



# Gaëlle and Jérôme

M.P. FRANCK

Follow Gaëlle and Jérôme on their journey through life, their deepening of love and their exploration of sex. How far will this married couple dare to go, in their quest for erotic experience?

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Gaëlle and Jérôme  
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*Gaëlle and Jérôme*  
*Part Two*

*By*

*M.P. Franck*

## Dedication

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

## Chapter Twenty-seven

“Wake up, Jérôme!” Gaëlle’s voice was urgent. “I can smell smoke!”

He swam up from his deep sleep and sniffed. “You’re right. Get up and let’s see what’s happening.”

They hastily put on some clothes and opened the bedroom door slightly. Thick black smoke filled the corridor. Jérôme slammed the door closed again. “Quick, the window,” he said, opening the curtains. They climbed out, grateful that the house that they had bought was a bungalow.

“Look,” Gaëlle gasped. She pointed to the roof. The adjoining bungalow was ablaze, and already their own home had caught fire and was well-alight. By now, other neighbours had realised, and the man who lived opposite shouted to them that he had called the Fire Department who were on their way.

Gaëlle and Jérôme could do nothing but watch as their home was swallowed in flames and smoke. It seemed an age before the fire engine arrived, by which time there was nothing for the fire fighters to do but make sure that the flames did not spread. The pair of houses were complete losses, just a burnt shell remaining.

Gaëlle and Jérôme resigned themselves to the loss of most of their possessions, and to a period of living in a hotel, while the insurance company dealt with the administration that followed.

“It’s not the furniture and books that I regret,” Jérôme said

as they attempted to make a list of what had gone. “However, how do we replace some of your clothes that have such great memories attached to them? Your red lace dress, for example—its replacement cost is nothing, compared with its value as a souvenir.”

“Be practical, Jérôme. It’s gone, it’s gone. I can buy new clothes, and at least I managed to recover my jewel box. What really hurts me is the photo album. I’ll never be as sexy as I was when you took those photos, I can hardly put in an insurance claim for irreplaceable erotic photos, can I?”

Jérôme cheered up.

“Would you like me to do some new ones?” he suggested. “Oh, by the way, I disagree that you aren’t as sexy. You were twenties sexy then, and you’re thirties sexy now.”

“The answer is still no.”

“No? Why not?”

“They were lovely, but they’re gone. Besides, things have moved on. I’ve decided that I don’t want any more photos of me. What if someone robbed us and posted them on the internet? I heard someone at work gossiping about that. It happened to a friend of hers. It’s too much of a risk. No, from now on, when I’m exposed or nude, then it will always be a live performance, and I will keep control over how much is seen and for how long.”

“Not to mention who sees, also,” Jérôme said. “I hope I’ll be invited,” he added, with a smile. “I like the fact that you say when you’re nude, rather than if. I shall look forward to that.”

“The insurance letter came this morning, and it says it’s going to be months before we can move back in,” Gaëlle told Jérôme one evening. “Perhaps this is a message to us, to take a look at what we want to do with our lives. You know, I’ve been thinking

about whether it's time for us to move back to France so I can take the next step in my career. How about you?"

"It's perhaps fortuitous that the fire happened just now. It's obvious that you're ready to do a more demanding job," Jérôme agreed. "My attitude has changed rather a lot in the past few years. It's all very well earning good money, but I've realised that I'm uncomfortable with the mindset of the business I'm in."

"I understand what you're saying," Gaëlle said. "I don't have a problem with having a good salary, either, but for so many of the people that you work with, it seems to be the only thing that matters. I've been asking myself what they work all these hours for. It seems to be to pay for expensive holidays and cars and extra houses that they never have the time to appreciate."

"Agreed, and I don't want to become like them," Jérôme said firmly. "Fortunately, I have you to keep me normal, and our sex life is so important to both of us that we don't seem to need all the paraphernalia to prove that we are enjoying our lives. There is a possibility..."

"So, you think the fire was a serendipitous event. What are you saying exactly, Jérôme?"

"You remember when Serge phoned a little while ago? He told me the charity that he works for can use my skills. The pay would be a lot less than I get now, but I really want to do it. There's going to be an opening in Strasbourg soon. I've been toying with the idea, but I didn't want to discuss it further with you, until I was clearer in my own mind. Now we have a natural break, when I think it's a good moment to make decisions. You'd be nearer home and I wouldn't be so far from mine, either. What do you think?"

"When is it for?"

"Serge said they'd hold it for me. They seemed keen, for some strange reason. Practically, September would be the



earliest, I think.”

“They’re keen because you’re good at what you do, and you know it. I’d like to go back. My parents aren’t so young anymore and it would be good to be closer to them. Can we afford to do what you want, do you think?”

“I don’t know if you realise what this house will be worth, once it’s put back together and redecorated. If we sell it, we can afford to buy a nice flat, in a nice area. If we don’t have rent or a mortgage to pay, we can manage easily, even if you don’t get a job immediately. Yet, I’m almost certain that there will be a choice of jobs for you there, with your experience and your English.”

“Then let’s do it.”

By the time the house was habitable again, and they had it decorated to sell, rather than to their own taste, the eventual sale price astonished them.

“We can get a really nice apartment, and still have money to invest,” Gaëlle said enthusiastically, after doing the calculations. “I can afford to wait for a job that I really want, while you settle in to your new office.”

Two visits were enough for them to find a three-bedroom apartment, in a nice suburb within walking distance of the historic centre. September saw them in Strasbourg, Gaëlle’s hometown. Jérôme began his new career, with which he declared himself very happy. Gaëlle occupied herself by decorating their new home, while she waited for a job that appealed to her.

## Chapter Twenty-eight

Nothing happened for several weeks. Time started to drag for Gaëlle. Jérôme was totally wrapped up in his new responsibilities, leaving home early and arriving back late. For once, she was lost. The redecoration was complete, and no interesting jobs had appeared. Without realising it, she slid into feeling sorry for herself.

Bored and listless, she was wandering around the apartment one afternoon. She couldn't raise the enthusiasm to do any housework, and a book that she had bought had proved to be disappointing. Finally, she flopped down on the bed and put her head in her hands, close to tears.

"Come on," she told herself. "Stop that. The sun is shining, you live in a nice apartment that's paid for. Stop being a misery. Find something to do."

She looked around, and her eyes fell on her little jewel box. It was one of the few important things that had escaped the fire. Though it showed water damage on the outside, she hadn't really looked in it since then, she realised. She picked it up and lifted the lid. The smell of smoke still lingered. That decided her. She got up and went to look for a cloth and some alcohol, to clean her jewellery.

She took out her best earrings first, and cleaned them with care. She couldn't resist trying them on. The little emeralds in them glinted. She looked at herself in the mirror and felt more cheerful. She cleaned a gold hoop next, and added it to her right ear. Next was her gold necklace. It was more complicated to

clean, so she spent fifteen minutes on it, muttering to herself about process not product. She held it up against her, and was not pleased with the effect. She stripped off her tee shirt, and replaced it with the necklace. That was better. The gold felt good against her bare skin, and she was reminded of how she liked the way the Inca-style pendant pointed down between her breasts. What next, she wondered.

Another gold chain caught her eye. Her sex chain! She had almost forgotten its existence, she realised. She couldn't remember the last time she'd worn it. The fire and its aftermath had filled her mind for months, then there had been the move and so on. She held it up. Five minutes later it was glitteringly clean. She couldn't just put it away again.

She stood up and dropped her cleaning cloth. Her tracksuit trousers came off and her knickers joined them on the floor. She sat down again on the bed, legs wide apart, with the chain laid out between her bare thighs.

She took the clip which was at one end of the chain in her right hand. With her left hand she pulled on one of her inner labia. She put the clip in position, and squeezed it, so that it nipped and held. She repeated the process for the other end and the other side. She gathered the chain in the palm of her hand and stood up, legs apart. She paused for an instant, then let the chain fall, so that its full weight pulled on her labia. The sudden jerk made her grunt, deep in her throat. In addition to feeling good, that initial tug assured her that the chain was solidly attached to her sex.

She bent over and examined herself. Jérôme had often said that her sex reminded him of a little book. Her inner labia at rest, he had explained, were the pages, visible, but tucked away inside the cover of her outer lips. Only when she was very excited was the analogy inaccurate, because the tip of her clitoris

became visible. Now, however, the chain was putting strain on her inner labia, and distorting them a little, so that they were protruding outside the cleft of her sex. It made her look rather rude. Her labia were being pinched quite hard, and they quickly became engorged and a little swollen

Gaëlle examined herself in the mirror. Instead of her usual neat sexual cleft, she was displaying exposed and deep-red labia, and her clitoris was peeping out. The increased blood flow made her aware of a pulse beating strongly there. The overall effect was to make her entire awareness concentrate on the two tiny points where the fastenings held the chain firmly clipped onto her most intimate parts. She had the impression that she was a pulsing sex, which just happened to be surrounded by a body. She didn't need to glance at her nipples to know that they were fully erect and swollen. She felt light and happy, as well as highly aroused, and she knew that Jérôme would have loved how her cheeks and lips were glowing.

She stood and enjoyed how she looked in the mirror, naked except for her jewels. Then a new inspiration came to her. She had always worn the sex chain the same way, one clip on each of her inner labia. How would it feel if it were attached to her clitoris hood? Suddenly it became important for her to find out. Her clitoris was erect already. She used her fingers to open her sex, and gently squeezed the hood. It made her tremble, and the little bud emerged further. Very carefully, she managed to pinch just enough skin to fasten one clip. She had to put the other clip somewhere else, so she pulled on her inner labia, pinching the lips together, then clipped on the other end of the chain. She stood up straight. The chain was now hanging from front to back, instead of the usual side to side. She walked across the room. At every step, the front clip rubbed against her erect and exposed clitoris. She nearly collapsed on the bed because the sensation

was so strong. She knew that she couldn't walk far like that because she would be too excited. Her dark mood had disappeared, and she wanted to be in a public place to have the orgasm that she knew would complete her return from melancholy.

Gaëlle unclipped the chain, and put it into her handbag. After checking that the sun was still shining, she went to her wardrobe and chose a cotton summer dress, knee-length. Its bright canary yellow colour set off the visible part of her jewellery, the earrings and necklace. She dressed carefully and did her makeup. She strolled into the centre of town, down to the square in front of the cathedral, where the tourist cafés were. She caught sight of herself in a shop window, and stopped to examine how she looked. Attractive, but perfectly correctly dressed, she thought. Glances from people passing by confirmed the impression. She swung her head from left to right, and the weight of her earrings made her earlobes tingle—a presage of what she was about to do to her sex.

She chose a café. The terrace was full when she arrived, so she went inside to the bar and ordered a lemon tea and then went through to the ladies' toilets. She lifted her dress, took off her knickers and put them into her handbag. She attached the chain as she had done at home, one clip on her clitoris hood, the second pinching her inner lips together. Because it was gripping two lips, rather than one, that clip was tighter than usual, and the sensation was only just on the right side of pain. She was about to leave the toilet when she decided to make it even more difficult to hide her excitement. She unclipped the chain from her clitoris hood, and placed it so that it would pinch the clitoris itself, through the skin of the hood. When she closed the clip this time, and dropped the chain to its full length, the surge of pleasure that shot through her sex and belly made her double over, with

an involuntary grunt. She was trembling like a leaf. The reflection in the mirror showed the tension in her face. She straightened her face and her dress and walked slowly out into the café.

Each step was a delicious torment, because she knew that she must maintain control, and not give in to her craving to lie down and moan with pleasure. Her sex was pulsing so hard that she could almost hear it. There was a free seat on the terrace now, if she was prepared to share with a couple of young Japanese girls, obviously tourists. She told the waiter to take her drink outside. She sat with the girls, answering their questions as they practised their broken French. The contrast between the need to appear cool, kind and helpful, and the raging desire to pull up her dress and show them the chain between her thighs was very difficult to control, but that just made the moment all the more powerful. Ten minutes later, the girls stood, bowed politely, said *au revoir* and left.

Gaëlle sat in the sunshine and concentrated fully on what was happening under her dress. She didn't dare cross her legs. She had to sit right on the edge of the chair because of the chain. It hung below her thighs, with part of its weight taken by the seat, but she thought that it was probably not quite visible to people passing by. She was so close to an orgasm that she had to bite her lip. She was very aware that what she was doing wasn't sensible, as at any moment someone she knew might pass by and say hello, but she was so excited that she didn't care.

She controlled herself for maybe five minutes, sipping at her tea. Then she couldn't resist any longer. She pulled her dress up to uncover her knees, then a little further up her thighs. Now, anybody looking at her legs would have the opportunity to notice the chain. That idea triggered an immediate orgasm. She had to bend over, and pretend that she was looking for something in her handbag to hide the gasps of pleasure. While she was doing

that, she looked to make sure that the chain was indeed on show. The fact that it was very evident, made her orgasm redouble and continue. She was amazed that nobody noticed, but grateful, too.

She calmed down enough to finish her lemon tea, at least, and called the waiter. When she had paid, she was about to go back to the toilet to remove the chain when she was suddenly struck by the decision that it was too soon to bring the experience to an end. What else could she require of herself? She couldn't be more exposed, she knew. It wouldn't be reasonable, here in the town where she worked. All she could come up with was to challenge herself to walk across the square and back. She knew that just from the toilet to the terrace had been immensely demanding, so it was a big test that she faced, but it was essential to make herself do it. She stood up, and the full weight of the chain made her gasp again. Trying to appear cool and in control, she took her first steps out into the square.

It was exquisite. Her whole sex was thumping, from between her thighs, through her belly, under her ribs, right up into her throat. She had to walk very slowly, and each step made her weak at the knees. She tried to appear as if absorbed in looking up at the cathedral. She was grateful for her dark glasses. The juices from the excitement, as well as from the first orgasm, were sliding down the inside of her thighs.

Gaëlle had reached the middle of the square when she realised that one of the clips was slipping. She stopped dead. There was nothing she could do to prevent it. The clip on her labia slid off. She was convinced that she heard the snap as it did so. The full weight of the chain was suddenly hanging from the single clip on her swollen clitoris. Her belly lurched with the agony of ecstatic pleasure. She just made it as far as the cathedral steps before she had to sit down, trembling all over. She was joining quite a few young people sitting there. Again, she

had to appear to search in her bag to hide the effects of a second, sustained orgasm. She must have looked mad.

As she was recovering, she realised that the chain was not pulling on her clitoris quite so much. She looked down, and became aware of the position in which she was sitting. With her bare bottom on the second step, and her feet on the step just below, the free end of the chain was resting on the step between her feet. Her knees were above the level of her thighs, and therefore the dangling chain and her bare, hairless sex had inevitably to be on full, public display. Not reasonable at all, even by her standards, she judged. She quickly pulled her dress down over her knees, reached under it and unfastened the chain as discreetly as she could.

“I didn’t dare to open the clip,” she told Jérôme later that evening. “So I just pulled it off. It was really painful, even though my sex was seriously sloppy. When I looked around, I was less than a metre from one end of a row of Japanese girl students, including the two from the café. They were taking it in turn to photograph the rest of their group.”

You know, Jérôme,” she added. “Somewhere in Japan there will possibly be a girl who is going to discover a very unexpected addition to the album of her visit to France.”

“A unique photo,” Jérôme said and kissed her. “Plus, the experience seems to have quite banished your black clouds. All you need now is a nice new job!”



## Chapter Twenty-nine

Her luck had turned. Within a month, Gaëlle had applied for and accepted a post as deputy head of Human Resources with one of the major employers in the area. By the time Christmas came round, her immediate boss had been head-hunted by another organisation, and Gaëlle found herself in charge, with a new office, her own washroom, and a pair of secretaries to protect her from the world.

She was bemused at first, but spent the next few months coming to terms with her new status. It confused her colleagues when she showed an interest in their wellbeing, as well as their competence, and once the hierarchy had realised that she did not intend to change, and that she would fight for what she believed in, they allowed her to consolidate her new régime. It helped that there were far fewer complaints about what had previously been known as the *anti-personnel department*.

