but really erotic. I’m more than nude, do you understand? How I look now can only have an erotic explanation. I’m proud that I’ve made that decision and I hope you’re proud of me also. Now come and make love.”

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle’s journal.

*When I was alone for a few minutes, I couldn’t resist looking in the mirror. It’s the first time as an adult, as far as I can remember, that I’ve examined my body to see how others might see me. Jérôme’s trick with the mirror doesn’t count, that was an erotic experiment, this was for objective appraisal. As far as what is normally on show is concerned, it’s like this, I have wavy blonde hair hanging down to my shoulder blades. I’m as conscious as ever that my prominent nose is too long for my oval face. Italian ancestry, Ha! My green eyes are quite big, and apparently they are among my best features. I really cannot see the resemblance to Ségolène Royal that other people comment on, but never mind. My legs are good, quite long and shapely, I think.*

*For the more intimate parts, my breasts are not big, but they are firm, with neat pale pink nipples. The exercises that I do so religiously mean that my stomach and belly are flat with the outlines of my abdominal muscles visible. Where there used to be pubic hair is now smooth and slightly bulging. I now know that the cleft of my sex is very visible, even with my legs together,*

*and I don't seem able to stop touching and caressing myself. The accuracy of the comment that Jérôme made about my clitoris is evident. It is very noticeable that it peeps, as he says, when I am excited. Since he shaved me, I am constantly aware of my new exposure, and almost as constantly turned on. So if I bump into my desk or brush past something, I can feel the lurch in my belly. It makes me even more aware of the increasingly sexual nature of much of my thinking.*

*Finally, the view from the back, from peering over my shoulder, I don't think I could be mistaken for a boy, like some fashion models. My bottom isn't big, but it has a definite shape to it, like an athlete's—I would like to think! I asked Jérôme how he would describe it and he just said, nibbleable. Then he demonstrated what that meant, so the discussion ended there, very pleasurably!*

*PS. Today at work, I had to relieve my excitement several times in the restroom. I was unable to resist, but terrified that someone would catch me.*

## Chapter Eight

Gaëlle's new skirt led her to consider the rest of her clothes. The dresses that she had worn in her efforts to be unnoticed still hung like a reproach in her wardrobe. Since she had met Jérôme, she had chosen to wear trousers to work with tee shirt and pullover to complete the outfit. It allowed her to minimise the absence of a bra, yet to look a little smarter than before.

She chose a weekend when Jérôme had to report back to base for a thorough consideration of the problem. She spread the dresses out on her bed and looked at them. Some were so awful that she discarded them immediately. However, the others were relatively wearable, or rather would have been if she had chosen a size thirty-six rather than a forty.

"Well," she said aloud, talking as if Jérôme had been there to hear her. "It's time to see what I can remember from Madame Suarès." The neighbour from her childhood had been an excellent tailor and had given lessons to Gaëlle and her sister, enabling them to alter or make clothes to a good standard.

Gaëlle decided to start with her dining-out dress, as Jérôme called it. She measured it to be a little longer than the skirt that Jérôme had bought, then carefully cut the excess material before redoing the hem and pressing it. She held it up against her, standing in front of the mirror.

"Shit and double shit." She had clearly caught the hot iron on part of the gold thread, pulling it out of the material. She was cross. "I refuse to throw this one away. It's the dress I wore for Jérôme," she muttered.

She started again. The dress would have to be cut even

shorter and would be far too short to wear in public, she thought, but perhaps Jérôme would enjoy it for an intimate evening in.

After that, her skill returned and by the end of the weekend, she had four decent dresses that fit her. She had bought three men's shirts and replaced the buttons with prettier ones, so as not to look too masculine. She stood in front of the mirror and tried on her new look for work. She tied back her long hair with a simple velvet ribbon and put on a minimum of makeup. The effect was androgynous. It pleased her. Now she could be two people, one a professional, dressed smartly or even severely, the other an erotic explorer, and for that she would allow herself to wear whatever she dared. She was still thinking of that when the front door opened and Jérôme arrived back. They almost ran to greet each other, to hug and kiss. "Welcome home, Jérôme," she said, when they broke away. "I've been busy."

He looked at her work outfit.

"I like it. You can afford to dress in a masculine way because there is no doubt at all that you're a woman, Gaëlle."

"There are dresses, too. I want your opinion on them because I altered them myself."

"Wow. Barely through the door and already an invitation to a fashion parade. Great." He deposited his bag, took off his jacket and sat on the sofa.

"Straight away?" she asked. "Oh well, here we go. I'll change in the bedroom."

"I approve of the alterations," Jérôme said, twenty minutes later. "They are all wearable, if not exciting. What about your brown dress? It has pleasant memories for me."

"I made a mess of it, Jérôme, a big mistake. I'm not sure if

it's wearable, at least not in public."

"That sounds promising. Can I see it? On you, of course."

Gaëlle returned to the bedroom. She hadn't yet dared to try on the dress in its new, even more abbreviated form. She pulled it on over her head and looked in the mirror. It was very short, well above mid-thigh. She raised her arms to finish fastening the zip at the back. The hemline duly rose, revealing her white knickers reflected in the mirror. She put her arms down again sharply.

"Do you need help?" Jérôme called from the sitting room. "I'm always ready to help you to dress...or undress, of course."

Gaëlle took a final glance at her reflection and went to face him, tugging down the hem as she left the bedroom.

"Now that is a vision to be appreciated," Jérôme exclaimed. "Really tempting. If it's a mistake at all, Gaëlle, it's an extremely mini one, not a big one." He smiled broadly. "You look very, very sexy."

"It's much too short, and besides, without a bra it makes me look flat," Gaëlle protested. "I'll never dare to wear it in public. If I bend over, you can see my knickers. I'll have to cross my legs when I sit down, too, or they'll be visible from the front. I feel terribly uncovered."

"More than you were with the skirt?" he asked, with another wicked grin.

"It's different. That was exciting, but there's something about showing my knickers that disturbs me more. It's what naughty little girls do."

Jérôme raised his eyebrows, but said nothing.

She felt she had to continue. "It's too soon, Jérôme. Maybe in the future I'll learn to be more daring, but not just yet."

"Your decision, my love. Now, there is something else that needs to be said at this point. You just said that you're afraid that

it makes you look flat? Here's a thought that you might like to consider. Do you want my attention to your lovely legs to be diluted by the fact that my eyes are also drawn to your breasts? I think, at least for the moment, that one element of your body on display for appreciation is perfect. Take all the time you need to decide how far you want to go. I'll wait. On the occasion when you tell me you're going to wear that dress, I will be delighted, believe me." He glanced down at his trousers where the outline of a prominent erection was making itself visible. "Just look at the state I'm in to see you wearing it."

"Make love?" Gaëlle murmured, rubbing up against him and using her fingers to trace the contour of his penis.

"If you want to, you'll have to do the work," he told her. "I'm shattered after today's drive."

"Right, then," Gaëlle responded with enthusiasm. "Let's have your clothes off."

She stripped him naked and pushed him back onto the sofa, shoving the altered dresses onto the floor. She examined his erect penis attentively. He was circumcised and there was a slight curve to his erection. The bluish tinge to the bell-end showed how much blood was throbbing through its veins, and she could feel the heat of it between the palms of her hands. Impulsively, she leaned down to kiss it. It twitched

"Mmm, nice," he said. "If you want to take it into your mouth, that's fine."

She sat up, sharply. "Not yet," she said. "Maybe not ever. I just can't."

"No problem," he reassured her. "I'll enjoy whatever you choose to do, rather than be concerned about something that doesn't appeal to you."

She let her long hair hide her face so he wouldn't see the blush that she could feel. Her first and only experience of oral

sex had been the boy who had thrust his prick down her throat, ignoring her protests. She'd vomited immediately afterward. She shook her head to rid her mind of the memory. A more pleasant thought crossed her mind, "I want to watch you as you come," she announced. "I'm going to masturbate you."

Gaëlle took his erect penis in her hand and stroked it. She focussed on the changing expressions running across Jérôme's face as she teased him with her fingers, fingernails and whole hand. She discovered that by concentrating hard, she was able to work out when to stop, when to be gentle and when to caress him more vigorously. After a while, she glanced up at the clock. He had held out for ten minutes and was groaning more or less constantly.

She was enjoying being in control very much, but decided it was only fair to release him. With a firm grip, she applied five full-length, enthusiastic strokes. The result was all she had hoped for. He spurted all over her hands and forearms. His groans became one long gasp of exultation and relief, torn from deep in his throat. She observed the muscles of his abdomen convulsing, just as her own did when she had an orgasm. She held him close until he got his breath and his voice back.

"Ouf!" Jérôme said at last. "That was quite something! You can do that again anytime."

"Like right now?" Gaëlle asked, mischievously, flicking his spent penis with her finger. It twitched, but remained limp.

"Well, maybe not just this minute! Give an old man time to recover!"

She went to wash her hands, and returned to sit beside him on the sofa. "Thank you," she said. "Usually you've been inside me when that happens. I always mean to watch you, but somehow, I get distracted from watching you by what you're doing to me."



"I should hope so!"

"But it's true that it's fun to watch, too."

"I certainly think so."

"About the sucking," she said. "If, some time, you want to be sucked by someone else, I'll accept that," She felt she had to be clear, recognising that it was a problem for her. She wasn't at all sure that she'd enjoy knowing he went to someone else for that particular pleasure, but she needed to tell him he was free.

"I don't need anyone else," he said. "What you and I share is plenty for me."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's journal.

*He says such nice things! Yet, as I was hugging him to say thank you, I had a sudden vision of how Jérôme's facial expressions would fluctuate if another woman's mouth was wrapped around him, sucking him hard. My pulse rate shot up and I realised that, if I was able to be a spectator while that was happening, it would excite me enormously. I'll keep that thought for myself, though. I'm not sure if it's normal.*

*I'm becoming quite at ease with the idea of exploring in private, taking the initiative as I did today. What I dare to do in public is another matter. The episode with Gégé was great, but it was a one-off—so far. I still tremble a little when I think of it. There's also a difference between being exposed to her, when I know she enjoyed it, and wearing things that make me feel sexy in a more general context. I'm confused, and I'll have to think about it.*

She took a red pen and drew a circle round the last sentence. She decided that she would keep going back to the entries in her

journal and reconsider what she wrote. She would outline special reminders about subjects that required more consideration in red, and her further thoughts on those subjects would go in the margin. She picked up her black pen again.

*With regard to the mini-minidress, I am feeling the pressure, I know Jérôme really wants me to wear it in public, not just for him, but it's too soon. It's back on the rack with the other dresses. I'm determined I will wear it, I've promised that to myself, but only when I feel much more confident that people will like what they see. I'm glad that Jérôme is prepared to be patient.*

*PS. Jérôme recovered remarkably quickly. I stripped off the dress and everything else and we had sex right there, in among the pile of clothes on the floor.*

## Chapter Nine

“Have you thought about how we’ll manage when I have to go back to Annecy, Gaëlle? Better to think of it now than later.”

Gaëlle sat back on the sofa and looked at him. She hadn’t dared to ask the question, unsure that the answer would be as she hoped.

Jérôme laughed out loud, but nervously. “I know that’s what has been upsetting you for the past week. I’ve watched you chewing away at it and I was getting concerned. This is how I see it. Life will be a little more complex for us, but we will find a way. I have no intention of letting you go, if that was what you thought, not unless you walk away from me through your own choice, of course. We’ll have to find some sort of arrangement for a time, because it’s a five-hour drive between us, even in my car, so that makes about eight for your poor old 2CV. Assuming that you wish to continue with our situation, which I hope from the depths of my being, we will work out how it can be done.”

They made long, slow love and Gaëlle hid her tears of relief against Jérôme’s shoulder. He made no comment on them, cursing himself for having left her in any uncertainty that he wished their relationship to be a lasting one.

“Next weekend, I’m going to Annecy. Will you come with me?” Jérôme asked. “It would be nice for me to show you around and for some of my friends to meet you. There has been some talk about what, or rather who has been retaining me here. They are used to my making visits quite often when I’ve worked

away in the past. Except when I was in England, of course.”

“You worked in England? I didn’t know.”

“There’s still a lot you don’t know about me yet. I did three years there. I was a lot younger then. Will you come?”

“Of course. I think it might be easier in some ways to be as I am now, with people who didn’t know me before. Shall I try to be sexier there? Would you enjoy that?”

“More than anything. In fact, I would love it, if you’re ready.”

“It won’t be anything much, I’m afraid, but I’m determined to try.”

\* \* \* \*

They drove down on the Friday evening, using Jérôme’s car. His Annecy apartment was larger, but similar to the one he was now occupying in Nancy—very minimalist. Jérôme cooked a quick meal. They ate and she went to change. She had brought clothes with her, choosing mostly those that would be a small challenge for her to wear. For this, her introduction, she selected a white tee shirt and jeans. She rejected the idea of wearing a pullover, determined that she would allow people to notice that she had no bra if they chose.

They set off for the squash club, where she would meet people who had known Jérôme for years. Gaëlle could feel a little trembling in her stomach.

There were so many people that he knew. Gaëlle soon lost track of the names. She had noticed how easily he made friends at her workplace and it seemed that it was the same here. They accepted her without question.

“So you’re the one who has besotted Jérôme?” That was Michel, a bouncy, round little man with a huge grin. “We’re flattered that he’s decided to let us meet you at last. Looking at

you, I can understand why.”

Claire, his wife, dug him in the ribs.

“Pay no attention to him, Gaëlle. Put him in a room with an attractive woman and he can’t help himself. Just bash him if he gets out of line.”

Jérôme watched, entranced.

“What happened to the anti-social, badly-presented, permanently angry young woman whom I met only a short time ago?” he asked her in a quiet interlude. “She’s chatting with strangers in a relaxed and charming manner. You’re blossoming and I love you all the more for that.”

“It’s weird,” she confessed. “People act as if I’m attractive.”

“What’s weird about it? You are attractive, believe me, and with your nipples making little pokes in that tee shirt, you look sexy, too. I bet every man here has observed that you aren’t wearing a bra.”

“It feels good,” she said, “even if I’m very conscious of it. It gives me a buzz when you tell me things like that, too. You know, I think I’m getting to enjoy this feeling very much.”

Back at Jérôme’s apartment, he asked, “Was that difficult to do? I’m sorry if they were inquisitive, but they aren’t used to my bringing a woman to the club. They like you, I can tell.”

“Well, that’s a good start, I suppose. I felt quite sexy. My nipples were standing up. I am sure that they all noticed.”

“They certainly did and enjoyed the view, as I did. It’s simpler that you’re appearing as a sexy woman from the start. They liked you a lot. I hope none of them were impolite?”

“No. It’s strange, but here, I don’t feel attention to me as a threat. They are all nice and their interest in my body just feels normal.”

“That’s great. Magda was fascinated, that was evident.”

“Which one was Magda? The tall one?”

“Taller than you, long dark hair, very Slav bone-structure, yes?”

“Not to mention, a wonderful pair of breasts, as I’m sure you’re well aware, Jérôme.”

Jérôme laughed and nodded. “Magda’s well-built indeed, and I’m not going to deny that she’s attractive.”

Gaëlle looked at him, a question in her eyes. “What do you mean, she was fascinated? She has a far more impressive chest than I have.”

“Well...Magda is reputed to be interested in women as well as in men. I have no evidence of it, but it wouldn’t surprise me.”

“I’ve never met anyone like that, except your friend’s friend, Gégé, of course, and that wasn’t really meeting.”

“Well, it’s only a rumour. Maybe it isn’t true. Keep an eye on her tomorrow night and we can discuss it when we come home, if you want.”

They returned to the club the following evening. The weather was warm, so Gaëlle wore a white tee shirt again, but this time with her short skirt. She was determined to observe more carefully how people looked at her. The time passed quickly. Jérôme’s friends treated her as if they had known her forever and she enjoyed relaxing in their company.

“So?” Jérôme asked as they lay in bed that night. “How was that?”

“People were more dressed-up this time, weren’t they? I looked all right, I hope? I felt sexy, at least.”

“You looked lovely. I’m lucky, as several of them told me.”

“I’m lucky, too, then.” Gaëlle kissed him and they cuddled for several minutes.

Jérôme moved away a little and looked at her. “Any

observations on how they looked at you?”

“The men all looked, of course, but I can see what you mean about Magda. If she had been looking normally at me, she wouldn’t have looked away when I caught her eyes on my breasts or legs, I think. She’s very attractive, very sensual, isn’t she?”

“Yes she is. She and Antoine were a couple until recently. I don’t know what happened, but she’s a free agent for the moment.”

Gaëlle put off the light and they drifted off to sleep.

“Hey, Gaëlle. Are you all right?”

She awoke fully. It was still dark. Jérôme’s voice had broken into her dreams. She realised that her fingers were clutched between her thighs. She must have been masturbating in her sleep. Glad that the light was off, she flushed.

“That was some orgasm you just had,” Jérôme said. “You nearly pushed me out of bed. What brought that on?”

She rolled over on to her back and looked up into the darkness. “It’s gone, now. Sorry. All I can remember is that Magda was in it. Is that bad?”

“Not at all. It’s fine. She is attractive, as you said. Perhaps your subconscious found her more appealing than you realised. Would you like to discuss her in more detail? My mind is buzzing now and I won’t be able to get back to sleep, I suspect.”

“What do you want me to say? Yes, Magda is attractive. She has an attractive face, she’s tall and elegant, and she has much bigger boobs than mine.”

Jérôme turned on the bedside lamp. “Easy, Gaëlle. Magda is not a threat. I enjoy good-looking women, you know that, but only to look at. I prefer you, all the time and every time, okay?”

“Sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” He kissed her, then leaned back on the

pillow, his hands behind his head. "I've seen Magda partly undressed. Once, I was passing by the women's changing rooms when someone came out. The door was open and I saw her topless. She is spectacular. Would you like to see her stripped, do you think?"

"I don't know. Probably. It might make me feel inadequate, though."

"Never fear for that. You're two different types, but I assure you that you are at least as attractive and sexy as she is."

"Would you enjoy the idea that I'd seen her nude, Jérôme?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I'll see how I can arrange it. It will be for you, but also as a dare for me. Agreed?"

"Agreed. I love how you challenge yourself, Gaëlle. Will you come here? I have a little problem that I think you will enjoy resolving with me."

She peered under the duvet. His erection was very evident. "Not so little. Is that Magda or me?"

"You, of course. Although the idea of you looking at her naked body also helps."

They made love gently, then went back to sleep.

Three weeks later, they were back in Annecy on a Friday evening. As they walked into the bar of the squash club, they were greeted by a very tanned Magda.

"Where have you been?" Jérôme asked her. "Don't you ever have to work? Just spend time on holidays?"

Magda laughed. "I wish. I go black in no time whenever there's any sun at all. I went to Alicante and was on the beach or in the water every day for a week, and the sun shone all the time. That reminds me, I must dig out my swimming costume. I need to keep up the good work."



“Lucky you. You look great. You’re going to the pool? Can I come with you?” Gaëlle asked. “I can do with some exercise.”

“No problem. Tomorrow morning? We’ll meet here at about ten, if that’s okay with you.”

“That will be good. See you tomorrow.”

Magda left. Gaëlle turned to Jérôme. “Quick! Where can I get a swimsuit before tomorrow morning?”

“We’ll pass by the hypermarket on our way home. There’s a sports store there. You want to go now?”

They went back to the car and headed for the hypermarket. There, Gaëlle found a neat black racing suit in her size. They returned to the apartment where she tried it on.

“I have an idea, if you’re willing,” Jérôme said. “Will you let me shave you again? I think with this swimsuit you would look superb. Wouldn’t you like Magda to see you shaved? I think it would be exciting for you.”

“You think so?” Gaëlle thought for a moment, then made up her mind. “You can shave me tomorrow morning before I leave. Just to think of it makes me shiver, Jérôme. Is that normal?”

“I think so, my love. You’re trying new things so often that it isn’t surprising if some of them make you nervous. You amaze me, almost daily.”

Next morning, Gaëlle was in the shower when Jérôme arrived with his razor and shaving foam. He was quick and efficient, and she was soon totally bare. Gaëlle put on her swimsuit, looked at herself in the mirror and frowned. “It clings, doesn’t it? Look, you can see the shape of my sex. Is it too noticeable, Jérôme? Do I look too rude? I wanted it, but now I’m not so sure that I look decent, but it’s too late to do anything about it.”

“Don’t worry. You look wonderful. You know that swimmers shave before competitions, don’t you? In other words, every

woman that you have ever seen in the Olympics or in championships has been just as bare as you are now. Hold that thought and enjoy the sensation.”

She took off the swimsuit and dressed. “Usually I have my costume on when I leave home to go swimming, but this time I suppose it would defeat the objective.”

Magda was waiting in the car park of the club. Gaëlle got into the car with her and waved goodbye to Jérôme. Magda drove to the pool, about ten minutes away. They paid and went to the changing room. Magda had no inhibitions about stripping off in front of Gaëlle. She chatted inconsequentially as she stood naked, giving plenty of time for Gaëlle to admire her magnificent breasts. They were as tanned as her face. The only white part of Magda’s body was where she had a thick black bush of pubic hair.

On her return, Gaëlle looked totally dejected as she sat at the kitchen table, drinking tea with Jérôme. “Do you know, when she took off her bra, her breasts didn’t even move? They are so firm. Mine are, too, but that’s not such a surprise, given my size.” Gaëlle looked up at Jérôme, the corners of her mouth turned down. “I felt inadequate. I was afraid that I’d look immature next to Magda. She’s so much more developed than me. I was a wimp, Jérôme. I didn’t dare to show my body to her. Are you disappointed in me? I really wanted to show to her, but she looks so much more womanly than I am. Do you know what I mean? I was ashamed.”

“Don’t be. Magda is a different shape of woman, and desirable as are you. Nevertheless, you’ve made a lot of progress in a very short time, and it isn’t a surprise if there are times when you don’t achieve all you expect. Do you remember my mantra about expectations? “

“Guru Jérôme, him say, with expectations comes ninety-nine percent chance of disappointment. Better to enjoy what is, than regret what might have been.”

“Word perfect, worthy student! So I’m not disappointed in you, but for you, Gaëlle. If it’s going to happen, then it will happen. No panic.”

“It certainly is going to happen. I’m determined that I’ll make it happen. Did you know that Magda studied in Nancy? She’s coming up in two weeks’ time, to visit some University friends, she told me. She wants me to go clothes shopping with her. I’ve promised myself I’ll find a way to show myself to her then. It will be a greater challenge than at the pool, won’t it? Because people get naked at the pool, but I swear to you, Jérôme, I will show myself as much as I can to Magda. It’s as much for me now, as for you.”

“In a fortnight’s time? Will you be ready?”

“I have two weeks to prepare myself mentally, but there’s no doubt in my mind, Jérôme, I will do it, I swear.”

## Chapter Ten

The two weeks seemed interminable to Gaëlle. Fortunately, she was busy at work and the thought of what she was going to do made her sex life with Jérôme very active. Suddenly, Magda was an important part of the fantasies that they shared. With Jérôme's tongue deep inside her or his mouth sucking hard on her labia, Gaëlle told him of how she would make love to Magda, caressing those beautiful breasts and burying her fingers deep in the pubic bush that she had seen.

Jérôme shaved her smooth on the morning of the shopping expedition.

"I've decided to wear my short skirt and a tee shirt. It's becoming almost my uniform for when I want to feel sexy," she told him, as she went into the bedroom to dress. "I think that soon, I'll want to do more."

"I have a little surprise for you," Jérôme's voice came from outside the bedroom door. "I'll hang it on the door handle. I won't come in because if I do, you know that you'll be late for meeting Magda."

Gaëlle reached round the door and felt for whatever it was that hung there. When she drew her hand back, the minimal nature of the black knickers in her fingers made her catch her breath. The front was sheer and would form only the slightest shadow on her shaved skin. Most of the exposed cleft of her bare sex would be on view. She put them on.

"If you want me to show myself to Magda, you've certainly made it quite simple. I won't even have to take my knickers off!"

Gaëlle declared, coming out and showing him. "They look and feel lovely. Thank you so much." Their kiss ran the risk of making her late, so she pulled away and took the car keys. "I'll be back about lunchtime."

Lunchtime came and went and still Magda had not found the evening dress that she wanted. Eventually, Gaëlle suggested that they should drive to Metz and visit Gégé, to see what she could offer.

"Who's Gégé?" Magda asked.

"I know her only as a saleswoman, but she seems to know her business. She approved of this skirt, at least."

They parked near the store where Gégé worked and went in.

"Hello! It's Jérôme's friend, Gaëlle, isn't it? How nice. What can I do for you and..."

"Magda," Gaëlle said, in response to Gégé's inquiring look.

"I need an evening dress, something quite simple," Magda told her.

"Then I have just the one for you. Give me a moment." Gégé disappeared and came back with a dress that was indeed very simple, backless and flowing.

Magda went to the changing cubicle and drew the curtain. Under the pretext of holding the curtain closed, Gaëlle left a gap so she could spy on Magda as she undressed. The bra that Magda had on wasn't right for the dress so she had to take it off. Gaëlle was gazing at Magda's bare breasts when suddenly she felt Gégé's breath, warm on the back of her neck

"Wow, delicious," the saleswoman murmured. They had to step back hurriedly as Magda emerged and said, "You're right. It's perfect." Gégé folded the dress and Magda paid.

"Thank you for your help, Gaëlle, and you, too, Gégé," she said. "Home, Gaëlle?"

Gaëlle was devastated. The shopping trip seemed to be at an end, and she hadn't found a way to show herself to Magda. Then Gégé came to the rescue.

"Just a moment, don't rush off," she said. She went into the storeroom and came out with what looked like a long black stocking draped across her hands. She held it up. It was a simple black dress, which at first glance, looked quite respectable, except for a slit up one side. It was about knee-length, made of a delicate material with stretch in it, and had no zip or buttons. The sleeves were long and fitted, and the top had a high polo or turtleneck. The whole dress looked as if it would fit like a second skin.

"I've been waiting for the right person to try this. Not for you or me," Gégé said to Magda, "Too many curves, but on a slim person it should look great. I can see that Gaëlle isn't wearing a bra so that's good. In fact, under this dress, she really shouldn't wear anything at all. I won't let you go until I've seen it on you," she said, holding it out to Gaëlle. "You're the only customer I've seen who is slim enough to look good in it. So no arguments just go and put it on."

"Very forceful." Jérôme said. "So what then?"

They were lying on the bed back in the apartment, both naked, after a prolonged and energetic sex session. Gaëlle had returned so hot and bothered that it had taken all his persuasion to get her as far as the bedroom, rather than mating on the floor immediately inside the doorway.

"Well, I'm not used to people talking like that about me, except you, of course, but what she said gave me the trembles. I went into the changing cubicle and closed the curtain. I still wasn't sure of how to show myself to Magda. I took off all my clothes except my knickers, and started to pull the dress on over my head. It was very tight fitting. I had my arms trapped in the

sleeves and my head inside the dress when I heard Gégé's voice."

\* \* \* \*

"Can I help? Let me pull it down for you. It is very close-fitting, isn't it?"

"I was very conscious that the changing cubicle was very small, that my breasts were bare and that I could feel her breath on them as she pulled the dress down over my nipples. They were standing up, of course. I suspected also that she would be looking at my exposed sex. To be honest, I hoped so. I felt a bit faint. As my face emerged from the darkness inside the dress, I caught sight of myself in the mirror. I was really pink. Then the dress was on and I was about to go out and let Magda see it.

Gégé said, "Just a moment. The line isn't quite right."

Before I could react, her hands were reaching under the dress and sliding up the outsides of my thighs. I felt her fingers hook over the sides of my knickers, and, a moment later, I was standing there with my little black knickers round my ankles. I didn't have time to stop her. She patted my ankle and, automatically, I lifted my right foot, then my left, leaving a little black figure eight on the floor. She glanced at the scrap of black material, then back at me. She ran her hands down the sides of my body, straightening out imaginary wrinkles.

"There, that's better, just a clean line, all the way down."

I thought that I caught a sly reference to my hairless state and shivered again.

"Just one more thing."

I turned toward her, curious to know what else could possibly need changing. After all, I was naked except for the dress! As I said, the shape of my nipples was showing, but then, through the thin material, Gégé pinched them, really hard, so

that they were totally erect. You could actually see them through the dress. She smiled at me.

“There,” she declared. “Now you’re perfect. Go and show your friend.”

She almost pushed me out of the cubicle, so Magda got the full effect. The way she scrutinized me from head to foot made my knees go weak. I knew she could see my nipples and I wasn’t sure what else she could see through the dress. I nearly had an orgasm there and then. It was true, the dress looked very sexy, but I knew that the price was beyond me. I said so to Gégé and she shrugged.

“It was worth trying just for the pleasure of seeing you wearing it so there is no problem. There will come a time when you will buy dresses like this, I am sure.”

Gégé looked disappointed when I asked Magda, rather than her, to help me to take off the dress. I put my knickers back on before letting Magda into the changing cubicle. However little they hid, I wasn’t ready yet to be totally nude in front of her, and I was also very aware of how wet I was. I opened the curtain to allow her into the cubicle and raised my arms. “If you raise the dress from the bottom it should come off quite easily,” I said, trying to appear much calmer than I felt.

She began to lift it, and I heard her whistle softly as my sex came into her line of vision.

“Is there something wrong?” I asked, completing the removal of the dress, and standing all but naked in front of her. I tried hard to appear in control, although my heart was pounding hard and my nipples felt as if they would explode. Magda looked at me, examining my body from top to toe again, but this time everything completely on show.

“Now I can see the full appeal for Jérôme, Gaëlle,” she said. “You look spectacular like that. It really suits you. It doesn’t look



the same on me at all if I shave.”

“I tried to keep my voice from trembling. “What do you mean?”

Magda laughed. “For a start, I’m dark where you’re blonde. Then, when I’m turned on, my inner lips push out beyond my pussy, and I don’t think it looks good, certainly not as pretty as yours. Satisfied? I’ll leave you to finish getting dressed.”

I could hear the blood humming in my ears. I was so excited. I needed to do something more, to demonstrate to myself just how aroused I was. Should I perhaps take off my knickers again, and go out of the cubicle with a bare bottom? I didn’t dare, the skirt was quite short, and we would be walking through town for some minutes to get to the car. However, it was important to me that I do something.

First, I pulled my knickers up between my buttocks. I examined the effect in the mirror. It looked and felt naughty, but it wasn’t enough. I hoisted the sides onto my hipbones, so now the back of my knickers pulled as tight as possible between my buttocks, exposing them totally. I wanted more. I took the front of my knickers and pulled them hard into the cleft of my sex, and I pulled on my labia to make sure that the material was as deep as possible. Now I felt really satisfied, and when I examined myself in the mirror with my skirt up round my waist, it told me that I looked indecent.

If I was going to face the world like that, I had to be quick, while my courage lasted. I put my head out of the cubicle and called to Gégé that she could collect the dress. She arrived as I was pretending to fasten my skirt. She bent to pick up the dress and I lifted the front of my skirt, so she could see what I had done. She blinked and stared. I walked out of the cubicle, and as I did so, lifted the back of my skirt to give her the other view. I was so proud of myself. “Goodbye, Gégé.” I called over my

shoulder. "Thank you for everything."

"So, you stayed like that all the way back here?" Jérôme asked. "I was amazed when you showed me. Fantastic. I'm so proud of you, Gaëlle. Are you sure that the dress was too expensive? I'd be happy to get it for you."

"No, thank you, Jérôme. It will stay in my memory for that single moment, and that's enough, but Gégé's right, I know that I will wear clothes like that some time, maybe soon. I want to look so sexy for you that you won't believe it, Jérôme. I promise it will come when I have the courage."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*I'm still surprising myself by going through with actions that I couldn't even have imagined a short time before. I'm pleased that it excited both Jérôme and myself to discuss this experience again, and we've had great sex sessions as a result. I'm learning as much about others as about myself. When Gégé pulled my knickers down and then pinched my nipples, it was the first time ever that I'd been touched in that way by a woman, in fact by anyone but Jérôme. I was shocked, but not as much as I was excited. She so obviously enjoyed what she was doing to me. So there are real women like that. Perhaps, in some way, I'm one, too?*

*Now, after the discussion with Jérôme, I find that I'm regretting how brief that contact was. Perhaps I could have touched her in return? Would she have liked that? I know that, in reality, I wouldn't dare to make that gesture...yet. I tell myself not yet, but the idea of it makes my pulse beat faster, as much now as then. Over the past few days since that moment, it's*

*become a frequent fantasy to share with Jérôme. In those fantasies, I kiss and caress Gégé, as I myself love to be touched. I know that, some day, I'll be in a similar situation again, and then I'll discover if I dare to make the fantasy come true. I think I can.*

## Chapter Eleven

Gaëlle rolled back to her side of the bed. The waves of pleasure from her orgasm were subsiding and she now had time to consider the fantasy that she and Jérôme had just shared. “I know this is just talk, but do you think I would ever dare to have real sex with someone like Gégé?”

“I don’t know, but it’s a lovely subject for discussion in bed, isn’t it?” Jérôme asked. “If, at some time in the future, something like that was on offer, you’d have to make the decision, wouldn’t you?”

“You’re not going to help me, are you?” Gaëlle said, playfully punching his arm. “You want the responsibility to be all mine.”

“Yes, it’s yours, but I’m here to support whatever decision you make. If I’m honest, then I think there will come a time when you’ll want to find out. You did enjoy it when Gégé looked at you.”

“Well, yes, but it only really sank in afterward, when you told me about her, and how she likes women rather than men. If I’d known in advance, I don’t know how I’d have reacted. I might have refused, although I don’t think so. I did enjoy that she saw me exposed when I was with Magda.”

“I don’t think it would have stopped you, either,” Jérôme agreed, “and it was a big turn on for me to see you exposed to Gégé, especially when you accepted it and relaxed.”

“So far, it’s only Gégé and Magda who have seen me exposed. Would you like strangers to see my body?” Gaëlle asked.

“If you think you’d enjoy the experience, then of course I

would. Do you have anywhere special in mind to try it?" Jérôme asked.

"Not really. I just thought that, since Gégé and Magda seemed to enjoy the view, I'd like to know if I have any effect on strangers. I need to know whether other people like what they see. They might not appreciate it."

"I doubt that, but if you want to find out, maybe it would be best to go to a different town for a first experience. Metz, perhaps?"

"Agreed. The idea is turning me on, already, but what should I wear?"

"That will all depend on what you intend to show. I realise I'm not being helpful, yet again, but it's your body that will be on display and I think you have to decide how far you want to go."

"If you're asking me right now, I'm dying to show everything! However, to be serious, I'd be very nervous about showing anything more than a little glimpse of my bare breasts. I won't know until the day. I'd like us to talk about how it can happen. If it's planned in advance, I'm more likely to do it, and for that, I do need your ideas."

They discussed possibilities long into the night before establishing their final list of possibilities.

"A changing room would be straightforward," Gaëlle concluded. "I can find something transparent, try it on and come out into the store to show you. You and, I hope, some other customers."

"We'll go on a Saturday morning, so there should be plenty of people around," Jérôme said.

"A shoe shop would work, too, because I can do with some new shoes, as well as so I can show my knickers, assuming I dare. My decision, I suppose?"

Jérôme laughed. "It's your decision, that's true."

“We’ll see. Right now, as a fantasy, I like the idea. On the day, when it’s real, I’m not certain I’ll have the courage.”

“If you want a third possibility,” Jérôme suggested, “perhaps if we go to a café? I was thinking if you wear a very low-cut top, then when you lean over, your breasts will be on display to the waiter or waitress.”

“I like the idea, and after Gégé, I know I’ll have the nerve to do that, except I don’t have a low-cut top. I’ll give it some more consideration.”

On the Saturday morning, Gaëlle woke up edgy. “Am I crazy?” she muttered, as Jérôme carefully shaved her pubic hair in the shower. “Do all women have these fantasies? It feels weird to be making plans to expose myself to strangers, as if it were the most reasonable and logical thing in the world.”

“I’m sure you aren’t unique. Many women must feel the same,” Jérôme assured her, planting a kiss on her fresh-shaven cleft.

“Mmm. Nice. But even if they do, I’m sure most women keep those thoughts in their head, but I don’t care. I want to know how it feels.” She stole one of Jérôme’s old tee shirts to wear with her short skirt. She had an idea in the back of her mind. She put on more makeup than usual, to feel that she was someone else, in case it all went wrong.

They drove to Metz almost in silence, parked the car and headed for the shopping centre.

“I don’t want to go to Gégé,” Gaëlle said. “That would be fun, but cheating. Shall we try Au Printemps?”

In the store, they looked at the tops on the rails for quite some time. Eventually their decision came down to a formal blouse in voile, black and transparent.