By the following June, Gaëlle and Jérôme were ready for a holiday, but neither felt like making a long plane journey. They examined the many possibilities within France.

“I don’t know Brittany at all,” Jérôme said, as they leafed through brochures for every region of France. “What do you know of it?”

“You remember when we went to Wales? It’s a bit like that, geographically as well as culturally. You enjoyed that, so I think you’d like Brittany. La Matière de Bretagne, you know? Arthur and his knights? You’d be in your element.”

“Speaking of elements, the sea will be cold there, won’t it? I need a nice warm pool to swim in,” Jérôme insisted.

“Then I have just the thing,” Gaëlle announced triumphantly. “What do you think of this? The Thalassotherapy Centre in Dinard.”

Jérôme looked at the brochure. “It ticks the boxes. Indoor pool, outdoor pool, tennis courts, seawater treatments, a nice restaurant, and a little seaside resort next door. Let’s go for it.”

Their journey took them across the width of France, stopping for one night in Paris, where they went to a show, ate in an excellent restaurant and slept in a comfortable hotel, before reaching Dinard the following lunchtime. They went through the obligatory health interview, and were taken on a tour of the facilities.

“Thank you for suggesting this place,” Jérôme said to his wife. “I’m looking forward to being blasted with sea water from a fire hose. At least, I think I am.”

“Me, too,” she told him, “and to be coated in a layer of seaweed will certainly be different, relaxing too, I hope.”

The following morning, the sun was shining, and the day promised to be hot.

“I didn’t notice any bare breasts yesterday at the pool on our tour,” Gaëlle commented as she put on her one-piece swimsuit. “I’d better be decent until I know if it’s acceptable to be topless here.”

“You look sexier in that swimsuit than most other women totally naked,” Jérôme assured her.

“Flatterer,” she retorted. “And what do you mean, most other women? Not all? Ha! Coming?”

Trying to look suitably chastened, Jérôme followed her out of their room, admiring Gaëlle’s bottom on the way. At the pool,

they lay on sun loungers and relaxed in the sunshine. Suddenly Jérôme said, “What an amazing body.”

Gaëlle looked up, expecting a beautiful woman, and saw what Jérôme meant. Not very tall, the man who had just appeared looked as if he was made of black marble, a shining blue-black athlete, slim but with muscles. He was wearing only swimming shorts. Admiring looks from others around the pool told the story. This man was simply beautiful, graceful, too, as he dived into the pool.

They saw him again a couple of days later. They had been swimming, had changed and dressed and were sitting on the terrace of the café in the sun. It was quite crowded, and Gaëlle and Jérôme were sitting at a table for three. Noticing the empty chair, the man came across to them.

“Would you mind if I imposed myself on you?” he asked, his voice deep and resonant, with a hint of an African accent.

“Not at all,” Jérôme said, moving his towel from the vacant chair. “Let me introduce ourselves—Gaëlle and Jérôme.”

“Thomas. It’s nice to meet you. I have to confess that I had already noticed your attractive lady,” he said to Jérôme, smiling. “I’m a psychology specialist, and I’m using my experience to assume that compliments to you, Madame, are not offensive to either of you.”

“No, that’s fine,” Gaëlle said. “Can I ask where you are from? You’re on holiday here?”

“Ah, the unmistakable African accent,” Thomas said. “I’m from Niger, originally, and even after twelve years in Nice, the accent still betrays me. I’m here on a medical conference, but I’m staying in Dinard. I just couldn’t resist the pool, though, so I sneaked in.”

They chatted about Nice, which they had visited, and Thomas

told them about Niger, which neither of them knew except as a name. Thomas was charming, cultured and very amusing. They both enjoyed his company.

"I notice you both have wedding rings," Thomas said. "You are married? To each other, I mean," he added with a laugh

"Yes, we are," Jérôme said with a smile. "Is that a surprise?"

"A little, yes. You don't behave to each other as married people do."

"We bow to the expert observation," Gaëlle said. "What else can you tell about us?"

Thomas turned toward her, and adopted the air of a doctor giving a medical diagnosis. "My professional training allows me to establish that you, Madame, are very sexy," he said.

Gaëlle was surprised, not so much at his conclusion, which was flattering, but that he said it in front of Jérôme, when he didn't know them at all. Jérôme laughed and declared, "You don't need to be a psychologist to know that."

He turned to Jérôme. "My diagnosis for you, sir, is that you are highly intelligent and perfectly correct, in my professional judgement, of course, for which there will be no charge." This time Thomas roared with laughter, so infectious that they had to join in.

"I assume you are also married, Thomas?" Jérôme asked.

A cloud passed over Thomas' face.

"I was...to Grace, the most wonderful person in the world. Grace was beautiful, intelligent and with a sense of humour. Do you know about the roads in Africa? They're lethal. Five years ago, she met a truck that should never have been out of the garage."

"I'm sorry to have raised the subject. It clearly still hurts," Gaëlle said.

"Let's change the subject, if you don't mind," Thomas said.

“Grace wouldn’t have wanted me to be sad forever.”

“Of course,” Gaëlle said. “Since you’ve been so forthcoming about us, can I ask how you got your amazing physique?”

“Part of it is nature, but there’s a lot of gym work in there, too,” Thomas said. “When I first came to study in France, I was desperately poor. I earned my pocket money as a male art model, and realised very early that as a black man, I had a certain cachet, and that as a black man with a worked-out body, I would earn more. Mercenary, but necessary! I liked how it felt, so I still go to the gym and swim.” He paused. “Now, I have to go and prepare for tomorrow’s conference session. I’m sure we’ll meet again,” Thomas said, shaking hands with them both. “I certainly hope so.”

“Shall we meet here at about three tomorrow?” Jérôme suggested. “Will you be free by then?”

“Three it is.” Thomas disappeared into the building, waving.

“Quite a character,” Gaëlle commented. “Really sad about his wife, though.”

“If anything happened to me, I hope you would go on exploring and enjoy your life, too,” Jérôme said.

“Since you say that, I’d want to try, although I know I’d find it difficult. The same goes for me. I’d like you to still have fun, even without me. Let’s not get morbid, though. We’re both very much alive, even if we’re scheduled for the sea water hose in twenty minutes. We’d better get ready.”

Early the following afternoon, Gaëlle was sunbathing on the sun deck. Jérôme had gone to get some cool drinks. She was wearing only the bottom half of her black bikini, as it was evident that bare breasts were acceptable in this part of the complex. She was dozing, eyes closed behind her dark glasses, when she heard a deep voice say, “Aha! My judgement was correct, Gaëlle. You

are indeed extremely sexy.”

She opened her eyes and saw Thomas standing in front of her.

He said, “May I?” and sat on the deck beside her.

Jérôme came back with the drinks, and they had an interesting chat about Thomas’ conference.

Gaëlle noticed that Thomas was not afraid to look at her bare breasts as they talked. When she mentioned that to Jérôme, back in their room, he was amused, “You’re surprised that a man takes notice, when you are sitting there with bare breasts, and your lovely body? Haven’t you noticed the effect you have on me?”

“Even after the years we have been together?” she asked, gently patting the bulge in his shorts. “I suppose I’ll have to do something about this swelling, even if I’m not a doctor.”

Over the next two days, they bumped into Thomas quite frequently. It became a little joke among them, and they spent some hours in his company beside the pool or in the café.

The day before the end of their stay, Thomas, Jérôme and Gaëlle met for a final dinner. Gaëlle decided to let Thomas see how nice she could look, rather than how sexy. The dress she chose was quite loose, pale green and flowing, knee length. Under it, she had only her white bikini knickers. She chose not to wear stockings because her legs were tanned.

Jérôme looked very cool in his linen jacket and trousers, and when they met Thomas in the bar, he was ultra-smart in a summer suit. They had drinks and waited for their table to be ready. Service was quite slow, and Gaëlle drank more than usual. After all, she thought, she only had to walk to their room afterward.

The maître d’hôtel called them. They sat round a circular

table, with Thomas on Gaëlle's left and Jérôme on her right. At one point, Thomas and Jérôme were deep in a discussion of the charities which work in Africa. Gaëlle sat silently, taking stock of the situation. She was enjoying the feeling of having two men to chat with. Thomas made it plain that he found her attractive. She was a little concerned that part of the appeal of Thomas was that this was the most time that she had spent in the company of an attractive black man. Was that racist, she wondered. She didn't think so, and sincerely hoped not. Another part of her was thinking of Grace, the love that he had lost, and wondering how it felt for Thomas to be deprived of the pleasures of sex. They ordered, ate and drank.

Gaëlle felt Jérôme's foot press hers under the table. She looked at him and he smiled. She started to feel seriously warm. A little later, Thomas said he had to make a phone call. While he was away, Jérôme reached across the table and took her hand.

"Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?" he said, with a knowing look.

"We haven't had an adventure for a while," she said. "I'm willing. How about you?"

"We can always make the suggestion. I think that it could be very stimulating."

Thomas was taking some time at the phone, so Jérôme called for the bill and settled it. When Thomas returned, Gaëlle and Jérôme started to turn the conversation toward sex. Thomas was happy to discuss it, although he said that his recent experience was theoretical, rather than practical. He repeated that he had never been able to replace what he had experienced with Grace.

"You know, Jérôme," Thomas said, "Your situation with Gaëlle is very much as mine was with Grace. Married, but in love and in lust, also, I confess. We were both fascinated by the erotic. We used to discuss sexy things that we were going to do,

as soon as we left Africa. Sadly, we never got to carry out our fantasies. So I say to you both, please take every advantage to enjoy your sex-life together. You never know when it will end suddenly, as mine did.”

Gaëlle smiled at him. “We have been doing our best to do exactly that, ever since we met. We have been luckier than you, in that we have been able to turn our fantasies into real experiences.”

Thomas looked at them with curiosity. “Grace and I had some very wild ideas. I doubt whether many people have carried out the plans that we had for erotic experiments.”

“For example?” Jérôme asked.

“Well, it wasn’t a good idea for Grace to dress in a sexy way, among the people that we knew, but she would have loved to dress as you do, Gaëlle. We had even discussed asking someone else to join us for sex. We used to sit in cafés looking at people and discussing which ones we would invite, but we never did it. It’s a major regret in my life. It gave us great fantasies, though.”

“You have seen how Gaëlle dresses,” Jérôme told him, “and she has sometimes been a lot more exposed than you have seen here. To see her bare breasts on a sun deck is nice, as I realise you’ve noticed, but topless in a public place, she looks fantastic, and that’s very exciting for both of us. We’ve lived out some of the fantasies that you mentioned, and in real life they are even more stimulating. If you would like to consider coming with us after the meal, perhaps we might give you a practical demonstration of what we mean.”

Thomas looked very surprised. He looked at Gaëlle, then at Jérôme, then at her again. He took a drink from his wineglass.

“This is all very flattering,” he said. “Please accept that when I introduced myself, this wasn’t on my mind. You are both very easy to talk to, and this has been the first time ever that I’ve told



anyone about my fantasy sex-life with Grace. However, I'm not unaware of the attractions of Gaëlle, Jérôme, as I'm sure you've noticed, and if this is a serious proposal, I can only consider myself honoured." He bowed to her, formally.

Gaëlle excused herself. She left Jérôme and Thomas for a moment and went to the ladies' restroom. She looked at herself in the mirror. The wine had made her cheeks a little pink, and she could feel her heart beating strongly and fast. Her knickers were damp. Without even going into a cubicle, she lifted her dress and pulled them down. Nobody was there, and nobody came in while she was taking them off. She was disappointed. At that moment, she wanted nothing more than to show to an unknown woman, and to see shock, or even better, interest in her depilated belly and the exposed cleft of her sex. Back out in the restaurant, she enjoyed the sensation of nakedness under her dress. Such a minimal item of clothing to remove, she reflected, and yet the feeling was so fresh, so different and so sexy.

"If you're not sure that we are serious, Thomas," Jérôme was saying, "I think you could ask Gaëlle whether she still has knickers on. I would bet quite heavily that she is bare under her dress."

Thomas turned to Gaëlle, whose expression confirmed Jérôme's assumption.

"Is it true?" he asked. "Since the start of the evening, or only just now?"

"Just now. You've already seen almost all of my body, so here is the last secret. Look."

Under the cover of the tablecloth, she pulled up the hem of her dress, until it was level with the top of her thighs. She checked with a finger that her sex would be on show and then

turned toward Thomas, thighs apart. His eyes opened wide, and he stared for a moment.

"Shall we go now?" he said to Jérôme. "I think Gaëlle is in a hurry."

They finished their drinks and stood. Quite naturally, Thomas took one arm and Jérôme the other and escorted Gaëlle to their room.

Once inside, she wanted to kiss Thomas, but he turned his lips away from her.

"I don't kiss. I haven't kissed any woman deeply since Grace. Forgive me, Gaëlle."

If he could not accept a kiss, she thought, she would offer him what she could. She unfastened her dress and stood in front of him, arms raised, waiting to be stripped. Thomas looked to Jérôme, who nodded and smiled. She allowed Thomas to slip the dress from her shoulders and then she let it fall around her feet, and stepped out of it. All she was wearing now were her high-heeled sandals. Thomas stepped back. She could see the outline of his erection. He took off his jacket, folded it and put it on a chair. His shirt came off next, then he kicked off his shoes. His upper body was magnificently muscled, and when he sat on the bed and removed his trousers, she noticed again how good his legs were. Then he pulled off his socks and stood up again. His boxer shorts stood out in front of him, made into a peak by his stiff penis. Jérôme, meanwhile, had also undressed totally. Then Thomas let his boxers drop. He was not especially long, but he was very thick, and obviously proud of his erection.

Gaëlle was conscious that she had no special skill or gift for oral sex, but she wanted to do her best. She knelt in front of Thomas and kissed his solid penis. It twitched as she did so. Jérôme came and stood beside Thomas. Jérôme was taller by at least three inches, but Thomas had a finer physique, maybe not

so surprising, she thought, since Jérôme, at forty-six, was the older by eleven years. She took one in each hand, and stroked them. It was a deeply erotic sensation, one white and one black penis, each as hard as possible, pulsing in her hands. By turning her head very little, she was able to use her mouth on each of them, her husband-lover and this stranger whose sex she wanted to experience.

After a moment, Jérôme helped her to stand and led her to the bed. She lay between them. Thomas still would not kiss, but she enjoyed Jérôme's mouth on hers, while Thomas caressed her breasts, first with his hands, then with his lips and tongue. Jérôme nibbled her neck, which always made her tremble. She sensed Thomas' head travelling down her body. He reached her soaking-wet sex, and opened her labia with his fingers. She parted her thighs to let him search for her clitoris. It wasn't difficult to find, and he rubbed his fingers over it. Then he took it between finger and thumb and squeezed gently. Added to the waves of pleasure because Jérôme was now sucking her nipples, it made her come for a first time.

Jérôme rolled her onto her belly and indicated that she should open her thighs. Gaëlle rested her head on her folded arms, and watched the expression on Thomas' face as Jérôme kneeled beside her and parted her buttock cheeks. She wasn't sure of how Thomas would react. Not all men are excited by the idea of watching a woman being sodomised, but Gaëlle wanted to be honest and for him to see that happen. She arched her back to allow Jérôme to caress her there, after he had moistened his fingers in her sex. She felt one, two then three fingers stretch her anus, and relaxed to enjoy what was about to happen. Being penetrated there by Jérôme was always a powerful sensation, and he slid in and filled her very satisfactorily. Thomas sat by her head and gave her a wonderful back massage to add to the

pleasure. Jérôme pumped harder into her as she became more and more wet. Then he stopped, and withdrew.

He beckoned to Thomas. Gaëlle closed her eyes.

“Would you like Thomas to take my place?” said Jérôme’s voice.

She thought again of the thickness of the black erection that she had seen. Jérôme must have been really excited to ask that, she realised, because she had never been sodomised by anyone else. To be offered in this way was very stimulating, and as much for Jérôme as for herself, she nodded. It would be good, she knew, but she wanted Jérôme to participate also. She stood up and pulled Jérôme to the edge of the bed. She impaled herself onto his erection, then leaned over onto him, offering her bottom, already lubricated by her husband, to Thomas. It would be the reverse of her first experience of being taken by two men at once. This time her husband would be in her sex and the other man would sodomise her.

Gaëlle wrapped her arms around Jérôme’s neck, and rested her head on his shoulder. She relaxed her body totally for what she was about to experience. She felt Thomas’ penis touch her anus, then he began to push, slowly and steadily. It felt very hard and very big. She breathed out, letting all her muscles go limp. Gradually Thomas sank more deeply into her. When he began to fuck her bottom, sliding in and out in a slow, powerful rhythm, it felt fantastic. Jérôme’s penis in her vagina did not move, but its presence increased the sensations from Thomas.

She managed to slide her right hand through the sweat between her body and Jérôme’s, to caress herself. She squeezed her clitoris through its hood, and allowed the stretch that Thomas and Jérôme were creating, to make her button slide between finger and thumb. It only took a few seconds for her to be quivering like jelly as she came again. Then she relaxed again,

to enjoy Thomas' push toward orgasm. He shuddered violently, and she felt him flood her bottom with hot sperm. He pulled out of her, leaving her to ride Jérôme to his own climax. She had collapsed onto him and was still recovering, when she noticed an unusual sound, a repeated buzz. She raised her head, to see Thomas looking with concern at his jacket on the chair.

"I don't believe this," he muttered. "It's my pager. I will have to go. Please forgive me. This is terrible."

What could they say? There was nothing to do but to let him shower quickly and leave. After he had gone, Jérôme and Gaëlle lay in silence, then cleaned up and went to bed, both feeling rather low.

## Chapter Thirty

The following morning, their last day at the hotel, Gaëlle was expecting Thomas to contact them, but there had been no message or call by lunchtime. While she had enjoyed the experience, and certainly had no regrets, she was feeling flat. She went to have a mud wrap to relax, and felt better for it. At twelve o'clock, she went to meet Jérôme from his final tennis game, and they headed for the terrace to have lunch.

Gaëlle was cheering up by then, and Jérôme and she enjoyed their meal. They talked a little about the previous night, but only the best parts of it. They were drinking coffee, and not paying much attention to people around them, when they heard a voice say, "Jérôme and Gaëlle?"

Gaëlle looked up and saw a tall, statuesque black woman standing by their table.

"My name is Grace," the woman said.

Her voice was musical, with the remains of an African accent, which Gaëlle usually found charming. At that moment, however, she felt a lead weight drop through her body, from the base of her throat to her toes. All kinds of images flashed together across her mind. For once, Jérôme was speechless. Then Gaëlle reacted, "Would you like to sit down, Grace? I think that you must realise that this is a shock to both of us."

With no change in the expression on her face, Grace nodded. Jérôme signalled to a waiter to bring another chair, and while this was happening, Gaëlle looked again at Thomas' wife. She was at least as tall as Jérôme, very black and extremely elegant.

She wore a traditional African robe in a pale blue, which looked very cool in the sunshine on the terrace. Her high cheekbones gave her a dignified, or even an arrogant look.

The chair arrived and she sat, poised and calm. She ordered an iced tea, and while they waited for it to come, neither of them could think of what to say at all. They sat in uncomfortable silence. The waiter brought the glass to Grace, and after he had gone, she sipped from it, before looking up at Jérôme and Gaëlle. She put down her glass, "So," she said eventually. "This is the couple who had sex with my husband last night. What have you to say for yourselves?"

"To say?" Jérôme said, raising his eyebrows. "We have nothing to say, as you put it. If you've come here to complain, then please do so. We took Thomas' word for his situation. I don't think that you are the sort of woman who wants to make a scene in public, so if you wish to discuss this further, may I suggest that we find somewhere more discreet? Our room, perhaps?"

Grace nodded silently and stood. The three walked to the room, still without speaking. Gaëlle sat on the bed, Jérôme on one of the armchairs, Grace on the other.

"So this is the scene of the crime. You look like a pair of small children, caught peeping into each other's underwear," Grace said, suddenly unable to keep amusement out of her voice. "Thomas is incapable of keeping secrets from me. I'm sure that he told you many things, some of which were even true. I'm equally certain that he was thoroughly convincing. However, as you can see, I am very much alive."

Gaëlle could not help laughing out loud.

Grace continued, "My Thomas is a liar, but a persuasive one, I know. I hope that you enjoyed your evening, but because he is such a liar, I am relying on you to fill in what really happened."

Gaëlle blushed. The concern that Grace had come to make a scene disappeared, to be replaced by the memory of Thomas, buried in her bottom while she was squeezing her clitoris to orgasm. Until she could be sure of Grace's reaction to what she was going to learn, there would still be a lot of tension.

"Did Thomas kiss you?" Grace demanded suddenly.

"No, he refused when I offered."

"That's good."

"How much of what Thomas told us *is* true?" Gaëlle asked. "By the way, what about the car crash?"

"He is truly a doctor, and he is really from Niger. So much is accurate. There was indeed a car crash, which I was lucky to escape from without injury. He is also a man, and men have erotic fantasies. I know all about these fantasies, because Thomas tells them to me when we are having sex. I have to admit that I quite enjoy it sometimes. He hasn't been able to make them happen, though, until last night, with you. I can see why he was so attracted. If ever there was a woman who would match his dream, it is you, Gaëlle— blonde, slim, tanned, and interested in sex. He must have thought that all his birthdays had arrived at once."

It was a little embarrassing for Gaëlle to realise that she had been chosen as a fantasy woman, rather than for herself, and also to think of all the sympathy she had wasted on Thomas, but she had to smile when she realised how cleverly he had played on that.

Jérôme said, "What's your reaction to this, Grace? Have you come to tell us how bad we've been, or to enjoy the fact that we are deeply embarrassed?"

Grace smiled again, but her smile this time had an edge of uncertainty about it.

"No, no, no," she said. "It's not like that at all. However,



before I explain, I'd like you to tell me all about last night."

Jérôme and Gaëlle recounted the previous evening as accurately as they could recall. Grace sat stiffly, her eyes wide open, switching her gaze from one to the other as each added details. They finished their recital. She straightened her flowing cotton robe, and looked Gaëlle in the eyes.

"Thank you. Now, the purpose of my visit. Remember that I said that I quite enjoyed some of Thomas' fantasies? Well, I told Thomas, when he first started to share them with me, that if ever I discovered that he had turned his fantasy into reality and had sex with another woman, there would be a consequence." Grace paused, took a deep breath and went on. "I told him that if she were married, I would feel obliged to offer myself to her husband. When I told him that, I thought I was threatening him, but it was an idea that excited him hugely, as a fantasy. I've often wondered how he would react if the situation occurred in real life. With your cooperation, he is about to find out."

For the third time in well under an hour, Gaëlle was at a loss. She looked again at Grace, who was sitting on the edge of her seat, her hands folded in her lap, with her eyes cast down. She looked the epitome of composure and modesty. Gaëlle examined her again, this time taking in the shape of her body and her beautiful bone-structure. She found herself thinking that maybe Jérôme was the lucky one in all this. She hoped that Grace would let her watch, if she was being serious. Grace looked up at her and said, "There is, of course a further complication. From what you just told me, Gaëlle, Thomas and Jérôme both had sex with you last night at the same time."

There was no point in denying it. She nodded.

"Thomas had sex with both of you, so it is only fair that I should offer to do the same," Grace said, her voice trembling a little.

“What does Thomas think about you being here?” Gaëlle asked, curious.

“He knows, and he accepts it. Perhaps he thinks I won’t go through with it, I don’t know. He has been warned, after all. Secretly, I think that the idea that it might be really going to happen excites him, but I’m the one who has made the decision, and he has nothing to say in this. You will have to be patient with me, because I have only ever had sex with Thomas, but you will find that I am willing.”

Jérôme stood up. Gaëlle could see that he was going to call Grace’s bluff.

“If you are sure about this, Grace, please, will you take off your robe?” he asked.

Gaëlle did not honestly expect Grace to stand up and start to unfasten her robe, but she did just that, after slipping off her sandals. Under the robe, she wore very ordinary, respectable underwear, which showed pristine white against her black skin. She was very nervous, evident from the light sheen of perspiration on her upper lip. She paused for a moment and then reached behind her back to unfasten her bra. Gaëlle stood up and unclipped it for her. She could smell the clean perspiration on Grace, and hear the trembling of her breathing.

Grace’s breasts were larger than Gaëlle’s, and hung against her ribs. Her nipples stood out. Jérôme was still sitting, facing Grace. Gaëlle hooked her thumbs in the waist of Grace’s knickers, and slid them down. The African woman stood like a statue, with her eyes firmly closed.

Gaëlle stepped away from her, and moved round to look at her from the front. Grace’s eyes were still closed. Gaëlle stood in front of her and took off her own tee shirt, then slipped off her shorts and knickers together. She stepped out of them.

“Open your eyes, Grace,” she said.

“Oh!” Grace gasped. “You know, when I met and married Thomas, we were still in Africa. I’m not used to seeing naked white women, except to examine them professionally, so may I look at you for a moment, Gaëlle?”

Gaëlle was happy to let her look. It gave her the opportunity to examine Grace. She was tall, about as tall as Jérôme, now her high-heeled sandals were off. Her body was plumper than Gaëlle had expected from seeing her dressed, with more curves than herself. Grace’s pubic hair was thick and curly, and Gaëlle was very aware of the contrast with her own exposed, depilated sex.

“Have you ever kissed a woman, Grace?” asked Jérôme. “If not, this is your chance. I assure you that Gaëlle kisses wonderfully.”

Gaëlle moved toward Grace, not allowing her time to refuse. They kissed. Grace’s full, soft lips parted and her tongue filled Gaëlle’s mouth. She was very aware of their breasts rubbing together and of the prickly feeling of Grace’s pubic hair against her own skin. Gaëlle’s nostrils were filled with the spicy perfume of Grace’s body. She didn’t want it to stop. Grace broke off the kiss and stepped back. Her breathing was heavy, and her eyes shone. Gaëlle could tell that she had surprised herself, and that what had started as retribution for Thomas’ sins was now much more complex than that.

As calmly as she could, Gaëlle walked Grace across to the bed, and laid her down on her back. She lay down beside her, and beckoned to Jérôme. He undressed, and came to join them. He was fully erect, and Gaëlle patted his sex as it passed within reach. He took his position on the other side of Grace, and stroked her bare arm. Again, she closed her eyes. Gaëlle reached across and caressed Grace’s breasts. She stiffened, then relaxed, and allowed Gaëlle to carry on. Jérôme’s hand moved to Grace’s stomach, then slid down toward her bush. When he first touched

her there, she almost panicked and sat up, but Gaëlle watched as Grace deliberately took control of herself, calmed down again and let him stroke her. Gaëlle admired her greatly for that. She leaned over Grace and kissed her on the lips again, to distract her while Jérôme explored further. She heard and sensed that the other woman had parted her legs, then the kisses became more urgent, and she knew that Jérôme was caressing Grace's sex. Gaëlle moved back to watch.

Jérôme's fingers were buried in Grace, who raised her head to look at what was happening to her. Then the pleasure took over and she lay back and gave in.

"Whatever you do to me, I will do to you, Grace," Gaëlle told her. "That way, you will know exactly how it feels."

Grace murmured something unintelligible in reply. Her long fingers reached tentatively for Gaëlle's breasts. She shivered as her caresses were returned. Grace's nipples rose, at the same time as Gaëlle felt her own nipples harden also.

"If you kneel astride Grace's waist and face me, you'll be more available to her," Jérôme suggested to his wife.

"Plus, I'll be able to see what you're doing to her as well," Gaëlle said. She changed position, and was rewarded by Grace exploring her labia and clitoris.

Grace lifted her head, and moved a pillow under it. Now, she was able to see the three of them, reflected in the mirror on the wardrobe door. Gaëlle leaned forward to share the image. Jérôme's hand was deep in Grace's sex, while Grace probed between the thighs of Gaëlle. The two women watched the reflection as Jérôme reached between his wife's thighs, using the fingers of his free hand to touch her anus. She felt him take hold of Grace's fingers and direct them toward it. Grace resisted a little, then touched Gaëlle, scratching her gently with her fingernails. Gaëlle breathed in sharply. Grace looked at her

expression, and quite deliberately, scratched her there again.

“Is that good?” Grace murmured.

Gaëlle shuddered. That seemed to amuse Grace. She scratched again, harder, and got the expected reaction. She did it yet again, entering into the moment fully, wanting Gaëlle to lose control. This time she dug in her fingernails. Gaëlle cried out.

“Oh, that’s so strong,” she gasped. “Do you want to find out how it feels?”

There was a pause. Grace’s little grunt could have been yes or no, but she parted her thighs further. Jérôme showed her that she needed to bend her knees and then he sat back, happy to be a spectator for a moment. Gaëlle bent over Grace’s sex. It was open and wet, and Gaëlle contorted herself further to kiss it. Grace gasped, and suddenly Gaëlle felt nails digging between her buttocks. Her crouched position had opened her totally, and Grace had Gaëlle’s anus and vagina totally exposed in front of her face. Two fingers went deep into Gaëlle’s sex, and another one followed them, but into her bottom. It was so good that Gaëlle took a full mouth of Grace’s labia and clitoris and sucked her hard.

At first, Gaëlle was not sure whether Grace had come as she did herself, because the sensation was so strong, then her mouth was flooded, so there was no doubt of Grace’s orgasm. Gaëlle twisted round, collapsed beside Grace and kissed her again. Grace didn’t seem to notice the taste of sex juices.

They caught their breath. Jérôme was watching and smiling. Now he leaned closer to them.

“A new experience, Grace?” he asked. “I hope it felt as beautiful as it looked. You know, if you want to stop now, we will understand. I know that you wanted this, to make Thomas realise that what he can do, you can do. There are many other things that we can try, but only if you sincerely want to. The decision is

yours.”

Grace lay on the bed, making no attempt to hide her naked body.

“You want me to leave?” She pulled a disappointed face.

“Not at all,” Jérôme was quick to reassure her. “We will love it if you decide to stay, and if there is anything that you’d like to try, we’ll enjoy sharing that with you, won’t we, Gaëlle?”

“Can I ask a favour, Gaëlle?” Grace asked, after a pause.

“Of course.”

“Can I watch while Jérôme takes you at the back? As you did last night with Thomas?”

Gaëlle tried to stay calm, although she was both surprised and excited at the request.

“Your wish is our command. You’re in control, Grace,” she said, simply. “Whatever you ask for, we will agree to. Sit in an armchair and you can watch. If you want to join us, don’t wait for us to say it. When Jérôme does that to me, it’s so strong that anything extra just makes it even better, do you understand?”

It was so exciting that Grace was going to see Jérôme’s penis go into her bottom. If she was honest with herself, Gaëlle thought, she was hoping very much that Grace would be stimulated enough to touch her, while Jérôme was deep inside.

Jérôme was ready. Grace, still nude, sat down in an armchair. Gaëlle kneeled in front of her then lowered her upper body onto her elbows. Grace moved her position to have a clear view of Gaëlle’s bottom. Jérôme kneeled behind his wife. She relaxed her muscles to take him, as she felt his penis nudge the sphincter.

“Stop. Please,” Grace called out suddenly. Jérôme, surprised, sat back on his heels. She went on, “It was important for me to know that you’d let me watch even that. I am satisfied. Gaëlle, will you let me take your place?”

Gaëlle smiled. "I don't control what Jérôme does, nor does he control me. If you want that, then I would love it, and so will he, I'm sure."