"It reminds me of the front of my sexy knickers," Gaëlle said. "It's almost a pity that I didn't wear them today. Do you think I'd have looked good with just this blouse and them?"

"Good wouldn't start to describe it!" Jérôme said with feeling. He held out a black, calf-length, straight skirt to her. "I think you should try this skirt with the blouse. Your flowery mini doesn't really match."

Gaëlle took the skirt and blouse into the changing room. She stripped off and put on the blouse and skirt. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her nipples were visible, as was the shape of her breasts. A trainee madam in a high-class brothel might look like this, she thought with a nervous smile. She straightened the skirt, took a deep breath, stepped out onto the shop floor and stopped dead.

While she had been changing, the women's fashion department had become very busy. She could see Jérôme trying to make his way toward her through the crush, but for maybe half a minute, she felt very much alone. She could feel the gaze of many of the accompanying husbands and boyfriends on her, examining her exposed breasts. The sensation almost made her run for shelter, back to the changing room, but she refused to give in to her nerves. She concentrated on looking above the heads of the crowd, avoiding eye contact, while she waited for Jérôme. She heard murmurs and was relieved, as much as excited, to note that they were murmurs of appreciation of her, rather than shock or scandal. Just as she was starting to panic, Jérôme was by her side.

"Well done! You look lovely, very sexy," he said. "I'm sorry I was so far away, but it was starting to look as if I was a dirty old man, hanging around the changing rooms on my own!"

"I'm trembling. I think I should go and change back before a saleswoman comes!" She turned, went into the changing room

and put her own clothes back on.

“That was great,” Jérôme said as they left the store. “How do you feel now?”

“I loved it, but I was scared. I was surprised at how easily I did it, even though I was still very tense. My heart is beating fast and I’m a bit damp. Shoe shop next. Quick. I want to do it while I still dare.”

“A shoe shop? There are dozens of them,” Jérôme said. “Perhaps you’d like to choose on the basis of the attractiveness of the salesman...or woman of course,” he added, with a smile.

“This time, it has to be a man. I already know I can show to a woman and enjoy it, so I want to know how it feels to show close-up to a man.”

They wandered up and down the street until Gaëlle had made her decision.

“How did you pick on this one?” Jérôme asked her.

“The salesman is not a teenager, but he’s not too old, and he looks as if he needs something to brighten up his day, so I hope I can provide that, as well as learning how it feels for me. Besides, I’ve seen some shoes that I like! When I ask if you like them, too, ask me how much they cost.”

She attracted the attention of her selected salesman, who looked to be a little younger than Jérôme. His harassed frown gave way to an expression of relief, perhaps because Gaëlle was allowing him to escape from the children’s section where equally harassed mothers were failing to control a mob of small people. He brought the shoes, a pair of heels that would show off her calves nicely, in the correct size. Gaëlle sat on a stool to try them on.

“Actually,” the salesman said, “that’s supposed to be my



perch. Clients get the comfortable seats.”

“Let’s do it the other way round, for once,” Gaëlle said. “I’m fine here and you look as if you need a little rest.”

He sank on to the seat facing her. The low stool meant that her knees were higher than her bottom, so she knew she was already showing a lot of thigh. As she tried on the shoe, she parted her legs, but only slightly. She didn’t want this show to appear deliberate and she also needed assurance that the salesman was interested. She watched from the corner of her eye as his attention was drawn up under her skirt. She stretched out her leg and turned it from side to side, to see the full effect. “What do you think?” Gaëlle asked Jérôme, who was watching from the seat next to the salesman.

“Very nice. How much are they?” Jérôme asked, recognizing his cue.

Gaëlle crossed one leg over the other and looked at the price on the sole of the shoe. Her skirt slid upward. Her thighs, well apart, gave a clear view of her knickers to the salesman, whose eyes opened wide. She glanced at Jérôme. He looked astonished, too. She hadn’t told him that when she’d gone back to take off the see-through blouse, she’d also changed into her little black transparent knickers. Her shaved sex was on display to both Jérôme and the salesman. She forced herself to count to ten, then put her foot down, clamped her thighs together and said, “Fine. I’ll take them.” She stood, suddenly reverting to being a normal customer, and handed the shoes to the salesman.

He stumbled across to the cash desk, where the transaction was completed.

“Thank you.” Gaëlle said with a smile and a wave.

“Oh, no, mademoiselle, it is I who must thank you...for everything,” the salesman said with a little bow.

Out in the street, she handed the carrier with the shoes to Jérôme. She stood still for a moment and blew out her cheeks. "I need to sit down somewhere, Jérôme. My knees are like jelly."

He led her to a little park and they sat on a bench.

"It's hard for me to believe that I just did that. I started the day sure I was only going to show my normal knickers, if at all, but I came prepared, just in case, and after the blouse, I wanted to see if I dared to do more. I felt really sexy in the shoe shop. Was it too rude?"

"Never! I enjoyed it thoroughly, and I think, from his expression, it made the salesman's day. Did I ever tell you how much I admire your courage as well as your body? If not, I'm telling you now. You looked fantastic. The contrast between your calm expression and what you were showing us was quite dazzling."

"The café now," Gaëlle went on. "I want to do that, then go home so we can have sex, a lot of sex."

"But you don't have the sort of top that will allow you to show your breasts."

"There's a Ladies' loo over there behind us. Give me a few minutes."

Jérôme dutifully waited, wondering what surprises she was about to reveal. His attention wandered to a rather nice bottom on a young mother and he missed Gaëlle's return.

"Boo!"

He jumped, then caught his breath.

She had redone her makeup, exaggerating her eyes and mouth so that she looked younger. Her hair was tied back in bunches. She could pass for a teenager, he thought. Her white tee shirt had been scissored severely. It now revealed most of Gaëlle's chest. She leaned over in front of him. Neatly framed by the ragged neckline, her bare breasts hung invitingly, like ripe

peaches.

"That took your attention away from her bottom," Gaëlle said, indicating the woman whom he had been looking at.

"It certainly did," he confessed. "I've never seen you looking like this. You almost make me feel like a child molester! You look great, but worryingly young!"

"I can't wait to do the café thing," she told him. "In a very short time, I'm going to jump on you because I have an urgent desire to feel you inside me. I'm going to walk back to the car and I'll want you to tell me afterward who looked and if they enjoyed seeing. I'll find some excuse to bend over a few times on the way. Oh, Jérôme, I'm so excited! I want this feeling more and more. Can I do it?"

"You don't need my permission to enjoy yourself, Gaëlle. So to the car, then home and sex!"

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*According to Jérôme, my walk back to the car raised quite a lot of interest, especially when I dropped the carrier bag with the shoes in it and had to bend over to pick it up. It was as exciting as I'd hoped. As scary, too!*

*This expedition has taught me a lot. Now that I'm preparing for erotic experiences, rather than just accepting them when they happen, I'm finding out that my state of mind has altered. Beforehand, I'm unsure if I can go through with it, nervous and anxious, but as soon as I make the first move, I change gear and all I want is to be the centre of attention with people looking at my body and thinking of how they might like to enjoy me. I believe there will be many more outings like this one. I'm already looking forward to the next one.*

## Chapter Twelve

“I have a big decision to make, Gaëlle, and I want you to be part of it,” Jérôme said. “If I’m going to make the next step up, I need some more experience in working abroad. They are offering me a chance for me to work in England again, for three years at least, maybe five. I want to do it. What do you think? I can’t accept it unless you come with me.”

“When we’ve talked of setting up home together, doing it in another country hadn’t occurred to me, I admit, but you know, Jérôme, a change would be good. I’m in a rut here. I can do my job half-asleep and with my hands in my pockets, most of the time. It would be worth the risk to be able to come back in a few years’ time with a working knowledge of English. I could just about order a cup of tea at the moment. Of course I’ll come. When is this to happen?”

Jérôme was silent for a moment. “You know,” he said. “I still can’t get used to how you take major decisions with barely a second of consideration. You’re sure?”

“If I wasn’t, I’d say so, wouldn’t I, Jérôme? Of course I’m sure. Tell me about this job.”

“As I said, it’s the next logical step for me. It’s for January next year and it’s near a place called Nottingham, in the middle of England.”

“Is there still a sheriff? You remember? Robin and the outlaws in the woods?”

Jérôme laughed. “I hadn’t thought of that. I’m sure it’s not so picturesque or romantic, but it’s a nice idea. You can be my

Marian.”

“I think I prefer a proper bed, thank you. It’s quite exciting, isn’t it?” Gaëlle asked. “Will I be able to be sexy there, do you think?”

“I’m sure that the English will appreciate you just as much as I do. They are only human after all. We’ll have to see how it goes, but I don’t see a special problem. No expectations, remember?”

“January. So we still have this summer to organise, if we want to go away on holiday.”

They left the subject there for the moment.

It was a few weeks later that Jérôme made a suggestion. They had finished breakfast and he was about to set off on the drive back to Annecy. “How about if we go walking in the Cévennes? Are you on for that?”

“I don’t know the area, but why not? I think I’d enjoy a dose of mountains before we go to England. They don’t have many there, do they?”

“True. Let’s do it, then. I know some parts that are well worth seeing. Leave it to me to arrange. A deal?”

“A deal.”

The eventual plan was to go by train and then to walk for a week, using farmhouses or gîtes to stay in.

“I’ve booked a nice hotel for the last couple of nights, so we can prepare our return to civilisation,” Jérôme told her.

“Your decision, I think. I’m happy just to turn up and enjoy whatever you have planned,” Gaëlle said. “Oh, by the way, yes, I am aware that I’m letting you do a lot of the planning at present. I promise you that it won’t always be like that.”

“That’s a relief. It’s stressing my tiny masculine brain as it is.”

After an incident-free train trip to Uzès, they made their way

to Saint-Jean-du-Gard, their starting point. The first day was easy, a stroll through chestnut woods and fields, then climbing to their first night's rest. The sleeping arrangements were communal and there were other walkers, but they were both pleasantly tired and ready to sleep, rather than engage in sex.

The next morning, the weather was hot and sunny, but there was a breeze that made it a good day for walking. By the afternoon, they were high on a plateau with empty space for as far as they could see. They had just completed a climb up through the chestnut trees from a valley and both were pouring with sweat. Gaëlle looked on as Jérôme took off his tee shirt to let the perspiration dry.

"It's not fair," she complained. "Men can just strip off as and when they feel like it while we have to stay covered and hot and sticky."

"I don't think the buzzards that I can see circling up there would mind if you did the same," Jérôme replied, grinning. "At least you certainly won't hear any complaint from over here."

"You're tempting me. Oh, blow it, why not?" Gaëlle stripped off her own tee shirt and allowed the sun and breeze to reach her bare breasts.

"Why is it so easy to take the risk, when I feel so nervous at the result?" she asked rhetorically. "It certainly feels nice, but still I hope nobody is around."

"You look nice, too. I love to see you like that, and...if we bump into someone, just try to behave as if you're dressed normally, but you'll need some suncream to avoid getting burned. May I?"

He carefully smoothed a good layer of suncream on Gaëlle's back and shoulders. "Of course, your breasts and especially your nipples will need the same treatment. They aren't used to being

out in the open air for a whole day.”

Gaëlle gave in gracefully and allowed Jérôme to stroke the cream all over her breasts. Her nipples hardened and rose. “Enough!” Gaëlle announced, laughing. “I can see that look in your eye. Let’s walk. On we go?” That day, she walked with bare breasts whenever she felt sweaty, and sometimes when she didn’t, just to enjoy Jérôme’s expression. “It feels good to be so close to nature, Jérôme,” Gaëlle told him. “Almost as close as I can be.”

The next morning, as soon as they were away from the farmhouse, she took off her tee shirt again, to see if she dared. She was nervous in case they met anyone, but it felt good. So whenever her tee shirt was sweaty, she took it off to let it dry and walked topless.

The following day, the inevitable happened. Gaëlle had just stripped off her tee shirt, sure of her solitude, when suddenly, a file of walkers appeared over a little hill, coming the other way. She could do nothing except be grateful for her sunglasses as she walked past them, trying to appear calm, noticing the mixture of shock and interest on their faces. After that, she was more careful, but by the time they came to the end of their five-day walk, her breasts were a golden brown, as were her legs and the rest of her upper body.

The hotel that Jérôme had booked for the last two nights was beside a lake. After a good night’s sleep, they walked down to the water’s edge at about ten the following morning. There were quite a lot of people sunbathing already.

“I’m just going back to the room for a minute,” Gaëlle said. “I won’t be long.” Before they had set off on their holiday, she

had treated herself to a bikini, the first she had ever owned, and this seemed a good time and place to show it off. It was red with a bandanna top. The bottom half was the same shape—and as small—as her smallest knickers. She laid it out on the bed. She took advantage of Jérôme's absence to steal his razor and shave off the light stubble of pubic hair that had re-grown during the past week. She put the bikini on, appreciating how tightly the Lycra clung to her newly smooth skin. She wrapped a towel round her waist and went to join Jérôme on the grass by the lake.

\* \* \* \*

"Well, look at you," Jérôme exclaimed when he saw her arriving. "You look great. Come closer so I can admire the view. It's new isn't it?"

"I bought it as a surprise for you, as well as a present for me. I've never had a bikini before. I've only ever owned one-piece swimsuits because they were always for swimming, rather than for sunbathing. I'm glad you approve."

"It suits you and it's a lovely surprise. A sexy one, too!"

Gaëlle spread the towel and sat. After a while, she lay down on her front.

"You'll get a mark from your top if you sunbathe like that," Jérôme commented. "Shall I unfasten it for you?"

The sun was making her drowsy, so Gaëlle just nodded. She didn't really notice when he not only unfastened the bra top, but slid it out from under her. It was only a little later when she wanted to turn over and tried to find it, that she realised what he had done. She wasn't going to let Jérôme get away with that, so she rolled over and lay on her back, her bare breasts on show. "Is this what you want?" she asked, sticking out her tongue at him.



“It’s a promising start. Will you sit up for me, Gaëlle?”

She thought for a moment. It was true that she had been exposed before, but only briefly, or to a few chosen individuals, and mostly in private. However, a week in the sun had tanned her breasts nicely and somehow they were not as much of a secret as they would have been when they were pale. Did she dare to let just anyone see? She decided that she could and sat up. It felt nice.

“There you are. That wasn’t so difficult, was it?” Jérôme said, laughing.

Gaëlle had to agree. There were a few other topless women on the grass beside the lake so she was not too conspicuous. As she looked around, she noticed two women of about her own age, putting down their towels no more than five metres away. They were wearing bikinis. They were quite a contrast, one tall and thin rather than slim, and her friend much smaller and rounder. They completed the spreading of their towels. The taller one looked over at Gaëlle and Jérôme, and said something to her friend. There was a brief discussion, then, as they lay down, they both took off their tops.

“Do you think that I might have encouraged them to expose their breasts by showing mine?” Gaëlle asked.

“It’s possible. Would you dare to go over there and talk to them?” Jérôme asked.

“Walk over to them as I am, topless, you mean?”

“Yes.”

Temptation overcame nerves. Gaëlle took a deep breath, stood and walked slowly over to the two women. She tried very hard to appear calm, in spite of the butterflies in her belly. She squatted in front of the women, knees apart, admiring their naked breasts as well as very conscious of her own. In that position she was also very aware that they might be able to see

the shape of her labia in the tight bikini bottom. She asked the first question that came to her mind—there hadn't been time to think as she had approached them. "Have you the correct time?" she asked, feeling amazingly stupid, but quite excited.

The tall one said something, but it was in German, and Gaëlle didn't understand all well. Then the woman pointed to her arm to show that she had no watch. Gaëlle realised that she couldn't just go straight back to Jérôme as that would make it obvious that she didn't really need to know the time, so she thought fast. She looked up. If she was going to show her breasts in public, she decided she might as well do it properly. Maybe ten metres further on was a group of half a dozen young people. The men had already noticed her, or at least her topless state, but none of the women had bare breasts. *Perhaps she could encourage them, too*, she said to herself. She gathered her courage and approached them. "Does anyone have a watch? Can you tell me the time, please?"

It was hard for her to understand them, too, even though they spoke in French, because the men all told her at once, with great enthusiasm. She thanked them and went back to Jérôme, who had observed with interest. He was amused that she had managed to choose perhaps the only German women for a distance around who spoke not a word of French.

"They must have thought I was mad," Gaëlle said.

"Never mind. You looked really sexy. Your nipples are erect and I can see the contours of your sex so they must have seen it. Because I know what I'm looking for, I can just make out the little bump that must be your clitoris swelling up, too. Beautiful. Did they have nice breasts? Tell me about them?"

"I thought the breasts that interested you belonged to me, Jérôme," she complained jokingly.

"Ah, so true, but you will enjoy telling me I think."

“All right, then. The smaller one has the nicer breasts, but the other one seemed to be more interested in looking at mine. I noticed her eyes flicking from my face to my breasts and sex as I spoke to her. It excited me.”

\* \* \* \*

She sat down beside Jérôme. The outline of his own sex in his shorts told her that he had also enjoyed it, rather a lot. She lay down and rolled over onto her stomach. Jérôme put some more cream on her back, then on her thighs. She felt his hands move up onto her bottom, then move the Lycra aside a little, exposing more of her buttocks, with the excuse of spreading the cream. He used both hands, in a circular motion, pressing with a hand on each cheek. Each rotation separated her buttocks, making it easier for the Lycra to slide inward. Within a minute or so, her bottom was totally on show, with the thin material acting as a thong between her cheeks. She told herself not to move, but to relax and let him do whatever he wanted. Jérôme knew much more than she did, she reflected, so she would let him lead. She trusted him to know how far he wanted to go. She had no idea of where her own limits might be.

He knelt beside her, his hands stroking the cream onto her thighs and her buttocks. Then his fingers slipped under each side of her bikini knickers, lifting them up and over her hipbones. She could feel the material pulled hard against her sex. Jérôme's fingers now slid discreetly under her belly, easing the Lycra inward. What had been a triangle became a strip, which barely hid the slot of her sex. The final decision had to be hers. She tucked her hand under her belly and eased the tight material so that it separated the lips of her sex. She shivered, feeling her arousal grow.

She took a mental tour of all parts of her body, trying to get an image of how she must appear. She could feel the sun's heat on her bottom, which she knew was totally exposed and very white, especially in comparison with the rest of her tanned bare back and legs. Anyone who looked at her would notice that contrast immediately, she thought. What would not be so evident without closer examination was how tight the bottom half of her bikini was. Her bikini knickers were really cutting into her. Only the fact that she was squeezing her thighs together prevented her bare and hairless sex from being on public display, and that was only at the cost of exciting her even more. She held on tightly to the edges of the towel on which she was lying, her body vibrating with the tension.

\* \* \* \*

"How are you feeling?"

"Very turned on, but also very nervous." She heard her voice trembling as she spoke. She kept her eyes closed, as if that might somehow make her less visible to others. Then the questions bubbled out of her. "Jérôme, I have to know. What can people see? Is it too much? I feel stripped—stripped right down to the minimum, and I think I must look really immodest. Tell me, am I as sexy as I hope? Am I really, truly, indecently exposed? Is this how you like to see me? How does it make you feel, when you see me displayed so blatantly?"

"You are far more exposed than any other woman here, and you look superb, Gaëlle," Jérôme said softly. "It makes me both excited and proud to be with you, and to see you as you are at this moment. You know the two women that you spoke to? They keep glancing over here. How brave are you feeling? How would you feel about letting them see even more?"

“Do you want me to?” Gaëlle asked. “If I only dared, the way I feel right now, I would show them everything I have. I liked them looking at my bare breasts, of course, but I would love them to look at my sex also, and to notice that I’m shaved as well, to be telling each other how hard my nipples look, even for them to be discussing how swollen my clitoris is. I’d adore that to happen, but I don’t think that I have enough courage, Jérôme. What shall I do? What would you like to see me do?” She knew that she was barely coherent, but could do nothing about it. She was shivering, not from cold, but from sexual tension. She could hear that she was whimpering now, her voice shaking with excitement and fear. She went on. “Oh, Jérôme. I’m so, so excited, but I’m frightened, too. It’s pressing really hard on my clitoris and I want to have an orgasm so much. No, it’s much stronger than that, I’m going to have an orgasm, Jérôme, a big one. Help me, please.”

“Can you hold on for a few moments longer, Gaëlle?”

“Yes I think so, but please, not too long. I need to finish. It’s so close.”

Jérôme put his mouth down to her ear.

She could feel his breath as he whispered quickly to her.

“Listen carefully. We don’t have much time to arrange this.”

She nodded as well as she was able, her cheek rubbing on the rough cotton of the towel.

“Can you imagine how you would look if you lifted yourself onto your elbows and knees? Your breasts would be raised off the towel and be even more on show. Also, your naked bottom would be in the air, and that would look lovely. If you arched your back and parted your thighs, then what we’ve done to your bikini would be exposed also, together with all of your sex, which already looks wonderfully engorged from here. I’m sure that being so completely displayed would release your orgasm. If you want to make it all happen, when I say a word, in a

moment's time, just go for it. Your decision."

She didn't trust herself to put her consent into words, but she knew she would do it, in every single little detail. She was trembling, both with the imminent orgasm that she was barely holding back, and also because for the first time it was going to happen in public, with people not very far away at all. It had taken only maybe seven or eight steps for her to be able to talk to the two German women. They would surely notice from where they were. She both wanted and dreaded in equal measure the moment when she would hear Jérôme's voice. She was sure he would say just a single word, and part of her brain was buzzing, wondering how he would give the cue, and why he had chosen to do it in that way. She realised that she was holding her breath.

"Tag," said Jérôme.

"Guten Tag," a voice replied.

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It was as if time went into slow motion. Every nerve ending in Gaëlle's sexual being was on fire, and each unique facet of her erotic awareness was crying out for her total and undivided attention. Impossible, she knew, but also the absolute truth. Her fingers were clutching at the edges of her towel, trying to hang on to reality. An almost physical link between her body and the sound of Jérôme's voice parted her legs automatically, as she followed his suggestion and lifted herself onto her elbows and knees. She spread her legs so wide, that she was aware that there were blades of grass between her toes, which were touching the ground on either side of the towel.

She heard the sound, as the film of sweat and sun cream between her thighs was ripped apart. She was conscious of the cool breeze that reached deep between her buttocks, to the

insides of her thighs and her bare, swollen, split-open sex. Aware, too, of the sun, already starting to dry that perspiration. She felt the muscles of her lower back seize up, as she tightened them to make them rock-hard, to arch her back and display her bottom and sex as much as she possibly could. Her elbows lifted her upper body just enough, so that her erect nipples dragged on the rough cotton of the towel, adding a further sensitivity.

Then she was lost, as the orgasm hit her. She collapsed back onto her towel, her legs still wide apart. She was shuddering and she could feel her bottom quivering. She crushed her face into the towel to stifle her groans. She knew, as well as if she had been the observer rather than the observed, that her puffed up labia must still be in full view, held apart by the red strip of her bikini, as it tried to cut deeper into her sex. Its elasticity was biting hard into her flesh, nowhere more powerfully than where it pressed on her throbbing clitoris. She didn't care. The world could have been watching and she couldn't have controlled herself.

When her heartbeat had subsided a little, she opened her eyes, to see whether anyone had witnessed her climax. She was shocked to see the taller of the German women, just walking away past Jérôme and her. A naked back told Gaëlle that the woman's breasts were exposed, as her own had been. The German must have had a clear view of Gaëlle's sex in the moment of orgasm.

She realised only now the word that Jérôme had used as a trigger. Even her limited knowledge of German allowed her to recognise that Jérôme had said hello, and that the woman had replied. An instant computation of time and distance told how close she must have been as Gaëlle was writhing in orgasm. The woman had had a front-row view of wide-open legs and an exposed, convulsing sex as Gaëlle was shattered by her climax.

That thought triggered another wave of pleasure as Gaëlle collapsed again.

She sensed Jérôme easing her bikini back into relative decency over her bottom. She reached under herself to put the front straight, before she rolled over and looked up at him. He smiled at her, his eyes shining.

\* \* \* \*

“Shall I tell you what happened? I think I had the best view. You and she both seemed to be rather preoccupied.” Jérôme grinned even more widely.

Gaëlle wanted to know everything, so she nodded, as she got her breathing back under control.

“While you were allowing me to expose you more and more, I could tell that what I was doing to you was intriguing the German woman. She’d noticed that your bottom was bare, of course, that much was evident to anyone who glanced our way, but I was pretty sure that she would want to look more closely at some point. My guess, because that’s what I would have done myself, was that she would go toward the water as an excuse, but make a detour to pass close enough to us to get the full picture.”

Jérôme paused until he saw that Gaëlle had taken it in, then went on.

“I told you we hadn’t much time. That was because I saw that she was preparing to stand up. Her friend was holding her bikini bra up to her, as if to say to put it on, but I saw her shake her head. She wanted to feel sexy, I’m certain. So when she stood and walked toward us, I could feel how conscious she was of her exposed breasts. That was when I said hello, to be sure that we had her attention for the perfect moment. Her breasts were pink, less tanned than the rest of her body, so I was guessing that this



was maybe the first time ever that she's been topless in public. I wanted her to know that I had noticed her bare breasts, and that I was admiring them. She responded, but looked a little embarrassed."

"And then?" Gaëlle asked.

"Then you reacted, and suddenly, she was staring straight at your exposed sex and watching you having a full-on, glorious Technicolor orgasm. She stopped dead, fascinated." Jérôme paused. "You know how your labia swell up?"

Gaëlle nodded.

"Well, I don't think I've ever seen them so plump. You looked fantastic, wide-open, your swollen labia on display and your entire body shaking. There was no doubt at all about what she was witnessing. In glorious close-up, too. Then she must have realised what she looked like, half-naked and watching a sex-show, so she walked away. It was an amazing moment, and you looked fabulous, Gaëlle. I'm so proud of you."

They gathered their things, almost ran to their room and had wonderful sex. Gaëlle's third orgasm in a very short time surprised her and it was at least as powerful as the first. She was not surprised when Jérôme flooded her very soon afterward.

## Chapter Thirteen

“My tan is fading fast, Jérôme, but the memories are still vivid.”

“It’s the same for me. However, we have so much to organise before we make the move to England, that I’ve hardly given it any thought. How is the English progressing?”

“Slowly, but steadily. How can you have a language with no masculine and feminine? It feels very strange.”

“That simplifies things, no adjective agreements and so on. English grammar is just made up of exceptions to the rules that are set out. I think you’ll find it’s easier than French to work with at a simple level.”

“I hope so. I’ve learned a sentence to say to you. *Will you make me love?*”

“*Make love to me*, I think you mean, and of course I will. Come here and we’ll work on our fluency.”

Gaëlle rolled over in the bed and wrapped herself round Jérôme. She could feel his erection, and soon she could also feel it inside her. She sighed. “That’s lovely. Slowly, Jérôme, this has to last until my next visit, remember?”

A little later, as they lay recovering from their efforts, Gaëlle said, “It’s funny, isn’t it? When we make love like now, it’s relaxing and lovely and I feel safe, all at once. The sensations when I’m doing sexy things are wonderful, and also very arousing, but I do feel the risk and it certainly isn’t relaxing. Two different forms of sex, both fantastic but very different.”

“Yes, but both very important,” Jérôme replied. “It seems to me that it’s the security that we share that allows for the exploration.”

She nodded, then kissed him and rolled out of the bed. “Time to move. I have things to prepare before work tomorrow.”

“Can you make it next weekend?” Jérôme asked. “I forgot to tell you, but I’m in the final of the early-season tournament at the club. It would be great if you could be there. I need all the support that I can get. Antoine is fifteen years younger than me and much fitter.”

“Stop looking for compliments, Jérôme,” she said, then laughed. “You’re fit enough for me, and that’s all I care about. How can you think I won’t be there, and how can you have forgotten something that matters so much to you? I’ll be there to support you next Sunday, of course I will.”

The scorer’s voice called out the result. “Game and match to Antoine, nine-seven, nine-five.”

Jérôme shook hands with his opponent. He showered, changed and went to meet Gaëlle in the bar.

“That was appalling,” he muttered to her as they sat nursing their drinks. “It was hard to keep my disappointment inside. I tried so hard, perhaps too hard. It’s been years since I’ve let someone think me out of a match. Am I getting too old for this sort of thing?”

“Poor, sad old Jérôme.” Gaëlle was smiling. “Only reached the final, only against the club champion, only giving him fifteen years in age, and only keeping him on court for over an hour. How ever will you forgive yourself?”

“What’s more, I have to show a brave face for the presentation ceremony. David, the president, makes it a big occasion—speeches, fancy clothes and nice food and wine, but I

don't think I can face it," Jérôme said, pulling a face.

"We'll see. Let's go home now and I'll think of something to improve your level of happiness. Would you like that?"

Jérôme produced a half-smile. "If you're thinking of the same as me, well, that prospect cheers me up, just a little."

Some time later, he was feeling better, enough to allow Gaëlle to push him into dressing properly for the presentation party. Nonetheless, his body language made clear his disenchantment as he slouched in an armchair, waiting for Gaëlle to finish dressing in the bathroom. Her voice came from behind him.

"Ready to go?"

He turned his head toward Gaëlle. She was standing in the doorway of the living room and she was wearing the famous mini-mistake, the dress that she had cut extremely short when altering her clothes some time before. It was indeed very mini, well short of mid-thigh in length, and showed off her legs beautifully.

"Monsieur likes?"

"Monsieur likes very much." He looked again. "Bare legs?"

Gaëlle lifted the hem of her dress by a minimal amount. Even that small difference in length put her knickers on display. "It's too short even for hold ups, and I didn't bring any tights. By the way, before you ask, I'm not brave enough to be wearing my transparent knickers, either. You'll have to accept plain black cotton."

"No problem. Monsieur thinks we should go now, or Mademoiselle may need to change again, after what he has in mind."

"You are insatiable, Jérôme. Do you really like how I look? I'm nervous, but I hope this cheers you up enough for the evening. I feel very exposed. Is it too much?"

“With legs like yours? No, it’s perfect...and thank you for daring to wear it for me. There will be others who will appreciate it, too, I am sure.”

“Not too obviously, I hope. Come on, let’s go.” Because she had made the choice herself, Gaëlle felt more at ease than she had expected when they entered the bar of the club. She could feel that Jérôme was proud of her. She even enjoyed the nervousness when she accompanied Jérôme on to the stage to collect his runner-up shield, very conscious that her underwear might possibly have been visible to the front row of spectators. She was aware of a little glow in her belly.

After the presentations, there were more drinks before David, the club president, invited all the finalists back to his home. By now, Jérôme had recovered his good humour, so they joined the others in the living room of the president’s large luxury house. There was dancing, and more drinking, and the time went quite quickly.

“Jérôme? Oh, Jérôme,” said a voice from behind him.

Jérôme froze, then turned with a false smile on his face. “Hello, Albert. Are you having fun?” Jérôme half-turned to Gaëlle. “This is Albert, who knows more about the minor rules of squash than anyone in the club,” he said aloud. Under his breath, he muttered, “Or possibly on earth! And the most mind-numbing bore in the region. But he sponsors the tournament, so I ought to be polite. This may take some time.”

After ten minutes of listening to a monologue, which used technical terms that meant nothing to her, Gaëlle drifted away to watch the dancing.

Twenty minutes later, Jérôme was still stuck, and she was becoming bored. Jérôme had not been the only one to appreciate

the shortness of her dress. She'd fended off several propositions, which had become more suggestive as the alcohol took effect on some of the men. She wanted to go home. She considered simply interrupting Jérôme's conversation, but rejected that as bad manners. Then she realised that there was a guaranteed way to catch Jérôme's attention.

She found her way upstairs to the bathroom. Once there, after taking the pressure off her bladder, she stepped out of her cotton knickers, and stuffed them into her handbag. She pulled down her dress, and stood for a moment to see how she felt. The dress seemed shorter than ever, now that there was nothing under it but her naked skin. Her pubic hair had regrown since Jérôme had last shaved her, but she could sense how very bare she was. Even before she left the bathroom, she was both excited and scared. Only a few centimetres of dress separated decency from exposure of her bare bottom, and public disgrace. She gave a final, pointless tug to her hemline, took a deep breath and walked out into the corridor.

Walking down the stairs she felt lightheaded. There was a current of air of which she hadn't been aware before, and it made her feel both chilly and at risk. It was fortunate that nobody was coming up the stairs as she went down, she thought, because she was unsure of just how visible her *condition* was. It was a relief when she reached the ground floor without tripping and revealing her naked bottom to the world. She went slowly across the room. Half of her was terrified, but the other half was curious about how people would have reacted if they had known. She headed toward the armchair where Jérôme was still a prisoner.

"Still here, Gaëlle?" he asked wearily. "I was afraid that you might have abandoned me."

She quickly checked around him. Albert, to whom he was

pretending to listen, was in an armchair facing Jérôme. The others had fled. Gaëlle took a deep breath, then squatted beside the tormentor, and tried to look interested in what he was saying. There was nobody behind her, so she was fairly sure that her bare bottom was not on general display, and the arm of the chair hid what she was doing from the bore, but her parted thighs gave a clear view of her sex to Jérôme. She could imagine the chocolate-coloured dress making a frame for her pale skin and fair pubic hair. Jérôme's eyes grew wide. Feeling very daring, she reached down and ran a finger between the lips of her sex. She was wet.

"Look at the time. I think that Gaëlle and I will have to go," Jérôme announced, standing up and discreetly adjusting a significant erection. "We both have things that we need to do before tomorrow morning."

They said their farewells and left, but only made it to a nearby car park before they were all over each other in the back of the car.

"Now I'm sure, Gaëlle." Jérôme said in a pause in their passion. "You looked fantastic. It wasn't just your sex, but your whole being that was glowing. You showed me tonight that you really do want to take responsibility for your erotic development. I wouldn't have asked you to do what you did, but you took the decision. It's a wonderful sensation for me to know that I've found the woman I have been looking for. I have a question for you. I know you're coming with me to England, but now I want more. Will you marry me?"

"Marry? Why marry? We can be together without that, can't we? Even in England?"

"I want us to be married because it makes a statement to everyone, and that matters to me, if you agree."

"If it matters so much, then of course I'll marry you, Jérôme.

It's a romantic gesture, and I appreciate it. It will change nothing of how I feel."

"I'll still be your lover and friend, but I'll be your husband, too."

"Does it mean you won't want to explore anymore?" she asked.

"I hope you'll want to continue to explore. I certainly do."

"Then we agree on that. It's only just beginning."

They kissed, to seal the bargain.



## Chapter Fourteen

They had several months to prepare their move to England, and at times the coming change seemed to occupy them almost too much. By the end of October, it seemed to Gaëlle that she didn't have much time to think about sex, beyond what happened with Jérôme in bed, or on the sofa, or on the floor or in the shower, or in the many other places that they made love. Not that she was complaining about that at all, but they spent more hours discussing the practicalities of their change of country than any possible erotic adventures.

"We need to get away," she told Jérôme, "to stop thinking of packing boxes and cases and my learning of English, and relax a little."

"I agree. I have to confess that I've been hoping you would make that suggestion. I didn't dare. Where shall we go? Have you thought?"

"I like the idea of a weekend in the Black Forest. It's near enough, but also far enough."

An hour later, it was organised.

"I've booked to stay at a small hotel for three nights," she told him. "Down toward the Titisee."

It rained all the way as they drove down.

"I'm wondering if this was such a great idea," she commented, as Jérôme peered through the pouring rain, his concentration tested by the tidal waves from the trucks hurtling past them.

“A nice meal and a comfortable bed will restore your belief in your judgement,” he replied.

The next morning, the sun shone and they wandered around, doing almost nothing. It was lovely. Jérôme had been to explore, and had discovered that there was a bar in the cellar of their hotel, where they could spend the evening if the weather turned bad.

“There’s a dance floor, a baby-foot and a pool table and here comes the rain again. Going out in it isn’t an attractive idea.”

“Getting wet doesn’t appeal to me, either,” she said. “The bar it is, then. I’ll get dressed.”

They had packed in a hurry, throwing their walking boots and clothes into the boot of the car, as well as a bag with a few nicer items for any possible outings. Gaëlle had decided to set herself a challenge when choosing her only dress. It was almost as short as the mini-mistake that she had worn to the squash prize-giving. With financial support from Jérôme, she had been able to improve her wardrobe. The fuchsia-coloured silk floated nicely, and she knew she would have to be careful of how she walked and sat, as it reached not even halfway down her thighs. When he first saw it, Jérôme had defined it as a *legs* dress, so she wasn’t too concerned that the neckline did not make too much of an issue of her breasts. It didn’t take long for her to prepare for going out these days, a little makeup, knickers, shoes and her dress, although tonight she’d also added a pair of tights. As they left their room, they could already hear music coming from the cellar. Downstairs, they sat at the bar initially, so they could observe how German people entertained themselves.