"Will you please watch while Jérôme does it to me?" Grace asked. "I have never been penetrated there before, but the fact that you are so willing, tells me it must feel good."

Gaëlle was astonished, but the idea of watching Grace as she was sodomized for the first time, was exhilarating. She looked at Jérôme. They were both ready.

Grace kneeled down, taking up exactly the same position as Gaëlle had. The difference was that Grace's breasts swung away from her body as she leaned on her elbows. It was very nice to watch, Gaëlle thought. Jérôme took up his position behind Grace. Gaëlle got up and opened the wardrobe door a little more, to get the correct angle on the mirror. She wanted Grace to be able to watch her, because she was going to masturbate.

"You look fantastic like that, Grace," Jérôme told her. "Just relax as much as you can, and you'll enjoy it."

"If your head tells you it's ready for this, then your body will accept it also," Gaëlle reassured her.

Jérôme touched Grace gently on her anus. She froze.

"I'm going to caress your sex first," he said softly. "You look amazing in this position. Do you realise how much we admire you for wanting this experience? Gaëlle will tell you, it isn't easy to express desires in words and say them out loud."

Gaëlle passed him her tube of day cream, and he squeezed some of it onto Grace's buttocks, and gradually spread it round until he had lubricated her sphincter. He guided his penis between her open cheeks, at the same time as he reached under her belly and gently stroked her labia and clitoris. He had gained entry almost before Grace realised. Then it was just a question of his sensing when to push and when to relax. Soon he was buried

in her fully. Grace looked at the reflection of Gaëlle.

“How does it feel, Grace?” Gaëlle had to ask. The response came between little gasps.

“It feels...strange, but...satisfying. I hope I look as good as you did, Gaëlle. Please tell me it excites you to watch me.”

Instead of replying, Gaëlle lay down in front of Grace so she could kiss her mouth again, then told her, “You look wonderful, Grace. I can see you’re full of Jérôme’s sex. It’s a beautiful sight.”

It was true, Grace did look great, her eyes were wide open as she became fully aware of what she was doing. Gaëlle knew that Jérôme wasn’t in a hurry, so she considered how she could make the experience even more exciting. She reached under Grace and cupped her breasts. With Gaëlle’s help, Grace took her weight on her hands rather than her elbows. Now Gaëlle was able to lie on her back and work her way between Grace’s forearms, so her head was under the black hanging breasts, and to suck on Grace’s nipples. It felt great. Gaëlle heard a gasp, and she realised that Jérôme was now starting to slip in and out of Grace’s bottom. Gaëlle wanted to see better, so she slid further down. Above Grace’s labia, she could see Jérôme’s penis pumping. She reached up and touched Grace’s clitoris, startlingly pink between the dark outer labia. Grace lowered her head toward Gaëlle’s belly, stretching to reach her sex. She could only touch with the tip of her tongue, but that was electric and Gaëlle came powerfully. She bent up under Grace and kissed a mix of Jérôme’s testicles and Grace’s sticky wet sex. Jérôme came into Grace, groaning with the strength of it, and she buckled onto Gaëlle as her own orgasm hit her.

A minute or so later, Grace had recovered.

“You know, if that hadn’t been so powerful, it would have been quite farcical, the way we all collapsed in a heap,” she



commented.

"That's true," Gaëlle said. "We've noticed that before, but when you think of it, so many sexual activities look quite ridiculous, viewed objectively. However, in the intensity of the moment, that doesn't seem so evident."

They all went into the bathroom to shower and clean up. While they were in there, a thought occurred to Gaëlle. "How are you going to prove to Thomas that what you will tell him, is what you have really done?" she wondered aloud. "He might choose to believe that it's just a fantasy of your own."

"You have a suggestion?" Grace asked.

Gaëlle nodded.

"I thought perhaps Jérôme and I could sign you, in the places where we have been. Then there would be no argument. We could use my eyebrow pencil."

"It's an idea. Yours wouldn't show against my skin, though, but my eye pencil is silver so we can use that."

"Will you let us have a free hand for how we prove to Thomas that you were really with us and nude? Then he'll have to guess what happened next, unless you tell him." Jérôme asked, with a suggestive look at Gaëlle.

"I am in your hands," came the reply.

"In that case," Jérôme said, "Pass me my razor, Gaëlle, please."

Gaëlle watched as he soaked, soaped and shaved Grace's abundant curly pubic hair.

"Now we match," she said as Jérôme finished his work. "You look very sexy, Grace. Come here and I'll sign you on your skin."

Grace stood in front of Gaëlle for her to write her name with a flourish, using Grace's silver eyebrow pencil.

"There!" Gaëlle said. "I've put a couple of kisses, too, to remind you that you had some real ones from me right there."

"I surely did."

"My turn," Jérôme said. "Gaëlle, will you hold Grace's buttocks apart for me?"

Gaëlle spread Grace's cheeks apart, stretching the skin to allow Jérôme to write.

"Naughty man!" Grace said suddenly. "That tickles! What are you doing?"

Jérôme laughed.

"I just had an idea about what to use for the letter *O* from my name," he said. "Can you guess where it goes?"

"I don't need to guess, I felt it," Grace replied. "I will have to be very nice to Thomas for him to see that. I'm not sure he deserves it."

She stood upright and put on her robe.

"Does it show that I have nothing under it?" Grace asked.

"Only if someone knows how to look," Gaëlle assured her, "Or if you choose to let them see, but that's your decision."

A little later, Gaëlle was still smiling as Grace left to go back to her hotel.

"She appears as cool as when she arrived," Gaëlle commented to Jérôme. "Nevertheless, anyone who looks closely will notice that she has no underwear under her robe. I hope she realises that and enjoys it. Do you think she'll show the signatures to Thomas?"

"I'm sure she will," Jérôme said. "I wonder how he'll react and how she'll set about showing him?"

"She's a woman," Gaëlle said with confidence. "She'll pick her moment and find a way. She's ready to make a big erotic statement to him, and it will be Grace who's in charge. However, she's seen it's supposed to be fun, too, I hope."

"Me, too," Jérôme said. "I thought it was important to show

her that sex can be light-hearted, as well as stimulating. I can only imagine what will happen when he's completed that bit of reading!"

"Oh, I think we can both imagine that quite easily, don't you?" Gaëlle teased. "Now she knows how it feels, perhaps they'll become more like us, equal partners in erotic exploration."

## Chapter Thirty-one

“Surprise!” Gaëlle called as she closed the front door of the flat and hung up her keys.

“You’re back early,” Jérôme said as he emerged from the sitting room. He stopped dead.

“Like it?” Gaëlle asked.

“Give me a moment to get used to it,” he said. “It’s certainly different, but yes, I do like it!”

“Ouf! That’s a relief,” Gaëlle said, turning to look at herself in the mirror on the wall. Her long blonde hair had gone, replaced by a radical short cut that left her ears out in the open for the first time since her childhood. “I’m still getting used to it myself. My neck’s cold!”

“Let me warm it up for you, then,” Jérôme said, moving in closer. “It makes your neck much more available. How does it feel if I do this?” he asked, gently brushing his lips against the soft skin just below her jawline.

“Oh! That made me shiver,” she told him. “You can do that again!”

He complied, this time nibbling her neck, before trapping the lobe of her ear between his lips.

“Mmm... I could get to like this,” his wife said, snuggling her body up to him.

“Me, too,” he agreed, returning her hug, then standing back to look again. “You’ll need some new earrings, though. Now your ears are on show, and very nice ears they are, too, but it would be nice to emphasize them a little more.”

"If you're offering, then who am I to spoil your fun, but I don't think you'll find anything before I go to work on Monday."

"Ha! Just try me!" Jérôme snorted, grabbing the car keys. "The shops aren't closed yet. See you later."

It was two hours before he returned, and Gaëlle had had time to shower and do a little experimental makeup.

"Catch!" Jérôme called, lobbing a small package toward her. "It's only a first attempt, but I think these will fit the bill."

She opened the little box and removed the top layer of cotton wool.

"They're beautiful," she said.

The gold hoops winked in the sunlight as she held them up to the window and weighed them in her hand.

"They're quite solid, aren't they?" she said. "I love how the three shades of gold are twisted together, just like on my wedding ring. It makes them much more interesting than if they had been just one colour."

"My thoughts entirely," Jérôme agreed. "They are second-hand, antiques, actually. They reminded me of your ring, immediately."

Gaëlle compared the ring on her finger with one of the new earrings.

"They could almost be part of a set," she agreed. "Virtually the same diameter."

"They aren't what I had envisaged at all, but they're perfect," he said, as Gaëlle finished putting the second one in and turned to face him.

"It's funny," she told him, "I was feeling somehow undressed with my short hair, but now these complete my new image, so thank you again."

"Blind luck," he said, and laughed. "Oh, by the way..."

“Yes?”

“Er... While I was looking for earrings, I also happened to pass by another shop.”

“Oh yes? And...”

“I found another little something that I thought might be fun. Do you want to see it?”

“What a question! Show!”

“Close your eyes, then.”

“Oh, that sort of something,” she said, obediently not looking. He placed the something in her hand. She opened her eyes and looked.

“It’s a little egg,” she said, then jumped as it started to vibrate. “How did it do that?”

Jérôme showed her the small remote control that he had been hiding in his pocket.

“Look, no wires,” he said. “With your new image, I thought you might feel the urge for a little extra secret fun.”

On the Monday morning, Gaëlle called to Jérôme as she finished dressing and doing her makeup.

“Do I look all right?”

“You look wonderful, as usual,” Jérôme reassured her. “I’m sure that your new hairstyle will be a great success at work.”

“And my new earrings, too! I’ll make sure that everyone knows you chose them.”

As Gaëlle got out of her car in the office car park, she was immediately aware of the breeze on her newly exposed neck. She thought again of the soft touch of Jérôme’s kisses there, and shivered. Her haircut had started off as a practical solution to the time spent washing, drying and generally keeping it under control. Now, however, it was making her feel sexy. The weight of the earrings, swinging freely, made her conscious of her bare

neck. She squared her shoulders as she prepared to enter her office. This was the big moment, when she got the reaction of Philippine and Gabi, her secretaries.

“Oh, Madame Gaëlle! That’s cool!”

The welcome from both of them was very satisfying. Gaëlle paused and posed for them for a moment.

“Not too severe?” she asked.

“It’s very short, but you can carry that, no problem,” Gabi said. “Especially with those earrings. They must have cost a bomb!”

“I’ve no idea. They were a present from my husband.”

“I didn’t realize that husbands did that sort of thing! My boyfriend doesn’t,” Philippine said, pulling a face.

Gaëlle clapped her hands. “To work!” she said, and went through into her own office.

She was hungry by the time she had reduced the day’s mountain of paperwork to foothill level. As if by telepathy, her phone rang.

“Would you like one of us to get you lunch, Madame, or are you going out?” Philippine asked.

“You two spoil me. Lunch would be lovely. I think a sandwich and some mineral water would be nice, if you have a moment. Salad would be good.”

“I’ll get it ordered.”

Philippine rang back. “Ten minutes?” she said. “I’ll bring it through.”

“No rush.”

Gaëlle got up from her desk and went into her private washroom, one of the perks that she felt was quite ridiculous, but for which she was also grateful. She looked at herself in the mirror, still slightly shocked at how short her hair appeared. Perhaps a little perfume would feel nice, she thought. She

opened her bag to take out her atomiser. Nestling next to it, she discovered, was the egg and its remote control.

“Jérôme!” she said out loud, as she sprayed a mist of scent under each ear, making herself shiver. “Shame on you!”

Sitting on the toilet, she took the egg out of her bag and examined it. She was tempted. It would fit snugly inside her, and, as Jérôme had suggested, it might be fun. She couldn’t resist. She inserted it, pulled up her knickers, straightened her skirt and walked out into her office. She was aware of it deep inside her. She went back to her desk. Her phone rang again.

Philippine stated, “They say the sandwich will be a few more minutes, Madame Gaëlle, but I promise we won’t let you starve! I’m going to lunch now, so Gabi says she’ll bring it.”

“Lovely.”

Gaëlle sat at her desk, idly playing with the egg’s remote control. Then she made up her mind, and turned it on.

Immediately, she was aware of a tickling sensation deep in her vagina. She increased the vibration.

“That’s nice,” she murmured to herself. She sat back, closed her eyes and let her mind drift.

“Madame? Your sandwich.”

Gaëlle’s eyes flipped open. Gabi had come in, one hand holding a paper plate with a salad baguette on it, the other carrying a bottle of orange juice.

“Oh, thank you,” Gaëlle said. She was even more aware of the vibration deep inside her, now that Gabi was in the office with her. She wondered how it would feel to be turned on, but to have to keep it a secret. She decided to find out.

“Actually, now that you’re here, Gabi, I’ve been meaning to ask you how you’re getting on. You’ve been with us for three weeks now, haven’t you?”

“Three weeks last Tuesday. It’s wonderful, after accounts.



Philippine is so easy to work with. You, too, of course!" she added hurriedly.

Gaëlle laughed.

"No need to be polite, I'm glad that you are enjoying it. I know that Philippine has gone out, so why don't you go and grab your own lunch and come and sit down a minute? We haven't had much time to chat."

"Yes, Madame, of course, Madame."

Gabi turned and went out of the office. Gaëlle, aware of the gentle stimulation under her skirt, watched the young secretary go. She was pretty, in a very Italian way, with long black hair. Gaëlle thought of a film she had seen when she was in England, called *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. Not that Gabi was anything like the main character of the film, but she was probably in her prime, having the sort of southern Italian body shape that blooms at around seventeen, is perfect at twenty, and barring a lot of effort, tends to go to seed thereafter. Right now, Gabriella, known as Gabi, was perfect, with an hourglass figure, smooth olive skin and a pretty face. Nicely dressed, too, Gaëlle reflected, the pristine white blouse and shortish blue skirt both well-chosen to show off Gabi's curves. Gaëlle watched her come back in, clutching her lunch.

"Take the comfy chair," Gaëlle instructed her. "I'm used to eating at my desk."

Gabi obeyed, sinking into the low armchair. Her skirt rode up a little, although she seemed unaware of it. Gaëlle knew that the leather of the chair would make the young woman slip further down, and, with luck, show her more. She reached for the remote control and turned it up a fraction.

They chatted about the organisation and their part in it. Gaëlle did her best to make Gabi feel at home and relaxed. For her own part, the vibrations inside her were turning her on. She

ate her sandwich.

"Why did you have your hair cut?" Gabi asked, made bold by the informal situation. "It was lovely before... of course it's lovely now, too," she added hastily. "Just very different, that's all."

"I do a lot of sport and I realized just how much of my week was spent washing and drying my hair and I thought a change would be good. Besides, I don't want to look like an old witch, with long straggly hair!"

Gabi laughed.

"You never would!" she asserted. "It's beautifully done. Where did you get the idea for the cut?"

"Ah. Well, years ago, I had a friend. She used to wear a wig when she was dancing, and she had very short, really nicely cut hair, so it would fit under the wig. I always thought I would go for that same style if ever I got fed up with long hair, so when I did, I did."

"Why did she need a wig just to dance, if you don't mind my asking?"

Before replying, Gaëlle turned the remote control higher. Now she was seriously excited. She felt hot.

"Louise was a topless dancer," she explained, "but she was also studying for her doctorate. Dancing was how she paid for her studies. With a wig, she wasn't recognisable."

"I see. Keeping the sides of her life apart. It makes sense," Gabi said. She had slid further into the leather of the armchair and was gradually revealing more thigh. Gaëlle watched. "Was she beautiful?"

"Oh yes. Tall, and with an amazing pair of boobs," Gaëlle said, her eyes shining at the memory,

"I'm always envious of tall people," Gabi confessed. "I'm so short."

"Yes, but at least you have the boobs!" Gaëlle said, smiling

and allowing herself to admire them.

It was an effort to appear calm, because she could feel an orgasm building, partly the vibrations, partly the reminder of how Louise and she, both topless, had danced on the nightclub stage, and also partly the sight of Gabi, whose skirt had slid still further up. If she dared to bend forward, Gaëlle thought, she was sure she'd be able to see Gabi's knickers. She wondered what colour they would be—little girl white or pink, or something more exotic and sexy. Or would she be wearing tights? That would be a disappointment. Part of her mind was conscious of how ridiculous she was being, fantasizing over her secretary's underwear, but the vibration in her vagina was unrelenting. It was humming a tune of imminent and inevitable orgasm. If she did bend down, she was afraid that the movement would set it off. The tension was electric, in all senses.

"I should go back to work," Gabi said. The spell was broken.

"When you're ready," Gaëlle said, hearing the flutter in her voice as the orgasm approached.

It was a struggle for Gabi to get out of the low seat, because in one hand she was holding a half-empty water bottle, and in the other the wrappings from her sandwich. She was unable to prevent her skirt from riding up to the very top of her thighs, revealing her knickers. Scarlet...and hold-up stockings, too! It was all that was needed. Gaëlle folded over her desk, stifling a grunt as her orgasm was unleashed. Her unavailing grab for the remote control only succeeded in knocking it, and her pen, onto the floor.

"Are you all right, Madame Gaëlle?" Gabi asked anxiously, coming across and leaning over her.

Gaëlle nodded, only too conscious of the softness of Gabi's breasts against her arm.

"Just a crumb that I must have swallowed the wrong way,"

she croaked, clutching at the first excuse that came to mind.

"These fell," Gabi said, handing her the pen and the zapper.

Gaëlle held out her hand, but as her fingers folded round the remote, the speed control brushed past Gabi's fingers, turning it on to full speed. Gaëlle gasped again.

"Are you sure you're all right?" Gabi asked solicitously.

Gaëlle flapped her hand. "I'll be fine. Can you pass me the bottle of water, though?"

She took advantage of Gabi's eyes being elsewhere to click the switch and turn off the vibrating egg. She took a sip of the offered water, grabbed a tissue and mopped her eyes. She looked at the black stains.

"Off you go, Gabi" she said. "I'm going to have to redo my eye makeup. We can't have people thinking that the boss of HR is related to a panda!"

Later that evening she told the story to Jérôme.

"I've never done anything so crazy at work," she told him. "I couldn't resist the impulse of the moment. You know, I could have said something really sexy to her, and disgraced myself. I was really tempted. And then when her breasts were squashed against my arm... Well, I tell you now, that I won't be taking the egg to work again, far too risky!"

"But did they like your haircut?"

Gaëlle laughed out loud and said, "You know, I'd completely forgotten about that in the heat of the moment. I think so, I hope so, because it's staying as it is."

## Chapter Thirty-two

“Hello? Is that Gaëlle? It’s Danièle.” Gaëlle looked at the receiver, as if the phone would give her a better clue as to who might be calling her. Jérôme was out, so she couldn’t ask him to listen in and give her a clue. The accent she could hear sounded very Parisian.

“I’m sorry, but I really can’t place you, Danièle,” she said, finally. “How do we know each other?”

“It’s hardly surprising that you don’t remember me, Gaëlle,” the caller said. “We haven’t met for at least six years, and we weren’t close friends then. If I mention the Blue Parrot, does that help?”

Of course it did. Gaëlle knew immediately who the caller was. Danièle had been present at a major erotic road marker in Gaëlle’s life, when she had danced topless in a nightclub, in front of Jérôme and a group of friends. It had been the prelude to an amazing night with Jérôme and Magda. How could she have forgotten?

“Well, this is a surprise,” she said. She felt more relaxed now that she was sure that this wasn’t some lunatic pursuing her. “How nice to hear from you. I know that I’m not good at keeping contact, and to be honest, I was unsure of how the people who were there that night thought of me after it. What has persuaded you to call me now?”

“Well. You remember David, my husband?” Danièle explained. “He met Jérôme’s brother recently, and when he told me, I was reminded of that evening at the Blue Parrot, and of a

conversation that you and I began, but never really finished. I don't even know if you remember it, but suddenly, I wanted to talk to you again. It would be nice to meet up, if you'd like to."

"I recall our little discussion very well, Danièle. Where are you calling from?"

"I'm at home in Belfort. That's some distance, I know, but, if you want to meet, I have a better idea. Do you know Gérardmer? I have an elderly aunt in a nursing home there. I visit her quite often. That isn't too far from you, is it? Perhaps we could meet for an afternoon there, or I can visit you, of course. Whatever is easier for you, is fine for me."

They agreed to meet at Gérardmer two weeks later. That morning, Gaëlle called to Jérôme, who was occupying the bathroom, "I'm in two minds about what to wear. I won't make any assumptions about the nature of the meeting," she said. "On the one hand, I don't want to appear in anything too sexy. On the other hand, Danièle has seen me dance topless, so it wouldn't be reasonable to present myself as a totally conventional woman.

"Find a compromise, then."

"It's quite sunny. How's this?" she asked as she emerged from the bedroom. "I can open the shirt as much or as little as I want."

"Candy-stripes look good on you and are very suitable for this weather. Also, the three-quarter trousers and boat shoes go well with the shirt. I don't know why you bother to ask me. Your taste is impeccable."

"That's okay, then. I'll see you later."

She drove up through the Vosges Mountains to the lake resort. She arrived in the early afternoon, parked the car and went searching for the tearooms where Danièle had suggested

they should meet.

Ten minutes later, she was looking round the tables to see if she recognised anyone. She remembered Danièle as being taller than herself, and as slim, but she no longer had a clear image of the details of her face. There was nobody whom Gaëlle recognised. She was about to sit down and wait, when she heard her name.

“Gaëlle, it is you, isn’t it?”

She turned round. She was grateful that Danièle had recognised her, because she was sure that she couldn’t have picked Danièle out in a crowd. The woman she remembered had been maybe two inches taller than herself, very slim and elegant. The woman she saw as she turned toward the voice was, to speak honestly, fat. She had put on maybe thirty pounds compared with their previous meeting. It was quite an effort for Gaëlle not to let her see her surprise. She forced a smile.

“Danièle. How nice to see you again.”

“You could hardly miss me, the size that I am, Gaëlle. You put me to shame.”

What could she say to that? Instead, she gave Danièle a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“Two children in three years make a mess of a woman’s body. I wouldn’t be without my little ones, but there was a price to pay. You are lucky.” Danièle said.

“I wasn’t given the choice of paying that price,” Gaëlle said, perhaps a little more coldly than she had intended.

“Oh shit. I didn’t know. I’m sorry. That was insensitive of me, Gaëlle. Please forgive me.”

“It’s okay. Come and sit down and we can catch up with each other’s news.”

Outside on the terrace in the sunshine, Gaëlle looked around. Danièle had said that they might complete the discussion that

they had begun, which was about sexy experiences, so Gaëlle wanted somewhere they could talk about intimate things, without being overheard. She picked out a table away from the other clients, and led Danièle to it. They sat, and Gaëlle looked at her again. Now she recognised the pretty, round face, laughing brown eyes, and well-cut brown hair with blonde streaks. Danièle was carrying too much weight, it was true, but she looked healthy. She was wearing a loose beige tunic over a calf length white cotton skirt, which buttoned up the front. Clearly she had dressed to take her size into consideration. She looked smart. They ordered coffee, and talked inconsequentially for ten minutes or so, long enough to catch up on six years of job changes and family developments. Then there was a hiatus. Danièle looked around. She leaned over the table and lowered her voice.

“I don’t think you realise what an effect you had on me when you danced, Gaëlle,” she murmured. “The other girl was beautiful, but you were sexier. That was an amazing evening. I got the impression that part of the reason why you did it, was to demonstrate to me what we had been discussing. Or am I flattering myself?”

“That was definitely part of it,” Gaëlle admitted cheerfully. “It was also something new that I wanted to experience, and the moment seemed a suitable one to take that risk.”

“My older child was conceived that night,” Danièle went on. “I’m certain that David’s enthusiasm was in part down to you. I suppose that it’s a little late to ask your permission to call our son Gaël? We decided on that spontaneously. I think David and I both know why, although we’ve never discussed it. He’s nearly six, and his sister is four. She is Amélie, like David’s sister, her godmother.”

“I’m very flattered. Thank you so much. So you have a



permanent reminder of that evening,” Gaëlle paused, then moved the subject to a more intimate area. “I have only my memories, but they still excite me when Jérôme and I discuss that night.”

“That brings me to what I really wanted to talk about. It seems strange to be talking about sex on a café terrace, but if it’s all right for you...”

“Of course it is, silly. What do you want to know?”

“Well, it was such an astonishing evening. I was wondering, have you ever done anything like that again?”

“Yes, of course. That was part of a development that’s still continuing.”

Danièle’s eyes opened wide. “You mean that you have done other things...more daring things?”

“Yes.”

If she wanted more information, she would have to ask for it, Gaëlle thought. She decided to tease Danièle a little.

“I know what it is,” she announced. “You’re curious about how it feels to be exposed in public, as we discussed on that occasion. Is that it?”

Danièle blushed.

“Ever since we discussed that, I’ve often done it in my fantasies, but I don’t think that I would ever have the courage,” she confessed, blushing. “Especially not now I’m like an elephant.”

“Why ever not? How else will you know if you enjoy it? Do you want to try it right now? Seize the moment. I’ll hold your hand if you want.”

“I don’t have the body for it, Gaëlle.” She looked around, clearly torn. “What if people were disgusted, or laughed at me?”

“When I show, it’s for my own pleasure,” Gaëlle told her. “If others like it, that’s fine, but it isn’t vital to my enjoyment.” Time to push a little harder, she decided. “Come on, Danièle. Just for

fun. I'll even let you choose, bra off, or knickers off? Which is it to be?"

Danièle sat rigidly on her chair, her face crimson with embarrassment. Gaëlle had judged her voice carefully. She was certain that nobody else had heard, but Danièle could not be sure of it.

Gaëlle smiled. "Do you want me to say it more loudly, so that everyone knows? I could, you know. You've seen how I can behave in public."

Danièle wasn't to know that Gaëlle would never have carried out her threat. The hint that she had given about wilder experiences must have convinced Danièle that she was in danger of becoming even more embarrassed. Gaëlle saw her fear, and made the decision for her.

"Off you go to the toilets, Danièle," she ordered. "When you come back, I shall expect to be shown your knickers in your handbag."

Danièle obeyed immediately and hurriedly. As she opened the door to the restroom, Gaëlle saw her look back, with an expression of panic on her face, and smiled in encouragement.

In Danièle's absence, their isolation on the terrace came to an end. A young couple sat down at the table next to theirs. Without being obvious, the young man had manoeuvred his girlfriend so that her back was to Gaëlle, allowing him to look at both women, without his interest in Gaëlle being too evident. Gaëlle didn't look straight at him, but she felt his gaze. She became aware that she was playing, unconsciously, with a button on her shirt, opening and fastening it while she waited for Danièle to return.

Danièle was back within a few minutes. She sat, carefully. Her skirt was mid-calf in length, so she was in no danger of being exposed. Her face was less pink, but only a little. Gaëlle raised

her eyebrows interrogatively. Danièle opened her handbag a minimum. Gaëlle reached over and took it, ignoring Danièle's gasp of horror. She opened it wide, and made it look as if she were going to empty it out on the table. She verified that there was indeed a white cotton thong in there, and closed it again. Danièle almost snatched it back, and put it for safety under her seat.

"Well done, Danièle." Gaëlle smiled. "I'm sorry to have threatened you, but it was the only way you were going to take the step, I think."

Danièle shook her head. "I know. You looked so determined. Now it's done, I'm feeling quite pleased with myself."

"I hope so. How does it feel?"

Danièle lowered her voice. "Less of a risk than I had expected. It's nice that you know, and that I know that I have no knickers on, but it's also a relief that nobody else can see."

"You can go further than that and still appear decent. I think you should unfasten, let me see, let's say three buttons on your skirt."

"Three?" Danièle looked down. "Two?" she pleaded.

"Your decision."

Danièle bent down and discreetly unfastened the two bottom buttons, then sat back. Her knees were still hidden. Gaëlle reached over and peremptorily opened a third button. The two halves of the skirt fell open to either side of Danièle's crossed legs. Even from where Gaëlle sat, immediately opposite her, Danièle was decent, but she still acted as if she was totally on show, gathering her skirt together to hide her thighs.

"Relax, Danièle. Nobody can see anything intimate," Gaëlle reassured her. "You have nice legs, and it would be nice to let them have some sun."

After a second or two, Danièle let go of her skirt. It fell open again, exposing several centimetres of leg above her knee. She breathed out heavily, and did her best to look comfortable. It was so forced that Gaëlle laughed out loud. It was time for Danièle to realise that exhibition was quite easy, as well as being exciting, Gaëlle decided. She called the waitress and paid.

“Let’s go for a stroll,” she said.

While Danièle was picking up her handbag, Gaëlle quickly unfastened the remaining buttons of her shirt. Making sure that she was facing Danièle, as well as the young man whose interest she had observed, she leaned over the table, ostensibly to leave a tip. Her shirt swung open, giving both of them a clear view of her bare breasts. Danièle gasped, and the young man choked on his coffee. Gaëlle smiled at both of them, and stepped away onto the lakeside walk. Danièle followed her.

“You see? It’s easy and it’s fun. His girlfriend had her back to us and has no idea, so I was only exposed to those who were intended to see.” Gaëlle made herself respectable again.

“How could you tell he would enjoy it? Apart from the fact that you are very attractive, of course?”

“Years of experience of showing in public have given me a sixth sense of when I’m being noticed ordinarily, and when a little exhibition would be appreciated. There was no doubt in my mind that the look I got from the man at the next table was of the second variety.”

“You were so natural, Gaëlle,” Danièle exclaimed. “I’m astonished. Did it make you feel good?”

“Of course, or I wouldn’t have done it,” Gaëlle told her, and laughed. “Now that we’re walking, I really think that you could unfasten another button on that skirt.”

They stopped beside a little wall, bordering the water. It was simple for Danièle to unbutton her skirt further. Now only two

buttons were left, and as they set off again, the swing of the material made most of her thighs visible. She seemed more relaxed about it. They headed for one of the small beaches round the lake. They sat about thirty metres from the pathway, and Gaëlle unfastened her shirt totally once more. There were others sunbathing there, so it wasn't too obvious.

"I can see that you're used to this," Danièle said, looking at her friend's breasts. "Doesn't the pleasure wear off?"

"This isn't an especially erotic location for me to show in. It was much more stimulating to show at the café," Gaëlle said. "Your turn again, now. How brave are you feeling? Would you like to show some more?"

"Are you sure that you want to see more of my fat?"

"You're an attractive woman, Danièle. Stop running yourself down. How old are you now? Forty? How many women of that age are as nice as you? Nobody is perfect. Apart from the pleasure of seeing you exposed, I'd also enjoy the experience from your point of view, as a new erotic event. So I'm asking you, please, show me some more."

"Do you want me to prove to you that I have no knickers on?" Danièle asked.

Gaëlle nodded.

Danièle looked round, as if hoping that she was unobserved. She stood up, then sat again, cross-legged. She carefully spread her skirt so that nothing was visible. She sat up very straight, as if in a yoga position, and placed her hands on her knees. Her eyes were fixed on Gaëlle's, as she slowly began to part the two halves of her unbuttoned skirt. She pulled the material back up her thighs as she did so. Her thick pubic hair was revealed, below the bulge of her belly. She stopped.

"Satisfied, Gaëlle?"

"Well done, Danièle. That was brave," Gaëlle replied. "You

look nice. How do you feel?"

"Nervous, but it is exciting. Can I pull my skirt down now, please?"

"Soon. I want you to sit like that, with your eyes closed for three minutes, without moving. I will time it. Can you do that?"