There was a small dance floor, although when they arrived, nobody was dancing. Shortly afterward, however, a group of young people poured down the stairs, a dozen of them, mixed

boys and girls, and all very tall, it seemed to Gaëlle.

Soon the dance floor was full of laughing young Germans. There was one girl with short dark hair who stood out, in all senses. She was taller than Jérôme, Gaëlle was sure. The girl's jeans showed off the nice shape of her bottom, and her short top revealed a nice flat stomach. She danced with a quiet intensity, eyes half-closed, seeming lost in the music, while her even taller male partner whirled her round and round in a jive.

"I bet you've noticed her, too," Gaëlle said to Jérôme.

"I don't have to ask who you're talking about. She's certainly very attractive," Jérôme replied. "A pity she's wearing trousers. I wonder if her legs are of the same quality as what we can see."

"Come and dance," Gaëlle said. "I want to see her closer."

Jérôme looked at her with a little surprise. He couldn't know how much effort it had taken for her to make that simple statement. He stood and took her hand, and they walked over to join the dancers.

The music was still rock and roll, so they enjoyed themselves for the next few minutes. Other dancers made space for them to move freely. Gaëlle let herself relax totally with the rhythm of the music, swinging her hips and letting her dress swirl as they danced. Part of her was grateful she was wearing tights. She was conscious that Jérôme was moving her toward the dark girl and her partner. When the two couples were next to each other, the eyes of the two young women met in a gleam of competition. The German's dancing became more energetic and athletic. Well, thought Gaëlle, she could do that, too, and she did, tights or not.

When the music stopped, they called an unspoken truce. The German girl grinned at them as she and her partner went back to their group.

Jérôme led Gaëlle back to the bar, only to find their stools occupied. She looked around for somewhere to sit, but there

didn't seem to be anywhere that was free. Jérôme nudged her, and she saw that the dark girl's partner was waving to them, pointing to spare seats at their table, so they smiled back and went to join them.

"Jérôme and Gaëlle."

"I'm Annelise and this is Michael. You speak some German? That's good. My French is not so strong."

Jérôme surprised Gaëlle with the fluency of his German. Was there no end to the talents of this man? What else would she discover? She let him carry most of the conversation, while she did her best. Fortunately two of the group had some French, so they chatted multilingually, using gestures where words were missing.

Sitting opposite Annelise, Gaëlle was able to look at the German girl more closely and confirm what a sexy body she had. She was twenty-two, she said, and a sports student, like the rest of their group. They were a volleyball team, which explained the height of most of them. They were staying in the guestrooms above the bar for the weekend, after playing in a local tournament, on what was supposed to be a training weekend. Annelise looked down at her jeans.

"Your dress is pretty. I wish I had brought a dress with me," she said. "I didn't realise we would be going out quite so much."

"You could always ask one of your group if they have one to lend," Gaëlle joked. "Although I suspect that any of theirs might be a bit short on you."

To her surprise, Annelise took the suggestion seriously, and asked round the table. She received only one offer, and that was of a skirt, from the one girl who was a more normal height, although she was still half a head taller than Gaëlle.

"It's worth a try," Annelise declared. She and the other girl stood and went up the stairs out of the bar. They returned maybe

ten minutes later. Annelise's legs appeared well before the rest of her. The skirt she was now wearing was very, very short, and showed off a shapely pair of legs. She had kept the same top as before. There were whistles from the boys in the group as she made her way across the bar. It didn't seem to bother Annelise at all, and she sat on a low armchair showing half of her bottom as well as the rest of her legs. The girls chatted for some time, and the men drifted away to other seats. Gaëlle was a little surprised when Jérôme went, too.

As he moved away, he leaned over and murmured in her ear, "It's a while since I've seen you so relaxed in company, so I'm leaving you to enjoy yourself. We're going to play pool, so I won't be far if you need me"

It was true. She was having fun, in spite of the language difference. Her relationship with Jérôme had not only opened up her sex life, it had also given her the confidence to be a more sociable person. There were three girls besides Annelise, but she seemed to be the leader.

"Someone get the dice from the bar," Annelise demanded. "Let's see who's lucky tonight."

"It won't be me, that's certain," Gaëlle responded. "I used up all my luck when I met Jérôme, so dice isn't my game."

"Sweet, but nonsense. You will play anyway, Gaëlle," Annelise insisted. "Usual rules. Winner chooses drinks for the loser."

Gaëlle was quite lucky at first, and so didn't have to consume any of the strange alcoholic combinations that the loser had to accept. After fifteen minutes, one of the girls, a three-time loser, felt sick and said she was going to bed.

"Now there's no question of you not playing, Gaëlle. We need you to make the four." Annelise announced firmly. "New rules now, winner asks an intimate question, the loser has to answer, or it's another Schnapps to drink in one, okay?"

Gaëlle lost the first round.

"Is it true that French men are inventive lovers?"

It was straightforward for her to make an immediate response to that one. "Oh yes. Or perhaps it's better to say that at least, mine is." She won the next round and was embarrassed to ask anything too sexual of the loser, a girl called Hannah. However it seemed to be expected, so she thought for a moment and asked, "Do you masturbate?"

"You call that a question?" Annelise exploded. "Of course she masturbates, don't you, Hannah? We all do. Let me show you how to put the question properly. Hannah, how do you prefer to masturbate? Now, that is what I call a real question."

To Gaëlle's surprise, Hannah seemed quite happy to tell.

"Usually fingers, more occasionally toys," she said. "It depends on the time and place, the same as for everyone."

Clearly, this group of young German women were more liberated than Gaëlle had thought, perhaps more so than herself. She was learning.

She lost the next round, too, this time to Annelise.

"Are you expecting to have sex with your husband tonight?"

That was easy. "Expecting, no, hoping, yes, of course," she declared proudly.

The next two rounds were neutral for her, and she listened with interest as the third girl, Heike, explained where she had first had sex, which was on the floor of her boyfriend's living-room. Annelise lost next.

"What is your favourite position for sex?" the girl called Heike asked.

"What do you think?" Annelise laughed as she replied. "With me on top, of course."

Then Gaëlle lost again. Her usual disastrous luck with games of chance was back. Heike, who had won again, surprised her.

“Let me think, ah yes. I have it. Has anyone ever watched you having sex?”

Gaëlle was completely stunned. She sat in stupefied silence for maybe fifteen seconds. “You are serious, Heike?”

“Well, how do you expect us to believe that you have an inventive husband if you won’t even tell a simple thing like that? Of course I am serious...and hurry up, you have to answer or drink.”

What should she say? She was shocked, but also aroused by the question. She could tell them that it had happened, but only as a fantasy, or she could deny it, which would also be true. She didn’t have to tell the complete truth, that it would be more accurate to reply that it hadn’t happened yet, but that it probably would at some time. Heike and the others were waiting. Her thoughts raced, but not fast enough for Annelise.

“Too slow, Gaëlle. I shall just have to go and ask your husband.”

Annelise leapt out of her seat and charged across to the group of men at the pool table.

It was a relief for Gaëlle when she took Jérôme aside. She’d had a sudden vision of Annelise asking this intimate question in front of everyone. She saw him glance over at the girls’ group, then say something. Then he said something else to Annelise, which made her go as pink as Gaëlle was already.

“He says no,” she reported. Clearly that wasn’t all, but Annelise wasn’t going to tell the group what else Jérôme had said. She sat down again, but seemed to have lost her interest in the dice game. After another round, it died quietly, and Hannah and Heike went to join the men.

Gaëlle felt a need to go to the toilet and so stood up to go.

Annelise said quietly, “Don’t you want to know what else your husband said to me, Gaëlle?”

"If you want to tell me, then yes."

"He said that it hadn't happened, that you have never been watched while you have sex."

"I guessed that much. It's what I would have told you if you had only waited."

"He also said I can be the first, a little later this evening."

The implication of that deepened Gaëlle's blush considerably. Jérôme had decided, without consulting her that Annelise would be a spectator as they made love. She was shocked almost as much as excited, that he thought she was ready for this.

She fled from the bar, after a very brief goodnight to the rest of the group. Upstairs, she went to the bathroom, then sat on the bed. She did not have long to wait, as Jérôme came in only a few minutes later.

"Did what I said to your friend shock you, Gaëlle? You look a bit flustered. Are you ready for this? You may be about to be watched by an attractive woman as you make love. Isn't that an exciting thought?"

She had to admit to herself that the idea was making her feel very warm and damp, as well as nervous. Nevertheless, she jumped when there was a discreet tap on their door. Jérôme went to open it, to find Annelise, who had a broad smile on her face.

"I just came to say I'm calling your bluff," she said. "You didn't think I believed that you wanted me to watch you having sex, did you? Goodnight. Sweet dreams." She turned to go.

"Oh no. Please come in, Annelise," Jérôme said, taking her by the arm. "Sit down and make yourself comfortable." He closed the door and led her firmly to an armchair, facing Gaëlle as she sat on the bed.

"I'm going to start by undressing Gaëlle. Is that all right?" Jérôme asked, sounding unreasonably reasonable.



He might as well have been asking Annelise if she would like sugar in her coffee, Gaëlle thought. If he could act as if this was a normal event, she decided, she would do so, too. She stood up and went toward her husband. Annelise sat silently where Jérôme had put her, her eyes very wide. "Shall we begin?" Gaëlle asked sweetly, hiding how nervous she was in reality.

Jérôme started by removing her heels. He caressed each of her feet in the process. Clearly, Annelise was going to get a performance. Jérôme reached up under Gaëlle's dress and pulled her tights down.

The next couple of minutes made her swear that she would never wear tights ever again. She had never felt so inelegant in her life, as the sausage skins were peeled down her legs. Her knickers were next. She looked across at Annelise, whose right hand was sliding under her skirt. Jérôme glanced at her at the same moment.

"Ah, no, Annelise. The agreement is that you can see us have sex, not for us to watch you. You don't have the right to masturbate while you watch. If I see you touch yourself, then out you go, is that understood?"

Gaëlle understood, also. He had made a proposal to Annelise, but was setting strict rules for her participation. She thought of how it would feel, watching a couple having sex but not being allowed to touch herself. Frustrating would be the least of it. Annelise brought her wandering hand back into full view, onto the arm of the chair. Jérôme turned to Gaëlle again, spun her round and unzipped her dress. Her back was still toward Annelise as the pink silk slid down her body and dropped around her feet. She heard herself breathing hard, very conscious of her nudity. Jérôme turned her round to face the German girl, then quickly stripped himself. His erection stood out proudly.

Gaëlle's arms went round Jérôme and they kissed, long and deeply. Each of them caressed the other, slowly working toward the more sexual parts of their bodies. They moved on to the bed. Jérôme spread her thighs and kneeled at the foot of the bed. He glanced across.

"Naughty, Annelise," Jérôme said. "No touching."

Her hand reappeared instantly on the chair-arm.

"Watch her, Gaëlle. I am going to be busy for a little while."

For the next period of several minutes, Gaëlle's eyes were glued to Annelise, but her mind and body were full of the wonderful sensation of Jérôme using his mouth on her sex. To see Annelise's eyes grow even wider as she watched, was an added excitement, as Jérôme had no doubt calculated. Soon Gaëlle convulsed with a strong orgasm.

She was thinking that it would have been even more exciting if Annelise had been masturbating, too, when Jérôme got onto the bed and slid his sex deep into her. It felt too good for her to worry about how she looked, even when he raised her legs over his shoulders, folded her in two and pumped more deeply into her vagina.

"I'm going to come again," Gaëlle panted after a few minutes.

Jérôme pulled out and helped her to turn over, to show yet another position to Annelise. The German girl's fascinated gaze switched constantly to look at Gaëlle's breasts, which were moving in rhythm with Jérôme's thrusts, then at his shining erection driving into her, then at the Frenchwoman's face, which revealed only too well what she was feeling inside. Her second orgasm was noisy as well as powerful, and Jérôme finished at almost the same time. Then he stood up, his wet penis still very erect.

"Goodnight, Annelise. Thank you for watching." Jérôme

spoke politely, as if they had just had dinner together. Gently but firmly he showed her to the door, and closed it behind her.

"That was cruel, Jérôme," Gaëlle accused him as he returned to the bed. "I would have liked to watch her caressing herself."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" Jérôme replied. "She wanted to watch and she watched. I hope that's a lesson for you. Apart from enjoying the situation, I wanted you to feel her frustration, and to show you how ridiculous it is, when one partner makes all the decisions. That's why I keep stressing how important it is for us to be equal. You could have said you wanted her to stay or that you wanted her to be able to caress herself. If you had said that, I would have agreed, of course, so you have learned something tonight. However, let's be serious. Would you be interested in a little fun right now?"

She was. And she knew that when such an occasion happened again, she would be ready to say exactly what she wanted from the experience, with the clear knowledge that Jérôme would agree. She was left to regret her lack of courage, because when they went late to breakfast next morning, the volleyball group had already gone.

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*Another new experience, for me at least. I decided that it was time I asked Jérôme about his past. I'm confident enough now, to know that what we share is different from what either of us has known before, and I found that I'd been waiting for a suitable moment to ask him. He seemed so much in control of the situation with Annelise, so I asked him if he'd had that sort of experience before.*

*He told me that he'd been seen, rather than watched, having*

*sex on several occasions at parties, with the woman called Aline. They were together for several months, so I've beaten her now! I said that to Jérôme and he laughed.*

*"So what was the most extreme thing you tried with her?" I asked. "If you want to tell."*

*"Well, it was with her that I had my only homosexual experience."*

*"You did? I had no idea!" I was shocked, I suppose, never having expected that. Then I thought why not? He was happy to think of me with another woman, which is also a homosexual experience. It felt odd to think of myself as a homosexual woman, but I think, at least in my head, I am, as well as loving Jérôme, of course.*

*"Tell me about it."*

*"As I said, people had seen Aline and me having sex. Then she introduced me to a gay friend of hers called Fred. He was a very good-looking man, intelligent and amusing, too. She had told me of his sexual preference, but it hadn't sunk in that she was thinking of my having sex with him. Anyway, one evening, we were having a meal, just the three of us, and Aline started to get sexy with me. She asked, almost in passing, if Fred could join in. I assumed that she meant join in to give her extra pleasure, so I said yes. At first Fred and I caressed her and so on, and we all enjoyed that. In such a situation, it's impossible to avoid contact with both the other people, and that didn't bother me.*

*I was nibbling Aline's breasts when suddenly I felt a mouth on my erection. It could only be Fred, I realised. I had a moment of wondering how to react then I decided that if he was enjoying it, then I should let him carry on, so I did. I came in his mouth, and he seemed to like that, too. Just then I looked up at Aline's face. She was totally absorbed in watching Fred in action on me. That's when I realised that for her, the real kick was in watching*

*two men together. Anything else she tolerated as a payment for that pleasure. She must have been planning that evening since we got together. Many aspects of our relationship became clear at that moment, and I knew it wouldn't last. But Fred became a good friend, once he'd realised that he wasn't attractive to me in that way. He used to try to embarrass me by giving me a big kiss, a smacker right on the lips, whenever we met in public. It became a standing joke. He'd do that, then say, Convinced, Jérôme? I used to reply that he'd have to try harder."*

*"Was it different having a man do that to you?" I asked.*

*"Only once I was aware that it was a man. But the physical sensations were the same, and he did it well. I have no complaints, but I still prefer it to be with a woman."*

*"I know I don't do it well, I'm sorry," I said.*

*"That wasn't a comment on you," he reassured me. "And I think I can forgive you one minor lapse, among all your other qualities. I'm not perfect, either, as I'm sure you've realised!"*

*I thought about what he'd said afterward. Now I know that if the occasion arises, and another man is potentially involved in sex with us, Jérôme will have no problem. Whether I am prepared for that to happen is still far from sure. Three in a bed makes for wonderful fantasies, but the reality has to be more complex, and therefore more difficult.*

## Chapter Fifteen

They arrived in England in late January of the following year. Jérôme had made several trips already, to find somewhere to rent, and to learn a little about the area.

"It's going to be difficult to find a place to live," he'd told Gaëlle. "We're used to apartments, but most people there live in houses. Judging by the rents I've seen, we may well have to borrow money and buy a house. Don't panic. It's normal there, and we can afford one in their system."

"A house? I had no idea it was so different. Will there be jobs for me?"

"I've been told that your best way to start is with an agency, using your office skills. It won't be at the level you are used to, but as your English improves, so will your opportunities. Is that all right?"

"It will have to be. In the worst case, I'll have to be a housewife, cooking and cleaning for you, and you know there's absolutely no chance of that."

"I wouldn't want it, either. You'd be wasted. The positive thing is that I can support us reasonably while you get sorted. You can pay me back in other ways, but I'll have to think of what you have to offer in that respect," Jérôme said, with a suggestive smile.

"I'm sure we'll manage something." Gaëlle smiled happily.

The reality was a bigger shock than Gaëlle had expected. The apartment that they started in was small, uncomfortable and

unheated, and they rapidly decided that there was no option but to join the housing market. Then there was the time spent searching, until they found a bungalow on the edge of a village not too far from Nottingham. It was the nearest thing they had discovered to the apartments in which they were both used to living. After the stress of the legal process and finding a mortgage, they finally stood, several months later, in their own living-room.

"This decoration is awful. It will have to go," said Gaëlle. "Those flowers on the bedroom wallpaper keep blinking at me."

"Agreed. How good are you at decorating?"

"I enjoy it, if I have the time," Gaëlle said. "Can I take charge and just use you as labour? You need to concentrate on your job for the moment, I imagine."

"True. You're the boss. I'll just do as I'm told. What about that huge mirror in the sitting room?"

"The mirror I can live with. I like to watch us having sex, and one day, who knows, it may reflect something even sexier."

"Then it certainly stays!" Jérôme said, with feeling.

"What do you think of the kitchen and bathroom? I'm quite happy with them."

"Yes, I agree, the fittings are good," Jérôme told her. "Which is just as well, because I've heard horror stories about having kitchens and bathrooms installed."

They stripped the walls and scrubbed and cleaned for several weeks before the house started to look as they wanted. Then Gaëlle set off to find work. After her first day of agency office work, she came into the living room and flung herself down on the sofa.

"This is going to be harder than I thought," she said. "Do you know what a page three girl is, Jérôme? I do, now. The men all

read a paper that has girls with huge breasts as the major feature. Boobs they call them. The girl could have the face of a dog and they would still be transfixed by her chest. Also, it seems that my accent makes them think I'm sexy, in a way that I don't enjoy. I need to work on sounding less French. Oh, dear."

"I understand. It's going to be harder for you than for me, I think. If you want to study rather than work, that isn't a problem."

"No. I'll work. It can't be any more difficult than it was today."

She continued with the agency, but the situation remained less than perfect. After two months, she was still coming home tired and unhappy. "I need something to make me feel good about myself, Jérôme. What can I do? There is still the Frenchwoman ooh là là when I'm at work and it's spoiling the feelings I have about sex. I need to find a job that's stable and with some more status, and for that I need better English."

"You can be a page three girl, maybe? You can certainly be my page three girl."

"Don't joke about it, Jérôme. Bra size seems to be everything, and I don't compare favourably."

"Untrue. I love your breasts as they are. That gives me an idea."

"Yes?"

"Be patient. I have to go to France soon. You'll know all about it when I come back."

She waited while he was away, not going to work but filling her time finishing bits of decoration in the house. She tried watching the television, and failed totally to understand the game of cricket.



When Jérôme returned, he had a large box with him.

“What’s in there?”

“Patience, Gaëlle. All will be revealed soon.”

He disappeared off into town the following day, and reappeared with a large roll of thick black material, which he took into the bathroom. There was hammering and other work noises for a time. Then he emerged and said, “Did I ever tell you that I used to do a lot of photography?”

“No. Just another of your secrets. I had no idea. Are you good?”

“Competent enough to use a camera and my own darkroom. The idea came to me when I made the joke about you as a page three girl. Can I do some nudes of you?”

“Only if they have a little more class than page three.”

“I hope so. I’ll do black and white photos, and that gives me another idea. Does the name Leni Riefenstahl mean anything to you?”

“German? Nazi? And she did the books on the African tribes of course.”

“Also the Olympic Games of ‘36. I want to photograph you in that style, if you are willing.”

In Jérôme’s absence, Gaëlle had discovered the local library, a source of much pleasure to her. She went there and looked up the work of Riefenstahl. It was classical in inspiration and she could see how Jérôme would do the pictures.

“I see what you’re aiming at,” she told him on her return. “They look like Greek statues. If you can make me look half as good, I’ll be very happy to be your model. I think I would look best if you shaved me. Statues don’t have pubic hair.”

“On Greek statues you don’t see the shape of a woman’s sex,

either,” Jérôme commented. “However, that’s a detail that I want to stand out very clearly when I take these photos of you, so yes, you should be shaved.”

When Gaëlle saw the first photos, she was only relatively pleased. The pictures were flattering, and Jérôme had done his best to bring out the tight lines of her body. ““They’re quite nice,” she told him.

“Except?” he queried, noticing the reserve in her voice.

“Well, are my nipples really as pale as that? You can hardly see them, unless they’re in profile.”

“It is black and white,” he reminded her. “Yet it’s true that there isn’t a lot of contrast between your skin and the areola.”

“Um,” she said. “I think it would look better if they stood out more. When you do the next lot, I’m going to put some lipstick on them.”

She was happier after the next batch was developed.

“The lipstick did the job, but I wish my nipples were always as noticeable as that. Or at least when I want people to see, you understand? Lipstick wouldn’t work for that, though, it would just rub off on my clothes. Any ideas?”

Jérôme was unable to help, and Gaëlle put the idea to the back of her mind for a time.

Then, one evening, Jérôme came home to find Gaëlle topless in the bathroom, carefully painting her nipples with a greenish-black paste. He went to kiss her, but she said, “No touching. Give me a few minutes. I need to concentrate.”

He obediently left her to it and waited patiently in the sitting room until she emerged, still bare-breasted, from the bathroom. She leaned over and kissed him. He looked down at her breasts, and the paste that was still covering Gaëlle’s nipples. She’d taken a lot of care to cover only the areola.

He sniffed. "That's henna, isn't it?"

"Yes. I got the idea from an Indian woman I saw in the market. She had henna tattoos on her hands, so I thought it might work for what I want. You'll have to wait to see the effect, though. It takes a couple of hours to dry."

When the paste had dried enough to flake, Gaëlle cleaned it off, looked at herself in the mirror and was pleased. The henna made her nipples look significantly darker. She showed the result to Jérôme.

"There's quite a difference," he agreed. "Nobody will miss your nipples now!"

"It only lasts a few days, so I'll do it for special occasions. It does make me feel sexy."

"No change there then," he said and laughed. "I do appreciate how you're constantly looking for ways to appear even sexier. It's part of why I love you so much. Shall we do some more photos?"

The images that came out of these sessions did a lot to help Gaëlle to feel good about her body again. The sex that followed, and sometimes interrupted each photo shoot was also good for her morale. She made up an album, which she thought was erotic as well as aesthetic, and added in other photos from their holidays. She felt healthier for that, and returned to working feeling much more positive.

They had survived the cold wet winter, reflecting only that eastern France in twenty degrees of frost was more comfortable than slightly warmer but wetter weather. Gaëlle had improved her English and had been able to find a job that was more satisfying to her intellectually. Now, in the warmer weather, she had a new boss, a woman.

"This will sound ridiculous, Jérôme but the stupid woman is

jealous of me,” Gaëlle told him. “She’s used to being the queen bee, lusted after by all her male staff, and now she sees me as competition. I’ll have to go back to the androgynous look I used in France.”

“Don’t do that. No point. It just makes you look more temptingly feminine and sexy. Just ignore her. It’s her problem as long as it doesn’t interfere with your work.”

He was right. The jealousy subsided as the boss realised how good Gaëlle was at her work, and that her male colleagues didn’t interest her.

Life calmed down, and they both got used to their new surroundings. They explored the area and discovered many interesting places. They went to Stratford upon Avon to the theatre, which made Gaëlle determined to work even harder at her English.

The winter and spring had passed, and for once June had behaved itself and produced sunny, warm weather.

“I’ve been given some tickets for the finals day of the international tennis tournament in Nottingham,” Jérôme told her. “Shall we make a day of it?”

“Oh, please. Lovely. I hope the weather stays nice. I think we can afford a day away from work and house-improvements.”

“Just look at that sky. It looks like the apocalypse is imminent,” Gaëlle grumbled, as they had breakfast that Saturday morning. “There was I, all ready to wear a little cotton dress. It will be jeans, tee shirt and a thick top, I’m afraid.”

“Looking at those black clouds, it doesn’t look good,” Jérôme said. “Do you mind if I make a detour, to get some paint and things? I might as well be prepared for some more work on the house if it rains and we have to come home.”

“Oh, wonderful,” Gaëlle said ironically as Jérôme got back into the car after his foray into the home-improvement store. “Lots of lovely paint and some beautiful screwdrivers. I hope the colours are what I want, at least. If it rains I shall need something bright to cheer me up.”

As they were driving along the road toward Nottingham, the sun came out. By the time that they entered the city, the temperature was twenty-four degrees Celsius, and it was still only ten o'clock. Gaëlle was very warm. She took off her shirt and was still too hot.

Jérôme looked at her. “You’re looking pink, Gaëlle.”

“I’m boiling.” She was sweating and starting to be uncomfortable.

“What is it about women that a two-degree change in temperature turns them from an icicle to a furnace?” Jérôme asked rhetorically.

“No idea, but I’m still too hot,” Gaëlle responded, sounding grumpy.

“We have time to do a little clothes shopping for you, if you want,” Jérôme said to placate her. “You haven’t had a chance to wear nice things for a while. Shall we see if we can find something more suitable for this weather, just in case it lasts?”

“How can I refuse?” Gaëlle asked, brightening up immediately.

Jérôme parked the car and found his way to the shopping centre. They looked at several boutiques, but found nothing that really appealed. Eventually, Gaëlle’s attention was drawn to a little shop, “Look over there. That looks interesting. The window with the wedding dresses. You see the tunic? Lace is a local speciality, did you know that? I really like it.”

The shop was small and full of wedding dresses, featuring the famous Nottingham lace. The tunic, which she had noticed was

loose fitting, écru in colour, with short wide sleeves. The material was very fine, with a lot of space between the web of the lace. She tried it on over her black tee shirt.

"It looks good on you. How much is it?" Jérôme asked, peering at the tag. "Ouch. Is it made of gold?" The shock registered on his face.

"It's all handmade," Gaëlle explained. "It's beautiful, though, isn't it? Do you think it would look good if I wore it with nothing underneath? I think it would look sexy. Right now, I'd like that a lot."

"Try it on and I'll decide, agreed?"

Gaëlle went into the changing room, clutching the garment. Since they had been living in England, she had dressed seriously. She was unsure of how English people might react to exhibition in a city centre, so this would be a new experience, especially for her. She removed her tee shirt and put on the tunic. The first thing that she noticed was how hard her nipples were. She could see that easily, because they were peeping through the pattern of the lace. Even in the little changing cubicle mirror, with poor lighting, she could see that she would be exposing most of her breasts. The under curve as well as the nipples would be on show. For the first time in several weeks, she felt sexy. A slight regret went through her mind that she hadn't used henna on her nipples for some time, but she decided that what she was showing was good enough for the day.

She pulled the curtain aside and stepped out into the shop. She saw the eyes of the saleswoman open wide in surprise. Gaëlle was happy, excited and exposed. Jérôme took one look at her and without hesitation pulled out his credit card.

They left the shop and went out into the sunshine. Jérôme took her arm. "You look good enough to eat. Would you like to walk to the tennis on your own? I'll follow at a little distance. I

won't intervene unless there is a problem."

"Yes, I'd like that," she said, with a happy smile, but feeling nervous. "It's as if I'm a different person, dressed like this. I haven't had this feeling for too long."

Jérôme explained the way to the park where the tennis was. It had been some time since Gaëlle had been excited in public, and it was even nicer to be virtually alone, but to know that Jérôme was nearby if she needed him. She walked slowly, enjoying the feeling of the hot sun on her almost bare breasts. She could sense that people were looking at her, young men of course, older men and some women. It was quite hard to avoid eye contact, but she tried to appear detached. A group of teenage girls stopped to stare, at first with surprise, then with interest. She smiled at them and one, a pretty girl with short dark hair, blushed deeply. Gaëlle strolled on, wondering what was going through the girl's mind.

Jérôme caught up with her in the park at the tournament. They wandered around, looking at tennis equipment and relaxing in the sunshine. Gaëlle, still very conscious of her almost-completely-exposed breasts, managed to appear cool and ignore the interested or shocked looks that followed her progress around the showgrounds. They had a snack lunch, then made their way to their seats, perched high above the centre court. Next to them was a middle-aged man.

"I bet he wouldn't know the score if you asked him," Gaëlle whispered after a while, leaning across to Jérôme. "He's been staring at my breasts ever since we arrived."

"I'm struggling to concentrate, myself!" Jérôme told her.

She relaxed and enjoyed that sensation, as well as the tennis. She realized that she had missed the thrill of exhibition more than she had imagined. They left Nottingham at about five o'clock. It was still warm, and the interior of the car was boiling

hot. Once they were out of the suburbs, Gaëlle allowed her excitement to come to the surface. "I'm going to masturbate. Can you concentrate on the driving if I do?"

"I'll try."

She put her feet up on the dashboard, and rubbed herself through her jeans, which were tight against her sex. It was no good. She needed to touch herself more intimately. She struggled out of the thick denim, and sat back in her damp knickers and sexy tunic, to make herself come. Jérôme was having a problem concentrating on the road, so he headed out into the middle of the countryside, found a quiet place to stop and cut the engine. The silence was broken only by the song of birds. Jérôme turned to watch his wife.

Gaëlle took off her knickers, which by now were soaking, and again put her feet up on the dashboard. The windows were open and she felt a cool breeze on her bare bottom. She slid down in the seat, to let the breeze blow between her thighs and buttocks. It felt so good. She reached over and tugged at the zip of Jérôme's jeans, without speaking. He helped her open it and took out his sex. She was surprised to see that it was soft.

"Hot weather, warm jeans, limp willy," Jérôme explained, apologetically. The expression on Gaëlle's face told of her disappointment.

"I need something inside me, Jérôme. Help me, please," she begged.

Jérôme thought for a moment, then turned to the back seat of the car. When he turned back, in his hand was the plastic wallet of screwdrivers. He showed her the handles. They were plastic, bright yellow, with smooth, rounded ends. He took out a medium-sized one, and stroked it across her labia. She liked that. He gently pushed it into her. That felt better, but what she felt she needed was something to stretch her, so she nodded



toward the biggest one, and raised her hips to make it clear what she wanted. He took the fattest screwdriver by the blade, and pushed its handle slowly into her vagina.

That was better. She grabbed the blade from him and used it as a dildo. Jérôme watched for a moment, still holding the smaller implement. It was covered in her juices. He reached toward her, and she felt it run between her buttocks. When it stroked across her anus it made her jump. She gasped. The nerve endings there jangled, adding to the strong ripples coming from her clitoris. He looked at her, a question in his eyes. She nodded.

She sensed the round tip touch her anus again, as she continued to pump with the big screwdriver. This time the smaller one stopped, and she felt it press against her. She tried to relax as Jérôme pushed harder, to squeeze it past the strong muscle. Then she could feel the smaller handle inside her, circled by the sphincter. She had to concentrate hard, in order to prevent it from cramping tight. She knew that would hurt. Her only previous experience that was even vaguely similar had been with a thermometer, when she was ill as a child, not erotic at all.

Once past the initial resistance, the handle slid in deeper. It was different from having her vagina penetrated, more a sensation of having the walls of the passage eased apart. She was very conscious of the two handles inside her, almost touching through the thin membrane. She was still feeling surprised at how easily she was able to accept being penetrated there, when the power of her orgasm suddenly amazed her. She shuddered and contracted hard round the twin intruders. It was so strong. Her whole body took part in the tidal wave of pleasure.

“Take it out. Take it out. It hurts.” The enjoyment had stopped abruptly and she was in pain.

Jérôme pulled the smaller one out, but she was still shaking

as he kissed her and caressed her gently. His erection had recovered quickly as he had watched her come. After a few minutes, she was calm again, and she thanked Jérôme by stroking him to an orgasm, which he loved.

## Chapter Sixteen

That night at home in bed, Gaëlle was caressing herself while thinking of the pleasures of the day. It was a warm night, and she was lying naked on the bed, flat on her belly. Jérôme lay beside her, watching. He stroked her back, then knelt between her thighs and gently pushed her buttocks apart. She felt him blow on her anus, then a gentle, gentle kiss right on it. She shivered, and rubbed harder on her clitoris. Next his tongue touched her there, and she trembled again.

She felt a need to be as indecent as she knew how. She knelt up and moved her knees as far apart as she could. Then she leaned forward, resting her head on her forearms. Her breasts were hanging and she could sense their weight. She felt her sex opening, and moved her knees even further apart. This time when she bent over, she arched her spine. She was conscious of the skin between her buttocks stretching, and knew that she was totally exposed to Jérôme. When his tongue probed inside her anus, the sensation was so exquisite that she could not resist, and she cried out as she came hard. She knew that they had found a new focus, and a new set of sensations.

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*Following this, my first experience of any sort of anal sex, my mind has been returning continually to the sensations created when the handle of the screwdriver made its way into my bottom.*

*Until then, although I had read about anal sex, I had been too absorbed in discovering other, more conventional erotic experiences to give it any consideration for me personally.*

*Now, it's filling my thoughts constantly. After my shower the following evening, I took a small hand-mirror and examined myself. The contortions that were demanded by that investigation reduced me to helpless giggles for a time. However, when I finally managed to find the correct angle on the reflection, I was able to appreciate the neat dark-pink star that I wanted Jérôme to open up and penetrate. It felt rather childish to explore myself in this way, but I enjoyed it anyway. There is a further element, the idea that I would be breaking a taboo, which attracts me greatly. The final appeal, the one that makes me really want to do it, is the thought that this will be an offering of a form of virginity to Jérôme. I have discovered that I want to experience that very much.*

*Last night was the big moment. We went dancing, so we ate early. I was determined that I would be as clean and available as possible. We were both a little sweaty when we arrived home, so I had a shower. I was even more careful than usual to wash my bottom. Jérôme showered after me, and when he came into the bedroom, I was naked on our bed. He smiled at me.*

*"Is that a proposition that I can see?" he asked.*

*I returned the smile, and instead of replying in words, I turned over and wriggled my bottom at him. Jérôme lay beside me and stroked my buttocks with his hand. I parted my thighs, as an invitation to explore more. His fingers ran up the inside of my leg, tickling me. I giggled, and then caught my breath as he touched, very lightly, on my sex. I relaxed, and allowed him to explore me further, to caress my clitoris and to pull gently on my labia, which I adore. I stretched across to the bedside table, and pulled the drawer open. Jérôme knew what that meant, and he*

took out the vibrator. For the next ten minutes or so, he caressed, stroked and rubbed me with it. I rolled over and he used it very gently on my nipples. He put it between my thighs and I gripped it, tensing the muscles hard. I was turned on, but nervous about what I was about to ask. It was an effort, but I wanted to hear myself say the words.

*“Jérôme? Do you want to sodomise me? I want it very much. Please, will you fuck my bottom?”*

*I rolled onto my front again, spread my legs and, almost as if I were doing breaststroke, I raised my bottom in the air. Without looking at Jérôme, I repeated,*

*“Please.”*

*“If you are sure, then of course I’d love to.”*

*He slid the vibrator into my sex first, then used the juices that I left on it to lubricate my bottom. I relaxed carefully, to allow him to smear some of the wetness just inside me there. Then he knelt behind me. I felt his erection touch my anus. I breathed out fully. The next touch was firmer, pushing at the sphincter. The moment had arrived. Jérôme, my husband, was about to sodomise me. He was going to be the first ever to penetrate me there. I was filled with a feeling made up of equal parts of love and lust. I pushed against him as he thrust at my bottom. He gripped my hips and drew me toward him. I felt him pass beyond the sphincter muscle, and had to breathe in a controlled way to take it. He went deeper. It was different from when he penetrated my sex. There was not the same pleasure as he went further inside me. The enjoyment that I was feeling was more in my head, at what I was accepting, at what I had asked for. There was a nice sensation, though, transmitted to my sex from behind. Jérôme slid even deeper. I could feel his pubic hair against my buttocks now. I was lost in the responses of my body and mind.*

*“I’m totally inside you now, Gaëlle.” Jérôme’s voice broke*

*into my introspection. I tightened my muscles there.*

*"I feel so full. Will you move inside me, Jérôme, but gently?"*

*Jérôme pulled back a centimetre or so. It felt nice, I was wet enough to allow him to slide.*

*"That's good," I said. "You can fuck me now, like in my sex, but maybe not so energetically, please."*

*Jérôme followed my guidance, and slid back, until he was almost out of me. I could sense the helmet of his penis just inside the entry muscle. Then he slid back deep again, slowly, but powerfully. It made me feel faint as he opened up the passage in my bottom to the full length of his erection. He blew out hard, to relax himself.*

*"Shall I tell you what I see?" Jérôme asked.*

*"Please. I want to know what I look like."*

*"The muscle around your anus is being distorted when I pull back," he said, matching action to the words. "Then it's pushed in again as I pull you back toward me and thrust at the same time."*

*I imagined how I must look, and that heightened my pleasure. I could tell that Jérôme was as excited as myself. His penis twitched as he pushed into me.*

*"I don't think I can last long," he said.*

*Neither can I," I gasped in reply. "So please, do it to me as hard and as fast as you want. I need to know how it feels."*

*The next few moments were so powerful. Jérôme fucked my bottom hard and fast. Any discomfort that I noticed was hidden under the overwhelming desire to give him everything. I was grunting like an animal. I slid my hand under my body and rubbed hard on my clitoris, appreciating how my labia was being pulled forward and back by his movement inside me. When he came, I was amazed at the flood he seemed to release into my bottom, a hot tide that filled me. It triggered my own orgasm,*

*and I collapsed on the bed to enjoy the spasms that shook me.*

*It was only as I calmed down that I realised that Jérôme was no longer buried in my bottom. He had slipped out while I was thinking of other things. Later he told me that he knew that after my orgasm, I would probably be in pain if he stayed inside me that first time. I have made up my mind that I will experience that, when he does it again. I am determined that there will be a next time.*

## Chapter Seventeen

Gaëlle preferred not to buy clothes in sales. Once she had realised that clothes were becoming an essential part of her erotic life, she concluded that if something wasn't good enough for others at the full price, then it was not going to be good enough for her when reduced.

However, as she was walking through the shopping centre of Nottingham one day in early August, her eye was caught by a dress in a the window of a small boutique. It was made of scarlet lace, with a purple silk lining. The material and colour reminded her of a pair of lace bikini knickers that she had recently bought. The dress was a little gipsy in style. She went in and tried it on. It had elastic round the neckline, so she could wear it on her shoulders, or pulled down, to leave her shoulders and upper arms bare, which was how she preferred it. With her long blonde hair, it looked pretty. The dress was tight at the waist and calf-length. It was heavy enough to swing nicely when she walked. It wasn't even expensive. She thought for a minute, and then took out her credit card. Feeling a little guilty about indulging this sudden urge, she didn't tell Jérôme about it. She put it away in the wardrobe in its bag, sure that somewhere in the future the chance would come to wear it.

Following the photo sessions, Gaëlle had realised how interested in photography Jérôme was, so she had ordered Riefenstahl's Nubian book for his birthday on October seventeenth. She took time off work to wait for the delivery of the parcel. By the time that the postman had passed by, late on the



morning of the big day, it was clear that Jérôme's present wouldn't arrive in time.

In anticipation of a sexy evening, she had bought food for a little feast for two. She had already darkened her nipples with henna. She intended to shower later, and shave her pubic hair then. Perhaps that would take Jérôme's mind off the absence of a present, she thought.

She was sitting, eating a sandwich for her lunch, and wondering how to make it up to him, when she remembered the lace dress. Brushing crumbs from her lips, she went to take it out, and held it against her. It still looked good, but at that point, she discovered the reason why it had been in the sale. The lining was discoloured on one side, no doubt the effect of the sun in the shop-window. An idea flashed into her head.

As an adolescent, her mother had insisted that she should learn how to sew, in spite of Gaëlle's protests. However, she had quite frequently been grateful for that knowledge since meeting Jérôme. She had discovered that clothes for erotic occasions were not often found in normal shops. Jérôme would be at work for another three hours, at least, she calculated, so she had time for what she intended to do.

In the event, it was well over three hours later by the time she had finished and was ready to try on the dress. Its lining now lay on the floor beside her. It could not be long before Jérôme's return, but she desperately wanted to see how she looked in it. She closed the curtains, stripped to her knickers and picked up the dress. She stood in front of the full-length mirror, with the dress in her hands, closed her eyes, and slipped it on over her head.

When she opened them again, she realised that she was almost as exposed as before she had put it on. The light behind

her was shining straight through the lace. A scarlet mist outlined her otherwise exposed body. She put the main light on and looked again. Her henna-enhanced nipples were very much in evidence, as were the black knickers she was wearing. She found her red lace bikini knickers and put them on. Now, it was now almost impossible to tell whether there was anything under the dress or not. Jérôme would like that, she was sure. She was about to take the dress off, when she heard the car arriving. There was no time to change, so she just walked into the hall to meet him. His face was a picture.

"That's wonderful, Gaëlle. Is that my birthday present? I see you haven't had time to wrap it!"

"I ordered a book for you but it won't be here in time," she explained. "I hope that the dress makes up for it."

"I may forgive you," he joked, "but only if you accept my invitation to the restaurant, and only then if you wear that dress, just as you are."

It only took an instant for her to agree. Since the photographic sessions and then the tennis tournament, she hadn't had time to think very much about sex beyond their usual, very happy fun in bed.

"Where do you want us to go? This dress is too sexy for just anywhere, don't you think?"

"I've been told about a restaurant out in the country which is supposed to be very nice, intimate and discreet. I've been waiting for a suitable occasion. Will that do? If they have a table, of course."

"Agreed. You make the booking. I'm going to start to get ready."

While Jérôme was reserving a table, Gaëlle took a shower. She sang happily to herself as she shaved her sex. She put on the dress and the little red lace knickers, found a suitable pair of

high heels, and did her makeup. She draped a black shawl round her bare shoulders, feeling grateful for the unseasonably warm Indian summer weather. By the time she was ready, Jérôme had changed also, and was already looking very smart in a dark blue suit with a pale blue shirt.

"It'll take us about half an hour to get to the restaurant," he told her. "The table is booked for half-past eight. Just relax while I drive."

It was quite dark when they arrived in the car park. Although the evening was cooling down, she left the shawl in the car. She got out, and walked in front of the headlights, to give Jérôme the full effect of the dress. He whistled at her, so she knew he was pleased. She was in her before-exposure state, aroused and nervous, but happy also.

The restaurant had one long low room, with exposed beams. At one end, by the entrance, was the bar, more brightly lit than the rest. Their table was at the far end, and Gaëlle was very aware that the bar lights must be shining straight through her dress, making her appear almost naked as she walked between the tables. It felt good.

They sat facing each other. Jérôme grinned at Gaëlle, and she felt his foot stroke her calf. He had slipped off his moccasin shoe, and was caressing her bare legs. His foot rose higher. She shook her head at him, but moved in closer to the table, so the hanging cloth hid his manoeuvres. Soon his toes were wriggling between her thighs. She pulled up her dress to the top of her legs, hoping that what was happening was not too evident, and enjoyed the sensation.

The waiter arrived and they ordered drinks.

"Our waiter enjoyed what he could see of your dress, or rather, of you through it," Jérôme said. "I bet we get good

service tonight.”

Gaëlle relaxed as Jérôme withdrew his toes. She didn’t want to be too excited, or not yet, at least. She glanced around, but there weren’t any interesting people to look at, except perhaps a thirtyish couple, a blonde woman with a red-faced man, on the far side of the main passage between the tables.

The food arrived and was excellent. They shared a bottle of wine, then sat back to enjoy their coffee. By now the voice of the man with the red face was becoming louder. He was obviously embarrassing his lady-friend. Gaëlle looked across at her again. She was blonde, with shoulder-length hair. Her long black dress was cut quite low, showing off a pair of very nice breasts. The woman noticed Gaëlle’s look, and told the man to keep his voice down.

“Am I forgiven for the absence of a birthday present?” Gaëlle asked.

“Of course. It’s only delayed, not forgotten,” Jérôme told her.

Gaëlle leaned across the table toward her husband. “I hope you like my dress. It makes me feel very sexy. Would you like me to become even more excited? I’d enjoy that. Do you think that the blonde woman is attractive? She would be nice in one of your fantasy scenarios, don’t you think? Please will you tell me a story about her? Now, while we’re in public and she’s sitting almost close enough to hear?”

Jérôme thought for a moment. “Okay, but this time there will be an extra element. Do you accept?”

“What sort of extra element?”

“You have to agree first, before I tell you what it is.”

“I agree,” Gaëlle said, after only a moment’s pause. “Now tell me the element.”

“I need a number.” Jérôme said. “Ah. I know. Look at your menu and find the price of, let me see, the fourth bottle of wine

on the list. Got it? Now tell me the second figure of its price”

“Gosh, it’s expensive,” Gaëlle said. She ran her finger down the wine list. “£28.50,” she read out, “so your number is eight.”

“Okay. So, eight is the magic number. I am going to tell you a scenario. After I’ve finished, I’ll start to count eight minutes. If the blonde woman stands up to go to the restroom within those eight minutes, I’d like you to follow her, and find out how much of the scenario you dare to carry out in reality. Agreed?”

Gaëlle’s heart was thumping. She nodded her acceptance. Jérôme took off his watch and placed it on the table, where they both could see it. He said,

“Here is the scenario. It’s quite brief. The blonde woman goes to the ladies’ restroom. You follow. You wait for her and start a conversation, maybe about the peasant, who, I suspect, is her husband. You say that you would like her to answer a personal question for you. If she accepts, this is the question. You want her to tell you whether your knickers are too visible under your dress. If she says yes, you take them off, there and then and ask if that looks better. The eight minutes start... now.”

For Gaëlle the minute hand barely seemed to move. She was afraid, but also excited by the idea of what she might be about to do. The seven minute mark was approaching. The woman stood up. A few seconds later, Gaëlle took a sip from her water glass and got to her feet. “My heart is going like thunder. Wish me luck, Jérôme.”

“You know I do.”

She walked to the ladies’ restroom, almost oblivious of the looks that followed her almost-nude progress. She was very nervous. There was a risk in what she was about to do. This was only her second exhibition in England, and she was going to go further than ever before. How would the Englishwoman react?

She was still in a cubicle when Gaëlle entered the Ladies' washroom. She stood by the two washbasins, put on a little more lipstick, and waited.

There was a sound of flushing and the woman came out. She went to the other washbasin and washed her hands. She looked at herself in the mirror, puffed out her cheeks and blew hard, as if to calm herself. "Ah, men," Gaëlle sighed theatrically. "How do we manage with them?" She was guessing, but the response told her she was right.

The woman sighed deeply and said, "Why do they have to bang on about how successful they are? They tell you once, then again, but louder. Damn it, I've been married to Gary for six years. I know how good he is at his job, and I don't need to be impressed. I was hoping for a nice evening out, as a couple, for once."

Gaëlle made sympathetic noises, although thinking how lucky she was with Jérôme.

The woman said, "You're French, aren't you? Only a Frenchwoman would have the style and courage to wear that dress. It's beautiful. I'd never have the nerve to wear anything so daring. It would be far too sexy for me."

"That's just not true. You would look magnificent in it. You have bigger breasts than me. You would look amazing. Your husband would love it. He wouldn't still be talking about work, that's certain."

"I would never dare. I would most likely be arrested."

Gaëlle took a deep breath. "Can I ask you a question? About the dress?"

"Yes, of course."

"Are my knickers too visible under it? I'm not sure."

The woman took a step back and examined Gaëlle for a moment. "I have to say that they're just about visible," she

pronounced, “but you look so sexy that it doesn’t in any way spoil the effect.”

Not allowing herself to think about what she was doing, Gaëlle reached under her dress and pulled her knickers down. She stepped out of them and picked them up. The woman’s face was a picture of astonishment and curiosity. “Is that better, do you think?” Gaëlle asked. “It feels nicer, and now they aren’t visible at all, are they?”

Faced with a woman whose exposed sex was shaved bare, the woman’s voice wobbled as she replied, “I don’t know what to say. You look fantastic, but very improper. If you want to have a bare bottom, why don’t you wear a thong?”

“Is that what you have on? You’re wearing a thong?” Gaëlle asked. “Can I see it? Will you show me?”

The blonde woman hesitated for an instant, then turned away and raised the back of her long black dress, gathering it round her waist. She had a black thong under it.

Gaëlle admired her bare bottom. “It suits you. That looks lovely. What does the front look like?”

There was another hesitation before the woman turned. The front triangle was also black, with little diamanté jewels sewn on.

Gaëlle could not stop herself. She reached out and stroked the front of the thong with the back of her hand. When she took it away, it was damp. The woman gasped and dropped the hem of her dress. She quickly turned away, opened the door and left the restroom.

Gaëlle waited maybe half a minute, then followed her, carrying her knickers crumpled up in her hand. An erotic buzz carried her all the way down the length of the dining room. She wondered whether she was quite as naked and exposed as she suspected. The blonde woman was back at her table, and both she and her man watched as Gaëlle went back to Jérôme. Her

mouth was dry. She sat down and finished her glass of water.

"You don't have to tell me the result of what happened," Jérôme said. "The evidence was very much on show as you came back."

"Is it very noticeable?" Gaëlle asked. "I feel very, very naked."

"That's because you are."

"Oh! Is it too much?"

"Never!"

"While I was walking back to you, I was very conscious that the blonde woman knew that I had no knickers on. I felt really sexy."

"You looked sexy, too. So, tell me the details."

"I did what we agreed, but then I got her to show me the thong she is wearing."

"Does it look nice?"

"Oh yes. And, Jérôme..."

"Yes?"

"I touched her...there."

"Wow!"

"Look how nervous she is, now," Gaëlle murmured. "She's guessed what we're talking about. I can still smell her on my hand. Watch her as I do this." She leaned across the table to Jérôme and held her hand out toward him.

The scent of the blonde woman's sex drifted up his nostrils. He leaned closer, inhaled and smiled.

A few tables away, the Englishwoman blushed furiously, and had a fit of coughing. Her husband looked at her curiously. She leaned toward him across the table, and they spoke to each other at some length.

"I wonder if she's explaining to him the significance of what you just did," Jérôme said. "because his eyes keep wandering across to our table. "



“It’s a lovely thought. Look, they’re going.”

The husband led the way, heading toward the car park. The woman made another visit to the restroom on her way out. When she appeared again, she took two steps toward the exit, before pausing as if undecided. Then she turned and walked briskly to the French couple’s table. She stopped in front of Gaëlle, her face bright red.

“Gary and I thought that you might like a souvenir,” she said.

She took Gaëlle’s hand, folded her fingers round a neatly-folded but perfumed and soggy black thong, turned and fled.

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle’s Journal.

*As we drove home last night, I was still in a euphoric daze of sexy sensations. Until I met Jérôme, the daily regime of exercise and gym that I followed was designed to remind me that I could control my body totally. Since our relationship began, and now in our marriage, it has become a source of pleasure for me to know that my body is not only attractive to Jérôme, but also to others who see me exposed. As I rushed into the house yesterday evening, I was hoping that I was not becoming too narcissistic in wanting to see for myself how much I had just displayed to the restaurant clients.*

*In front of the big mirror, I examined my reflection. As I remembered from trying the dress the first time—could it really have been only a few hours earlier?—the web-like lace of the dress revealed my breasts and erect nipples, whether I stood in profile or full-face. What I hadn’t fully taken in was that, without knickers, the shape of my bare bottom was just as much on view, and the same was true, from another angle, of my clean-shaven sex. My knees quaked as I realised quite how much of me I had*

*shown, and I was, and still am, thankful that no one created a scandal. I took a big risk last night, but, to use the words of the Englishwoman, at least I wasn't arrested. Reasons to be grateful.*

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*It's now over a week since the "red dress evening", and we have discussed it again and again. It has fuelled our fantasies, of course, but it has also led to a more serious discussion. From an almost total lack of knowledge or even interest, I've become sexually very aware. I realised, right from my first gentle experiences, that I got a major erotic thrill from showing myself in public. What took place at the restaurant told me that I have to accept that I've become capable of thinking about involving others in my excitement.*

*I needed to have clarification from Jérôme of his view of that possibility. This evening, I couldn't delay the question any longer. I waited until we were relaxing on the sofa, took a deep breath, and began, "While we were counting the eight minutes, I thought your watch had stopped! But, in reality, eight minutes wasn't very long, was it, Jérôme? You were lucky that she stood up in that time."*

*"I could have sworn that I was watching the second hand by mistake!" Jérôme replied. "I was lucky, I agree, but I'd noticed how much water she had been drinking, and she hadn't been to the restroom while we were there, so it was a reasonable bet. Besides, I think that even if the eight minutes had passed, you might have been tempted to do it anyway."*

*"It's possible. It was a lot less nerve-racking than I had imagined to make the fantasy become reality, Jérôme. Was that why it was simpler than your usual scenarios?" I asked. "Did you*

*think that I would dare, if it wasn't too extreme?"*

*"I honestly didn't know. I wanted you to have the chance to find out how far you wanted to push yourself," he replied. "The reaction of the woman was pleasing. I'm not surprised that she behaved as she did, though, because I don't think that you realise just how erotically charged you are at those moments. Few people would resist, I think."*

*I thanked him for the compliment, and went on, "Can I ask you how much further you would be prepared for me to go? You saw how naked I was in the restaurant."*

*I paused, took a breath and plunged on, as I knew I must.*

*"If, instead of a woman, it had been a man to whom I was so exposed, and whom I touched, would you have enjoyed that also?"*

*"I think you were pretty much as exposed to all the men in the restaurant, and, from their expressions, they enjoyed you thoroughly. As for touching, the choice is always yours to make, Gaëlle, all yours and only yours. If an idea excites you, and you want to find out if you will enjoy a particular erotic sensation, then I'll always be happy for you to have that experience."*

*"You're sure you mean it, when you say any experience, Jérôme?"*

*"Yes, any. Absolutely any experience whatsoever," he insisted. "I will always be there to share in your pleasure, or to comfort you if it doesn't work out, but I will always be there with you, have no doubt."*

*"Does that mean..." I began.*

*Jérôme put a finger to my lips to stop me from going on.*

*"What it means is that I love you so much that I will take pleasure in whatever you want to try, so you don't need to ask that question."*

*He knows me so well. He'd realised that I'd been about to ask*

*whether that meant that he didn't care enough about me as a person to stop me. But he loves me.*

*So there it is. I can sample any erotic experience that presents itself, knowing that I will have the full support of my husband. I am free to explore, but I also know I am safe.*

*My mind keeps returning to a discussion that Jérôme and I had when we first met. He told me then, that many more people dreamed of doing the things that I am now experiencing, than dared to make them become reality. Many questions came to mind.*

*"Do you think I can help others to reach the same point as myself? Do you think what happened in the restaurant encouraged the blonde woman and her husband to have a sexy night together? Did the experience change her outlook? Will she now be more aware of other sexual possibilities?"*

*"Who knows? It's a sexy thought."*

*"It excites me to think that she might. You know, I've been conscious of a desire to try new things for myself, but now I'm also contemplating another pleasure, the excitement to be had from introducing others to the open sexuality I enjoy with you."*

*"I can't think of anyone I know who is better suited to excite and encourage people," he told me. "But let's just see what situations offer themselves, and enjoy each experience for its unique quality. If you avoid expectations, any sexy experience brings its own sort of pleasure."*

*I've been reflecting on how I feel about the possibility, and I've concluded that the prospect both concerns and excites me. I still want to explore fully the sensations of exhibition. I'm not certain, yet, that I will ever dare to approach someone with an erotic proposal, but I can no longer be sure that I will say no, if such a chance is presented to me.*

## Chapter Eighteen

They returned to France for their summer holiday in 1992. After a year in England, Gaëlle felt that she needed some guaranteed sun. They drove first across France to visit their families, and then headed south, toward the beaches of the Languedoc.

It was a sunny day when they set off. Gaëlle was happy to be away from work, and although she loved her family very much, it was a relief to be just Jérôme and her again. She was dozing beside Jérôme in the front seat of the car when she felt his hand start to unfasten her shirt. She pretended not to notice and to be asleep.

A few minutes later, her shirt was entirely open, and she knew that her breasts were exposed. She opened her eyes, to find Jérôme looking innocent, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. She smiled at him and stripped off her shirt. It felt good to be on show, as several lorry drivers appreciated. It was exciting, too, so eventually she lifted her skirt, pulled off her knickers and caressed herself to a very satisfactory orgasm, while Jérôme struggled to keep his concentration.

They stopped that night at a hotel on the outskirts of Nîmes, a large town on their route. The following morning they were in no hurry, because they could not move into the apartment that they had rented, until four o'clock that afternoon. Gaëlle looked at herself in the bathroom mirror.

"Can you come and shave me?" she called. "I think that I'll want to be nude on the beach. I just hope I have the courage to

do it and I want you to shave my sex so I'm ready, just in case."

"We have a morning to lose. Why don't you see if you can have your pubic hair waxed? Maybe then we won't have to do it so often."

"Waxed? Ouch! That will hurt. It's painful enough on my underarms, but maybe you're right. We can look at least."

They headed into the town. They tried many beauty salons, but all of them were booked up. Finally, a little distance from the centre, they found one where there had been a cancellation, and Gaëlle got an appointment for twelve thirty, in the middle of the lunch hour.

They strolled around to see the sights, then stopped at a café and watched the world passing by, until it was time for her appointment.

"Time to go," Jérôme said. "Are you ready for this?"

"I feel strange," Gaëlle told him. "I want to do it, of course, but it's new. I've never been as exposed as I will be in there. I suppose they must be used to it, but I'm excited and I'm wet, and I'm nervous that the beautician might make a comment about that, but I'll soon find out, won't I?"

At the salon, the door was open, and a young woman was sitting behind the desk, leafing through a magazine. Typical for the south of France, she had long dark-brown hair tied back, and pretty brown eyes. When she stood up, she was quite a lot smaller than Gaëlle, and curvier. As the young woman bent over to put down her magazine, Gaëlle caught a glimpse of a solid-looking black bra supporting a fine pair of breasts. That encouraged Gaëlle. She examined the beautician's white nylon overall more closely, and was gratified to establish that the beautician's knickers were black, too.

"Hello, I'm Aurore," the beautician said. "The book says underarm, half-leg and bikini, is that right?" She smiled as Gaëlle

nodded. "Please come this way."

Jérôme also stood, but the girl turned to him.

"You can wait here, sir. There are magazines to read if you wish."

He sat down again, looking rather disappointed.

Gaëlle followed Aurore into a treatment room, and took off her tee shirt and shorts, leaving her knickers on for the moment. Aurore waxed her underarms and legs very quickly and efficiently. Her expertise made Gaëlle feel more confident about what was to follow. She removed her knickers, conscious of her dampness. Her pubic hair was more than stubble, but not long. A thought struck her, and she put her tee shirt back on. As Jérôme had often said, it was exciting to choose to reveal only one part of her at a time, and she wanted to feel that all the attention was on her sex.

"How much shall I leave? You want a triangle or a strip? Aurore asked.

"I want to be totally bare," Gaëlle said, taking her courage in both hands.

Aurore seemed, not exactly shocked, but certainly surprised.

"Is that a problem?" Gaëlle asked.

"No, but maybe I should tell you that I have only done what we call an integral waxing a couple of times before. Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. I trust you." Gaëlle lay back on the treatment table. It was spine-tingling to be parting her legs in front of an unknown woman. The short pubic hair was soon a memory. She had been shaved not too long before, and it came off easily. When Aurore started to spread wax on Gaëlle's labia so that they would also be totally hairless, Gaëlle was intrigued to see pearls of sweat on the beautician's upper lip. She couldn't resist stretching her thighs a little wider. Her sex opened, making a tiny

sucking sound. "Oh, excuse me," she said, more to bring attention to the fact that she knew that she was wet than because she was really sorry.

Aurore said nothing, concentrating on applying and ripping off the wax

Gaëlle felt, rather than heard the door open. Both women glanced up, as Jérôme peered into the room. Aurore started to say something, but Gaëlle shook her head to say that she didn't mind. Jérôme came in and sat on an armchair. It was the first time that he had watched Gaëlle so exposed so close to a total stranger, and she could see that it was turning him on. She, too, was becoming more and more excited as the minutes passed. When Aurore bent over to complete the waxing, Gaëlle could see her big breasts in the opening of her overall, and the beautician seemed very conscious of that.

The final part of the process, waxing deep between her thighs and buttocks, was quite painful, but the excitement made it bearable. For several minutes, the ripping away of the last vestiges of hair was the only sound, apart from the heavy breathing of both women. Aurore completed the waxing, and ran her hand over Gaëlle's belly to check that she had missed nothing. She was obviously very keen to do a good job. She used tweezers to remove a stray loose hair. Then she poured a little oil onto the newly smooth skin. Some of it ran down into the cleft of Gaëlle's sex. She could not help it, she moaned a little.

"Monsieur, I think that Madame needs your assistance," said Aurore, in a strained voice.

Jérôme stood. The shape of his erection was visible in his trousers, as was a slight mark where he had already been leaking. He walked over to the table, where, by now Gaëlle was stroking her clitoris. She grabbed his zip and opened it, glancing across at Aurore, to see her reaction. The beautician had



collapsed into the armchair, and had opened her overall. She was squeezing her breasts while she watched Jérôme and Gaëlle.

Jérôme took out his penis and slid its full, rigid length into Gaëlle. It penetrated her oily, slippery wet vagina easily. Gaëlle, savouring the sensation, looked again at Aurore. She had pulled her knickers aside and had several fingers deep inside her, while she continued to squeeze her breasts alternately, before pulling one of them out of her bra and pinching her nipple. It was a wonderfully erotic sight.

It took no more than a minute for Jérôme to come.

Aurore was still working toward an orgasm.

Gaëlle took a step toward her.

“No, no. “Aurore gasped, “Watch if you must, but don’t touch, please.”

Gaëlle, still naked from the waist down, stood gazing in fascination. From time to time she had to use her knickers to wipe the inside of her thighs, where Jérôme’s sperm was oozing out and dribbling down. She had never watched another woman masturbating in real life. She had seen it apparently happen on film, of course, but this was different. Aurore was not an actress in an erotic film, but a normal woman caressing herself, partly, at least, because Gaëlle had excited her. Far sexier.

Aurore shuddered to her climax, her breasts wobbling. After a moment or two, she regained her composure. She waved her hand at them, indicating that she wanted to be alone for a moment.

They went back to the empty reception to wait for the beautician to compose herself. When she arrived, Gaëlle paid and then held out an extra banknote. “Let me add something for the special service.”

“I prefer that you don’t, thank you,” Aurore said. “It would make me feel as if I was a sex worker, and I’m not. I have a

pride in my profession and what happened just now shouldn't have happened."

"It was a lovely moment, nevertheless," Gaëlle said, kissing Aurore on the cheek. "So thank you."

"It feels wonderful," she told Jérôme as they walked back to the car. "So smooth. I can feel the difference. As an experience, it was exciting, too. I think I've just discovered a new place to enjoy feeling sexy."

"I don't suppose I'll always be able to watch, but it was very exciting for me, too."

"I'm going to be waxed rather than shaved from now on. I'll be on the lookout for attractive beauticians in future," she told him. "That way, I get two lots of pleasure, from the experience and from the result."

"Two for the price of one is always nice," Jérôme agreed, as they got into the car. "Are you going to stay knickerless for the rest of the journey?"

"I think knickers would just be in the way. I'm sure won't be able keep my hands off myself. I'm dripping," Gaëlle told him, spreading a towel on her seat. "Sorry, but you'll just have to cope. Try not to bump into anything!"

Jérôme managed to get them to their destination without incident, and they arrived at Argelès, where they installed themselves in their apartment. By late afternoon, they were organised.

"Shall we go for a stroll along the beach? I'd like to get the feel of the place, and see if I'm going to be able to be sexy," Gaëlle suggested.

"Not everyone will be naked, you know," Jérôme reminded her. "On these beaches, nudity is accepted, but not mandatory."

The air was still warm. It was late enough for most families and children to have gone, but there were still quite a few

people, mostly couples, sunning themselves. As usual on the beach in France, almost all the women had bare breasts. Gaëlle was wearing a short skirt, with nothing under it, and a tee shirt. "I feel overdressed. I'm going to take my top off," Gaëlle said, matching action to the words. Her neat breasts were pale, in comparison with many of the women on the beach.

"How does that feel?" Jérôme asked.

"It's nice to have my breasts in the open air. It isn't as exciting as being exposed in the street, because I'm not the only topless woman here, but it's certainly enjoyable."

"You look lovely, and I'm not the only one who's enjoying you."

They walked down to the sea, and splashed along, with the waves tickling their ankles. They were able to have a good view of the assorted couples. It was not only young people who were nude. Many were middle-aged or older.

"Some of the bodies here aren't so attractive to look at, are they?" Gaëlle commented.

"Yes, but they have just as much right to enjoy being exposed as you, don't you think?"

"Um. Yes. I hadn't thought of it like that, but you're right."

Ahead of them there was a couple, sitting on sun-loungers very close to the sea, within a couple of metres of Jérôme and Gaëlle. Because the beach sloped quite steeply at the water's edge, the couple were at their eye-level. They must have been in their twenties, both very tanned and fit. The woman was curvy and dark, with long black hair. The nipples of her heavy breasts were pierced, with a little golden bar through each one. Her eyes followed the French couple as they approached. Quite deliberately, it seemed to Gaëlle, the woman began to play with her piercings, as if issuing a challenge.

A warm sensation ran down inside Gaëlle's belly. She

stopped, unzipped her little skirt and stepped out of it. Now she was just as exposed. More so in fact, she thought, as she compared her depilated sex with the tiny thong worn by the other woman. They examined one other, and exchanged a smile before Jérôme and Gaëlle walked on.

“Does the idea of being pierced like that appeal to you?”

“Her nipples are much fatter than mine, Jérôme. I can see the pleasure of being able to decorate your nipples, but I wouldn’t want to be pierced like her. I’m not convinced that it would look good on my small breasts, either. Also, you know how sensitive my nipples are, and isn’t the idea to feel pleasure, rather than to be in pain?”

They walked on. Jérôme’s silence told her that he was thinking deeply about something, so she decided to leave him in peace to do just that. In any case, she would know soon enough, assuming that he was meditating on the subject of sex.

The next morning, they woke up to a loud drumming on the roof.

“Just look at that rain!” Jérôme said, looking out of the window. “You can’t even see the mountains! What a downpour!”

“How disappointing. We’ve driven all this way for better weather, and now this. It’s a good thing we bought some books.”

“Actually, I’m going to drive into the town. There’s a rattle in the exhaust pipe of the car that I don’t like,” Jérôme said. “I’ll see you later.”

Gaëlle settled down with her book. A couple of hours later, she thought she heard the car, but Jérôme didn’t appear, so she assumed that she’d been mistaken. Around midday, it stopped raining. She went out on to the balcony and saw their car below. The windows were steamed up, which seemed strange to her, so she went down. She opened the car door and surprised Jérôme.

He jumped.

“Just what are you doing, dear husband?”

He grinned at her. In one hand were the small pliers from the car tool kit. He was trying to hide something in the other.

“Can you give me five more minutes, Gaëlle?” Jérôme pleaded. “I’ve nearly finished and then you can see.”

“Of course I’ll wait. I’ll make some tisane for when you come up.”

She had drunk hers, and his was cold, before he rang the bell for her to let him in.

“I have a little surprise for you,” he said. “I know that I said that you’d be able to see as soon as I’d finished, but now I think that it’s best if we wait until we can go to the beach. I promise to show it to you then.”

Gaëlle swallowed her curiosity for the four hours that it took the sun to dry the sand. By then it was about half past four. Their beach mats and towels were ready, together with the sun cream. She put on her tee shirt and skirt, and stood on the balcony, while Jérôme took the five-minute walk to the beach to check. She didn’t take a swimsuit, and there didn’t seem any point in putting on knickers. Since her waxing, she had rarely worn any. Jérôme reappeared and waved up to her

“Are you ready, Gaëlle? Let’s go.”

She was in a hurry to know what the surprise was going to be. The fact that it would be presented to her on the beach suggested that it would be something sexy, she thought.

The beach was not crowded. They chose a spot quite near the water, unrolled their beach mats and spread their towels. Gaëlle looked around. As on the previous day, most of the families had gone, leaving couples and groups of young adults. There were people close enough to see her, and, of course, when they went

down to the sea, many people would pass by. She remained standing to undress, and was pleased to see that several of the people near them took the time to appreciate what she had to show. She spread cream on, enjoying putting on a little display of oiling her breasts, buttocks and her hairless belly. It was a nice sensation.

Jérôme had also stripped off by then. For a man, aged forty he could be well pleased with his body shape, she thought, the result of a lot of sport and care in his diet. It felt good to lie beside him, both of them naked in the sunshine. She turned her head toward him. "So, what's this surprise then? Do I assume that the rattle in the exhaust was a fiction?"

Jérôme laughed. "A rattle? What rattle? I just needed some time for an idea that had come to me. Are you interested?"

"I might be," Gaëlle teased.

He fished in the pocket of the shorts that he had taken off, sat up and leaned toward her. With his fingertips, he closed her eyes.

He took her hand, and placed something in her palm. It was small, but heavy for its size. She opened her eyes and looked down. She was holding a gold chain, maybe eight inches long. She examined it closely. "You cannibalized some clip-on earrings to get these fastenings?"

He nodded.

"I bought some cheap clip-ons and took them apart," he explained, "but the wire and the chain are the real deal."

Gaëlle looked at the fine gold wire that he had used to bind the two elements together. She could only imagine the concentration that he must have applied to make a neat job of his creation while sitting in the car. She leaned over and kissed him. "It's beautiful, Jérôme and it's better than a nipple piercing, not so definitive. Will you put it on for me?"

He cleaned the sun cream from his hands.

Gaëlle sat up, facing him. He took hold of the nipple of her right breast and squeezed it lightly. It became erect, allowing him to put the clip in place and to close it. It was tight, not quite painful, but it definitely pinched. He did the same with the other clip on her left breast. The chain was quite a fine one, but it was real, 18-carat gold, and when he released it, she could feel its weight tugging at her nipples as it hung between her breasts. "How do I look, Jérôme?"

"Delicious, as ever. Would you like to try walking around a little? I'd like to see my craftsmanship being modelled."

She got up and walked down to the sea. When she returned, she said, "It feels very sensual. I'm very conscious of the chain swinging. What a thoughtful husband I have. Thank you so much, Jérôme."

"Would you like to see how it looks?" Jérôme asked her. "Shall we go up to the bar at the top of the beach? There's sure to be a mirror there."

The chain certainly seemed to be a success with the others on the beach. Gaëlle thought, noting the number of people who took time to examine her. They reached the open-air bar, which had a mirror behind its row of bottles. She was able to see herself clearly, and she liked the way that the chain brought the focus of attention to her breasts. The only problem was that the clips, which had been tight from the start, were now distinctly uncomfortable, as her nipples had become more engorged. She went into the toilet at the bar, and once inside, she hurried to unfasten the chain and massage her nipples, which were dark red and very swollen. Even though she didn't want to disappoint Jérôme, the thought of having her nipples squashed again by the clips made her feel unpleasantly faint. She couldn't find a solution, and was resigning herself to putting the chain back on

when inspiration struck her.

Two minutes later, she walked back into the bar. Jérôme looked at her, and she saw an expression of concern appear on his face as he noted that the chain was no longer in place.

“I’m sorry, Gaëlle, was it too tight? Maybe I can make it easier to...”

He didn’t finish his sentence because his eyes had been drawn lower down.

She had clipped the chain to her inner labia and it was hanging between her thighs. “You like?” Gaëlle asked. “It feels very, very nice. My lips are swelling under the pressure.”

“Oh! Amazing!” Jérôme gasped, “and it’s an even better idea than mine.”

Gaëlle smiled at him, glad that she had found a way to wear the chain that was at the same time erotic and stimulating, without being too uncomfortable. “Time for you to go and lie down, preferably on your stomach,” she teased, looking at his growing erection.

They made it back to their place on the beach and Jérôme went straight into the water to cool off. Gaëlle stood at the water’s edge, her legs a little apart. She swayed her hips, to make the chain swing between her thighs. It caught the sun and drew people’s eyes to her sex. To be naked in the warm sunshine, the gold chain making her very aware of the tingle in her sex, in the company of the man she loved, was a combination as close to bliss as she could remember.

The following evening, as they were getting ready to go out for a drink and to eat, Gaëlle said, “I’m going to wear my pink silk dress tonight. Is it too short to go without knickers, do you think?”

“So that’s what’s been niggling you all day!” Jérôme said. “I



love you in that dress and it would be fantastic to know you were bare under it. Why not try it on? I'll happily give you my opinion."

She pulled the dress on over her naked body, and came back into the living-room. "What do you think? It feels very short, but unless you tell me it's too much, I'm going to do it."