Danièle nodded, and obediently closed her eyes. What Gaëlle had seen, but Danièle had not noticed, was that about a hundred metres away on the path, there was a large telescope, and standing by it was the young man from the café, with his girlfriend, a pretty blonde girl of maybe nineteen or so. As soon as Danièle's eyes were closed, Gaëlle moved silently to one side. Now, the couple at the telescope could look straight up Danièle's skirt. Gaëlle saw the long tube swing in their direction. The young man took a long look but then stood aside for the girl to take her turn. After a few seconds, Gaëlle waved to her. She wanted the girl to know that what she was seeing was what Gaëlle wanted her to notice, both her own naked breasts and Danièle's exposed sex. The telescope moved abruptly away, ostensibly to study some boats on the lake.

"You can open your eyes, Danièle," Gaëlle said. "Do you see the couple at the telescope? They were studying us just now."

Danièle clutched her skirt around her.

"What must they have thought? That's terrible."

"Did they run away? Did they call the police? No, Danièle, they had a good stare. You see? You look fine."

The couple moved on, and Danièle and Gaëlle stood and went for a little stroll. She made no further comment about sex. She could feel that Danièle was deep in thought, and so waited patiently for what would come next.

"You are a terrible woman, Gaëlle. Do you realise that I am wet? It's your fault. I can't believe that a woman has turned me on. Thank you. Would you...Could we...Will you show me

how...?”

Her voice faded away. Her eyes were full of questions, so Gaëlle took the clue from Danièle’s broken sentences and put her thoughts into words.

“You’d like to do some more experimenting? I’m happy to do that with you, if you want. It’s what I’d be hoping for in your place. I tell you what... come and spend an afternoon at my home with me.”

“What about Jérôme? Will he be there?”

“Oh, no. I can arrange for Jérôme to be absent more or less any time. He will understand. I can be sure of that.”

“Okay. I’ll leave my children with David at Gérardmer for a few hours. I’m not going to say anything to him at this point. I’m not ready to tell, and I don’t think he’s ready to hear yet. I don’t even know whether I’ll tell him at all.”

“That’s your business.”

“I’m still concerned about the state of my body compared with yours, Gaëlle.”

“Don’t be so silly. But if that presents a problem for you, I’ll try to think of a way to help you to relax.” Gaëlle said, as an idea popped into her head.

The following weekend, Danièle called on the Friday evening.

“Hello, Gaëlle, it’s me,” she almost whispered. “It’s fixed for tomorrow, but I can’t talk for too long now.”

Gaëlle laughed.

“You sound like a teenager sneaking out for a date with someone who wouldn’t meet the approval of her parents!”

“I feel like that, too! Did you clear it with Jérôme?” Danièle asked anxiously.

“Oh, he said he was happy to not be there if it helped. He knows he’ll get to hear all about it in any case. He just said he

hoped we'd have fun together, you and I."

Danièle arrived the next day at two o'clock, looking very nervous. She was wearing a bright yellow sundress and dark glasses.

"I feel like Cinderella," she said, as soon as Gaëlle had opened the door. "I'll have to leave at six tonight, in time to drive back and have dinner with the family."

"That still leaves us with several hours for ourselves," Gaëlle replied, leading her into the living room. "Sit down for a moment and get your breath."

"You look very sporty, with your tee shirt and shorts," Danièle commented.

"It's what I usually wear at home. I didn't dress up for you. Let me show you round the apartment. I decorated it myself."

Danièle dutifully admired the apartment, and then they sat for a while in the living room. When their rather tentative conversation gave way to silence, Gaëlle took the next step. She produced a dark blue silk scarf.

"This was my solution, in case you were still concerned about what you looked like naked," she said. "What do you think? If you tie it over my eyes, I can explore you just by touch. Then you can do the same with me."

"That's rather kinky, isn't it?" Danièle giggled. "Although it sounds like fun. You want to start now? Here?"

"No, we'll go into the bedroom. It's more comfortable for lying around."

They went through into the main bedroom, with its oversize bed. Gaëlle sat on the edge of it, and offered the scarf to Danièle.

"Make sure you fasten it firmly," Gaëlle said. "That's good. I can't see a thing."

She heard a zip being opened, and felt the mattress shift as



Danièle joined her on the bed. Their toes touched, and she heard Danièle giggle again. Gaëlle followed the toe and felt her way up a bare leg. She stroked the side of Danièle's waist, avoiding touching anything too intimate, until she reached her face. Danièle was lying on her back, so Gaëlle leaned over and kissed her on the lips. Danièle responded nervously. Her hand touched Gaëlle's breast.

"No, Danièle. First, it's my turn. When it's your turn to be blindfolded, then you can touch me."

The hand moved away.

"It's fascinating to explore your body by touch only," Gaëlle said. "In some ways it's more erotic than if I could see. Your skin is wonderfully soft. Oh, I found some breasts, how nice. You breastfed your children? I can tell. Your nipples are like little plump sultanas... Did I make you jump?" she asked, noticing that Danièle had breathed in sharply. "Fingernails on nipples are a very strong sensation, isn't it?"

Danièle was breathing quite hard now.

"Sit up," Gaëlle instructed her. "I want to feel the weight of your beautiful breasts. Oh, they are so soft and warm and heavy! Your nipples are so hard and erect now! I'm going to kiss them—Ready?"

Danièle made an inarticulate noise, deep in her throat. Gaëlle took the nipple into her mouth and sucked it, hard. Danièle whimpered.

"Lie down again."

Gaëlle rested her head on Danièle's breasts. She could hear her heart beating. Lying flat, the fat on Danièle's stomach and belly was not so obvious. Gaëlle slid her hand downward. Danièle tightened up as Gaëlle's fingers traced a scar on her belly.

"Caesarean?" she asked.

“Yes. That’s one of the reasons I am happier you can’t see me.”

Gaëlle slid her hand further down.

“You’ve trimmed your pubic hair since Gérardmer,” Gaëlle commented. “It’s spiky now.” She raked her nails through it, enjoying the trembling of Danièle’s stomach muscles, and inhaling the perfume of Danièle’s sex. Her fingers found and followed the contours of wet labia. By now Danièle’s moaning was constant. Gaëlle ran her finger between the lips of Danièle’s sex, and felt the bump of her clitoris, deep in the slippery groove between her thighs. She stroked over it several times, enjoying how Danièle jumped when it was touched. She was leaning over to kiss her there, when Danièle stopped her.

“No, Gaëlle, I’m not ready for that yet. Please just carry on with your fingers.”

Gaëlle slid her finger back into the cleft of Danièle’s sex, and rubbed her there, faster and faster, until she groaned and came. Gaëlle’s fingers were dripping. They lay there for a couple of minutes while Danièle recovered. She climbed off the bed, and again there was the sound of a zip. Then Gaëlle was blinking in the bright afternoon sunshine as Danièle unfastened the scarf. Her cheeks were glowing, and her dress was back on.

“Your turn, Danièle.”

Gaëlle fastened the scarf. Danièle confirmed that she couldn’t see, and Gaëlle helped her to recline on the bed. Then Gaëlle undressed. She lay down on her back, as Danièle had done, not so flattering for her smaller breasts, she thought, but she felt she should do just like Danièle. She tickled Danièle’s hand with her toes to tell her to start to explore.

It was a strange experience for Gaëlle. To be able to watch Danièle feeling her way up her body, knowing that she was blind, was indeed a kinky sensation. As Gaëlle had done, Danièle

stroked her friend's shoulders and arms first, then her thighs. Gaëlle's nipples were hard, but not as prominent as Danièle's had been. Eventually she discovered them and Gaëlle enjoyed Danièle's lips nibbling at her breasts. Then she watched as the investigating hand started its journey down her belly.

"Oh, hipbones!" Danièle exclaimed. "That's not fair! You're so slim, Gaëlle. I'm jealous. You wait, I'll be slim again, and you'll see."

She used the flat of her hand to caress Gaëlle's stomach and then slid it lower.

"Oh, my God."

Danièle almost shouted. She sat up and tore the scarf away from her eyes. As Gaëlle had suspected, Danièle had had no idea that she was depilated. Danièle's face was flushed as she stared at the naked cleft and swollen labia in front of her eyes.

"Were you like that when you danced?"

"Shaved rather than waxed as now, but yes. Do you like it?"

"It's amazing. I've never seen a grown woman like that. It suits you beautifully. When I had the children, they shaved me, of course, but I wasn't looking a lot at myself, then. When it had regrown, David did ask me if I would shave again, but I said no, too prickly afterward, but your skin is really smooth. Waxed, you said? May I touch?"

Gaëlle was only too willing to be touched, and Danièle explored her thoroughly. She seemed to have lost her inhibitions in the excitement of the moment. She had no difficulty finding Gaëlle's clitoris, because it was peeping from between her labia, vivid proof of her excitement. It was no more than a minute or so before Gaëlle had her own orgasm.

When she had recovered, Danièle didn't resist when Gaëlle unfastened the yellow dress and helped her to take it off. Her large breasts looked as good as they felt. They spent the next

hour kissing, cuddling, caressing and stroking each other.

"Oh, this is wonderful," Gaëlle told her, as Danièle leaned over her face, offering her nipples.

A little later, Gaëlle was lying across Danièle's thighs, idly combing through her pubic hair with her fingers. This time, when she kissed Danièle's fur, there was no protest. Gaëlle moved her head over it, and kissed Danièle's sex. She opened it with her fingers, and tried to pinch the clitoris with her lips. Danièle parted her thighs. Gaëlle bent her head between them, and opened her mouth onto the wet labia. The position was not comfortable for her, so she kneeled astride Danièle's face. They rolled sideways together, and Danièle wrapped her thighs round Gaëlle's head. They each had a mouthful of the other's sex, and they sucked and kissed and bit for what seemed like an age, before first Gaëlle, then Danièle had another orgasm.

They lay side by side on the bed, exhausted. Gaëlle stroked Danièle's hair.

"So now you know, Danièle. I hope it was worth waiting for. I enjoyed that very much."

"I think I did, too," Danièle told her. "Although it's hard to take in what I've just been doing. Maybe tomorrow, when I think back, I'll have a clearer idea. I've never had so many orgasms so close together. The least I can say is that it was very erotic. Thank you."

They showered, together, soaping each other all over and then dressed.

"What now?" Danièle asked, as they went back into the sitting room.

"Time for tea," Gaëlle announced. "That was what I invited you for, after all. Two proper ladies!"

"We must do that again sometime," she said later, as Danièle

was about to drive away. “How would you feel about inviting Jérôme or David to join us, or both of them, even?”

“Slowly, Gaëlle. Remember that I’m a beginner. I’m not even sure if I want David to know.”

“Just as long as you don’t try to persuade yourself that it can’t happen, Danièle. Think about it, and just call when you’re ready.”

## Chapter Thirty-three

“It’s no good, Jérôme, I can’t find a thong. I want one that doesn’t itch, and doesn’t irritate, and that doesn’t make me feel cheap.” Gaëlle grumped. “And I really do want one. I’m frustrated.”

“You could always use your dressmaking skills. It shouldn’t be beyond you, I would think,” Jérôme said, jokingly.

“I hadn’t thought of that. Now there’s a challenge. Excellent idea.”

Jérôme groaned. He knew that all her attention would be on the making of a thong, until she was satisfied with the result. His fears were justified when, the following weekend, Gaëlle returned home and littered the living room with pieces of material.

“Got it!” she announced triumphantly at last, holding up a length of purple silk.

Jérôme didn’t see a lot of Gaëlle for a couple of evenings, while she cut and sewed, doing all the work by hand. He dutifully did the cooking and left her in peace, knowing that he’d get to admire the end result. Finally, he got the call from the bedroom.

She was standing, facing the big mirror, so he had the benefit of both views at once.

“I’ve seen you looking sexy, my love, but this is something else,” he told her. “More extravagant, maybe, certainly more flagrant. You look out of this world!”

The purple silk had been transformed into a thong. The front triangle was narrow, even at the waistband, and it became

narrower still as it tapered toward her sex. Where it disappeared between her thighs, it was barely wide enough to cover the cleft. From the rear, Jérôme's view was of bare buttocks, with only the thinnest of strips of purple silk diving between them.

"What a thong! How do you get into it?" he asked, curious.

"I had to put in two short inserts of elastic, one on each side. Look. Even then, I have to wriggle to put it on, but I thought for this first showing, that might be too much of a temptation for you to watch. I was afraid I'd have to start all over again!" she teased him.

"Your judgement, as ever, is impeccable," he told her with a smile. "However, I think it's time it came off, don't you?"

She carefully eased her way out of the thong, and they made love on the bed, slowly and comfortably. The thong was a decided success.

That had been a few months ago, and she still hadn't found an occasion that justified her wearing such a special piece of lingerie. Gaëlle shook her head. She was supposed to be concentrating on pedalling the static bicycle, not thinking about thongs. She'd done thirty minutes already, so ten to go, but now Mercedes had broken her concentration. She'd just sworn. Gaëlle had recognised the Spanish obscenity.

"Problem, Mercedes?" she asked.

"Look over there. That's not a woman, it's a stick insect!"

Gaëlle followed Mercedes' eyes. The woman who had just come in was gaunt to the point of desiccation, with bones poking out at every joint.

"My God!" she exclaimed. "How can you allow yourself to become like that?"

"Starvation and vomiting, I imagine. Poor thing. She needs help. Could we at least try to give her some support? Are you in?"

“Of course,” Gaëlle replied. “She’ll die if someone doesn’t help. She may die even if we do. Let’s get the others in as well.”

Four of them formed the *Stick support group*, as Mercedes christened it. Mercedes herself, Gaëlle, Béa and Leila. Over a period of months, they worked hard, first to get to know Alice, the real name of the stick insect, then to persuade her that they had just as many physical defects as she imagined she had, and eventually to persuade her that a few extra kilos would make her even more attractive. To this end, they gave themselves self-deprecating nicknames. Mercedes became La Pera, Spanish for pear, referring to the size of her bottom, Béa was Bass, because she said she’d like to be a cello but was too big. Leila was Bouboule, dictated by her roundness. Gaëlle didn’t have a name for a time, but the other four decided that she shouldn’t escape. Eventually Leila made an announcement.

“In the absence of any hideous physical faults, sickening though that it is, we’ll just have to call her Bare Tits. I’ve never yet seen her wearing a bra, so that’s it. Welcome to the group, Miss Bare Tits.”

“It’s accurate at least,” Gaëlle agreed, grinning. “It’s a good job these names are just for among ourselves! People might think we hated each other.”

Eighteen months later, when Alice was no longer afraid to eat, she invited them to dinner at a restaurant. The evening was a great success, and when Jérôme came to collect Gaëlle well after midnight, he found her, if not drunk, then certainly high on the wine and fun that she had shared.

“We’ve decided that we’re going to have a meal like that four times a year,” she told him. “Girls only. Each of us has the right to bring another woman as a guest, but it isn’t obligatory.”



Over the following year, the dinner club went from strength to strength, and Jérôme enjoyed the fact that Gaëlle was making new friends.

"I've always been concerned that the intensity of our sex-life might prevent you from enjoying good female friendships," he said. "We are totally absorbed at times, aren't we?"

"True," she told him as she prepared herself to meet them for dinner, "but when I'm with the girls, I don't really think about sex in the same way as you and I do. We just have fun, some of it rather rude and raucous, but it's great. Oh, can you collect me, tonight? It isn't always easy to get a taxi when we eat at a village restaurant."

"Just as long as it isn't three in the morning like last time!"

"It won't be, I promise."

At half-past midnight, he was waiting in the foyer of the restaurant, his mind woolgathering, when suddenly he heard a voice from behind him.

"You must be Bare Tits' husband."

"I beg your pardon?" Jérôme turned, shocked. He saw a small, pear-shaped woman, obviously well-wined, who swayed slightly as she looked owlshly at him.

"Bare Tits," she repeated. "You know, Gaëlle. Ah, but you don't know, do you?" She put her finger theatrically to her lips. "It's a secret, so shush!"