"Who am I to say no, then?" Jérôme said. "You look lovely, and the idea that you're so close to being exposed is very appealing, also. I'll be proud to be with you, as well as turned on. It will be even more of a struggle than usual to keep my hands off you, I warn you."

"I want to do more," Gaëlle said. "Do you think I dare to wear the chain tonight? It would make me feel in peril and that would excite me enormously."

"Why ask, my love? It's your decision, and you know I'll enjoy whatever you do."

Gaëlle went back into the bedroom and stood in front of the mirror. She lifted the front of her dress and tucked it under her chin while she clipped the chain to her labia. When she released the hem, the chain was hidden. She lifted the dress a fraction. The chain, hanging almost level with the hemline, was immediately on show. She shivered. "Do you like it?" she asked, back in the living room. "I'm trembling, but I feel ready to take the risk that someone will see, now. I'm learning, Jérôme."

"You are indeed. Let's go."

A few minutes later they were walking among the evening strollers, looking for a suitable place to eat.

"This one looks classy," Jérôme said. "I think it's best if we go somewhere chic, with you dressed as you are. On the surface you look very smart. Sexy as well, of course, but still smart. "

They went in. The clientele was quite formally dressed, and the waiters looked as if all their clothes were starched stiff.

Gaëlle squeezed Jérôme's hand tightly. "I'm not used to this," she whispered. "It's intimidating. I'm so conscious that I haven't any knickers on, and I keep thinking that the chain will slip off, fall on the floor and show people what I'm doing. However, it's making me aroused, too."

"That's why I chose here. I think it's fun to have a contrast between how you look on the surface and how you are underneath, both physically and mentally. You have to behave very correctly, and that creates a tension that will add to your sexy sensations, I hope. Let's sit at the bar while we wait for a table."

The stools at the bar were high and the other armchairs in the bar area were low, and Gaëlle paused for a moment, working out how to climb up without showing her bare bottom to the other clients. It wasn't the sort of place where that would go unnoticed, she thought, among all these smartly dressed people.

She managed to get onto the stool without causing a scandal, with Jérôme standing between her and the low tables. Smoothing her dress under her bottom, Gaëlle crossed her legs and trapped the chain between her thighs "Thank you for screening me. That made it easier. Am I decent?"

"Superficially, yes. " Jérôme smiled. "I'm just going to drop this drinks mat, so I can look up under your dress." He allowed the little paper disc to slide off the bar, and under Gaëlle's stool. He rescued it, then sat down again. "I can see a lot of thigh, nothing more, although that's very sexy, too. I imagine that you must be wet. Be careful, or you'll have a stain on the back of your dress when you stand up."

"Oh, God. I hadn't thought of that, but if I pull the dress out, there will certainly be a patch on the stool. Have you a tissue, Jérôme?"

"I'll use the drinks mat."

Gaëlle slid her dress out from under her. "Oh. That's cold. I hope we get a table soon, or the drinks mat won't solve the problem of the puddle I think I'm leaving."

"Relax, Gaëlle. I also have some paper handkerchiefs. Will you uncross your legs for me?"

Biting her lip, Gaëlle did as he asked. The chain came free, and she felt it drop onto the stool top. Now it was in a little heap, almost directly under her sex. She rocked gently on it, feeling the links crunch against one another. A wave of pleasure swept through her. "I can't stay like this, Jérôme. It's bunched up, right against my clitoris," Gaëlle murmured to him. "I'm close to an orgasm and that frightens me, because I think people will notice. I may be learning, but I'm not ready for that, yet."

"Try standing up, then sliding back onto the stool. That should make the chain lie flat and delay things, at least."

Gaëlle stood, then, feeling very daring, quickly flicked her dress back over the stool as she slid back onto it. There was no outcry of disapproval, so she supposed that her momentarily bare bottom had not been noticed. The chain lay flat, and she was able to breathe normally again.

A table became free. She stood up, very carefully. As Jérôme walked away from the bar, he casually ran his hand, with a paper handkerchief hidden in it, over the top of Gaëlle's stool.

"There," he said. "All clean and no fuss. Necessary, though," he teased her.

"Oh, behave!" Gaëlle retorted. "I'm right on the edge as it is."

At the table, Jérôme leaned across to her. "I can tell you now that when you uncrossed your legs, the chain between your thighs was clearly visible."

The mere thought of that fired Gaëlle to have an orgasm. She folded up over the table, gasping silently. "Jérôme! Don't do that to me. It's not fair, but thank you also. Did I look good? Was I

sexy?"

"Yes and oh, yes. You looked wonderful. I don't think anyone else noticed, but you never know."

"Stop it, Jérôme. You're trying to do it to me again," Gaëlle said, in mock severity. "Let me calm down and enjoy my meal. I promise we'll discuss this later."

After the meal, they managed to make it back to the apartment before they succumbed to the desire to make love, but only just.

## *Chapter Nineteen*

On their last morning, the couple they had noticed on the first day arrived a short time after them, and chose to open their sun loungers close by. The woman still wore the nipple piercings that they had noticed. This time, however, she took off her bikini bottom as soon as she arrived. She sat on her sun bed with thighs apart, facing Gaëlle, and barely two metres from where she was lying on her belly. Gaëlle looked up, straight into an exposed sex, and blinked. Piercing her labia, the woman had golden rings, and from the rings hung a gold chain, almost exactly like her own. They smiled simultaneously.

“Joli, n’est-ce pas? I am Claudia.” The woman’s accent confirmed Gaëlle’s supposition that she was German.

“Gaëlle. Yes, it’s very pretty.” She turned over and sat up cross-legged, spreading her own chain out in front of her sex on her reed mat.

“Yours also. I have an idea. You follow me?” asked Claudia. She kept eye contact with Gaëlle, and reached down. She took hold of her chain in her fingers and began to pull and to twist it. Gaëlle mirrored her actions, observing how the other woman’s inner labia became more distorted as she pulled.

Gaëlle tried to follow her actions, but she knew that the clips on her own sex would soon start to slip. When that happened, lubricated by the mixture of sun cream and juices on Gaëlle’s sex, Claudia smiled, as if she had won a contest.

She didn’t stop, however, pulling her labia harder and harder, dragging them forward and back across her clitoris.

Gaëlle masturbated with her fingers. She glanced at Jérôme, who was lying on his stomach and watching both women. He could not see what Gaëlle was doing, but he had a full view of the German, as she gasped her way toward orgasm. Claudia's man had raised his head. His view was of Gaëlle's engorged sex, and of her fingers, rubbing hard. Claudia squeaked as she came. She nodded furiously to Gaëlle to continue, so she obeyed the unspoken instruction, pulling on her labia and squeezing her clitoris until she also came with a groan.

"Our holiday is over. We are going home now," Claudia said to Gaëlle, standing and putting her bikini back on. "Enjoy the rest of your time here, and thank you for indulging me. Bye bye."

"They must have just come for Claudia to put on the show for us," Gaëlle said. "Isn't that flattering?"

Jérôme nodded. "It shows that you aren't the only woman who wants to discover how varied erotic experiences can be. That's worth remembering. We aren't alone."

That evening, they were showering before dressing to go out, when Gaëlle announced, "I think I've had my share of sex for today with Claudia. I'm going to be ordinary, tonight. We've had such fun that I don't want to plan for it to be fantastic and then be disappointed."

Jérôme laughed.

"I don't think you could do ordinary if you tried, but let's have an expensive meal, and blow the rest of the holiday budget. What are you going to wear? You don't have to try to be sexy since are by nature!"

Gaëlle stepped out on to the balcony.

"It's quite cool, tonight. I think it will be trousers and a top. Maybe a pullover, too."

They set off along the main street among the restaurants and bars. After a first drink, they came out, to find that the evening

was now quite warm.

"I'm too hot. I'm going to go back to change," Gaëlle declared. "I'm hungry. Let's find a restaurant for you to wait in. I won't be long."

She deposited him at the bar of a very smart restaurant, kissed him and went off. Jérôme ordered a drink, waited, finished it and ordered another. Gaëlle was taking longer than he expected. After twenty minutes, he went to the men's room. Somebody with a very poor aim had been using the urinals, so he went into a cubicle and closed the door. He had finished, zipped up his fly, and was about to unlock the door, when he heard two voices.

"Now that was what I call a first-class meal, Julien," said the first one, an older man's voice.

"The prices also," the younger man replied. "This restaurant is out of our league for Marine and me, Albert, do you realise?"

"You'll survive on bread and sex. I did at your age. Speaking of sex, did you see the blonde who just came in?"

"Yes, it would have been hard to miss her," replied the other voice. "Especially dressed like that."

Jérôme, poised to open the door of his cubicle, froze, listening hard. He had no doubt about who the blonde was, but what could she be wearing that had so caught the attention of the men whose voices he could hear? He waited, holding his breath to find out if there was more to come.

"I tell you something, Julien, I'd cheerfully give the price of tonight's dinner to know what she's got on under that skirt."

"Should you be saying stuff like that, when you have Mellanie with you, Albert? She's supposed to be your girlfriend, right?"

"She'd go ape shit if she knew, but she isn't going to find out, is she? Her French isn't good enough to know what I'm talking about most of the time. Her brain isn't her major attraction,

anyway, and you can stop being righteous, little cousin, because you looked at the blonde, too.”

“Marine can tell the difference between my noticing an attractive woman, and my lusting after her underwear, I hope!”

“I tell you what, mister holier than thou. If you dare to ask the blonde what she has on under that skirt, I’ll pay for dinner for all four of us. Now, there’s a challenge to your scruples.”

“Marine would say go for it if it reduced the hit on our budget, but I’d get my face slapped for nothing, I bet, if I asked, and I’m certainly not going to try to look under her skirt.”

The two men left and Jérôme waited a moment and then followed them into the bar. At the door, he stopped short to take in the vision that was his wife.

Earlier in the week, Gaëlle had come across an outfit in the street market, and had bought it on a whim. It consisted of a bolero jacket and skirt in white cotton. The two halves were linked by a white cord, which was supposed to zigzag across the wearer’s midriff. Jérôme and Gaëlle had agreed that the cord was an unnecessary complication, and almost impossible to get right. She was not wearing it now. The bolero jacket came to just below her ribs, and her toned, tanned midriff was bare down to the hips, where the short, flounced skirt began. It reached just above mid-thigh, giving way to Gaëlle’s bare brown legs. She saw Jérôme and waved at him.

“Ah, there you are,” she said. “I thought I’d been deserted!”

“You wouldn’t have been alone for long, I’m sure,” Jérôme told her. “You look delicious, as usual!”

He stood beside her and looked around the bar for the two men he had overheard. They weren’t hard to spot. The two couples were at a table nearby. Albert had to be the older, fatter man with the fingers full of rings. Equally obvious, Mellanie was the woman with the big breasts. The younger couple had their



heads together, and as Jérôme watched, the woman looked across appraisingly at Gaëlle.

“Do you feel like doing a good deed, Gaëlle?” Jérôme asked. “A sexy good deed?”

“Um. Why not? Explain?”

Rapidly, he recounted the conversation he had heard. He noticed that Gaëlle seemed to be not quite as enthusiastic as he might have thought.

“You want me to flash him? You sure? Even just plain, boring white cotton knickers? Would that be enough?”

“I’d rather see you in plain white cotton than many another woman in fancy lingerie,” Jérôme assured her.

Over at the table of the foursome, cousin Albert was clearly throwing his weight about. Jérôme could see that the younger couple was being bullied. Eventually, the younger woman, Marine, Jérôme supposed, almost dragged Julien to his feet and across to the bar. Jérôme listened in.

“We don’t have a choice,” Marine was saying. “Albert has bought real champagne, we can’t do less. This evening is going to be a disaster for this month’s finances, you realise?” She lowered her voice, and Jérôme had to strain to hear her. “I can see why Albert would be interested in her underwear,” she muttered, “but he’d be wasting his time.”

“How can you tell?” Julien asked. “She might just be getting picked up.”

“Women’s intuition. That isn’t a woman who lets herself be picked up...or needs to.”

Jérôme smiled to himself. Marine, a small, dark-haired and intense-looking young woman, wearing a neat dark-blue skirt and blouse combination, looked attractive. The skirt was short enough to show well-muscled thighs.

The barman arrived.

"We want another bottle of champagne," Julien said. He leaned over the bar and added quietly, "Do you have a less expensive one than the last?"

"I'll see what I can do for you," the barman said, and went away to look.

Without turning his head, Jérôme took a discreet step sideways, closer to the couple, and spoke quietly to them.

"It's Julien and Marine, isn't it?"

Their heads, neatly synchronised, spun to look at Jérôme, with something approaching panic in their eyes.

"Relax and don't look at me." Jérôme said quietly. "We don't want to alert cousin Albert, do we? I believe that Julien had something that he was going to ask my wife? If you want to ask her that question, she won't be offended, I assure you. You may even get an answer that will allow you to choose the more expensive bottle, since you won't be paying. Your decision, but, in your place, I'd go for it."

The young man swallowed hard, looked at Marine, who nodded, then at Gaëlle. They all moved closer together.

"Please don't be offended, Madame, but you do look great, dressed like that," Julien mumbled. "That's my cousin over there, and he made the comment that he'd pay for our dinner if I was able to tell him what...er...underwear you have on." He finished his sentence gabbling.

"If I'm going to tell you, a quid pro quo is called for. Marine, I think you have a part to play in this," Gaëlle said. "Here is the deal. You show me yours and I show you mine. What do you think?"

Marine spluttered.

"What do you mean? That I show you my knickers? Here? In public?"

"Exactly. You show me what's under your skirt and I show

you what's under mine. Is that worth getting an expensive dinner paid for?"

"And one that we can't really afford," Julien added.

Marine was torn, so much was clear. Then her expression told that she had made up her mind.

"Very well. You first."

"Ah, no," Gaëlle said firmly. "You're the one with something to gain, so you go first."

Marine had no answer to that. Jérôme gently moved Julien into a position in which he and Jérôme blocked the view to anyone else. He glanced across to where Albert was gazing deep into Mellanie's cleavage.

"All clear."

Marine blew out her cheeks. She half-lifted her hem and then released it.

Gaëlle raised an eyebrow. Marine grabbed the bottom of her skirt again and raised it to waist level. Her bikini knickers matched her skirt and blouse, which was dark-blue.

"Very pretty." Jérôme commented. "Well done, Marine. we applaud your courage."

There was a pause. Marine seemed frozen in position, perhaps just realising what she was doing.

"You can let go of your skirt, Marine," Gaëlle said softly. "Thank you. That was pretty. My turn, now."

She looked around. The barman had not yet returned. She turned fully toward her spectators, and uncrossed her legs. Taking hold of her skirt hem with both hands, she slid it up her thighs to the very top. Jérôme was prepared to be happy to see white cotton, but the view was as unexpected as it was thrilling.

The white cord that she had removed from the outfit was tied round her waist under the skirt. The free end led down the centre of her tanned, bare, hairless belly, to where it joined her

gold chain. The gold links continued down, until they disappeared into the cleft of Gaëlle's sex, between her exposed outer labia. The creation formed a vestigial thong, which, far from hiding her sex, merely emphasised her nudity. She pushed the skirt back down, re-crossed her legs and turned, in apparent nonchalance, to finish her drink.

Gaëlle had counted six of her heartbeats while she was displayed. She guessed that for Julien and Marine, it would have been more like twenty.

Jérôme was speechless himself for a moment. He could have had no idea of what she was hiding. He shook his head as if in wonder at this woman who was his wife.

"Julien? Marine?" he said, bringing them back to reality. "I think that you have the information that you needed? However, cousin Albert doesn't deserve to know the truth. Leave it to me and I'll make sure that he knows he has to pay up."

"I wouldn't dare tell him what we just saw," Marine said. "Besides, how will you ensure that he pays?"

"You'll see," Jérôme said. He beckoned to the barman who was just returning with two bottles of champagne. "They'll have the good one after all," he said. "It'll go on Albert's bill."

He helped Gaëlle off her stool and they accompanied Julien across to the group's table, followed by the barman carrying the new bottle.

"Albert?" Jérôme said. "Julien tells me that you were seeking some information about my wife?"

"It...I...It was just a joke...not serious...I wouldn't..."

"Untrue, Albert, I heard you. Now, Marine and Julien have the information that you wanted, so I believe you will be paying for the meal, correct? Or shall I explain the situation in English to your friend here?"

"No need for that," mumbled Albert. "I'm a man of my word,

even if some people can't take a joke."

Jérôme and Gaëlle waited while Albert, red-faced, took out his credit card. It was borne away by the barman with instructions to put the whole cost of the evening onto it.

"I'm sure that the meal feels even more enjoyable now, Marine and Julien," Gaëlle said. "We hope you'll think some more on the other aspect of our little chat at the bar. Marine, you looked lovely. Perhaps you might want to try it again some time? It's great fun, you know. Jérôme, let's go home. Suddenly I'm not hungry for food."

They turned and left.

"Well!" Jérôme said as they walked along the street. "Did I not hear someone say she wanted an unsexy evening?"

"You did, but then, when I went back to change, I realised that there won't be too many more chances this summer to wear this outfit, and next year I'll probably be fat and horrible, so I thought why not?"

"Most unlikely, but very grateful I am for it! White cotton, indeed! What gave you the idea for the chain?"

"I had no clean white knickers, it's as simple as that. I'd already put on the outfit before I realised. I was rolling up the stupid cord, and I had a moment of inspiration. It isn't comfortable where it rubs me inside, but I know it's sexy, so I can live with that."

"Sexy? I was speechless! And I'm used to you! Poor Julien, Poor Marine!"

"Why poor Julien? He enjoyed the view, I hope, and got his dinner paid for. It was harder for Marine, but maybe now they have something to discuss that will lead them to explore as we do. That would please me so much."

"A good deed in all senses," Jérôme said, opening the door of

their apartment. He swept her off her feet and headed for the bedroom. "Now, if you'll allow me, I'll reward you for your good deed!"

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*I didn't take my diary with me on holiday, so it's only now we're back at home that I have a chance to catch up with our summer. What a summer!*

*Jérôme has great erotic ideas. I'd never have thought of being waxed, and I would have missed out on a lovely experience without his suggestion. There seem to be a lot of people who get some sort of inspiration from seeing me exposed. I can't pretend to understand why, but I enjoy that it's so. I just adored watching Aurore caressing herself and I was very tempted to touch her. Just in time, I remembered that she had as much entitlement to make her own erotic decisions as I have, but the moment is coming when I will know it's right to touch. I don't have the same feelings about men, but it's quite possible that other men will be involved at some stage, as I do love it when Jérôme does things to me!*

*At the beach, I learned that not all people who like to show are especially attractive, but that they have that right, just as I do. It would have been nice if Marine had been nude under her skirt. Perhaps, because of what happened, she will try that, some time? It's possible that if we had met Claudia somewhere in the future, it might not have stopped at just synchronised masturbation. I'm getting closer to being brave enough for that, I think. I do love wearing my chain! Now it's back to work for us both.*

## Chapter Twenty

“Can we do a family visit this Christmas?” Gaëlle asked. “I know we saw them in the summer, but only in passing, and I don’t want any of them to feel neglected.”

“It was a bit of a flying visit, I agree, but we were in a hurry to get some sun, and, remembering what happened during that week, I can’t say that I regret the brevity of our visit home,” said Jérôme.

Gaëlle laughed.

“That makes two of us. The reason I mention Christmas now, is that we had a postcard from Magda this morning. She wants to know if we are going to be around because her brother’s apartment will be empty if we want to use it.”

So it was agreed that they would spend ten days in France. They had Christmas with Gaëlle’s parents and family, then went down to Annecy for the New Year. The offer of the apartment made it easy to have time with family during the day, while still being able to be alone at night. They arranged to meet Magda at the squash club, then drove to her brother’s place, where she handed them the key.

“I’m so glad you could come,” she said, “This may be the last time we meet for a while. You haven’t heard yet, but I’m going to be married.”

“What a lovely surprise!” Gaëlle said. “Do we know him?”

“No, he’s from near Cannes. I’ll be going to live down there. That’s why I’m so happy you could come now. It won’t be so simple after this.”

"We can write, though, can't we?"

"Let's be realistic. Martin and I both want to start a family. I have good intentions of maintaining my friendships, but I know how things go. If I remember to send a card for Christmas or a birthday that will be amazing. That's life."

"All the more reason to enjoy this Christmas and New Year, then." Jérôme said.

A few days later, they were in the bar of the club, when Magda suggested an evening at the Blue Parrot club. The name meant nothing to Gaëlle, but the others all knew it. Jérôme explained to her that night that it was out in the country, a club where there was sometimes what he called exotic dancers.

"I know that they have a couple of topless dancers there who are supposed to be fantastic. I guess that Magda is keen to go one last time. I don't know the prospective husband, but maybe he doesn't know about Magda's interest in women."

"Does she go there often, then?" Gaëlle asked.

"Only when there's a group, I think. I suppose she'd feel odd, watching sexy women among an audience that is ninety-nine per cent male."

"I've never watched a stripper," Gaëlle said. "Is it really sexy?"

"It can be, but often it isn't, in my experience. There's a huge difference between watching you strip for me, for fun and pleasure, and seeing a professional who's probably thinking about doing her washing or her tax forms when she gets home."

"Flattery, but thank you for the compliment. It will be interesting to see how it feels for me. I hope the dancers are not so beautiful that you forget me."

"Silly woman. That's impossible."

The plethora of social events around the New Year meant that



the final group was quite small. Then the question was how to get to the Blue Parrot club. Jérôme provided the solution.

“With seven of us, it’s quite simple,” he said. “We can all fit into my old people carrier. I’m happy to be the non-drinking driver, so you can all get helplessly drunk in peace. Gaëlle and I will pick up Magda, Michel and Claire at the squash club. The upmarket part of town is on our way to the Blue Parrot, so we’ll collect Danièle and David from their house. Is everyone happy with that?”

As she was preparing for the evening, Gaëlle thought she should find out some more about the people with whom they were about to spend time.

“I only really know Magda well,” she said. “What do I need to know about the others? David is the club president, isn’t he? They must have money, from the size of their house. I’ve never met Danièle to talk with. She looked very elegant and rather formal at the party after the squash tournament.”

Jérôme came and sat on the edge of the bath.

“Michel and Claire are as you have seen them. I’ve known them for ages. They are both good fun, very relaxed. Danièle and David are a different matter. He was very business-minded at school, and he still is. She’s from Paris, and from a rather privileged family, I gather. They are quite seriously rich. He’s our Mr. Cool, always thinking of his image. I think that Danièle appreciates the life they have, but from things she’s let slip, I have a suspicion that she regrets the times when their choice of restaurant was determined by what they enjoyed, rather than by what is the “in” place. Maybe she’s a bit bored. They are both good people inside, though.”

Gaëlle had finally found a beautician in Nottingham to wax her, and had been depilated just before they left England, so she was still smooth. She laid out her clothes carefully on the bed.

First, she put on white silk knickers, then a long-sleeved matching tee shirt, also silk. Her dark blue suede skirt was very short, and fastened at the front. Next came her new, pale-blue angora sweater—a Christmas present from Jérôme. In view of the weather, over her hold-up stockings, she had long boots, which matched the skirt, and added six centimetres to her height.

“Will I do?” she asked.

“Dressed in an old potato sack you would do for me. You look lovely. Shall we go?”

It started to snow again as they walked briskly to the Espace. It was quite ancient now and usually lived in the garage at his parents’ home, but it still started first time. They drove to the squash club.

“Hi, Magda. You look smart.” Gaëlle said, as the trio climbed into the car.

“Nothing special. Floppy trousers and a nice shirt are standard for me. I’ll confess to a little more makeup, but that’s all. Certainly not as sexy as you look.”

Gaëlle smiled. She liked the idea that Magda found her sexy.

“She never says that about me,” Claire said in mock complaint.

“You’re my sort of sexy, my treasure,” said Michel, patting her bottom. “So don’t complain.”

Jérôme turned into the impressive entrance to where David and Danièle lived and tooted his horn. They appeared, he in smart suit and she in a long dress.

“Wow,” said Jérôme. “I knew I should have brought the Bentley to collect you two. Very swish.”

“Stop being facetious, Jérôme.” David replied. “Drive on, James,” he added in an authoritative voice, but with a smile. “The Blue Parrot Club, and make it quick.”

"Yes sir. Of course, sir," said Jérôme, playing the part of the chauffeur, but saluting his passengers with a middle finger. Snow was still falling as they set off, and the weather did not improve as they drove for some twenty-five minutes out into the country. Gaëlle was relieved when they finally arrived at the club, which was out in the woods.

"Not so busy tonight," David remarked as they pulled in to the empty car park. "The weather must be a problem for a business like this, so far out. I hope it's open."

"The lights are on, silly," Danièle said. "Of course it's open."

Gaëlle was pleased to see that David was able to accept being called silly by his wife. She felt a little bit intimidated by them. They were slightly older than her, in their early thirties, she imagined, and seemed far more sophisticated than she was.

Inside the Blue Parrot, they discovered that they were the only clients. Two days to go before the big New Year celebrations meant that most people would be recovering from Christmas, or preparing for New Year's Eve parties. The woman who owned the club was behind the bar, but there was absolutely no one else.

They chose a table beside the dance floor. They chatted for a while, and listened to the music, rather as if they had been in the squash club bar. Jérôme went round the group asking who wanted to drink what and then went to the bar. Danièle pulled her seat over next to Gaëlle.

"Jérôme is busy, and the others are busy tearing apart some of the people they remember from school," she said. "You aren't interested in the local gossip, I guess, Gaëlle. Neither am I, because I grew up in Paris. You and I haven't had much chance to get to know one another, so this seems like a good moment. I am very curious about how you and Jérôme met. Is it rude to ask? People who know him were all convinced that he was too

fascinated by women to limit himself to a wife.”

Gaëlle told her about their meeting, although she left out the sexual background. She couldn't be sure yet of exactly how open she should be. Danièle listened attentively.

“Can I say something, Gaëlle? Danièle asked. “Are you aware of how sexy you look tonight? David would never accept that I should present myself in public dressed as you are tonight.”

“Personally, I'd say that is a major error on his part. Would you like to dress as I am? You certainly have the height and shape to look stunningly sexy if you choose.”

Gaëlle looked at Danièle, asking herself what business it was of her husband's to tell her how she should dress. She obviously had good taste. She was wearing a floor-length black dress and looked the epitome of the businessman's wife dressed for a dinner party.

Danièle sighed. “I don't know. Sometimes I think that we've sacrificed the fun in our lives. We have a nice house and car, and amazing holidays, but we used to love just to go dancing. I had to drag David out this evening. I hope he will relax, enjoy himself and that it will spark off a little more excitement.” Danièle paused, “I love your skirt, Gaëlle. It is such a pretty colour.” She leaned toward her and spoke in a lower voice. “It is really short, isn't it? You must have such confidence to show your legs like that.” She smiled confidentially. “For your information, David is looking as far up your skirt as he can.”

“I hope that doesn't annoy you, but I'd be disappointed if he didn't show an interest. Why dress in a sexy way if you don't want people to look? I hope that you don't think that I look vulgar?”

“Not at all, just very sexy. When I dress up, I keep thinking about what people might say or think, because of David's attitude, and the sort of people we socialise with. It means that even if I wanted to, I really don't have the clothes in my

wardrobe to look sexy.”

Gaëlle leaned toward her. “For me, a lot of what is erotic lies in the attitude of the person,” she said. “You’re an attractive woman, Danièle. Men notice you. Jérôme certainly does. Your dress is very elegant. However, just suppose, for a second, that under the dress you were naked. How would you feel?”

Danièle’s face betrayed her surprise. There was a silence. She picked up her glass and drank, giving herself time to think.

“That’s something you’ve done?” she asked, looking hard at Gaëlle. “You don’t have to tell me. I can see by your expression that you have. Let me turn the question round. How does it make you feel?”

“Excited, and also nervous. At risk of showing more than I intend, but that’s a stimulating feeling. Quite often, I find myself resisting the temptation to show more. Does that answer your question fully? Your turn to tell.”

Danièle laughed, nervously. “Well, now, my first thought is that it could never happen, because I recognise that I’m too conventional. Nevertheless, if it were to happen, it would depend on who was there and if they realised it. How can I put it? Whether they knew of my *situation*. For myself, I would be totally in terror of anyone knowing. Just to think of being like that makes me anxious, as if people could see what is in my mind.

“Perhaps you could try it some time, at work or in the street, to discover how it feels in reality. You might find that you enjoy it. It isn’t something that I would have considered before I met Jérôme, I can assure you of that. If you ever decide to experiment, I hope that you will feel you can call me, so I can come with you, or even just to discuss it. I enjoy the sensation, and Jérôme likes it, too, of course”

“Ah, so it’s for Jérôme that you do this? He tells you to show off your body in public. Am I right?”

"You're wrong, Danièle. I do it for me, with Jérôme's support and approval, but the pleasure of showing is essentially mine. As is the pleasure of talking to you about it, I have to admit. I hope that you don't mind?"

"It isn't the sort of conversation that I have every day, that's certain, but no, I'm glad that you've made me aware of it. I used to go topless to the beach in summer, and now that I think of it, the feeling that strangers were taking an interest in my breasts was rather nice."

There was a moment of silence, and Gaëlle looked up to see why. The cause was easy to find. A young woman had come into the bar area. She had her back to the group, and was taking off a long, fake-fur coat. She was tall, with shoulder-length hair, dyed bright crimson. When she took off her coat, it revealed a matching tight red dress, and, as she turned round, all eyes were drawn to her breasts, which were magnificent, almost too much so for her slim torso. Then Gaëlle saw the new arrival's face.

"Louise Fischer, I don't believe it, " she cried out.

The newcomer looked across, surprised, and then an uncertain smile of recognition spread across her face.

"Gaëlle. What a surprise. We're both a long way from home."

Gaëlle stood up and they embraced. Even with heels, Gaëlle was shorter than Louise. As adolescents, they had spent several years together doing gymnastics, and had often been paired together because they had been the same height at that age.

"I recall now that you went to the university in Grenoble, but that was all." A little worried look crossed Gaëlle's face, as she wondered what Louise was doing, alone in a night-club.

"After I finished my degree, I stayed on. I'm still trying to complete my doctorate," Louise explained. "What a change in you. What happened to the quiet mouse that I used to know?" She looked down at Gaëlle's hand. "Oh. I spy a wedding ring.

You are married? Who is the poor soul?"

Jérôme was introduced, then the others. Gaëlle was still a little disconcerted that Louise seemed to be so much at ease, alone in a nightclub.

"Do sit down. What will you have to drink?"

"An orange juice would be lovely. Thank you."

"Are you sure you don't want anything stronger?" Jérôme asked.

"I don't drink when I'm going to dance," she told them. She looked around at the empty tables. "It isn't going to be much fun tonight with so few people, dancing topless is fine when the place is full. It's as if I'm an anonymous body. I can look over the heads of the crowd and think my own thoughts, but it won't be so easy with just your little group to watch me, particularly when you know me, Gaëlle. Don't worry, though, I'll do my professional best for you."

"Gaëlle," Jérôme said. "Has it occurred to you that here is a chance to show some solidarity with your former gym-partner? Perhaps it would be more fun for her to dance, if you joined her on the stage. What do you think?"

Louise broke in.

"It's a very generous thought, Jérôme, but I don't think it would work. I'm a topless dancer, remember? It would be strange to dance on a stage, with Gaëlle, if I have bare breasts and she's fully dressed."

*Here was a chance to prove something to herself*, Gaëlle thought. And to Danièle, too. It would demand courage, she realised, but she made herself speak. "If that's all that concerns you, Louise, it's easily resolved. I can dance topless as well. Is that a deal?"

There was total silence in the little group. Their friends were looking at each other and at Jérôme. Gaëlle almost laughed

aloud to see the mixture of shock and disbelief on their faces. Inside her stomach, she could feel the butterflies starting to swarm. Louise looked at her, hard.

“Chouette, she really sure?”

“Chouette, she absolutely sure, Louve.” Gaëlle replied, smiling.

Louise led Gaëlle away.

“You’re going to let her go through with this, Jérôme?” David asked, incredulous.

“Of course, if that’s what she wants to do. I shall enjoy seeing her dance.”

“But topless? I’d never let Danièle do anything like that, not that the idea would ever cross her mind, of course.”

“I don’t control what Gaëlle does. Our relationship isn’t like that.” Jérôme said, his voice revealing his confidence in his wife’s decision.

“David,” Danièle stated firmly. “Shush. Just enjoy that you’re going to see two sexy dancers for the price of one.”

In her little dressing room behind the stage, Louise turned to Gaëlle.

“You know, it’s the first time that I’ve seen anybody from around home in here. It just had to be you. I’m not even scheduled to be on this evening, but the other girl is sick, so I said I’d come for just one dance. I don’t usually come through that door, either, but the snow was too deep round the back. I was so amazed to recognise you that I couldn’t pretend I didn’t know you. Being a part-time topless dancer is not a social asset in most peoples’ eyes. That’s why I have the wig, to make me less recognisable. Look.”

She took off the bright red wig, to reveal her own dark-blond hair.

“I love the way it’s cut,” Gaëlle exclaimed. “If ever I decide to



go for the big chop, I shall remember how your hair is done. Do you think it would suit me?"

Louise looked at her, "Do your ears stick out?"

"No."

"Are they odd sizes or especially big?"

"I don't think so."

"Then you'd look fine with short hair, but don't rush to have your hair cut, Gaëlle," Louise said, putting her wig back on. "It's beautiful as it is. Listen. Let's be practical. Do you remember the routine we used to do to the Queen song?"

"The one called, *We Will Rock You*? Yes, I think so. You want us to do that?"

They reminded each other of the routine. It was one that they had worked out for themselves at the age of fifteen. They had been told then that it was too sexy for competition, so maybe it would be just right for a nightclub. Gaëlle was amazed how well it had stuck in her mind.

The next decision was what she should wear. Her upper body was no problem. She took off her pullover and tee shirt, and stuck some sparkle round her nipples. She opened three of the five fasteners on her skirt, so that as she moved, her knickers would be on show. A spin in front of the long mirror told her that she should take off her stockings. A little devil in her mind suggested that she should take her knickers off too, but she didn't have enough courage to go so far. Meanwhile, Louise had taken off her dress and bra. She had a slim, dancer's body, and fabulous breasts—almost too perfect to be sexy, was the thought in Gaëlle's mind. A pair of very tight red shorts went on over Louise's black thong, and she, too, added sparkle to her breasts. They would dance barefoot.

"So that nobody will recognise that the topless dancer and the doctoral student in psychology are the same person, there is

the hair, and the fact that few men look beyond my boobs, but I also wear this,” Louise said.

She held up a Venetian carnival mask to Gaëlle. The gilded bird wings changed the shape of her face entirely. Once it was on, Louise was unrecognisable. She held out an identical mask.

“Put this on, Gaëlle, so that we match.”

With the mask on, Gaëlle felt even sexier. Since nobody could see her face, there was no doubt that they would be looking at her exposed breasts. That was, she thought, assuming that anyone could tear their attention away from Louise’s, so much more impressive.

Louise stood her in front of the big mirror.

“Hmmm. The basic material is good. There’s a career for you as a topless dancer if you want one. Come on, let’s do it.”

“I think it’s a bit late to start now,” Gaëlle commented. “Too old!”

The lights in the club were almost put out, so they could take their positions on the stage unseen. As the music and the stage lights exploded into life, it went through Gaëlle’s mind that the last time she had done this routine, she’d had worn a gym leotard, and a bra to support what was then her rather flat chest. Now, she was performing with nothing to restrain her mature woman’s breasts, and she was very conscious of how they were moving as she danced. She couldn’t see the audience through the lights, but she gave a small part of her concentration to admire Louise, whose much bigger breasts were beautiful as she performed. She was a trained dancer, and Gaëlle had to keep the major part of her mind on the routine to keep in step.

The music finished and they bowed. When the lights came up, they could see the little group for whom they had performed. Jérôme was applauding wildly, as were Danièle and Magda. The

lights went out again, and they ran off to the changing room. The blood was thumping in Gaëlle's ears, and also in her sex, she realised. They bumped into each other as they entered the room. Gaëlle was very conscious of the contact of her naked breasts against Louise's nipples. That was exciting for her now, but something made her draw back, perhaps the bad memories of the gym days.

They dressed again. Louise said that she had to go, and slipped out quietly. Gaëlle came out onto the dance floor, to renewed applause from her friends. She went to Jérôme and hugged him. His kiss on her lips told her how proud he was of her. There was no doubt in her mind that she had just taken a step beyond anything that she'd done before. She felt elated to have dared to expose herself to people whom she knew, which told her that another barrier had been crossed.

"If you've recovered from your stage show, would you like to dance?" David asked Gaëlle, before she had a chance to sit down.

"Of course. Danièle tells me you're quite a star on the dance floor."

David laughed.

"I had some pretensions that way, yes, but I'm out of practice. Shall we?"

They left Jérôme to watch and went to dance. A moment later, the door opened again and Louise came back in. She dropped into the seat next to Jérôme, still wearing her outdoor coat. She brushed snow off her shoulders and sighed. "It's a howling storm out there," she said. "I'm going to wait until it blows over."

"That's fortunate," Jérôme told her. "It gives me the chance to ask you about Gaëlle's life before she met me, from a friend's point of view."

Louise looked hard at him and said, "You know, don't you?"  
"About the rape? Yes, I know about that, but I was more interested in what Gaëlle was like."

Louise thought for a moment.

"Well, the first time I saw her we were about seven, I think. It was sports day at our school, just after I'd arrived from Paris to live in Strasbourg. There was this blonde girl, crying tears of rage, because they wouldn't let her run against the boys!"

"Typical!" Jérôme said.

"So, when the race started, she went hurtling up beside the track, leaping over bits of equipment and things, and she still finished close to the winner. She gave the teacher a glare of withering scorn and walked away."

"Back as stiff as a broom handle and chin up?" Jérôme asked.

"Exactly! Anyway, we became friends and we joined the gym club at the same time. She was a star at floor exercises. Do you remember Nadia Comaneci?"

"Four medals at the Montreal Olympics? Yes I do."

"Well, we were all trying for that look. You know, showing total calm, but Gaëlle had something extra. When she finished a series of tumbles, she'd strike a pose, as you do. However, when she did it, there was a little snap to it that was really sexy."

"Really? So young?"

"Yes. We could all see it, but when we tried to explain it to her, she didn't understand at all. No video cameras then at our club."

"I see."

"It was totally natural to her and impossible to imitate. I know because I tried." Louise said. "When the trainer asked if I had nettles in my leotard, I stopped!"

Jérôme laughed.

Louise went on, "As we grew up, you could tell it was having an effect on some of the others. There was one girl who did her best to share a shower with Gaëlle after training nights, and when we were at other clubs for competition, there were always people trying to spy on her as she changed. Mind you, they spied on me, too, but always boys or men!"

"That doesn't surprise me. You're an extremely attractive woman."

"With extremely attractive breasts, I know!" Louise said, and laughed. "Gaëlle didn't seem to have the same effect on boys, then. Except my brother, who worshipped her. He's gay. He knew he was gay even then, as a teenager. He was the one who beat the shit out of the little bastard who raped Gaëlle. He came home with his knuckles all bleeding, I remember, but he wouldn't let us tell Gaëlle about it."

"A knight in shining armour!" Jérôme said. "I'm grateful to him, even after all this time. To change the subject a little, what was all that about chouette and louve?"

"Ah well, when we were eight or nine, we used to play at Indians in the woods, and we all had tribe names. My name, Louise Fischer, gave someone the idea of Louf for me. I remember crying about it, because I didn't want to be the mad woman."

"That's understandable," Jérôme said.

"So Gaëlle came up with Louve as an alternative, and I was happy to be called she-wolf."

"How about Chouette?"

"Gaëlle wore big glasses then, and with her nose it made her look like an owl, but it was the other meaning that came to my mind, because she was always nice to people. You could rely on her, plus, in her way, she was attractive, too."

"I certainly think she is."

"I hope so!" Louise declared. "You've helped the little owl to come out of her shell, I can see. She's still sexy now, but I can see that she knows it and enjoys it...and here she comes!"

Gaëlle flopped down in the seat beside them, sweating. "Louise? I thought you'd gone."

Louise explained about the snow, got up to look outside and announced that the squall had passed. She said goodbye and left.

"I'll tell you about it later." Jérôme said, in answer to his wife's unspoken question. She nodded in acceptance, and turned to Danièle, who had just finished dancing with Michel.

"I see what you mean," Gaëlle said. "If that is David dancing when out of practice, then in training he must be really good."

Danièle looked across at her husband, who was drinking a large glass of water at the bar. "He was doing his best to impress you."

"I was suitably impressed, and I told him so. I also suggested that you would appreciate the chance to dance with him more often."

Danièle squeezed her arm. "Thank you for that. Some more fun in our lives would be great. My turn. Come and dance with me, now."

Jérôme was partnering Magda. The music was slow, and Gaëlle took advantage of that to hold Danièle close to her and to enjoy their bodies pressed together. The music came to an end.

"What's the joke?" Gaëlle asked Jérôme, as he and Magda walked off the dance floor and past her.

Her husband stopped laughing for long enough to say, "It was just something Magda said. I'll tell you about it later."

The snow had stopped as they drove back to town through a Christmas card scene. They left Claire and Michel in front of their block of apartments. It took five minutes for everyone to kiss everyone else as they said goodbye. Then the car stopped outside

the house of Danièle and David. Gaëlle went to kiss Danièle on the cheek, as normal, before she got out, but she turned her head, so that their lips met. There was a brief pressure, and then Danièle pulled back, and smiled. Gaëlle was surprised at how much that excited her. David hadn't noticed. He kissed Gaëlle and formally shook hands with Jérôme before he and Danièle got out and went toward the house.

## Chapter Twenty-one

Gaëlle was expecting Jérôme to turn toward the centre at that point, to take Magda home, but instead, he headed straight for the apartment where they were staying. A possible explanation crossed her mind, but she dismissed it. By the time they stopped in the parking space in front of the block of apartments, however, Gaëlle had guessed what was going to happen, and her pulse-rate was climbing. Nothing was said as they all got out and Jérôme locked the car. Then Magda and Jérôme came to either side of her as they walked toward the entrance.

“You asked what we were laughing about, remember?”

“And...”

I said it was something Magda had said. Her response to a question.”

“Which was?”

“The answer was yes, and the question was whether she’d like to spend the night with us,” Jérôme said. “She is very happy to do that. If you don’t want her to, please say now, and I’ll drive her home.”

In response, Gaëlle took hold of his hand and reached for Magda’s hand also. They walked into the building and went up to the apartment. As soon as the door was closed, Magda turned to Gaëlle and kissed her on the lips. Gaëlle pulled her close, and opened her mouth to allow their tongues to meet. They separated, and went into the living room.

“Whoa, careful!” Jérôme said, as the fruit bowl and candle on



the coffee table went flying.

“Who cares?” Magda replied, as all three of them collapsed on to the sofa.

She shrugged herself out of her shirt and then pulled off her tee shirt. That revealed a white underwired bra, which left her nipples exposed. She pulled at Gaëlle’s skirt. The press-studs gave way. Magda leaned over and traced the contours of Gaëlle’s sex with her fingernails through the white silk knickers. Gaëlle shivered.

“I’ve wanted to do that ever since we went to try the dresses, do you remember?” Magda asked. “I saw that you were shaved and accessible, but I couldn’t be sure how you’d react if I tried to explore you. It was agony. Can I take them off?”

“How could I forget?” Gaëlle murmured. “Of course you can.”

Gaëlle raised her hips to help as Magda pulled her knickers down. As soon as Gaëlle was bare, Magda leaned over, and buried her lips in the cleft of the exposed sex, kissing and nuzzling. Jérôme sat beside them, holding his wife’s hand and looking into her eyes.

“Open your legs,” said Magda, sliding off the sofa. Gaëlle obeyed, and Magda knelt between the parted thighs. Using both thumbs, she split open Gaëlle’s sex, and plunged her open mouth over the wet labia.

“That’s wonderful,” Gaëlle murmured. She closed her eyes to concentrate on the waves of pleasure. “Jérôme, please join in. It’s so good. Surely you want to have sex with Magda?”

Jérôme got on his knees behind Magda. He reached under her belly and unfastened her trousers. Her white lace knickers came off next. Jérôme looked at Gaëlle, a question in his eyes.

She nodded. It was a simple decision. “Of course, Jérôme. Take her. I want to watch.”

With Jérôme inside her, Magda redoubled her sucking of Gaëlle's sex. Minutes passed, the only sounds those of Magda's mouth slurping at Gaëlle's sex, and the rhythmic slap of skin on skin as Jérôme drove deep into Magda.

"Harder. Harder. Oh, I'm coming." Gaëlle gasped. It felt so erotic to watch her husband, knowing that he was inside another woman, that she couldn't restrain her orgasm.

Jérôme continued to pump into Magda's sex, but before he could come, she pulled away from him, her lips and chin shiny and wet.

"Can you wait a moment, Jérôme," she asked. "I need to breathe."

She climbed onto the sofa and lay back, panting. Gaëlle lowered her head to Magda's nipples.

"Use your teeth, please," Magda murmured.

Gaëlle took the erect nipple between her teeth and held it there. Magda pulled back on it, stretching and deforming her nipple and breast. She was biting her lip, but the expression on her face showed the strength of her pleasure. Jérôme was beside her now, his erection close to her face. Magda looked at it, and took it in her hand, before wrapping her lips around it.

"I've never watched a man being sucked in real life," Gaëlle told her. "The fact that it's my husband makes it even more wonderful."

She had to release the nipple from her mouth to watch, but Magda didn't complain. Jérôme shifted sideways, and managed to kneel beside Magda's face.

"I'm no good at oral sex," Gaëlle told her. "I want you to show me how it should be done."

She observed, fascinated, as Magda, her head bobbing, took Jérôme to the edge of orgasm time after time. At last she allowed him to fill her mouth. Her cheeks bulged with the quantity. She

swallowed.

It was Gaëlle's turn. She knelt between Magda's legs, and parted the thick pubic hair. She had to make an effort to do what came next. The dense black bush was intimidating. She brushed the fur with her lips, then closed her eyes, opened her mouth and plunged into Magda's sex. She tried hard to ignore the coarse hairs tickling her nose. She kissed the labia, first gently, then with more and more passion. The taste was strong and salty, and she licked and sucked hard, flicking the tip of her tongue over Magda's clitoris. It didn't take long for Magda to reach a climax, and to give Gaëlle almost a shower over her face.

Gaëlle didn't have time to move before she became aware that Jérôme was behind her, his erection nudging at her labia. Her bottom was in the air as Jérôme slipped into her. A new pressure was added, as he pressed his thumb on her anus. He probed her there, then withdrew it. She wiggled her bottom, to say he should do it again. She relaxed her anus in preparation. Suddenly, it was filled by something much, much thicker, much longer. Her bottom was not just full, but being stretched. She glanced over her shoulder. He had picked up the fallen candle, and was using it to sodomise her. At the same time his rock-hard penis drove into her vagina. She groaned, and came again.

"Aha. The cow giving birth is back," Jérôme said affectionately.

Gaëlle twisted her head toward him.

"I suppose you'll sound more flattering when you come," she gasped. "It doesn't usually sound too controlled either."

Almost as soon as the words had left Gaëlle's mouth, Jérôme came vigorously inside her.

"You see what I mean, Magda?" Gaëlle asked. "The fog horn."

"True love." Nadia said, laughing.

Gradually they calmed down, and went to bed together, even sleeping a little. Gaëlle was aware at times that she was being caressed, and penetrated and kissed, but she was not always sure by whom, and when in turn she found a nipple or a mass of pubic hair or a penis under her hand or by her mouth, she reacted accordingly. It was a wonderful night. In the morning, they were still wrapped round each other, in a sleepy and erotic haze. Their kisses and caresses had become loving, not just passionate and aiming to excite.

"You know," Gaëlle said later that morning, as Magda was about to leave. "Even in the middle of our erotic life, there are moments when, for me, the most urgent need is for affection. I hope that you've enjoyed your farewell party as much as I have."

"Never doubt it," Magda told her. "I've waited a long time for this night, and I thought it might never happen. So thank you both."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*It's been quite hard for me to open a discussion with Jérôme about our night with Magda. It's only now, several days on, that I've found enough courage. Dancing topless was the easy part, an extension of the exposure that I've become used to. To be honest, I've become addicted to showing myself in public, I realise. I love it, and I want to do more of it. What happened afterward has been more difficult to absorb. Did I really give my agreement to Jérôme, give my accord that my husband should have sex with Magda? I did. Has that changed our relationship? It has worried me until now, but I've concluded that I need to be totally candid with myself. The only question is whether I enjoyed seeing and doing what I did and saw. The answer to that is yes,*

*enormously. Was anybody hurt? Surely not. Therefore, I will accept my part of responsibility for the events. When I explained my thoughts to Jérôme, his response was simple, "You've answered your own questions. We all enjoyed ourselves. It changes nothing between you and me. It was a fantastically erotic evening. I was, and am, very proud of you. I'm glad that we had this chance to explore, aren't you?"*

*I can only agree.*

## Chapter Twenty-two

When they moved to England in 1991, it was clear that Gaëlle was going to have some time on her hands in the early days. She was only working part-time, although she had enrolled in an evening class to improve her English. She put a lot of energy into her studies, as usual, but it still left her days with plenty of time to fill. She had watched Jérôme playing squash in France, and since the sport was more accessible in England, she started to have coaching.

"It will keep me fit and I'll understand you better by playing. Plus, I like the idea that it's competitive, not like my gym and swimming," she told him, delving in a carrier bag. "Besides, look what I found. I bought this little skirt in a shop that sells school uniforms. Just a minute while I put it on."

"Very nice," Jérôme commented, when she emerged from the bedroom. "I approve thoroughly. What size is it?"

She peered inside the waistband, and laughed. "The label says twelve years old. I went on the fit, not the label. I like how short it is."

"The colour is good, too. Bottle-green looks smart. What have you got under it?"

"Just plain white knickers," she said, proving it to him by raising the pleat. "Is that allowed?"

"When you're rushing around the court, they'll show, so that's nice. I can't see anyone complaining. Just an ordinary tee shirt?"

"Yes. I bought a bra to wear under it, but I'm not used to that

anymore,” she complained. “Can I get away without one?”

“To play with me, certainly. For other games maybe you’ll have to put up with a bra.”

Gaëlle signed up for a women’s beginner course, and progressed rapidly, helped by sessions with Jérôme, often late at night. Gradually they established a routine, choosing the last booking at the club, from eleven o’clock at night until a quarter to midnight. Once they had played a few sessions at that time, Jérôme talked the caretaker into allowing him to lock the club doors, and they played on until they were exhausted. Gaëlle was not in any way at Jérôme’s level, so they played handicap games. At first, she only had to win one point to take the game, but gradually, the handicap came down. When she found a full-time job, their Friday sessions became even more important, to mark the end of the week at the office.

Gaëlle was becoming more and more confident that she could win a game from Jérôme without a handicap. It reached a point where she decided one night to challenge him. “Tonight, Jérôme, I’m going to win a game from you. Properly, I mean.”

“If you can.”

“I’m confident. So confident that if I fail, I’ll drive home topless. Agreed?”

“Agreed. Absolutely agreed.”

To be truthful, Gaëlle was torn between the incompatible pleasures of winning and of feeling sexy, but her competitive spirit made her work very hard at her game that night. She knew that if she won, she’d go home topless, anyway, as a compensation for Jérôme. She lost, but it set a pattern for their games. The fewer points she won, the less she wore in the car going home. Since their route took them through the club and pub area of the city, that was also fun.

Gaëlle was aware that some of the other women in the

coaching group resented her, so when a little tournament was organised, excluding the top players from the club, she was determined to succeed.

"I'm going to win the whole thing," she told Jérôme. "I haven't had a problem with my first two matches, and if I can get past that cow, Wendy tomorrow, I can beat anyone who reaches the final. She's so arrogant, just because her husband is a regional councillor. It's a pity we have to play when you're at work."

"I'll be with you in spirit," he assured her.

The following afternoon, as Gaëlle went to shake the hand of Wendy, having beaten her narrowly, the other woman turned her back and stormed out of the court.

"You were lucky," she said back over her shoulder as she stuffed her belongings into her bag and went out, slamming the changing room door.

Gaëlle had nobody with whom to share her feeling of elation. In the changing room, she sat with her back against the cool wall, took off her shoes, socks and soaked tee shirt, and thought about the match. Now, it sank in that she had beaten this unpleasant woman. She started to feel an erotic pleasure at her success. Before she knew it, her hand had slipped under her skirt and was caressing her sex. Her knickers were soaked with sweat also, so she pulled them down, put them in her bag and carried on with her caresses. The changing room was quiet, and there were no clothes hanging to suggest that someone might come in.

She needed more. She picked up her racquet, and stroked across her labia with it. The smooth leather grip felt nice. Soon she was rubbing it hard between the lips of her sex, and enjoying it hugely. Then it slipped, and bumped against the entrance to



her vagina. Was that possible? She decided to try. She bent over, and parted her labia with her fingers. The end of the racquet was flat, but she managed to push it into herself. It didn't feel as nice as she'd hoped, but the simple fact of using it in this way was exciting. She was about to take it out again, when she heard a voice outside the door. Quickly she grabbed her towel, and spread it over her knees, just as Michelle, the group coach, came in. Gaëlle could do nothing to hide her breasts, and so tried to look unconcerned as Michelle started to change.

"I assume from Wendy's expression that you won?" Michelle said. "I saw a little of your match. You played well."

"It was only luck. I know that, because Wendy told me so."

Michelle laughed out loud. "Bullshit. You're fitter, faster and more committed than she is. Well done."

"Thank you." Gaëlle wished Michelle would hurry up and leave. She was very conscious of what was happening under her skirt. Her voice must have sounded strange, because Michelle went on.

"Are you okay? You mustn't let her get to you. She's jealous that you've progressed so fast, and of course, she hates it when her husband looks at other women, and he certainly looks at you."

Gaëlle managed to smile. She was hoping that Michelle would go soon, because, by resting the racquet head on her bare toes under cover of the towel, she was making it move inside her, just enough to be sure that she would soon have an orgasm. Also, seeing Michelle's toned body in knickers and bra was an added stimulus, one that Gaëlle didn't need just then, nice though it was.

"Fortunately, she left just before the pressure became too much for me," Gaëlle told Jérôme later that night, "but she must

have heard me groan in pleasure, because she came back in to see if I was really all right. I just had time to remove the handle from my sex before Michelle's head reappeared, and I was very conscious that my racket was lying in full view on the floor beside me, and the grip was slippery and shiny with my juices."

"What a lovely image," Jérôme said.

"If it had become known what I was doing, there would have been a scandal, I'm sure," Gaëlle commented. "All I could do was smile like an idiot at Michelle, and wait for her to go away."

Their late-night sessions came to an end, mostly because of pressure from Jérôme's work. They had to play earlier, but still tried to find ways to link squash and sex.

"I've had an idea," Jérôme told her, as they drove to the club one evening. "Will you soften this for me?"

Gaëlle took the piece of gum and dutifully chewed away. "I hope there's a good reason for this," she said. "I don't like this flavour very much."

"The flavour isn't the point, but you'll see what it's for quite soon," he said, parking the car. "Come on."

He led her around to one of the back courts.

"Look," he said, once they were inside. "There's only the little peephole that allows people to see inside. Give me the gum."

"What a clever husband you are!" Gaëlle declared, as she realised that the gum would totally block the view from outside. "Nobody can see in, and they always knock before opening the door, so we can play sexy games. Lovely."

"Ready then?"

"Oh yes!"

By the end of the session, they were both down to socks and

shoes.

"It's not fair," she told him. "How am I supposed to concentrate with that thing swinging around as you play? That's the only reason I lost."

"Excuses, excuses," he replied. "You think it's easier for me with you bending and stretching all over the place?"

By now, they were regulars at the club. Gaëlle had made concessions in what she wore to avoid shocking the older members, even suffering a sports bra, at least when they played on the spectator courts, which had a glass back wall.

One evening, they had arrived to play as usual, when Gaëlle saw that there was a notice on the door of their court.

"Look, Jérôme. They're closing the back courts for repainting. For the whole of May! Only two courts will be open, and they are both glass-backs," she said and grimaced. "An entire month when I'll have to wear a bra to play. Misery."

"We'll have to play late, then," Jérôme said. "I wouldn't miss you braless for the world."

Late one night during the closure, the rest of the club was almost deserted. Gaëlle noticed that a young man had come into the viewing area, and was watching them play. By the time they had finished, he had gone. He was there again on the next occasion that they played late, and the time after that, but he had always disappeared when they'd gathered their things and left the court.

The following Saturday afternoon, they went to the club for a drink. They'd just arrived in the bar when they saw their spectator again. Gaëlle took time to look more carefully at him. In his early twenties, the young man was a little taller than Jérôme, with blonde curly hair and a friendly open face. Beside him was a young woman, of a similar age.

“Very English, isn’t she?” Gaëlle commented. “Regular features, nice skin. Shoulder length hair suits her. Is she taller than me, would you say?”

“Not really, but she’s carrying a few kilos more. Look, they’re coming this way. Be nice.”

“Hello,” said the young man’s companion. “I’m Susie, and this is my fiancé, Drew. He’s been watching you play, as I’m sure you’ve noticed. He says that I have a terrible nerve, but I was wondering if you would have a hit with me. I’d like to know if I’d be wasting my time, before I sign up for coaching. Drew says you have good shots and nice style.”

“Flattery.” Gaëlle said, and laughed. “It always works. When had you planned for this to happen?”

“You mean you will?” Susie seemed surprised. “Well, then, perhaps sometime this week? Whenever suits you, really.”

“I’m in London Thursday and Friday,” Jérôme said to his wife. “That might be a good time.”

“I’d forgotten that. So, yes, Susie, Thursday at about eight? With two courts out, I’d better book it now.”

On the Thursday evening, Gaëlle had to stop herself from smiling as Susie came into view at the club. She was wearing a skirt that must have dated from her school days, and a polo shirt of a similar age. At least, Gaëlle thought, Susie hadn’t put on weight since then.

“Shall we make a start?” she suggested, opening the court door. They began warming up.

Forty minutes later, Gaëlle collected the ball and said, “Okay, Susie. That’s our time up. Well done. Have you had a good run around?”

It was a moment before Susie had enough breath to respond, “I’m shattered,” she gasped, bending over and leaning on her

racquet. "I never want to move again."

"I recognise the feeling. It's how I am when I've played Jérôme. Come on, let's go and change."

In the changing rooms, they sat for a moment.

"So what's the verdict?" Susie asked.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't play well enough to enjoy yourself, Susie. I'd say go for it. Speaking of going for it, I must go to the loo. I'll see you in a moment."

When Gaëlle returned, ready to go for her shower, she was surprised to see that Susie was already dressed.

"No shower, Susie? Careful, you'll catch cold."

"I didn't bring a towel, and besides, I have to rush. Drew will be waiting for his dinner. Bye bye, I'll be in touch, if that's okay?"

"No problem. Bye."

Two days later, Susie rang Gaëlle at home.

"I'm full of cold," she snuffled. "You were right about the shower, and I am just so stiff. Every muscle aches."

Gaëlle laughed. "You'll get used to it. I'll call you again in a few days to see if you're well enough for the next torture session. I was thinking we could all go for a drink in the bar afterward."

"That would be nice."

"You've been shopping," Gaëlle declared when she saw Susie at the club.

Susie looked down at her new skirt and shirt.

"You always look so smart, I had to make an effort," she said. "Even if my skirt isn't as short as yours!"

They had a good hit, and this time Susie wrapped herself in a huge bath sheet before undressing in its shelter and going off to shower. Gaëlle showered quickly, and was dressed well before Susie emerged.

"Now," Gaëlle muttered to herself. "Where's Susie's bag? Oops. Clumsy, Gaëlle. I seem to have knocked it onto the floor. Oh, dear, and the floor is wet, too. Her clothes have also fallen out. Ah, what a pity, all her clean clothes are damp, now."

Susie came from the shower, still enveloped in her bath towel. She stood, looking at the disaster zone of her belongings.

"I'm so sorry, Susie," Gaëlle said, trying to sound sincere. "I've had a little accident with your bag. Don't worry though, I have some spare things I can lend you. Look, there's a white tee shirt and my spare blue skirt. Even some knickers. They're brand new, still in their wrapping."

Before Susie could find objections, Gaëlle thrust the carefully chosen clothes into her hands, and was fussing around, finding a plastic bag to put away Susie's wet clothes, while Susie struggled to maintain her modesty as she dressed, by wrapping the towel round herself.

"Right, let me see you," Gaëlle said a few minutes later. "You look fine, Susie. Nobody would guess you're wearing someone else's knickers. Come on. Off we go to the bar. Drew and Jérôme will be wondering where we are."

Not allowing Susie time to think or to protest, she ushered her out of the changing room and along the corridor to the bar area. From behind, she could see that the skirt was very short on Susie. The knickers would also be a little tight on Susie's bigger bottom, she thought, enough to make her wriggle, perhaps.

Drew's eyes opened wide as Susie walked into the bar. He didn't say anything, but Gaëlle watched as his look took in his girlfriend's short skirt, and also the evident fact that Susie was not wearing a bra. Her nipples were noticeable under the thin cotton. She sat, and as Gaëlle had anticipated, wriggled, conscious of the tight knickers against her sex and bottom.

“Who’s drinking what?” Jérôme asked.

Drew and Susie did not stay long. It was evident that her discomfort was doing things to her, as her nipples gradually became more pronounced. Soon, they made their excuses and left. Jérôme looked across at his wife, “That worked well, I thought. I suspect that they are off to have fun, judging by the look in Drew’s eye. Perhaps we might go and do the same thing?”

Gaëlle finished her drink and stood.

“If you insist. I suppose I shall have to do my wifely duty,” she said with an ironic smile.

## Chapter Twenty-three

That Friday evening, they were already changed to go and play when the doorbell rang. Gaëlle went to open it, and found Susie and Drew on the doorstep. She was wearing a flowery summer dress with thin straps. Her white bra straps were visible, and Gaëlle mentally shook her head. Drew was in jeans and a tee shirt. They each had a carrier bag.

"Hello, may we come in?" asked Drew, with a smile.

Gaëlle showed them into the living room, and called Jérôme.

"This is a nice surprise," he said. "What can we do for you two?"

Susie held out her bag to Jérôme. "This is for both of you, with our thanks for your help. By the way, Gaëlle, your things are in the other bag, washed and ironed, of course."

Jérôme took two bottles from the carrier. There was a litre of Pernod, and another of Coke. "An interesting combination," he said. "You will stay and help us with this, won't you? Gifts are always best when shared."

"Ummm, yes, but you were about to go and play," said Drew. "We can't make you change your plans."

"The courts will still be there tomorrow. You're here, now. There's no problem. Sit down and make yourselves comfortable," Gaëlle said firmly.

Drew chose to sit on the floor, in front of Susie who was sitting in one of the armchairs. Jérôme sat opposite them on the sofa. Gaëlle sat beside him, conscious that Drew was well placed to look up her sport skirt, if he chose.



"I hope you won't mind if I stick to fruit juice," Jérôme said. "I don't drink spirits."

"We don't mind," Gaëlle said, "all the more for us."

"When we were on holiday in France, we discovered we preferred our Pernod diluted with Coke, rather than water," Susie said. "It looks like medicine, but it tastes good and after two glasses, it feels even better."

Jérôme put on some background music by Django Reinhardt. They talked, first about squash, but also about life in England for a pair of foreigners. Susie finished her second drink well before the others, and held out her glass to be refilled. It was soon empty again.

"Can I ask a silly question?" Susie said suddenly, made brave by the drink. "Don't you ever wear a bra, Gaëlle?"

"Almost never. I don't think I need one, and I like it that my breasts move as I do." Gaëlle told her. "Haven't you ever gone out without a bra?"

"On the beach in Crete I went topless, and then it was only when I was lying down," Susie said. "Apart from that, no. Except the one time, and you know about that. You were there, in the bar."

"You looked very nice," Jérôme said. "You know, French people are more relaxed about bodies. In France, even children's dolls are definitively little boys or little girls. We enjoy women who are topless at a beach, especially attractive women. The publicity in the cinema and on television is more open than here, too. Gaëlle likes to dress in a way that makes people notice her, and it's a pleasure for me when that happens. If that means that she is displayed in an erotic way, then that pleases both of us. How did it feel to you, being without a bra in public?"

"I don't have a very big bust," Susie said, glancing down, "so it was more the fact of being like that, rather than how noticeable

it was, that I could feel, if that makes sense.”

They spent some time after that, discussing the difference between French and English attitudes to what is erotic and sexy, while they all had more drinks. After an hour, they were all comfortably relaxed. Susie, in particular, had drunk another two glasses of the Pernod-and-Coke mix, and was at the stage of tipsiness trying very hard to seem sober, but was unable to hide the fact that she was very giggly.

Gaëlle stood up, “I’ll get some bits to eat to soak up the alcohol. Entertain yourselves for a few minutes.” She went out of the living room toward the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, when she reappeared in the living room, Susie and Drew had her photo album open in front of them. Gaëlle wasn’t surprised that Jérôme had chosen to let them see it, as he was proud of the pictures that he had taken. The first part of the album was mainly in colour, photos of Gaëlle in nice dresses, and a few topless on the beach in France, but nothing too explicit. The second part contained the Riefenstahl photos.

She left again and, it was while they were looking at one of these large-format black-and-white pictures that Gaëlle came back, carrying a tray with nuts and nibbles. The photo in front of them at that moment was a full-length, rear-view nude.

“I’m very proud of that picture,” Gaëlle said. “It shows the definition of my muscles nicely, because Jérôme was insisting that I stretch further and further upward.”

A little embarrassed, Drew tried to close the album. The result of his attempt was to turn the album to the last page, where there was the same photo, but taken from the front. The focal point of the photo was Gaëlle’s depilated sex, with the cleft clearly exposed. Susie gasped.

“What do you think of the photo?” Gaëlle asked calmly. “I like that one very much, too. It flatters me, I think.”

"It's...fantastic," squeaked Susie. "You look wonderful...Can I ask..." Her voice cracked. She swallowed. "Is it usual for you to be...like that?"

Gaëlle smiled sweetly.

"Completely depilated you mean? Is the question you truly want to ask, Susie, whether I am, as you say, *like that* at this moment? If so, the answer is yes. Are you looking for me to prove it?"

Susie blushed scarlet. Gaëlle raised her eyebrows interrogatively. There was a pause, then, eventually, Susie nodded.

"If I do, it's only fair that you should do the same," Gaëlle told her. "Don't you agree, Susie? The decision is yours. You and me—both, or neither."

Susie hesitated. "I'll go topless for you, but I don't know about the rest."

"The rest or the agreement is off," Gaëlle declared with an air of finality.

"Just to look?" Susie pleaded.

Jérôme broke in, "That's up to you to decide."

Drew was sitting, mouth open, looking lost. Susie nodded, almost to herself. She stood up, a little unsteadily, and went to the end of the sofa, a little further away from the others. She turned her back while she unfastened the shoulder straps of her white dress. It fell to her feet, revealing pretty, white bikini knickers that matched her bra. She reached behind her, unclipped the bra, and let it drop on top of the dress. She took a deep breath, and then turned.

For a moment she hid her breasts, and then, almost as if in resignation, let her hands fall. Her breasts were small and neat, and her nipples were clearly erect. Nobody spoke. There was a hiatus, as if Susie was hoping that she would be allowed to stop

there. Gaëlle's commanding tone left her in no doubt of what was expected, "Your knickers, too."

Again, Susie turned her back, then very quickly slipped her white knickers down over her hips, stepped out of them, and turned to face the others, both hands hiding her pubic hair. Her expression was pleading as if not to have to go any further, but when she saw Gaëlle's serious expression, she slowly took her hands away. Her light-brown pubic hair was neatly trimmed. The outline of her sex was just visible. She remained standing, nude, but her hands and arms moved back to cover her breasts and pubic hair, in a pose which made her look a little like Botticelli's Primavera. She looked across at Gaëlle, a little defiantly.

"Now you, Gaëlle," she said, the alcohol demanding that she should concentrate, and trying to sound in control. "And remember, I want everything off, please." She waved her hands in emphasis, then realised that her gesture left her exposed, as well as unsure of her balance, and she covered up again quickly.

Gaëlle lay back on the sofa, and slowly started to slide her skirt up her thighs. For her own pleasure, she had already taken off her knickers during her absence in the kitchen. When her depilated cleft appeared unexpectedly, Susie and her boyfriend stared, surprised and fascinated. Gaëlle pulled off her tee shirt and let them look at her, enjoying that she was totally exposed. She could sense that her sex was wet. She then turned toward Jérôme. "You men are going to stay dressed, are you? Come on, Jérôme, it's your turn."

Jérôme stood up. He pulled his squash shirt over his head, dropped his shorts on the floor, and peeled down his underpants. His penis was hard. "You, too, Drew," he said. "You can't opt out now."

Drew stripped off as if he was in a dream. He had a good body, slim and toned, and it was evident, once he was naked, that

he was proud of it, and of the stiff sex that he displayed. He went over to Susie, and embraced her. She turned in his arms, and he caressed her breasts from behind. Jérôme lay back, and Gaëlle kneeled over his face, lowering her sex so he could reach it with his lips and tongue.

Drew pushed Susie forward, so that she was bent over the end of the sofa. From that position, she was looking up the length of Jérôme's body toward Gaëlle's bare breasts, and could also see Jérôme's mouth open and sucking hard on his wife's sex. Drew pushed Susie down into a kneeling position, and penetrated her from behind. She lowered her head so that it rested on her forearms as Drew pumped into her. The expression on Susie's face gave Gaëlle an idea.

She leaned over and took hold of the girl's hand where it rested on the sofa, moving it to touch Jérôme's erection. Susie jumped, but then she grasped and caressed it. The sight obviously stimulated Drew, as he thrust harder into her, pushing her torso further along the sofa. This in turn made Susie's grip on Jérôme firmer, and she started to masturbate him. It was a very erotic sight for Gaëlle, and she felt that she wouldn't last long. She knew Jérôme was close also. Very soon she gasped as she came.

Gaëlle leaned forward as the ripples ran through her clitoris, belly and sex. She could just reach Susie's mouth with her lips, so she kissed her hard, all her weight on her hands as she stretched. Susie responded, panting.

Drew must have come at almost the same time as Jérôme, because suddenly Susie collapsed forward onto the sofa at the same moment as Jérôme flooded her hand, face and hair with sperm. She lay on the sofa, gasping and shuddering with her own orgasm.

The quartet lay for a moment, sprawled in the position of

their orgasm.

Then Susie, suddenly sober, recovered from her shaking and burst into tears. She fled into the bathroom, where the others could hear her sobbing. Drew went after her to comfort her, carrying their clothes. They dressed in there and barely said goodbye before they left.

"You know," Gaëlle said as Jérôme and she lay in bed later that night, "In an x-rated movie, that would have been the cue for an orgy. Real life is never as simple, is it? Do you think they'll cope with what happened?"

"We'll have to see how they react. Give them a few days."

It was two days later, when Susie called Gaëlle on the phone.

"Gaëlle. About the other evening..." Her voice cracked, and there was a silence.

"Go on," Gaëlle said, keeping her voice sympathetic.

"I was drunk. You mustn't think I'm like that, usually," Susie went on.

"Like what, exactly? You aren't usually the brave, sexy and exciting woman that we witnessed? I don't believe that."

"Oh, I don't know how to say it, Gaëlle. It was too much." There was a pause and then Susie went on, "You mean that? You really think I'm—what was it you said? A sexy and exciting woman?"

"I do. Brave, too. Anyone who saw you as you were the other evening, would know it."

"Yes...well, but when you kissed me, Gaëlle, I kissed you back. I liked it." Susie's voice sounded very anxious. "Are you a lesbian? I didn't think that I was, but now I don't know any more. I'm confused."

"I don't think one kiss, nice though it was, makes anybody a lesbian." Gaëlle tried to disguise the smile in her voice. "Besides,

I don't think labels like that are helpful."

Another long pause, then Susie went on, "But I enjoyed it. Is that bad?"

"Absolutely not. It was lovely for me also, as was everything else about that evening. Except maybe the very end!"

"Really? Truly?"

"Yes. Relax, Susie. You were superb. We won't be telling anyone about it, either, I can promise you that. Not at the club, not anywhere else. It's private."

"Oh. That's such a relief. I still have to come to terms with it, I think," Susie said. Suddenly she giggled. "Drew hasn't stopped talking about it since. He says he thinks we should try other experiences, now. He says he hadn't realised that I was open to that sort of thing. I told him I hadn't known either!"

"I'm not surprised, but...remember that he shouldn't make that decision alone. You have to choose to explore, also. Never be pushed into situations that aren't fun for you, too. Here's another thing to keep in mind, Susie. You have just as much right to suggest how you want to explore. It isn't just Drew. That's very important."

"I can see that's how it is for you two. I need time, I think."

"If ever you want to ask questions, you know where to come, don't you?"