In the car, Jérôme couldn't resist asking, "Bare Tits?"

"Oh! I suppose Mercedes told you. She had most of two bottles of wine tonight."

"So what are the others' names?"

She told him.

"The funny thing is," she added, "that you can't imagine two people less similar in body-shape than Mercedes and me, but in

fact we have breasts that are identical.”

“How did you discover that?”

“We were messing around in the changing rooms at the gym, and Béa made some comment about Mercedes and me. We were changing next to each other and we made quite a contrast, as you can imagine. Then Mercedes said we weren’t so unlike, and to prove it she gave me her bra to try on, and it was a perfect fit!”

“So at least now you know your official bra size,” Jérôme commented with a smile.

“Not even. She has them made to measure for her, which is why I was so amazed that it fitted me.”

\* \* \* \*

A light came on in Jérôme’s mind. He phoned Mercedes the following day. “Hello, Mercedes?”

“Yes. Who’s that?”

“It’s Jérôme. Euh... Bare Tits’ husband?”

“Don’t! I wasn’t supposed to tell you that and I have a terrible hangover, so don’t rub it in, please. Anyway, what can I do for you?”

“I’d like to meet you, to discuss a present that I’m thinking of for Gaëlle.”

“Why me? I’m flattered, but I’m sure Leila knows her better than I do.”

“That’s why I’d like us to meet, so I can explain. It isn’t so simple and you’re the only one who can help.”

They met for coffee a couple of days later. Jérôme decided that he would lay out the situation simply and see if Mercedes was prepared to cooperate.

“So you want the address of my bra maker. No problem.” Mercedes said.

“It’s a bit more complex than that. Gaëlle tells me that you are exactly the same bust size as her. The bra is to be a surprise. Will you go for the fittings and so on? I’ll pay your expenses of course.”

“Oh, I see,” she murmured. Then, after a moment’s reflection, “Okay, I’ll do it, but it’s a secret, just you and me, to make up for my telling you Gaëlle’s nickname. My husband would definitely not approve.”

So it was agreed, and Jérôme waited impatiently for several weeks. He had described what he wanted over the phone to the lady who was making the bra, and sent a sample of the colour, since he wanted it to match the thong. Then the call came, “Is that Jérôme? I have the bra.” Mercedes’ voice was a conspiratorial whisper. “Can you come and collect it now? I’d rather it was out of the house as soon as possible.”

At Mercedes’ house, Jérôme rang the doorbell.

“Come in for a moment, Jérôme.” Mercedes said. “I’ll get it for you.”

“Have you looked at it?” he asked.

She nodded. “I’ve even tried it on. Don’t expect me to model it for you, though,” she added hurriedly, “because, how can I put it? It hides nothing and exaggerates everything, if you know what I mean?”

She handed him a package, wrapped in soft tissue paper. Jérôme took it carefully, thanked Mercedes for her time, paid her the agreed expenses and went home.

Gaëlle was there, so he left the bra in the car. It was later in the day when he got to look at his purchase. When he unfolded the tissue paper, he knew that the maker had interpreted his explanations perfectly. It had cost a significant amount and was

worth every penny.

The bra was in purple satin, matching exactly the sample of silk that he had sent. He could imagine how it would look on Gaëlle. The little cushions would boost her breasts upward and forward, and the side supports would also push them together. He was amazed to find that there was no underwiring, all the support came from clever stitching. He put it away, to wait for the right moment to produce it.

## Chapter Thirty-four

That summer, they went on holiday to the USA. Jérôme had been reading about the war between the states, as he had learned to call it, and wanted to visit some of the battle grounds. So, in August, they were in Atlanta, Georgia.

"What a climate!" Gaëlle commented as she got out of bed on the third day. "Ice-cold in the air-conditioning and like a sauna outside. I'm afraid that it's a baggy shorts and tee shirt day again. Not much chance of seeing me dressed sexily around here."

"I'll live," Jérôme reassured her. "I've seen you looking sexy often enough to be able to wait patiently for next time."

"I want to just potter through Atlanta today, not too far from the hotel. We drove a long way yesterday, and I have a belly ache. Period coming up."

"No problem. My back can do with a rest from driving."

They set off after a leisurely breakfast and headed for the shopping malls.

"Oh, look," Gaëlle said. "There's a sex shop. Shall we go and see?"

"As you said, period coming up! I can always tell, it does things to your sex drive! Why the sudden interest in sex shops?"

"I don't know. It's just that usually they look so sleazy, but that one looks quite respectable, if that doesn't sound too ridiculous."

They crossed the road and went down the side street to where Gaëlle had seen the sign. Inside, it was clean and welcoming. There were no other clients. The man behind the counter, a

large black grandfather type, greeted them politely.

“How’s y’all doin’?”

“Is it okay just to look round?” Gaëlle asked, with her most winning smile.

“Be my guest, ma’am,” came the reply.

They wandered between the displays.

“Ouch!” Jérôme said, pointing out a huge dildo. “American women must be built differently.”

“I don’t think so. Some of us enjoy showing in public, others like big dildos.”

There were shelves of videos beside the cash desk.

“Siliconed false blondes with trout lips are definitely not my idea of sexy,” Jérôme said, looking at some of the covers. “What’s this one? No picture, just a title, *Real Life*.”

“They’re amateur films. If it’s here, the quality of the filming will be good, but I don’t know what the film is about,” the man called over. “Y’all wanna see it?”

“Let’s watch it, Jérôme. It’s nice and cool in here and it would be something different.”

They went into a viewing booth, which was small and rather dingy.

“It smells of sex in here, doesn’t it?” Gaëlle said. “Of lust and desperation.” She shivered. “It’s doing things to me, in a funny way.”

The film came on. It was quite disturbing, because, as the main protagonist explained to the camera, she had agreed to make it in repayment of her ex-husband’s gambling debts. It was well filmed, however, and the content soon had Gaëlle breathing quite fast. She reached for Jérôme’s erection, which was noticeable through his shorts.

“Can you watch if you stand up? I’m going to suck you.”

Jérôme stood and got into a position where both of them

could still see the screen. Gaëlle kneeled in front of him and took him in her mouth. He was surprised, but very happy to enjoy the experience. Gaëlle continued to suck him enthusiastically. If he had been surprised before, now he was astonished when he came, because Gaëlle simply swallowed, something unheard of in their relationship. The film finished.

"Wow. Thank you. That was delicious," he told her when it was over. "What brought that on?"

"Circumstances," she told him, smiling. "It was just the moment, and how I felt, and the woman on the film, and this place. Right now, I needed to do it."

They came out of the viewing cabin, blinking in the brighter lights. Jérôme went to pay, while Gaëlle did another tour round the shop. She suspected that the man knew very well what had been happening in their cabin, and wasn't sure of how acceptable it was.

"Jérôme," she called. "Look at this!"

She was holding up what was ostensibly a skirt, but a skirt of minimal length, in pink lycra.

"I like it," she said. "Is it me?"

"It could be," Jérôme agreed. "Do you want to try it on?"

"Not right now, no. I feel fat and sweaty."

"It's been here some time, ma'am," the shop man said. "Ain't too many of our clientele built like you. I can put it aside for you if you want to come back?"

"Thank you. Thank you for the compliment, also. That would be good."

They left the sex shop to continue their explorations.

It was a week before they returned to Atlanta. On their first morning back, Jérôme went to have his usual solo dip in the hotel pool. When he returned, Gaëlle, nude, was just taking her

special thong out of her suitcase.

"Stop right there, Jérôme!" Gaëlle instructed him. "No closer! I know that look in your eye, and I really do want to go shopping!"

She fled into the bathroom.

When she emerged, naked except for the thong, Jérôme was again staggered by his good fortune in having a wife not only fascinated by sex, but who also looked good enough to eat. Standing there with just a tiny scrap of silk highlighting, rather than hiding her sex, she gave him an immediate erection. Resisting the temptation to grab her, he dived for his suitcase instead, and took out the bra in its gift-wrapping. When the contents were revealed, there was a moment's hiatus, first because it had never occurred to her that he would buy her such a thing, then a question in her eyes.

"What's this, Jérôme? You think I need a bra now?"

"Absolutely not! This is a present for you. It's an erotic accessory, not a necessary item of clothing. Put it on and you'll see," Jérôme said. *I hope!*

She went back in the bathroom to put it on. A minute later, she opened the door and walked toward him.

"What a vision," he exclaimed. "One hundred per cent pure sex. Your breasts look a lot bigger. You look magnificent!"

As Jérôme had anticipated, Gaëlle's breasts were pushed up and forward by the little cushions under them, and her exposed nipples were fully erect. She reached down and slid the front of the thong into the cleft of her sex. Her lips bulged on either side of the silk. Jérôme was speechless.

"It's not obscene, but you're exposed in the most extravagant way," he eventually managed to say. "Your most intimate parts are displayed quite wonderfully!"

"Monsieur likes?" she asked modestly.



“Monsieur says let’s go shopping before monsieur explodes!”

Even the baggy tee shirt could not hide the increase in her bust as they headed toward the sex-shop. Her nipples, rubbing against the cotton of the tee shirt, excited her even more

“My boobs feel different. They don’t move as I’m used to,” she said, as they walked toward the sex shop. “They wobble! It makes me very conscious of them, and it’s almost like being exposed, even though nothing is on show. It feels very sexy.”

It was mid-morning when they arrived at the shop. This time there were other two other customers, mid-thirties businessmen in suits, killing a little time. They both glanced at Gaëlle, then returned for the second look that she deserved

“I just knowed you’d be back ma’m, sir,” said the owner. He held up the skirt and handed it to Gaëlle.

“I’d like to try it on,” she told him. “Is there a changing room?”

The man’s broad smile widened further and he broke into a belly laugh.

“You know ma’am, I’ve worked in this store for over ten years and that’s the first time anyone asked that! But I guess you can use the back office, it has a looking glass.”

Jérôme escorted Gaëlle to the door indicated. The back office was full of boxes, but there would be enough space for her to change and see herself in the mirror.

“I’ll leave you to change,” Jérôme said. “I prefer to see the finished effect.” He closed the door behind him.

Five minutes later, the door opened a fraction, and her head appeared.

“Jérôme? Can you come and look now?”

When he entered the room, she was facing the mirror, with her back to him. From her bare shoulders to below the waist, she was wearing just the bra, and the reflection showed her

exposed breasts, with her nipples fully engorged. The skirt, seen from behind, reached just below her cheeks, but showed their shape clearly. Gaëlle turned round and gave him the front view, which was stupendous. The skirt reached barely an inch below her sex. She lifted it to show that she had pulled up the thong tight into her.

“Watch,” she said.

She turned her back on him again, her legs straight and feet apart. She bent over and placed her hands flat on the floor, letting Jérôme see how that movement exposed her buttocks and the valley between.

“That is just so sexy,” Jérôme exclaimed. “Do you think you dare show the other customers? Would you like to?”

“This isn’t Europe, Jérôme. Are you sure it will be all right to show? I really want to, but I’m a bit nervous, you understand?”

“Let me go and ask the shop man.”

Jérôme slipped out through the door and went over to the counter.

“My wife would like the opinion of yourself and the other clients on the skirt. She wants to know if it suits her. Is that an okay thing for her to do?”

“It will be my pleasure, sir. Just let me make sure we’re not interrupted.”

He went over to the door and locked it, putting up the closed sign.

“Gentlemen,” he said to the other clients, who were looking surprised. “Today we have the privilege of a short fashion show, by this gentleman’s wife. It’s free of charge. Unless I am mistaken, it will be worth seeing.”

Jérôme went back to the door behind which Gaëlle was waiting, anxiously, he suspected.

“Whenever you’re ready,” he called.

Her voice was a little muffled as he heard her reply.

“I’m ready now, Jérôme.”

Jérôme swung the door wide open. Gaëlle was standing a little way into the room, framed by the doorway. She had chosen to show the rear view first, leaning slightly forward to let them see under the skirt. Jérôme was used to seeing her like this, but for the others, the view was even more exciting. They were breathing heavily. One of the men opened his fly and took out his erect penis. The other three followed his example. Gaëlle turned round, to show her exposed breasts, as they all started to masturbate. She took a step beyond the open door, out into the store. The harsher lights of the shop made her look as if she was on a stage. The younger of the two suits took a step forward toward her, but she stopped him with a gesture. They were all under her control.

Eyes closed, she raised her arms above her head and did a slow, 360-degree rotation, then lowered them again and took hold of the hem of the skirt. She slowly raised the pink Lycra until her sex was on show. Jérôme had never seen her labia so swollen and as she raised the skirt higher, the stretched shape of the thong showed how tightly she had pulled it deep into her. She slid one finger down into the slot of her sex, and showed it, dripping with her juices. Again turning her back on them, she walked back into the office and leaned over onto the desk, feet wide apart to show everything as she caressed herself. She pulled her labia open to reveal the scarlet interior of her sex, split and held open by the purple ribbon of the thong.

Wriggling her buttocks, she reached round behind herself to release the trapped thong, and managed to find a way to push two, then three fingers deep inside her vagina. With her other hand, she was pinching her swollen clitoris. The orgasm struck her, and she groaned, then was convulsed by the spasms that

twisted her whole body. Like a priestess receiving offerings, she stared in the mirror at her congregation, as, one after another they spurted semen at her feet. For a count of ten, nothing moved, and then she turned and almost slammed the door shut.

Suddenly the background music seemed very loud. One of the suits looked embarrassed and disappeared. The other turned to Jérôme.

"I guess you'll be buying that skirt, sir," he said. "If you don't, I will, as a souvenir."

"It was time I washed the floor anyways," the shop man said. "And I don't usually get so well paid for doing it."

Gaëlle appeared, once more wearing the tee shirt and shorts that hid her charms. She looked pale, and slightly nervous. Jérôme paid for the skirt, and they left the store.

As they walked, she suddenly started shaking.

"Can we stop at a café?" she asked. "I need to sit down."

They found a coffee shop and sat. She blew out her cheeks.

"That was so good. I was more nervous than usual, but it just turned me on more."

"You looked quite wonderful."

"There's something else, Jérôme. You know the one who came toward me?"

"You stopped him dead with a single look. As I said, amazing!"

"The problem is, I didn't want to stop him, Jérôme," she murmured. "I was very tempted to have sex with him, or you, or any of the men watching...or all of you even. If you'd said the word, I would have done it. Am I crazy?"

"Not at all. If that's what you want, then enjoy it."

"It was lovely as a fantasy, but I'm still a little afraid of how the reality would be."

"Understandable. You won't know unless you try it, if you

ever decide you want to. If your head is ready, then your body will be also.”

“I need to think about that possibility, Jérôme. There isn’t a time scale, is there?”

“No timescale, no obligation, and certainly no pressure from me! Relax, Gaëlle. You enjoyed today, and that’s all that matters. And I did, too, of course,” Jérôme added, hugging his wife.

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle’s Journal.