"I do. Thank you, Gaëlle. Bye."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*I told Jérôme that this experience, as I seem to be writing so often in this journal, felt different from anything I'd done to this point. Until the evening with Susie and Drew, although I'd participated in our erotic adventures, they had almost all been*

*stimulated by Jérôme, or by my desire to please him, as well as myself. Even though I've always apparently accepted my responsibility in what I've done, there has still been a part of me that could claim that Jérôme played the principal role.*

*Now, for the first time, it's I who has manipulated a situation to make it possible to have an erotic adventure. The trick with the clothes was my idea. I'm also the person who took advantage of the photo album, to push Susie and Drew into a sexual situation that, I realise in retrospect they were not prepared for. Susie's reaction has brought it home to me, that not everyone has had my erotic education.*

*I suppose I am now that woman who used to feature in my fantasies, the experienced erotic adventurer who seduces others, rather than being seduced herself. Now I'm truly aware, I think for the first time, of what Jérôme means about responsibility. It isn't going to make me stop, but I have resolved that, in future, I will remember to think more about others as people, not just as sexual partners.*



## Chapter Twenty-four

“Happy New Year, my darling,” Jérôme said, as he realised that Gaëlle was awake. They hadn’t stayed up late to celebrate, after so many duty celebrations over the Christmas period. “I wonder what 1995 will bring?”

“Fun, I hope,” Gaëlle said. “Yet, I’m happy to wait and see.”

A few days later, they were sitting at the kitchen table, finishing their coffee, when they heard the post arrive. There was a significant thud by the front door.

“Mostly bills,” Gaëlle said, bringing the post in, “but there’s a card addressed to you from Venezuela. That would be your friend Serge, I imagine.”

“It can’t be anything else. If it’s one of his usual cards, it’s a good thing he’s put it in an envelope.”

Gaëlle had never met Serge, whose friendship with Jérôme dated from a time before she had known her husband. All she knew came from rare letters, and from his annual New Year cards. These were unusual, in that they portrayed Serge’s current light of love.

“In the five years that we’ve been together,” Gaëlle said. “I’ve never seen the same woman twice. Serge must be a popular man with ladies, in the short term, at least.”

“It’s a new girl, yet again,” announced Jérôme, opening the envelope. “I don’t know how he does it.”

“You don’t know how he attracts them, or how he persuades them to undress for him? He must be very charming.”

"Oh, I've seen how he draws them in. I've seen him in flirting mode. Still, I wonder if they know that he shares their nude photos with other people."

"I'd bet that you are a special case. He must have realised how fascinated you are by sexy women. He'd be disappointed if he met me."

"Put your fishing net down, Gaëlle. You're far sexier than any of Serge's women, and you know it."

"Thank you, but it's nice to have it confirmed. Let me see her. Ah, yes. Very Latina this year. Have you noticed that they always look happy on his photos? He must be doing something right."

The girl on the photo had dark hair and eyes, and a slim body. She was hiding her sex with her hands, but the look in her eyes suggested she was teasing rather than shy. Gaëlle put the photo back down and gathered the coffee cups. "Work is calling," she said.

It was several months later that they next saw a Caracas postmark, a few days after Gaëlle's birthday at the end of March. This time, the envelope contained no photo. Instead, there was a brief note from Serge, telling them that he was coming to London for a conference, and would have a few days to spare, if they could stand the idea of a one night visit.

"Tell him no problem. I'll be fascinated to meet this oh-so-charming friend of yours at last," Gaëlle said. "It's a good thing that we decorated the spare room."

On the day in question, Gaëlle hurried home from the office to make sure that the house was presentable. She had made up the spare bed, and was finishing the dusting when the bell rang. Expecting that Jérôme had forgotten his house key yet again, she went briskly to open the door.

“Oh,” she said, taken aback. “Sorry, I was expecting my husband.”

The man facing her was slightly taller than Jérôme, and slimmer. He had frameless spectacles, and was wearing a dark-blue suit.

“Jérôme’s not back yet? I’m sorry, I’m a little early,” he said. “I’m Serge. You must be Gaëlle.”

Serge looked down at his suit.

“Did you think I was a Jehovah’s Witness?” he inquired, and grinned. “I must apologise again. When the conference was over, I couldn’t be bothered to change. I just got in the car and drove up.”

Gaëlle recovered her composure. She was very conscious that she wasn’t ready to receive a guest. She was wearing her glasses, for a start, something she almost never did these days. She had put on a tee shirt and one of her old sport skirts to do the housework. She had no makeup on either. Finally, the long socks that she was wearing probably didn’t add much to her image.

“Do come in. You’ve caught me in work mode. Make yourself at home,” she suggested, blowing a stray lock of hair away from her face.

“I’m disgustingly sweaty,” Serge said, “Is there any chance I could shower? Driving here in England is stressful for me. I have to concentrate so hard on the roads, to stay on the right side—that is, on the left,” he added, as she showed him to the spare room and handed him towels. “I’ll try to keep out of your way. You look busy.”

She was in the kitchen, boiling water for a hot drink, when he reappeared. He had changed into jeans and a white tee shirt, and his short brown hair was still damp. Recovering from his unexpected arrival, Gaëlle could see how he would be attractive to most women. He had regular features, and laughter lines

around his eyes and at the corners of his mouth.

"I'm making tea, or would you prefer coffee?"

"I'm in England, so tea, please."

"Go through into the living room. I'll bring it in."

"Can I turn on the television?" Serge called to her. "South American TV is quite execrable. It'll be a change to see something worth watching."

"There's no guarantee that it's any better here, but you can try. It'll be in English, but go ahead."

When she went to take him his tea, Serge had found an ice-skating gala to watch. As she was handing him the cup, the doorbell rang again.

"This time it has to be Jérôme," she said to Serge. "Sometimes I feel like the maid in my own house."

Jérôme it was, keyless as so often, and she kissed him in passing as he went into the living room.

"Hey, it's good to see you, Jérôme," Serge said, standing and giving his friend a hug. "How long has it been?"

"Well, Gaëlle and I have been married nearly five years, so it must be at least six or more...but never mind, you're here now. Sit down and enjoy your skating."

"I was just watching a Russian called Butrskaya. She has a bottom like a dream. Fantastic. You don't see many like that."

"I do," Jérôme said softly. "I see one that's at least as nice every day."

Serge looked across at Gaëlle.

"I'll take your word for it, Jérôme, even if you're biased."

Gaëlle turned her back on him and lifted her skirt. She hadn't had time to change, but she was confident that Jérôme would enjoy that she chose to show her bottom to Serge. She assumed that the skater had been wearing knickers, as she was, so the comparison could be made, if necessary.

"Point taken." Serge said. "You have a beautiful bottom, Gaëlle...and by the way...thank you."

"My pleasure," she responded. She let the hem drop from her hands, so she was decent again. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll finish my housework, while you two catch up."

She left them to chat for over an hour, while she finished the cleaning, then had a shower. When she went back into the living room, Jérôme said, "Serge insists on taking pity on you. He's taking us out to a restaurant."

"I don't suppose you thought to tell him that it's your turn to make supper tonight, did you?"

Jérôme looked sheepish.

"No? Somehow, I guessed. You can cook tomorrow instead, my dear. Where are we going?"

"I thought the Guardhouse would be nice. We haven't been there for a while, and it's changed owners. People still speak well of it though."

She wondered whether the mentioning of the change of ownership was to reassure her. They hadn't been back to that restaurant since she had worn her red lace dress.

"That would be lovely. Have you booked?"

"I just did. We have a table for eight o'clock."

"So, it's half six, now. If we don't rush, it takes half an hour to get there. Then, drinks before we eat, means we need to be there at half seven. I'll go and get changed."

Gaëlle had enjoyed flipping up her skirt to give Serge a glimpse of her bottom, but she didn't want him to get the wrong idea by dressing too sexily for their outing. Eventually, she picked out her thigh-length, Chinese-style emerald-green silk shirt. As Jérôme had predicted soon after they met, silk had indeed

proved to be her favoured material. She put on black knickers, then hold-up stockings and heels, and looked for a skirt. Long or short, she wondered. She went through her wardrobe before opting for a very short black mini, which would barely show below the shirt. With her makeup done, she felt ready.

When she reappeared, she was gratified by the looks she got from her husband and their guest.

Gaëlle drove the car. She didn't want to end up in the ditch, and Jérôme and Serge were still busy reminiscing and updating.

At the restaurant, they relaxed in the bar until their table was ready.

"We had that table over there, last time, remember, Gaëlle?" Jérôme asked.

How could she forget? It had been a memorable evening. She had been very exposed in her lace dress. This time, the restaurant had many more clients and their table was next to a wall.

"You two sit with your backs to the wall," she instructed them. "Jérôme feels more secure like that. He thinks he's Wyatt Earp," she told Serge. "Not so fast to the draw as he's got older."

"Jérôme, the ageing gunfighter—that's a good image." Serge said, and laughed. "I'm sure he's still fast enough for you, Gaëlle."

She smiled. "Yes, but sometimes it's nicer when he's slow."

The waitress arrived and took their order.

"Pretty girl," said Jérôme.

"It helps to be slim, and I'd guess about nineteen years old," Gaëlle said. "Not to mention that those short black skirts show off her legs nicely. I can see why people spoke so highly of this place to you, Jérôme. I imagine that the contented clients were men?" she added, raising an eyebrow.

"Now that you mention it, they were," he admitted. "The chef

is not as pretty, I'm sure, but it's said he can certainly cook."

Conversation lapsed as their food was brought. They enjoyed their dishes in virtual silence. Putting down his knife and fork, Serge sighed in contentment and looked around.

"Wow, just look at those," he muttered to Jérôme, as a couple walked past. The woman was wearing a dress that was struggling to restrain a spectacular bosom.

"They'd be down by her navel without the support," Jérôme commented. "Her bra must be a miracle of engineering. I'm glad Gaëlle doesn't need that. Her breasts are just perfect as they are."

"If Gaëlle's breasts are of the same quality as her bottom, I'm sure that's true. You're fortunate to have such a lovely wife, Jérôme. I hope that you realise how lucky you are."

Gaëlle smiled at the compliment. As she knew, Serge had seen many beautiful women, often unclothed, so his praise was very flattering. Perhaps he would enjoy seeing that she wasn't wearing a bra, she thought. Not allowing herself to think twice, she was already unfastening the buttons of her Chinese shirt. Her back was to the other tables, so only Jérôme and Serge would see. She completed the unbuttoning, and held her shirt open, revealing her bare breasts to her table companions.

"Oh, excellent!" Serge exclaimed. "So pretty. I agree, Jérôme, just perfect, and no bra needed. Thank you again, Gaëlle."

She had closed only a couple of buttons when Serge spoke again, "Careful, Gaëlle. When I reacted to you, the waitress got the idea that I was trying to attract her attention. Here she comes."

Gaëlle examined the young woman who was heading their way. She was dark-haired and nicely built, and her short black skirt, white blouse and little white pinafore suited her well. As the girl approached, Gaëlle allowed her napkin to slip to the floor.

The waitress bent automatically to pick it up. Gaëlle leaned down at the same time, allowing her shirt to fall open again.

"Oh!" said the waitress. Her hand, reaching for the napkin, had brushed across the bare breast of Gaëlle. "I'm sorry... Excuse me..." she babbled, very flustered.

"Thank you," Gaëlle said, her apparent calm hiding the thrill that had run through her at the touch of the girl's fingers on her bare breast. She plucked the napkin from the unresisting fingers of the waitress. "May we see the desserts, please?"

"Oh, er...yes...of course."

The girl wandered away, apparently in a daze. They watched her gather her wits and change direction in order to get the dessert menu.

"That was great." Serge said. "In your letters, you told me Gaëlle was attractive, Jérôme, but I hadn't realised quite how sexy."

The waitress arrived, still looking rather pink and unsettled. Her eyes slid sideways to see if she had really seen what she imagined, so Gaëlle bent forward and allowed her shirt to fall open again, showing her naked breasts.

"Thank you, Miss, er, Rhianne," she said sweetly, peering at the girl's nametag. "Do you see anything you would recommend?"

The girl's eyes switched from the menu to Gaëlle's breasts and back, as she tried to make suggestions. Taking their time, they chose their desserts, and the waitress fled.

"I hope you aren't traumatising the poor girl," Jérôme said. "I bet she doesn't have things like that happen too often."

When the waitress returned, bearing their dishes, she seemed to have recovered.

"The lemon tart for you, sir," she said brightly to Serge. "The cheesecake for you, sir," she said to Jérôme. "Which leaves the



ice cream for, Madam. To cool her down, perhaps?" she suggested, with a cheeky grin.

They could not prevent themselves from laughing with her.

"You see?" Gaëlle said, after the waitress had left them. "No sign of trauma there. You weren't to know, Serge, but I've shown myself in public quite often, ever since Jérôme and I first met. I've learned to sense who will enjoy seeing, and I choose who sees with great care."

"Then thank you for choosing to show to me, as well as to our charming waitress," Serge said, raising his glass to Gaëlle.

She returned the gesture. She was enjoying herself very much, and the appreciation she was getting from Serge, as well as Jérôme, was making her feel warm and damp. They finished their meal.

"Anybody want a coffee?" Serge asked. "No? Is it okay if I have one?"

"Of course," Jérôme said. "We're in no hurry."

Serge tried to catch the eye of *their* waitress, but she was busy with a large table of people who had just arrived.

"I'll go and get it myself from the bar, I think," Serge said.

As soon as he was out of hearing range, Gaëlle leaned across the table and took Jérôme's hand, "Jérôme..."

"Let me guess. My dear wife is feeling hot and excited, and is wondering whether it would be nice to end our evening with some sex? Maybe even with Serge joining us?"

"Yes. What do you think?"

"I think that if you want it to happen, you will have to ask Serge yourself."

"Must I? Can't you do it?" Gaëlle pleaded.

"If I were to ask him, how could he refuse? It would be an insult to his friend and to his friend's wife. Also, I don't want it to look as if I think I have the right to offer my wife as a gift, without

her agreement.”

“All right, then. I’ll do it. Besides, I know it will turn you on to hear me asking Serge to join us for sex.”

“If you were on this side of the table, you’d be able to feel how hard I am already, just discussing it. I’ll get some condoms from the machine in the men’s toilets before we leave.”

“Here comes Serge with his coffee...so quiet, now,” she said.

Jérôme got up and went to the men’s restroom.

Serge and Gaëlle sat in silence for a moment, then she asked, “All the women from your greeting cards, do they know you share their photos with others?”

“They know I send two or three, to close friends who I know will keep them private. They trust me.”

“Have any of them ever refused to pose for you?”

“Well, yes. One did, but it’s a long story. I’ll tell you about it on the way back.”

Jérôme returned. When the waitress came in response to Serge’s request for the bill, Gaëlle felt that she had to say something to her.

“Thank you for participating in our bit of fun,” she said. She pushed a ten-pound note into the girl’s hand. “Here’s a more material way to express our gratitude for your excellent service.”

“Thank you. I hope you will come again.”

“It’s very probable, and we hope to see you here when we do.”

They went out to the car, and Jérôme took the wheel.

“So, Serge, about the woman who refused...” Gaëlle said, as they set off.

“Gaëlle was asking me if any of my women friends had ever refused to be photographed, Jérôme, and I promised that, when we were in the car, I’d tell about the one who got away,” Serge explained.

"I'm all ears," Jérôme said.

"It was like this... I met her at a conference in Chile. She was a lawyer, educated in the States. Her name was Caterina, and we clicked immediately. Very attractive, very intelligent. We had flirted gently over the two days of the conference, and on the second day we were having drinks when she suddenly said, *I know you want to fuck. I do too. I will ask my lover if it's okay.*

"I was surprised, to say the least. I started to ask her about the lover, but she stopped me dead and refused to answer any questions. Then she said, with a put-on Hispanic accent, *I ask. If yes, we fuck. If no, then not. Simple, no?*

"So, I had to wait and see what this lover would say. I just hoped it wasn't one of the drug people. They infiltrate even polite society in South America, you know. Anyway...later that afternoon, I was in my room when I got a phone call. Her lover had said yes, and would be joining us. I was too intrigued to ask for any more details. She said to meet in the hotel bar half an hour later. I was there well in advance, as you can imagine. So, Caterina walks in, looking very desirable, and with her is her lover. A beautiful woman."

"Oh," exclaimed Gaëlle. "She had a woman lover?"

"Exactly. Her name was Amédée, and she was a walking genetic synthesis. Just listen to this—a French father, who was working on rockets in French Guiana when he met her mother, who came from Guyana, and had Chinese, Indian, African and European ancestors. Plus, she had inherited the most attractive traits of all of her origins. We went to my room and we had sex. The three of us. It was quite overwhelming to watch two beautiful women together, as well as allowing me to join in, I can tell you." Serge smiled at the memory.

"That was when Caterina refused to let me take a photo. You see, her sister had had kidney failure, so Caterina had given one

of hers to save her sister's life. The scar that was left, however, had become infected, and was rather noticeable. Anyway, in the morning, after she'd said no to the photo, she and Amédée told me that they were leaving. I was devastated. I was hoping it would carry on, as you can imagine. I asked why, and she told me that she was very self-conscious about her scar, and couldn't face a possible moment when she would look at me and see disgust on my face because of it. I protested, but it was pointless. Off they went, and I hadn't even a picture to remind me of one of the most erotic moments of my life."

"What a wonderful story, even without a photo," Gaëlle said. *The idea of Serge with two attractive women was exciting, too*, she thought. Now she was sure that she wanted to enjoy sex with Jérôme and Serge together. She gathered her courage. It would be easier to ask the question in the darkness of the car. "Serge, do you find me attractive?"

"What a question! Of course I do! If you weren't married to Jérôme, I'd be flirting madly with you."

Gaëlle swallowed. "Would you like to have sex with Jérôme and me, tonight?" There! It was out in the open.

Serge turned to Jérôme. "This is a serious offer?"

Jérôme nodded, without taking his eyes off the road.

"Then, yes, of course. I'd love that," Serge said, enthusiastically.

They drove the rest of the way home in silence, and went into the living room. Gaëlle sat down on the sofa between the two men. Jérôme put his arms round her neck and kissed her. She could feel the tension vibrating through her body.

"Serge has seen your breasts," he said. "I think it would be nice for him to have the rest of your body to admire. May I undress you?"

Gaëlle nodded and got up. Jérôme carefully unfastened her shirt, and for the second time that evening, Serge saw her neat bare breasts, whose nipples were standing out like currants. Once the shirt was off, Jérôme turned his attention to her skirt, unzipping it and allowing it to fall to the floor. Now she was wearing only her little black knickers, hold-up stockings and heels. Jérôme turned her, so that her back was to Serge.

"You've admired Gaëlle's bottom, covered," he said. "Now you can see it in all its natural beauty."

He pulled her knickers down and she stepped out of them.

"Now, for the *pièce de résistance*..." Jérôme said, and rotated her body so that Serge could admire her full-frontal nudity and her depilated and exposed sex. Serge whistled softly in admiration.

"Fantastic! You look just wonderful!"

"One moment while I prepare," Gaëlle said, going to the bathroom. She washed herself quickly and picked up the tube of lubricant. A glance in the mirror told her that she liked how she looked, naked except for her stockings and heels, so she chose to keep them on.

When she returned to the living room, both men were naked and erect, and Serge was fitting a black condom onto his penis. She noticed in passing that it was longer and fatter than Jérôme's. She noticed also, with pleasure, that Serge's body showed well-defined muscles, no doubt from all the surfing and mountain biking that she had read about in his letters.

She got onto hands and knees on the sofa, offering her bottom to Jérôme. He kissed her buttocks gently, before pressing his lips between them and moistening her anus with his tongue. His fingers slid into the wetness between her thighs to add extra pleasure.

"Mmmm... That's nice," she murmured.

Serge lay on his back and slid under her torso, to suckle her nipples.

"It feels so different, to have two people giving me pleasure at once," Gaëlle said to nobody in particular, just thinking out loud. "It isn't just the intellectual acceptance of what's happening. The thing is, it isn't physically possible for one person to give me all these sensations. You remember with Magda, Jérôme? That was amazing, too."

"We both enjoyed the night with Magda, and now you have two men, just for your delight," Jérôme commented.

He picked up the tube of gel and Gaëlle shivered with pleasure as he squeezed it generously between her cheeks.

"Oooh! That's cold!" she gasped.

Jérôme sat back on the sofa.

"Can you lower yourself onto me?" he asked.

Gaëlle stood up, feeling the gel start to slide down her inner thighs, then straddled Jérôme and lowered herself toward his waiting erection. He cupped one hand under each buttock, so her weight opened her up, as she reached under herself and guided his penis toward her anus.

"Nearly there," he said. "Now just allow yourself to slide down, but slowly...slowly."

Gaëlle followed his instructions, and felt him slide inexorably into her, filling her totally. She could feel the heat of the blood in his erection. He was very hard, more so than usual, she realised. She was glad that he was as turned on as herself by what was about to happen. Then his pubic hair was tickling her buttocks, and she knew that Jérôme was completely buried in her. She breathed out, trying to relax.

"I won't be able to move inside you," Jérôme murmured, "but it feels very good."

Gaëlle leaned back against his body. Now she would have to

say the word to Serge. She cleared the lump in her throat. "Ready?" she asked him.

"Whenever you are. You two make a really sexy picture." Serge said, smiling.

He kneeled in front of Gaëlle and inched forward.

She watched, fascinated, as his black-sheathed, bobbing penis approached her sex. She was dripping, she knew, a mix of her juices and gel, and she sensed that her vagina was gaping open. Serge's eyes met hers, an unspoken question in them. She didn't trust herself to speak; she simply nodded.

A moment later Gaëlle was luxuriating in the pleasure of a solid erection sliding into her vagina. The same, but different. No other man had possessed her since she had been with Jérôme. Added to that, her brain was registering a maelstrom of emotions. The magnitude of her decision, that she was allowing another man to penetrate her in front of her loving and approving husband was suddenly very clear to her. She could hardly believe what her body was telling her, as Serge pushed deep inside. As she appreciated that, she became aware of an extra difference. She was so full of Jérôme that the walls of her vagina were held in place, rather than relaxed. Her stretched anus added to the pleasure conferred by the two intruders, which were separated only by a thin membrane. The two men were almost rubbing against each other, giving exquisite sensations to her intimate nerve endings. She was overwhelmed. She closed her eyes to make the bliss last as long as possible.

"Slowly, Serge... Oh, please, very slowly," she implored him.

He obeyed, pausing between his thrusts, which were indeed slow. However, each time he started a thrust, he continued until he was inside her to his full length, like the piston on a steam engine. The minutes passed. The only sound was of their heavy breathing, as each tried to retain control. Gaëlle was gasping.

“At last we get the full benefit of the big mirror,” came Jérôme’s voice. “Just look and you’ll see what a great picture you make, Gaëlle,”

For a few moments, Gaëlle didn’t dare submit herself to the visual proof of what she was doing. Then she couldn’t resist her need to know, and looked across at the full-length mirror on the wall. The sight took her breath away. She was leaning back, naked, against Jérôme, while Serge, between her thighs, was just beginning another plunge into her. The two men were also watching the reflection, and she could see the fascination in their eyes. As she observed the tableau, Jérôme’s hands reached round her and squeezed her swollen nipples. It tripped the final switch in Gaëlle’s mind. “Look at me. Oh, just look,” she babbled. “I’m an animal, I’m a beast! My husband is so deep in my bottom, and his friend is fucking me. I’m being fucked by two men. In the mirror, I look as if I’m in an erotic film. What was the waitress called, Jérôme?”

“Rhianne,” Jérôme said, the growl in his voice betraying the tension of trying not to come.

“I wish that Rhianne could be here to see me. I’d love her to see me like this, with two men deep inside me.” Gaëlle declared. She paused and shook her head. “No, that’s not enough. What I really want is for someone to be filming me at this moment. I’d suck Rhianne’s breasts and sex while you’re both fucking me so beautifully. Then I would film it all while you two did the same to her, fucking her until she couldn’t take any more.” She gasped, and suddenly cried out, “Oh, it’s too much, it’s so strong. I can’t wait any longer!”

Serge and Jérôme watched in awe, as Gaëlle swung to and fro, impaled on the twin erections that filled her. She was making inarticulate noises, tugging on her hair, burying her face in her hands, then shaking her head wildly. Next she was digging her



nails into her breasts and half-laughing, half-sobbing, almost hysterical, as she came, and came and came. She was shaking so much, that it was only minutes later that she recognised that Jérôme had flooded her with his sperm. A hot flush in her vagina told her that Serge had come, too.

After a moment, they pulled out of her. She dragged herself onto the sofa and curled up in a foetal position. Jérôme covered her with his jacket, and she stayed there while the men cleaned themselves up.

When she had recovered a little, she went to shower, still shaking. She didn't return to the living room, but went straight to bed, where Jérôme joined her very soon afterward.

"No words tonight, Jérôme," she whispered as he slid into the bed. "Just hold me."

"We'll talk about it when you're ready. Goodnight, my love, and sweet dreams, my brave and wonderful lover." His kiss was gentle, as she drifted off.

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*Of all the sensations that I have experienced so far, this has been the most difficult for me to acknowledge. It isn't easy to accept that I asked to be taken in this way, doubly penetrated. I suppose that everything in our society and in my upbringing tells me that a married woman does not offer herself to another man. I have not only done that, but have freely given my body to two men at one time, and that isn't supposed to happen to any woman, married or no, at least, not in any generally accepted culture that I know about.*

*How do I feel about myself now? If most people I know heard of a wife who had done what I did that night, I'm certain that they*

*would be horrified. I'm a little shocked myself by the thought that many people might consider me, Gaëlle, as a depraved woman, and I have been worrying about how Jérôme might react also. I know now. I need not have been anxious. He has been totally accepting, genuinely happy that I wanted a fantasy to come true; that I had the courage to ask for it and to make it happen. His only concern was whether the experience gave me pleasure. I have assured him that the whole evening was an erotic wonder. It has taken time to be sure that I am at ease about it, though, and we may need a period of calm in our sex life until I am really certain.*

## Chapter Twenty-five

“**S**top!” Gaëlle almost screamed, dropping her racket.  
“What’s wrong?” Jérôme was instantly at her side as she leaned against the squash court wall.

“I feel as if someone stuck a knife into my back.”

“That sounds like a torn muscle to me. Come on, I’ll take you home and tomorrow you’ll go see the doctor.”

“You’ve been playing silly games, haven’t you?” her doctor commented the following morning. She smiled at Gaëlle and went on. “You’ve got a typical squash injury here. You’ve torn a muscle in your upper back. I can send you for physio, but it’ll be a few weeks before you can play again.”

Gaëlle grimaced. “Squash sessions with Jérôme are the basis of my body maintenance,” she explained. “If I do nothing for several weeks, I’ll be so slow and fat I’ll hate myself. What exercise can I do? Squash is out, but what about swimming?”

“No swimming at all for a couple of weeks and then not crawl. Breaststroke is all right though. Anything that doesn’t put pressure on the injury. You could try aerobics. That shouldn’t do any harm.”

Gaëlle asked around at her office.

“Lots of the women at work go to aerobics classes because it’s the fashionable way to keep fit,” she reported back to Jérôme. “I wanted to know where my colleagues go, so that I can avoid them. What I need is far in excess of what they can do, from what I have seen of their physical state.”

“You’re going to try aerobics then?”

“Yes, it’ll be something new, and for that, I’d rather be among strangers.”

Armed with a list of where not to go, she searched in the local paper. She found classes near the University, and enrolled for the following session.

The first time that she went to a class, she wore her black one-piece swimsuit, with a pair of shorts and a baggy tee shirt over it. The sports centre had several rooms, and Gaëlle glanced into a few, to see what was happening, before she found where her class was taking place, and did the session.

As she was leaving, she heard piano music from a nearby room. She tried to push the door open discreetly, but immediately the music stopped, and she found herself faced with a teacher who was definitely not amused. The scowl on the woman’s face eased, however, when she saw that the door had been opened by a woman.

“Yes?” she barked.

“Oh, I didn’t mean to interrupt,” Gaëlle explained, hurriedly. “I was wondering if I might join your class?”

“Stand over there, don’t make a noise and I’ll be with you in a few minutes.”

Gaëlle dutifully stood quietly while the group completed their warm down. The movements here were as much dance as aerobics, and she found herself thinking that it would be nice to do some exercise that was not competitive in nature.

“Have you done dance before?” asked the dragon.

“No, but I did years of gymnastics, and I keep myself fit.”

“Sign up downstairs, and be here at half seven next week. Don’t be late.”

Gaëlle almost replied, “Yes, madame,” as if she had been

back at school, before she grinned to herself and left.

“So, how was it?” Jérôme asked on her return.

“It was a mixed class. Strenuous, but not too demanding. I was surprised how much concentration I had to give in order to follow the teacher.”

“And your conclusion?”

“I came away sweaty, but unsatisfied.”

“Ah. And so . . .”

“I’ve joined a different class, more like dance and gymnastics combined.”

The following week she properly introduced herself to the teacher. She was older than Gaëlle, maybe forty, with a body on the stringy side of toned.

“I recognise you,” she said. “You were the one who interrupted last week. I’m sorry if I was brusque, but you have no idea of the problems we have with voyeurs.”

Looking at the number of young women in thong-back leotards, Gaëlle could see the attraction. She came wearing shorts and a tee shirt over her black swimsuit. She was alone not to be wearing a leotard, she realised, so she removed her shorts and tee shirt, and did the class in her one-piece swimsuit. During an extended series of stretches, the back of her costume slid in between her buttocks. She pulled it out twice, and then decided that it was too much trouble, and continued with a bottom as bare as most of the others’ were. She was one of the oldest people there, she noticed—early twenties seemed to be the most usual age. It was quite hard for her to concentrate, as there were nice bodies all around.

After the class, she went to the changing rooms to shower. It then occurred to her that she could also go for a swim while she

was at the sports centre. She put on her shorts again and went to the pool changing room.

Five minutes later she was in the water, reminding herself to do only breaststroke.

It had been a promising beginning, and she was impatient for the class the following week. The session was just as satisfying, and after it, she went straight for her swim. As she reached to touch the wall at the end of her twentieth length, she became aware of a pair of feet dangling in the water in front of her. She was irritated, and looked up angrily to see who was spoiling her rhythm. Then she smiled, because the feet belonged to a woman that she had vaguely noticed during the dance session. In the class, Gaëlle had noticed the woman's disproportionately large nipples, very visible through her thin leotard. She was smaller than Gaëlle, with shortish brown hair, and nice brown eyes. In a swimsuit, the shape of her nipples was just as noticeable.

"Hi. Can I bug you?" she asked with a smile. "I'm Amy, what's your name?"

"Gaëlle,"

"Oh, that's a pretty name."

"Thank you," Gaëlle responded, trying to be patient. From where she was treading water in the deep end, she was looking up at Amy, who was sitting on the edge with her thighs apart. Gaëlle had to make an effort not to stare too hard.

"When you're finished, would you like a drink?" Amy asked.

"Okay, if you can wait for about half an hour. I'll see you in the cafeteria."

Gaëlle swam some more lengths, then showered and put on her jeans and tee shirt. She went to find the café. Amy stood up and waved as she entered. Gaëlle examined her in the unflattering neon lights of the bar. Amy was smaller than Gaëlle by a couple of inches at least, and was now dressed in a white

pullover with a wide neck. Her skin was spattered with beauty spots. She was obviously not wearing a bra, and the bumps made by her nipples stood out. Gaëlle knew that her own nipples must be just as noticeable, after her swim and cold shower. She could feel them rubbing against the cotton of her tee shirt. She sat down opposite Amy, who pushed an orange juice toward her.

"This okay? I made a guess."

"Fine, thank you. You're American, aren't you?"

Amy laughed. "I think that's as evident as that you're French."

As Gaëlle picked up the glass, her wedding ring clicked against it. Amy looked up with an air of surprise.

"I didn't have you down as married, Gaëlle"

"Would that have made a difference?"

"I might have been a little less direct. I'm sorry, it's just that I think that you are a very sexy-looking woman. Does it shock you if I say that? I hope that you aren't offended"

"Not at all. It's always flattering to be thought attractive."

"You seem very relaxed about it. Is that because you're French?"

"Maybe it helps. Why? Were you going to try to seduce me?"

Amy blushed. Gaëlle reached out and stroked her hand.

"Relax, Amy, I'm teasing you. Tell me about you, and I will tell you about me, okay?"

"What do you want to know? I'm Amy, I'm twenty-seven, I'm married. Three years, no children. What else? Oh, I don't know what to say. I'm confused. Please say something. I don't do things like this. I just felt that I had to get to know you, but now I'm embarrassed."

"Don't be, because I'm not," Gaëlle reassured her. "Let me guess at why you felt the urge to talk with me. I think it's like this. You are happy with your husband, your marriage and your life, but you are asking yourself questions. You are wondering a

little about what else there is, I think? Perhaps, also, whether you will ever live out dreams that you used to have? Maybe you felt that I had some of the answers? Am I near the truth, so far?"

Amy nodded. Gaëlle waited a moment, to allow her to speak if she wanted to and then began. "I'm Gaëlle, I'm thirty-one, and I'm happily married, too. Five years for me. If instead of dreams we say erotic fantasies, the difference between you and me is that I've experienced my fantasies in real life."

"Oh. Your husband? Doesn't he mind?"

"Not at all. We share a fascination, Jérôme and I, with the erotic, and we explore together"

"You share sexy adventures with your husband? Wow, you're way ahead of me," Amy said. "Okay, my turn. There is nothing so exciting in my life. I've been married for three years to Dan. He's American, too. We came to England because there was a post for him here as a lecturer. When I was a teenager I was what people called a wild child, but you have to realise, that was in a small town in the Mid-West. Maybe I'll tell you some of the things I've done when I know you better." She paused. "I don't understand how you know, but it's true there are questions I want to answer about myself."

Gaëlle thought for a moment. She had learned, in discussion with various people, that if she treated any subject as normal, and didn't express surprise or disapproval, people would tell her the most intimate things. She said, in a neutral voice, "I understand, but your approach to me suggests that you must have noticed some feelings that you don't quite understand. Is that right?"

"It's not fair. How could you know that?" Amy pouted ironically. "Just silly little things. Let me think of an example...okay, as part of my job, I have to liaise with some other companies. I visit them a couple of times each month. At



one of them, there is a woman who is really sexy, one of the big bosses. She is older than me, a little bit taller too, but then everybody is, I guess. She's dark and slim, and very attractive. Sometimes, when I have to discuss things with her, I have to go to the rest room after, because I am so wet. She doesn't do or say anything to provoke it, but something about her excites me a lot. Is that normal? Am I normal?"

There was a pause. Gaëlle could see Amy wondering why she was sharing these personal details. Clearly, she wanted to impart more information, but Gaëlle would have to demonstrate that she was willing to listen. She smiled at Amy, reassuringly.

"I think that it would be nice to discuss this in greater depth, but in more civilised surroundings. After the class next week, we could maybe go for supper together?"

"We can? A real date? It's a deal."

When she went to the class the following week, Gaëlle paid more attention to Amy's body. Physically, she was not exceptional. Her spectacular nipples were her outstanding feature. She was slim down to the waist, but with quite wide hips. She must have been aware of that, as she wore a scarf tied round her waist, and her red and green leotard did not have a thong back. She arrived just as the class was starting, so there was no chance to talk. After the class, she joined Gaëlle as they went toward the changing room.

"You still want to go for that drink, and for something to eat?" Amy asked. "I've brought my swimsuit, so we can both do some lengths first, if you want."

"Of course."

Amy gave a grateful smile.

"That's a relief, because I've booked us a table at a place I know, but not until nine forty-five."

After they had done their lengths, they floated side by side, elbows on the pool edge.

"You're a much better swimmer than I am," Gaëlle said. "Did you swim competitively?"

"Where do you think I got these shoulders?" Amy asked, and smiled. "It was my major sport at college."

They entered the changing room together. Gaëlle had decided that she would strip in front of Amy, to show her that she had, literally, nothing to hide. She led the American to a corner of the changing room away from anyone else. Amy was hesitating before taking off her swimsuit, so Gaëlle stood in front of her and took off her own. She was watching as Amy took in the fact that she was depilated, and she was gratified and excited to see the surprise register in her eyes. She chose to act the innocent and ignored Amy's reaction. Gaëlle went to shower, wrapping her towel round her, because at the other end of the room were some young girls with their mother. Amy followed her into the next cubicle. They came out at the same time, and returned to their clothes. This time it was Amy who, after a tiny pause, dropped her towel onto the bench before picking up her knickers. She had a triangle of pubic hair, which had clearly been trimmed. Her breasts were about the same size as Gaëlle's, but her nipples were much bigger and darker, with longer points.

"I'm sorry," Amy apologised as she dressed. "I worked late and came straight from my office, so you'll have to put up with me in boring work clothes, when you look so smart."

"I've just seen what goes inside the clothes," Gaëlle said, buttoning her silk shirt and tucking it into her jeans, "so don't worry about the wrapping, Amy. You don't have to try to impress me."

Amy blushed.

They each had their own car, so Gaëlle followed her toward the city centre. They parked on a side street, and Amy led her to an Italian trattoria. They ordered, and were told that their dishes would take about twenty minutes. It was time to talk, Gaëlle decided.

“Have you had a chance to think about our discussion last week, Amy?”

“A little. What concerned me most was what you must have thought of me, approaching you like that. I’ve never done anything like it before, and it scared me that I was able to do it. You can’t imagine how much better I felt at your reaction.”

“Will you tell me how your husband fits into this?”

“Maybe now is the time to tell you about my crazy years. From seventeen to twenty-one, I was sex-mad,” Amy explained. “I had sex with any man who wanted it, and as I’m sure you know there are a lot of those around. If a date didn’t finish in sex, I was disappointed, as if it had been somehow my fault. One time, I went home with two men and one watched while the other one had sex with me, then they switched over. Dan, my husband, knows all about that, because I told him before we were married.”

“How did he react when you told him?”

“Does it surprise you if I say it excited him? When we’re having sex, we sometimes discuss that period of my life, often at his suggestion. I enjoy talking about it and it definitely makes him perform.”

“What sort of person is Dan? Tell me about him.”

“He’s thirty-three and also American, I think I told you that. He’s an intellectual, very cultured. He lectures in American literature, but his passion is film. We have a good sex-life, but I think it could still be better. If that’s going to happen, I’ll be the one who takes the step. Then I think he’ll be enthusiastic to join

in.”

“Does he know about your office activities?”

“No, not yet. I’m not sure that he is ready to know that a woman excites me.”

Gaëlle smiled. “From my experience, Amy, I’m sure that you’re wrong. It’s a discussion I’ve had with my husband, on many occasions. Jérôme’s view is that, for a man, the idea of his wife or girlfriend with another woman always gives him the hope that it may result in a three, with two women and himself. Almost any man would go for that! At the very least, it’s an exciting fantasy.”

“I hadn’t thought of it like that. Wow. So another woman is not a threat like another man would be, I guess. I need to think about it. Please tell me about you, Gaëlle, and your clever husband.”

It took the rest of the evening for Gaëlle to give her an insight into her life with Jérôme, and a few of the lesser experiences that they had shared, particularly those occasions when she had been exposed in public. By the end, Amy was silent, as if asking herself how far she would want to go. Gaëlle broke the silence.

“Here’s a suggestion for you, Amy,” she said. “When you next visit this woman who disturbs you so much, why not save yourself time? If you take off your knickers in advance, you’ll feel even more excited. You’ll be taking control of the erotic side of the situation, and I think that would be interesting for you.”

“You think? Do I dare? I’ll admit to liking the thought. I’ll try. You’ve given me a lot to think about.”

They parted at eleven o’clock, after exchanging home phone numbers.

Amy called Gaëlle early the next evening.

“I was so turned on by what you told me last night, Gaëlle,” she said. “I nearly raped Dan when he came home. I don’t think

he knew what hit him, but I didn't explain. That isn't why I am calling, though. I need your advice. Can we meet, right now? It will only take a few minutes, but on the phone won't do."

"I'm intrigued," Gaëlle said. "I'll meet you in twenty minutes in the Tesco car park. You know the one?"

Gaëlle was still parking her car when Amy pulled up near her. Amy's car had barely stopped before she was opening the door and flying across, to lean in through the open car window. She was wearing track trousers and a black tee shirt, with trainers on her feet.

"Excuse how I look." Amy gabbled. "I'm in a rush, because I have to dress to go out, but I need your help for tonight."

"Calm down and explain. Come and sit in my car"

Amy sat for maybe a minute, composing herself.

"Okay, I'm ready now," she said. "Do you remember I told you about the woman that I have to meet for work? I did what you suggested and it felt so good. But that's not all. Shall I tell you?"

Gaëlle nodded for her to go on. Amy breathed deeply and began.

"Her name is Marian and she is a sphinx. I can't guess what she is thinking. She says very little, just nods to show agreement most of the time. She has the sexiest voice when she does speak. Anyway, Dan and I were going to the film society tonight, and I dared to ask her if she wanted to come with us. I want her to see me a little exposed, Gaëlle, but I need you to reassure me that it's okay."

"How exposed do you want to be? Enough to let her know that it's for her, or just so that she is aware that being on show excites you?"

"It would be safer the second way, I think, although I would

really like to show her everything.”

“So, no bra, then and perhaps a thin shirt, or one that can be left unbuttoned more than usual? How is that? Will you be naked under your skirt?”

“I know just the shirt I will wear. For being without panties, I wasn’t sure, but I am now. I have a long slit skirt that will show a lot of thigh, even if she doesn’t know that the skin is all there is under it. Thank you so much. You give me courage, and I promise I’ll tell you all about it.”

She rushed back to her car, and Gaëlle went home.

“I just had a thought. Oh shit,” she said to Jérôme as she came in. “I forgot to tell her I won’t be at the class next week.”

“Call her,” Jérôme said. “They won’t have gone out yet.”

Gaëlle took the phone into the kitchen. When she returned, she looked confused. “That was strange,” she said. “I got her husband. Amy was in the shower.”

“And?”

“Well, I said who I was and he just said he believed that Amy had mentioned my name. I told him I wouldn’t be at the class next week. He said he would tell her. Then he repeated my email address after me, and said goodbye. Really offhand, as if I was boring him.”

“His responsibility, not yours,” Jérôme said. “Part of the two thirds of your life that you don’t control. Besides, he hasn’t been subjected to the Gaëlle effect in the flesh. And I think Amy interests you more than him, no?”

“I don’t even know if she interests me in that way, yet. But it’ll be fascinating to watch and see how things develop.”

Gaëlle was working in Bournemouth all the following week. She had just been issued with a laptop computer, and this would be a good occasion to get used to it. It was several days before she had the time to plug in and look at her emails. When she did,

there was one from Amy. Gaëlle downloaded it, and lay on her hotel bed, her laptop in front of her and read.

*Gaëlle. I wanted to tell you this in person, but I can't wait so long. First, I want to thank you again for your advice. It was so cool that you didn't question what I was doing, just worked out how to do it best. As you know, we went to the film club.*

*The movie was A Night to Remember, one of the old classics. Marian had brought a friend with her, a man called Alan. He was quite attractive and very charming. It wasn't too warm in the cinema, so I kept my jacket on. Afterward, Dan suggested that we could go for a drink. We went to a pub. I asked Marian discreetly if Alan was special, but she said that he was strictly a friend, nothing more. In the bar I took off my jacket. I am sure that you will recognise the feeling, when you are about to take a risk. And I wasn't even really exposed. The shirt that I wore is thin white cotton. There are pockets that meant that my nipples were not quite so much on view, but it was unmistakable that I had no bra. I had left three buttons unfastened, so if I leaned forward, anyone in front of me could see right down my shirt and my bare breasts. I felt very sexy. Alan spent the evening trying to get a good look.*

*Then, when the men were at the bar getting more drinks, Marian said, "You are a little exposed, you know." I hope you will be proud of me, Gaëlle, because I answered straight away. "Yes, I know. It excites me to be like this." She smiled, but that's all. We were more than two hours in the bar. Marian and I discussed opera, which I discovered we both like. Alan sat as close to me or to her as he could, and often emphasised what he was saying by touching my hand, and once he brushed a crisp crumb from my skirt. It was nothing too obvious, but definitely sexy. It was all very confusing, particularly as Dan was being very attentive to Marian.*

*I knew that Dan would ask me a lot of questions when we got home. He had seen me before we went out, when I had been wearing a bra. He couldn't know that I had nothing on under my skirt. He got into bed and asked me if I liked Alan. I smiled. And he asked me if I liked Marian. And I said, "What do you think?" And I know the best way to get him to be daring in his thinking is to be blunt about mine—while at the same time being sexual with him—so I played with him and told him I found her very appealing and asked him if he would mind if I pursued a friendship with her—all the while I was touching him and licking him and I knew he would say yes to everything. And so, he knows I like her and he asked me this morning if I was going to ask her to join us for drinks again next week and I said yes and he smiled. And so there you have it, Gaëlle. All in all, it's the best I could possibly have hoped for. I am very turned on and curious about what may happen next and ready for it too, I think. And I'm glad Dan seems to be open to possibilities. I can't wait to hear your reaction.*

*Amy*

Gaëlle masturbated, while re-reading what Amy had written. Then she sent an email to Jérôme, copying Amy's to him and then wrote.

*It seems that I'm going to be a mentor on the edge of Amy's experiments, and that feels good. A voyeur also, which is new. Amy isn't the only one in a hurry to know what will be the next step.*

Gaëlle could see that Amy was struggling to concentrate during the class that followed her return. Several times Amy tried to catch her eye, but Gaëlle ignored her silent appeal. She wanted Amy to save whatever she had to say until they were comfortable. They showered and changed quickly, and drove to the same restaurant as on the earlier occasion. Amy was bursting



to talk.

“Now, will you listen? I can’t hold it in any longer,” she said.

Gaëlle sipped her drink and waited. Amy began, “Dan and I have done nothing but discuss the situation all this week. It’s weird. He told me that if I want to have sex with Alan, it’s okay, so long as I give him all the details afterward. I know that Alan is interested, but I think that Marian might be also. It’s so complicated.”

Gaëlle held up her hand, like a traffic policeman.

“Slow down, Amy,” she said. “Let’s consider this dispassionately. Dan says it’s okay for you to have sex with another man, but just think. He’s telling you this while you are both turned on. What if, afterward, he says he didn’t mean it? That it was just a fantasy for you two to share? Many men are attracted to the idea, but fewer of them can live with the reality. Nothing would please me more than that you should have the experiences that you want, but I think you have to be careful. Can I interrogate you? I want you to be totally honest with me. That way I can be most helpful.”

“Okay. I place myself in your hands. Ask away.” Amy sat back and folded her hands in her lap.

To be encouraging Amy to move along the path that she had taken herself, aroused in Gaëlle the recollection of each of the steps in her own erotic development. In response to her questions, Amy assured her that she was very happy with Dan and that this was not an attempt to escape from her marriage. In fact, she was very eager that he should take an active role in anything that she did.

“I went with Dan, Marian and Alan to another film. Errol Flynn, in *Captain Blood*,” Amy began. “It has a lot of swashbuckling and bodice ripping. After the showing, we went to a bar again. We started by discussing the film, but after a few

drinks, Alan suggested that it would be fun to re-enact some of the scenes, with Marian and me tied up, so that Alan and Dan could duel, to see who got to have his wicked way with us. It was all very light-hearted, but there was an undertone, you know what I mean?"

"I do. Making it a joke in case anyone took offence, but wishing that someone would pick up the hint."

"Exactly. When we got home, we talked about it some more, Dan and I, and he admitted that it had turned him on, as a fantasy at least. I pressed him a bit about it, and I think he's tempted, but as you suggested, I'm not absolutely sure he'd be okay with it in reality. The sex was good though!"

"So what next?" Gaëlle asked.

"How can I make Dan be responsible for his part of the bargain?" Amy asked. "He said again that he likes the idea of me having sex with another man, and I have to say that I do find Alan attractive. A further complication is that Marian was much more involved in the discussion this time also, and I think that she could be tempted."

"Slowly, Amy. One thing at a time," Gaëlle said and laughed. "Let's consider Dan's attitude. He says that he'll want you to tell him about it, if you have sex with Alan. I suggest that you persuade him to have sex with you tonight, and introduce that idea. However, it's important that Dan sees that he's an integral part of the scenario. As part of the fantasy, you could tell him that he's watching while Alan has sex with you; that it has been agreed by the three of you, that it can only happen if both men are present. See how he reacts to that. If he is unhappy with that as a fantasy, you'll know that it's no more than just a bit of fun to excite the pair of you. Let's leave Marian for the moment, although I think you can continue to show her that you do have an erotic existence and that she could be part of it, but that the

decision is hers. How does that sound?"

"A one word answer? Cool," Amy replied. The look in her eyes said she would go ahead with it. "Just one more thing, Gaëlle, I'd like for you to meet these people. Would Jérôme and you like to come to dinner one evening soon?"

"I'll accept for both of us," Gaëlle said. "I leave you to set a date. Jérôme and I have no major commitments, and he will be fascinated by the situation, I know."

By chance, Gaëlle checked her personal email from work at lunch the following day. Amy's message was quite a few lines long, so Gaëlle printed it and took it to read in a quiet corner.

*I did it. Just as you said, I encouraged Dan to make love to me. It wasn't difficult. We do it a lot. When I introduced the subject of sex with Alan, he enjoyed that, but he repeated that he would only want to hear about it. So, while I was describing what Alan would do to me, I mentioned that Dan was watching, sitting in an armchair, and observing us. At first he balked a little, I could feel it. He was deep inside me at that moment. Then it was okay again. I told him that the two of them were discussing what I looked like and how I was performing while Alan fucked me. Sorry, but I needed to type that. I said that it had been made clear that Alan had to ask Dan's permission before he could fuck me—that word again. Well, that really turned him on. He went at me like a stallion. It hasn't been so good for a while. So, thank you for your advice, I think that things may happen now, at least between Alan and the two of us, and that excites me very much. I have to see Marian this afternoon for work. No panties for me. What is stirring in my life makes me feel so sexy that I want to take risks with her also. I wish I could be bra-less also but the risk is too great. Wish me luck.*

*PS. Can you make dinner at our house next Saturday? Eight o'clock? Six of us...*

## Chapter Twenty-six

“A my wasn’t there this week.” Gaëlle told Jérôme on her return from the dance class.

“Perhaps she was busy arranging her dinner party,” said Jérôme.

“Or sorting out what to wear,” Gaëlle said, smiling at him. “I’ll have to do that, too. It’s a delicate balance.”

On Saturday morning, she did what Jérôme called her *little girl thing*. She went through her entire wardrobe before she decided how to dress. It was quite as difficult as she had anticipated. Her clothes tended to divide into work and sex. The work clothes were very respectable, the sex clothes much less so. She didn’t want to appear as if she was ready for an orgy, nor yet as if she had come to do an inventory of the house furnishings. Eventually, she chose a sleeveless silk dress. It was a very dark green, to set off her eyes. She’d had bought it for a formal dinner, the previous year, so it was about knee length, perfectly respectable.

“What do you think?” she asked Jérôme, turning in front of him. “The neckline isn’t especially flattering, but I refuse to buy a bra just for a single evening.”

“You look nice,” Jérôme told her. Gaëlle pulled a face.

“Oh dear,” she said. “I hope I’m never lower than that on your scale of appreciation. It will do, then?”

“It’s fine. I understand your dilemma. It’s a dinner with unknown people. But if I say you look nice, then the others will be very happy with how you look. People always are, from what

I've seen. I've decided to wear a suit. It's the simple male solution."

They found the address more easily than Jérôme had imagined, and were parking across the road from the house by a quarter to eight. They were going to wait in the car, but Amy came across to meet them, and to escort them in

"I've been watching out for you for ten minutes," she told them. "Just to remind you that Dan doesn't know a thing about our discussions."

"No problem," Gaëlle told her. "We know how to be careful."

Dan was about Jérôme's height, but thinner. He greeted them a little nervously. He wore thick-rimmed glasses and reminded Gaëlle of a better-looking version of Woody Allen. They went through to the sitting room and Amy offered them drinks. Gaëlle sat on the sofa with a sherry glass in her hand and looked at Amy. The white shirt she was wearing had no pockets, and the outline of a bra was visible under it. She saw Gaëlle looking, and mouthed, *later*, to her. Gaëlle reflected that if Amy really intended to take off her bra, then her breasts would be very much in evidence. The long black skirt she wore was slit up the front, and looked quite sexy.

Dan and Jérôme were soon deep in a discussion about French cinema.

"I have to check on something in the kitchen," Amy said.

"I'll come with you, in case you need a hand," Gaëlle said.

She stood and followed Amy out into the hallway.

As soon as they were out of the sitting room, Amy turned. "Look, I've done like you." She took hold of the slit in her skirt and held it apart. She was naked under it, and she had shaved almost all her pubic hair.

"Very trim," Gaëlle commented, choosing to be appreciative of the effort Amy had made, rather than to comment on the

imperfections of her technique with a razor.

"You gave me the idea. Dan doesn't know yet. I hope he likes it."

Amy was facing the door, her skirt held open, when suddenly a shadow appeared through the glass, and the door started to open.

"Anybody home?" said a woman's voice.

"I see what you mean about the voice," Gaëlle whispered. "Very sexy!"

Amy blushed scarlet, and made herself decent. She rushed to the door to greet Marian. Gaëlle was able to stand back and examine the new arrival, who had wavy, short, very dark brown hair and brown eyes. Her black trouser suit had a vivid turquoise camisole top under it. It made her look slightly exotic, as did the spectacular turquoise earrings dangling beside her face. She was older than Gaëlle had expected, with a few facial wrinkles.

"Marian, Gaëlle, Gaëlle, Marian," Amy said. "I'm sure you two will get on."

"I'm sure we will," said Marian. The creases around her eyes deepened as she smiled.

They went into the sitting room. Amy presented her husband and Gaëlle introduced Jérôme. A moment later, the doorbell rang, and Amy went to meet Alan. He was smaller and rather plumper than Amy had suggested, but his smile was indeed charming. Dan greeted him a little warily. They all sat down and chatted inconsequentially.

"Dinner's ready," Amy called through from the kitchen. Dan led them into the dining room.

"Gaëlle, you sit here, with Alan facing you," Dan said. "Marian, you're opposite Jérôme. Amy and I will take the ends,"

Amy arrived a moment later, her face flushed and pink. Even a passing glance made it clear that she was no longer wearing

her bra. Her prominent nipples were clearly visible, and they were unambiguously erect. Gaëlle caught Dan's look. He was not altogether relaxed about his wife's exposure, she could tell. She remembered that he didn't know Jérôme or her at all, and would not be aware that Amy's exposure was no surprise to them. Alan had certainly noticed Amy's display.

The evening progressed. When they had eaten, they went through to the sitting room again, to have coffee and liqueurs. By now, Jérôme had taken his jacket off, as had Marian, revealing her camisole top, and showing off a pair of very nice breasts. Gaëlle offered to help Amy clear the table and she accepted, leaving Marian with the men for the moment.

"How are you feeling, Amy?" Gaëlle asked in the kitchen. "You look sexy. I can see your nipples standing up."

"I know. They're tingling. I'm trembling inside. I told Dan before you arrived that I was going to take off my bra. He was afraid it might shock you and Jérôme. What do you think of Marian?"

"She's very attractive. I can see the appeal for you, but I'd need to know her better, to work out if she might be interested."

They took the coffee into the sitting room. A serious discussion was going on, as to whether French films were improved by being remade in Hollywood. It was Jérôme's contention that much of the subtlety was lost because of the studio's demand for happy endings, and to reduce any elements that might shock Middle America. Marian was tending to agree with him, while Dan was defending his home industry. Gaëlle perched on the arm of Jérôme's chair to listen.

"You only have to look at the tone of the first *Emmanuelle* film compared with contemporary American sex films." Jérôme was saying. "It's hard to imagine a philosophical discussion of the erotic as an integral part of *Debbie does Dallas*."

"I guess that means you have seen both," Dan said. "So have I, and I agree that there is a totally different attitude to sex in Europe compared with the UK and the USA. For us, sex is either frivolous or filthy, whereas you create a pseudo-intellectual rationale for sex, and call it the erotic."

"I can't see that it is pseudo, Dan," Gaëlle said. "If people do something sexual because they enjoy it, and nobody is hurt, and the individual takes full responsibility for his or her actions, that seems defensible to me in real life, as well as being true for a film."

Alan turned to Jérôme.

"In real life? Is this how you see things, too? After all, you two are married. I would have thought that you would expect Gaëlle to take your view of things into consideration?"

Marian and Gaëlle laughed. Amy joined in.

Jérôme waited a moment before he replied. "Gaëlle does what she wants, and I approve totally of her doing so. I hope that I'm not so selfish that I would resent that. The same thing of course applies to me, from her point of view."

It was Dan who asked the next question. "Even in sexual fidelity, Jérôme? If Gaëlle wanted to have sex with another man, how would you feel?"

"Well, let me put this carefully," Jérôme said thoughtfully. "If Gaëlle wanted to have sex with another man, in fact with anyone else, I hope that she would discuss it with me. Not because I would seek to prevent her, or to pass judgement, but out of affection and good manners. I'm sure that I'd be happy, as long as she was doing what she wanted. She would tell me all about it afterward, anyway, that's certain, and that's always exciting."

Marian chipped in, and Gaëlle recognised in her voice the tone of a woman who was used to people paying attention to her words.



"I noticed a change in tenses there, Jérôme. You don't have to answer my next question if you don't want to, but would it be too much to suggest that you are speaking from experience?"

There was a pause. Amy was clearly surprised by Marian's intervention.

"Do you want to change the subject, Jérôme?"

"Absolutely not." Gaëlle interrupted. "I believe in honesty. The answer is yes, Marian, although that's a very simple answer to a complicated question. Jérôme and I are together because we choose to be, not so that one of us can control the other. I have to say, though, that I have never felt the need to go off and have sex with another man."

Marian looked at her quizzically

"I think that, before we go any further, we need to give our word that nothing said here tonight is repeated anywhere else," she said. "Also that we'll all tell the truth. Does everyone agree to that? I don't think you should say any more until we've all promised that what is said here, stays here."

Dan, Amy and Alan promised to keep any secrets that might be revealed, and Marian went on. "Now, I think it's safe to be candid, Gaëlle. Maybe I have had one or two glasses too many, but it seems to me that you, like Jérôme, are choosing your words very carefully. I've no doubt that what you say is true, but it isn't the whole story, is it?"

So, this was the moment, Gaëlle decided. Time to open up. "You are very perceptive, Marian, and quite right," she said. "I was being very careful how I expressed myself, because while it's true that I have had sex with other men since we have been married, it's only ever been when Jérôme was present."

Dan gasped loudly. Jérôme looked at Alan, whose face was a picture, a mixture of fascination and jealousy.

"Now you know about Jérôme and me, it would be nice if we

all shared some secrets, if you have any,” Gaëlle said. “Who’s going to speak first?”

“It’s time I was going,” Alan announced suddenly. “It was a lovely dinner and thank you very much. Please excuse me, but I have quite a drive in front of me.”

Amy’s face told how much she felt let down by his attitude. A man whom she had looked to as a potential lover, had failed at the first obstacle. She looked very dejected as she brought him his coat. Within minutes, he had fled. Amy returned from saying goodbye to him, and took up her place in the sitting room again. There was a silence.

“Well?” said Jérôme. “Are we going to carry on our discussion, or shall we all just go home?”

“Please don’t go,” said Amy. It’s been a great evening so far. I would hate for it to end on a downer. Besides, I think it would be exciting to know each others’ deepest, darkest secrets.”

Marian sat back in her armchair. “I have a question to ask, Amy, if you will answer it. I promise not to be shocked by your response.”

Amy nodded.

“This evening when I arrived, you were wearing a bra. Now you are not. I recall that you told me once that you like to feel exposed. Does that go for tonight also, and for whom is it intended?”

Amy was blushing furiously. She took a deep breath. “Is it all right to tell them, Dan?”

“How can I refuse, when we have all just agreed to be open and honest about sex? I haven’t done this sort of thing since I was an undergrad at the university. Go for it, Amy.”

“I’ve been discussing with Dan the possibility of having sex with another man, perhaps Alan.” It was obvious that it excited Amy, as well as embarrassed her, to tell it. She paused and took

a deep breath. "However, that's not all. You say that you'd noticed that I have no bra tonight, like the other evening at the cinema. Have you seen me like that on other occasions, Marian?"

"No, I don't think so, only at the cinema, but then we usually meet at work. What are you trying to say, Amy?"

"I always wear a bra at work and yes, it's true that I'm learning to enjoy being exposed. When you were discussing things with me in your office last week, I was wearing nothing under my skirt."

Dan was stunned. His eyes went from Marian to Amy and back, then settled on Amy's long skirt. They could all see him wondering what, if anything, was under it. Marian was also surprised, but her eyes came rather to meet those of Gaëlle.

Gaëlle asked, "What's your reaction to that, Marian? Does it shock you? Appal you? Give you a thrill inside?"

Marian ran her finger round the rim of her glass to gain time. "If what Amy is saying is not just a fantasy?" she paused and then went on thoughtfully. "Shock, no. Surprise, yes. A thrill? I'm not sure, but it is appealing to think that someone, anyone, is getting turned on by me, even if I know nothing about it."

"How about you, Dan? How does that make you feel?"

"This is beyond me. Amy, are you telling me that the fantasy with Alan was a second-best? That you really are attracted to Marian? Where does that leave me?"

Gaëlle felt she had to reassure him. "Amy loves you, Dan. She told me so. I know that you've shared and enjoyed the fantasy of her having sex with Alan, but this is different. Attraction for another woman doesn't affect how she feels for you at all, unless it is to make her want to share it with you, but that would be up to Marian, of course."

"Just a moment, Gaëlle. Not so fast," Marian interrupted swiftly. "I haven't said that I'm at all interested in having sex with

Amy, just that I like the idea that she chose me to stimulate herself. So much is flattering because she's an attractive woman, but it's no more than that at present." Her expression changed, as if a thought had just struck her. "Amy, are you wearing knickers tonight?"

"No. No bra and no panties. Do you believe me?"

Jérôme said, "Why not prove it to Marian, Amy. Show her."

"I don't know if I dare," Amy said, turning to her husband. "Dan, darling, please tell me it will be all right. I need your support right now. I want so much to do this. Please."

"If it turns you on, honey, go ahead."

Amy stood. Her hands grasped her skirt. Abruptly, she pulled the skirt right up, exposing her bare sex. She remained like that for several seconds, then as suddenly dropped the skirt and sank onto the sofa beside Dan. He hugged her to him.

"You or me next?" Gaëlle asked Marian, looking her straight in the eyes. "I'll tell you now, that it isn't a new experience for me to be exposed in front of relative strangers, but it's always exciting. By the way, you don't have to do anything you don't want."

"I never do anything that I don't want to do." Marian said firmly and then smiled, wryly. "I think that what concerns me most right now, is how I would compare with you two. I'm thirty-eight, and you young women must have nicer bodies than me."

"I am sure that all of us will appreciate what we see, if you decide to show us," Gaëlle reassured her. "We aren't having a beauty contest; it's a refusal of secrecy. I'm content for Dan to see me nude, but I am sure that the men would be happy to let us be alone if you wanted."

"Resigned, rather than happy, but disappointed also," said Jérôme, with an encouraging smile at Marian.

Gaëlle decided to set the example for Marian. She stood up,

and went to the middle of the room. Without revealing anything, she reached up under her dress, pulled her knickers down and threw them to Jérôme. She was reaching over her shoulder, about to pull on the zip, when inspiration struck her. She turned to Marian. "Marian, will you unfasten my dress for me, please?" she asked, in a totally neutral tone.

Marian reached up from her armchair, and pulled down the fastener.

Gaëlle released her arms and held the dress at her waist, showing her bare breasts to them. She did a little pirouette. She was sure that the one she needed to convince was Marian, so she deliberately turned to face the older woman as she dropped the dress on the floor and stepped out of it. "Et voilà," she said, raising her arms to shoulder-level and turning in front of them. She was damp, she felt wonderful, and she loved the smile on Jérôme's face.

"What an evening of surprises," said Marian. "I really can't compete."

"I repeat that it isn't a competition, Marian," Gaëlle said. "Now, I think that Amy should take off the rest of her clothes now, don't you?"

"Yes," said Dan, now completely involved in what was happening. He brushed aside Amy's excuses. He helped his wife to unfasten her shirt and shrug it off, and then she got up again, to allow her long skirt to fall. She, too, stood naked in the sitting room, looking hopefully at Marian, who looked up at them and got to her feet.

"I warn you, it won't be as pretty," she said "but here goes."

First, she pulled her camisole top over her head. The bra she was wearing was black lace, underwired and showed plump, firm breasts.

Marian unfastened her belt.

"If I had known this was going to happen, I would have worn a skirt," she said. "It's hard to take off trousers elegantly."

She had to remove her heels to do it, and Gaëlle could see that she was not as tall as herself without them. Marian's knickers matched her bra—lacy and black. It was true that she had fat on her belly, but her legs were shapely. She paused.

"You aren't going to disappoint us now, Marian, are you?" said Jérôme. "Finish the job, and I'll go next."

Marian unclipped her bra and dropped it on the floor. She slid her knickers to her hips, and then let them fall. Her pubic hair was thick and untrimmed. Her bottom was quite big, but firm. She sat down again, covering herself to some extent with her camisole top.

Jérôme did not wait to be asked. He stripped quickly.

"Why is it so much easier for a man to look good at forty-plus than for women?" Gaëlle asked rhetorically. "It's really not fair."

Amy was pulling at Dan's clothes. He put up a fight, but not too seriously, and he was soon as exposed as the rest of them. He was too thin for Gaëlle's taste, and without his glasses, his face looked naked. Amy knelt down in front of him and caressed his half-erection into hardness. Gaëlle was surprised to notice how long his penis was, once it was fully erect, certainly longer than Jérôme's. She walked into Jérôme's embrace and then turned her back to him so she could watch the others. He kissed her neck, as he stroked her breasts and sex. She could see Marian's eyes shifting from Amy to her and back.

"You can join in if you want, Marian," Gaëlle said to her. "We would be happy for that to happen, and I'm sure that the same applies for Amy and Dan. I don't want you to feel left out. By the way...that's an invitation, not sympathy. I assure you."

Marian was hesitating, so Jérôme and Gaëlle went over to her, took hold of her hands and pulled her gently to her feet. She

didn't resist and they propelled her toward Amy and Dan. She stroked the back of Amy's hair then kissed Dan on the lips. Amy reached up and caressed Marian's thigh. She caught hold of Dan's hand, and drew it to Marian's belly. His fingers tangled in her fur, and then sank lower into her sex. She leaned on him gently. They looked good together, so Jérôme and Gaëlle sat back on the sofa and caressed each other while they watched.

Amy's kneeling position put her face at a convenient height for both Dan's erection and Marian's bush. She turned her head from him to kiss Marian's belly. Just then Dan took his wet fingers out of Marian's sex, and touched them to his wife's mouth. Amy kissed them, unable to resist, then sucked them clean. Dan appeared more relaxed now that things were happening than when he had just realised that Amy had taken off her bra. He looked across at the other couple.

"Please will you come to us?" he said. "Gaëlle, I'd love to see Jérôme fucking Amy. Will you accept that?"

"You heard what we said before, Dan," Gaëlle confirmed. "If Jérôme is willing, and if Amy wants it, there's no problem."

She was certain that for Amy, to be taken—fucked in front of her husband, and with his consent, would fulfil all the American couple's fantasies. Gaëlle and Jérôme stood up and went toward the trio. Amy was continuing to suck Dan, who had buried his fingers again in Marian's sex. Gaëlle's mind was working hard. It was going to be complicated to arrange for everyone to participate fully. She didn't want to stop what was happening, but she needed to change a few positions if they were all going to enjoy the moment. The other three couldn't stay standing for long, she was sure of that.

She moved an armchair first, to allow Dan to rest his weight on its arm. That brought him down a little. Amy had only to move forward a little to continue her oral stimulation. Jérôme helped

Amy to get into a position on hands and knees, rather than kneeling. Gaëlle approached Marian. This was going to be the crucial moment. Was Marian prepared to be in sexual contact with her? She took hold of Marian's shoulders and turned her round, so now her back was toward Dan. He had to remove his hand from her sex, but as soon as Marian had turned, he reached under her buttocks and resumed his caresses. Marian was now facing Gaëlle, who moved closer, until their breasts touched. Both women shivered. Then Gaëlle kissed Marian on the mouth. Marian returned the kiss strongly, before their lips separated. They both looked down and to the side, where Jérôme was kneeling behind Amy's raised bottom.

Dan's fingers were now exploring Gaëlle too, rubbing Marian's sex and hers in one stroke, so their juices mixed. Amy wiggled her bottom at Jérôme, waiting for the crucial moment. Then they all watched, as Jérôme slid deep into Amy's sex. Gaëlle felt Dan's fingers became more urgent. Not surprising, she thought, when Amy was being fucked by another man in front of him, was sucking him at the same time, and he was caressing two other women!

It couldn't last. It was too intense for that. Marian was jerking in Gaëlle's arms, moaning each time Dan rubbed over her clitoris, and Gaëlle was going to finish soon, also. Dan groaned and came into Amy's mouth. She swallowed. That triggered her, and she shuddered and grunted as she came. Jérôme was still in control. He stood up and came to Gaëlle, his curved erection still shining and wet. He moved in close behind her, and pushed his erection between the lips of her sex. Gaëlle squeezed Marian as close to herself as possible. Now Jérôme's erection just reached to bump Marian's swollen clitoris, too. Gaëlle felt Dan's hand touch Jérôme's penis, and half-expected him to recoil. Instead, his fingers pressed firmly, allowing Jérôme to rub more deeply



between the labia of both Gaëlle and Marian.

That did it. Gaëlle was hit with a tidal wave of pleasure, and her knees buckled. Marian followed her into a heap on the sofa. They were kissing hard, mouths open, hands everywhere, while Jérôme stood over them, spraying sperm that both women licked off each other's breasts. Amy had a front row view of the group as she knelt beside them on the rug, recovering from her orgasm.

After a moment, Gaëlle rolled over. Amy and Dan were wrapped round each other, kissing passionately. Jérôme was sitting on the floor, his head resting on Marian's thighs, as she stroked his face. She stopped abruptly when she saw that Gaëlle was looking, but Gaëlle smiled at her to say it was fine. She kissed Jérôme and then Marian and then went across to Dan and Amy.

"Well, that was worthy of a blue movie," she said. "Now you have a real experience to excite you, not just a fantasy. Thank you for letting us take part in it."

She kissed both of them and went to clean herself up. When she returned, Jérôme was also standing. Dan and Amy had joined Marian on the sofa. The three of them were ready to do some more exploring, it appeared. Jérôme and Gaëlle dressed, and left them to enjoy themselves.

"It's a strange sensation," Gaëlle told Jérôme later, at home in bed. "The evening was not at all as I'd thought it might be. I'd guessed that Amy would want to try experimenting, but I'd no idea it might develop as it did. What were your impressions?"

Jérôme thought for a moment, "I enjoyed it, of course," he said. "Who wouldn't? Nevertheless, it's true that there was something curious about it. I don't know about you, but for me, there was something missing."

"That's it," Gaëlle broke in. "I wasn't as deeply involved as usual."

"You were more concerned that everyone else should have a good time. I could see your mind working furiously to make that happen. Our bodies, yours and mine, were accessories. Tonight, we weren't the main event."

Gaëlle laughed. "Bearing in mind the discussion that was going on earlier, I had a sudden appreciation of the problems of the filmmaker. It makes a difference not to be the centre of attraction. But not one I want to become the norm."

"It won't. For me it's always about you, and your desires," Jérôme concluded. "You're always the star for me, and I'm sure that will continue to be the case."

"You think? As you might be about to say, dearest, we'll just have to wait and see."

Amy wasn't at the dance class the following week. Gaëlle was leaving after her swim, when she saw Amy waiting for her.

"You have time for a drink?" Amy asked.

Gaëlle followed her to the cafeteria, where it had all started. They sat. Gaëlle waited. Eventually Amy began, "This is difficult, Gaëlle. Last Saturday was fantastic. I don't regret it at all, and neither does Dan."

"But?"

"It was just what happened with you and Marian and Jérôme. Did you know that Dan was using Jérôme's penis to caress Marian and you?"

"Yes, of course. It was great."

"Well, because of that, Dan figures that Jérôme must be bisexual. Dan feels a little concerned. I think he's afraid it may happen again if we keep contact, and that he's concerned about what that might imply about his own sexuality," Amy said with a

wry smile. "So I'm afraid that we won't be inviting you to dinner again. I feel real bad about it, but poor Dan is totally perplexed, and he is my husband after all. Then, it would be hard for me to see you at class, and then cut you dead after it, so I decided to stop coming here, as well. I really am sorry, Gaëlle, because I like you and Jérôme a lot. Maybe in a few month's time?"

Gaëlle smiled resignedly.

"Remember what I once told you, Amy. We each take our own responsibilities for what we do. It was a fantastic evening, and I thank you for it, from Jérôme as well as me. Take your time and think about it, and we will see. Bye."

Amy turned and was leaving. Then she stopped. "You're sure it was okay? Did you truly enjoy watching Jérôme fuck me? It felt so, so good. Please thank him for me."

"I know it was a pleasure for Jérôme and also for me, Amy. Don't be concerned about it at all."

"I must go. I'm meeting Dan and Marian for a drink."

"Of course, Amy. Give Marian our love. Dan, too."

## *About the Author*

Very French, in love with the erotic and with words, in any language.