*After the holiday, Jérôme and I discussed this experience over and over again. The thong makes me feel sexy in a different way. I understand what Jérôme means about being more blatantly sexy. The first time that I put it on, even though I was alone in the bedroom, before Jérôme had ever seen it, I felt as if yet another new chapter in my erotic life was opening.*

*Of course, I had worn sexy clothes before, but this was a change, in that it wasn’t something that could ever appear decent. To give an example, whenever I wore my lace tunic over bare skin, it was obviously my intention to expose my breasts. However, with a tee shirt under the tunic, it was quite wearable, and in fact I wore it for social occasions when I wanted to look sexy, but less overtly so. Similarly, my poor red dress, also long gone now, could be either totally revealing with no underwear, or sexy but presentable with a slip under it.*

*The thong, in contrast, is a sexual accessory pure and simple. Anyone who sees me wearing it can’t be unaware of that fact, and will, no doubt, draw certain conclusions about the woman, me, whose sex is being highlighted, rather than hidden in this way. To put it on for the first time reminded me of making the decision to have my pubic hair shaved or later on, to be totally waxed. That,*

*too, had only one possible, explanation, an erotic one.*

*I was surprised, and a little disappointed, I admit, that Jérôme didn't ask me to wear the thong between its completion and our departure for America. I should have known that he had plans that he was keeping secret.*

*I was enjoying our holiday very much, and wasn't thinking specifically about sex that day. It was only when I caught sight of the sex shop that I felt a sudden urge to experience it and see how it fit in with my erotic thinking. The shop wasn't in any way threatening, but it made me conscious of how little I knew of the commercial world of sex. It was a curious experience at first, and not an especially sexy one. To see all the paraphernalia of sex displayed and on sale, was strange to me. I was slightly excited by the simple fact of being in a sex shop, that was true, but I didn't feel at ease there.*

*I suggested that we should watch the video as another new experience. We had seen x-movies at home, of course, but no more than two or three times. There were whole shelves of videos to choose from, dealing with all aspects of sexual interest. I wasn't attracted to the majority of them, since silicone breasts of huge size don't appeal to me—or to Jérôme, which is just as well, given my bust size! Many of the videos on show were too commercial for my taste, and Jérôme agreed with that view. There were a few in plain boxes, in a section that was labelled *Real Life*. There was no indication of their content, just a little typed synopsis. The one that I chose, and that we watched together, said it was about a mature woman paying off a debt. She was not a professional. I was uncomfortable, though, at the circumstances of the film. Her initial acceptance of the things done to her or that she was obliged to do, had more effect on me than I had expected. By the time it was clear that the experience was turning her on, I was just as excited as it seemed she was.*

*The atmosphere of the little booth, barely big enough for the two of us, was claustrophobic, dripping with past sexual history. I wanted to be part of that narrative.*

*It was intriguing to observe myself deciding to take Jérôme in my mouth. I know I am not an expert at fellatio, but the fact of where we were made me feel in tune with the mood. I tried at first to imitate the technique of Karen, the woman on the screen. She was clearly no more competent than I am, and I sympathised with her as she struggled to perform to the satisfaction of these men whom she didn't even like. I, at least, love the man whose penis I was sucking. I tried to emulate Magda, who had sucked Jérôme so beautifully while I watched. As Karen became, however unwillingly, turned on by what she was doing, I shared in her excitement. To put it bluntly, I felt slightly cheap as I kneeled in front of Jérôme and wrapped my lips around his sex, and I was wound up further by how unexpectedly aroused that made me feel. It was that sensation that told me that it would give Jérôme even more pleasure if I swallowed.*

*Finding the skirt was an accident, but as soon as I saw it I knew I wanted it, as a souvenir of being in the sex shop and of what I had just done. In addition, the skirt was extremely short and would be so tight on me that it would match exactly how I was feeling at that moment. However, I was also conscious that it wouldn't feel right simply to buy it and take it away. It was too closely associated with the time, atmosphere and place for me to buy it like a bag of potatoes.*

*I was determined that when we returned to Atlanta, we would also pay a second visit to the sex shop and buy the skirt. I wanted to make an occasion of the purchase, to be ready for whatever might happen. I had no expectations that anything would, in fact occur, but in my mind, I needed to be prepared, just in case.*

*We had been away from home for three weeks by then, and*

*my pubic hair was showing a little, so I shaved myself in preparation for our outing to the sex shop. To be totally honest I must confess it was as much for the pleasure of feeling the cold blade as for the aesthetic effect. I waited for Jérôme to be out of our hotel room for that, as I was determined to go shopping, and not to risk the delay that would inevitably come from his discovering me in that state.*

*Of course, he timed his arrival perfectly to see me as I lifted the thong from my case. Once I had inserted myself into it, however, I couldn't resist letting him look, and even teased him by pulling it tight into me. I enjoyed the sensation as much as the look in his eyes, but I was certainly surprised at what happened next. In an instant, he was on his knees beside his suitcase, digging into the depths for something that I couldn't see at that point. When he handed me a soft package, wrapped in purple tissue paper, I still had no idea what to expect.*

*The bra came as a complete shock to me. My mind was alive with negative thoughts that perhaps my breasts were no longer as firm as before and that Jérôme had not dared to tell me. I was about to protest, when he said, "Look at it carefully, Gaëlle, before you say another word."*

*I examined it, and realised how it might look on me. I was still not totally convinced, and so went into the bathroom to put it on.*

*I'm not used to a bra of any sort, so it felt tight around my ribs. It took a moment or two to get used to that, and to the fact that I had to lift my breasts onto their little cushions. When that was done, I looked at myself in the mirror for the first time. My breasts looked huge. What was more, because they were only supported underneath, if I moved, so did they. The bra complemented the thong wonderfully well in colour, and the*



*look added to the sensations caused by the thong on my sex. I pulled the thong straight and decided to let Jérôme see the ensemble before we went out. It was only fair that he should be first to enjoy the present he had given me. If the new me was exciting to be, then it seemed that the new me was also good to look at, from the way that Jérôme's eyes devoured me. I had to hide it all quickly, under a loose tee shirt and baggy shorts.*

*"You know where I want to go, Jérôme." I said.*

*"Shopping? The skirt?"*

*"Yes, and right now, please."*

*We set off. I was so, so conscious of my breasts as I walked out into the street. In one sense they were supported, therefore less free than usual. In another sense, their movement was not natural. The ridiculous image that came to my imagination was that of two crème caramels on a tray. My breasts wobbled as I walked. There is no other suitable verb. Almost instantly my nipples, already hard, were very erect, and because they were exposed, they rubbed on the cotton of my tee shirt. It was not totally comfortable, nor was the thong, which was very tight against my labia, but it was certainly a very sexy feeling. By the time we reached the sex shop, I was thoroughly aroused. I was perspiring because of the humidity, with sweat running down between my breasts, but the wetness I felt between my thighs was definitely not just from the weather. Being made of silk, my thong is not very absorbent. For the first time during that holiday, I felt as I do in Europe when I am exposed, even though nothing at all was on show.*

*When we got to the sex shop, I was half-disappointed, half-excited to see that there were other clients. I had had the illusion that this was "my" sex shop, a ridiculous idea, I know. Both of the men who were looking through the shelves were quite attractive and smart, one black and one white, both wearing*

*suits. I judged their ages to be close to my own. They both looked at me as if a woman in a sex shop was not a usual sight. Silently, I agreed with them, at least as far as this woman was concerned.*

*The man behind the counter had clearly recognised Jérôme and me as soon as we came in, as he was already taking the skirt out from a drawer and holding it out to me.*

*"I just knew you would be back," he said with a broad grin. "So I kept it hidden for you specially, Ma'am."*

*"I'd like to try it on." I said. "Where is there a changing room?"*

*His grin expanded further into a loud laugh.*

*"We don't get much call for folks to try things on here, Ma'am. The best I can offer is the back office, but at least there's a mirror in there for you, if that's okay?"*

*He showed us to a door next to the counter, and into a storeroom piled with boxes. It clearly also served as an office, with a big desk covered in papers. Jérôme went back out and closed the door. I took off my tee shirt and shorts. I looked in the mirror and held up the skirt in front of me. My breasts still felt much bigger than usual. I don't think I have ever seen my nipples more engorged. The dingy room in which I stood, with my reflection appearing even more exposed than if I had been simply naked, reminded me of the way I had felt on our first visit, very sexually available, almost like the woman in the video we had watched.*

*It was a good thing that I hadn't put on any weight in America, or I would have looked stupid in the skirt, once I had wriggled my way into it. Any surplus bulges would have been appallingly exaggerated. As it was, it fitted me like a second skin. If I wore the waist at my waistline, it was not even long enough to hide my sex, and my bottom was also on show, as I noticed when*

*I looked in the mirror. That was too much. I pulled it down so I was wearing it low on my hips. It was now just about decent, and even then only if I use a very loose definition of the term “decent”. I opened the door a fraction and invited Jérôme to see.*

*I don’t know what persuaded me to act as I did when he came in. It just seemed natural to put on a little show for him, to display how excited I was feeling as well as how I looked. In my head, I was hoping that he would want me to show to the other clients if they were still in the shop. He didn’t disappoint me.*

*“That is just so sexy,” Jérôme exclaimed. “Do you think you dare show the other customers? Would you like to?”*

*“This isn’t Europe, Jérôme. Are you sure it will be all right to show? I really want to, but I’m a bit nervous, you understand?”*

*“Let me go and ask the shop man.”*

*I took a deep breath and nodded. Jérôme went back out, closing the door behind him. Now the possibility was out in the open, I was a little afraid of the consequences. Would they want to use me like the woman from the video? I asked myself how I would react if they did. I was frightening myself and yet making myself even more aroused by that thought.*

*I straightened the skirt. I told myself how pointless an act that was. That made me smile, and I relaxed. I placed myself so that I would be well displayed if the door opened; although I knew I really meant when it opened.*

*I couldn’t hear what Jérôme was saying, but there was no mistaking from the tone of the other voices that they had agreed. I stood motionless, my back to the doorway. I was still very aware of the effect of the bra, and I wanted to reserve that view for a little later. The sensation reminded me of the moments of waiting for the stage lights to come on, the time that I danced topless at the Blue Parrot nightclub. I wanted, needed even, to perform for my little audience. The door swung open and I*

*started to display myself. I was shocked when eventually I turned, to discover four men who were masturbating in front of me, but the sight was so exciting that I had to perform for them. For the next few minutes I behaved like a stripper in front of a wild crowd of customers, all shouting for me to do more, and to do more extreme things. I was so carried away I was crazy.*

*I was aware of my breasts as never before, but most of my sensations were focused on my sex. My labia were split by the thong, which I had pulled into me as tight as I could. My whole sex was swollen and throbbing, and I wanted my public to appreciate that. I showed them first from the front, and then turned and bent over to let them see inside me, which also made my breasts swing free from the bra. I wanted to masturbate, just like my four clients, and I did, opening my vagina and using as many fingers as I could to thrust inside me. I felt so indecent. My imagination was working hard, wondering how it would feel if I dared to touch one of the men, or even all of them. At that instant, I could easily visualise myself as the centre of an orgy, being fucked and sodomised by strangers, who would demand that I perform any of their most extreme wishes. With that thought, I came very hard, as I watched four men come also, just for me. It was so powerful. I felt so sexy, but so available also. It isn't an easy or comfortable sensation to put into words.*

*Then there came the reaction. Suddenly I was frightened by what I had done, and more so by what I had envisaged as a possibility. I slammed the storeroom door, stripped off the bra and thong and put my unsexy outer clothes back on. The thong and bra went into my shoulder bag. I wanted to distance myself from the sensations of the previous few minutes. I was shaking, and couldn't have trusted myself to speak.*

*When we left the store a few minutes later, Jérôme was carrying a plastic bag with the skirt, the bra and the sodden*

*thong in it. My knees were still weak. I had to ask Jérôme to stop so I could sit and have a drink.*

*"I scared myself there, Jérôme." I told him. "I wasn't in control at all. I had fantasies of fucking all of you at the same time. Am I going mad?"*

*Jérôme thought for a moment. He took hold of both of my hands and looked me in the eyes.*

*"Definitely not mad, but I'm not surprised that you ask. It was a very powerful experience. You looked marvellous, but then, I'm used to that. It's normal for you when you are in the zone of an erotic moment. It's one of the many things that I love so much about you. You certainly gave the others a show to remember. I wonder if they will tell their wives when they get home?"*

*"Be serious, Jérôme. I know I stopped the man who came toward me, but I'm not sure that I wanted to. Is that normal also in your view? If I'd invited him, and the rest of you, to use me sexually, would that have been all right? I could so easily have done that today. We've done so many things. Would that be different? How does that hypothesis make you feel?"*

*"Whatever happened would not have changed in any way how I feel about you. Gaëlle, you know that by now, I hope? I love you so much, and I adore watching you when you are as excited as you were just now. Whether I am directly involved or not, I want you to enjoy any sexual experience at all, just as long as you're sure that is what you desire," he reassured me. He went on, "I've been saying that for over ten years now, and it's just as true today as when we first discussed it. At that juncture you were only just opening the door a tiny fraction on the sexual possibilities of being a part of my life. I've been overwhelmed to see how everything that we have shared together has encouraged you to become an even more wonderful woman now, than you were then. So, if we were sitting here after a sexual experience with*

*the other men from the sex shop, I'd be saying just the same things. It's your choice, as always, and you will have my automatic approval of your decision."*

*I know that at some point in the future, a similar situation will almost surely occur. I'm also fairly sure, now, that when that happens, my response will most probably be to say yes.*

## Chapter Thirty-five

Gaëlle and Jérôme arrived back at Charles de Gaulle airport in Paris and after the usual hassle reunited themselves with their baggage. Late August in Paris in mid-afternoon meant that it was almost as hot and humid as Georgia. Gaëlle turned to Jérôme, "I'm boiling. Have you anything I could wear?" she asked. "I've no clean clothes at all."

"You could always wear your pink skirt," he suggested, mischievously.

"And go topless as well, I suppose," Gaëlle snorted. "No!"

Jérôme dug into his bag and pulled out a long tennis shirt.

"This is the only clean thing I've got left," he said. "If you dare wear this as a dress as we travel through Paris, I'd love to see it."

"I'll go and change and see what I think, then you can give me your opinion."

Gaëlle emerged from the Ladies' a few minutes later. The oversized dark blue polo shirt made her look even slimmer than usual. Jérôme smiled at her.

"What are you grinning about?" Gaëlle asked.

"The amount of thigh you're showing. You look great and you're just about decent."

"I haven't any alternative, so it will have to do," she retorted, secretly enjoying the way Jérôme was looking at her.

At the RER train station, Jérôme went off to check the timetable, leaving Gaëlle with their baggage not too far from the only other prospective travellers on the platform. They were all

young men, wearing identical sweatshirts declaring that they were the Border Laddies Sevens Rugby team. They were deep in some kind of discussion. Gaëlle strained to hear what they were saying.

“So, as I understand it, we only call him Mr. M, because his name is Polish and unpronounceable,” one of them was saying.

“Yes. He’s a legend, according to my grandad.”

“He taught your grandad?” the first one asked, incredulity apparent in his tone.

“Yes. My dad, too. He told me Mr. M escaped from Poland as a teenager in 1940, joined the Free Polish forces in Scotland and did D-Day all the way to Berlin. He found out that his parents were dead after the end of the war, so he stayed in Scotland and became a Math teacher. Unless you can manage Mickiewicz properly, just call him Mr. M, it’s safer. Hush, here he comes.”

Gaëlle looked along the platform and her mouth dropped open. The tall, elderly man marching their way was wearing Scottish formal dress, complete with tartan kilt. He had a full grey beard and was carrying a shepherd’s stick nearly as tall as himself, topped with a very curly ram’s horn. Gaëlle watched, transfixed, as he drew in a deep breath and boomed, “Gentlemen, to me!”

The group of young men gathered round him.

“All present and correct?”

“Aye, Mr. M,” they chorused.

“Now that we’re off the plane and well away from your doting parents, there are a few things I need to say, so listen well,” Mr. M said. “I taught many of your fathers and, I suspect, a grandfather or two. I’ve been dragged out of a well-earned retirement to do this, my last school trip. You’re all off to University in September, unless you’ve made a pig’s ear of your exams. Therefore, if you behave badly, there is absolutely nothing



I can do about it. The reverse is also true.”

There was a pause while they took that in, then a shuffling of feet and an exchange of grins among the group.

“And that is why,” Mr. M went on, “you will all behave beautifully while I’m in charge of you. Even you, young Murdoch,” he said, pointing to the one who had been giving out the information. “I trust you no more than I did your father at eighteen.”

From the way that they hung on every word, Gaëlle could tell that here was a school celebrity, admired, feared and loved in equal measure. He must have been a handsome man in his prime, and even now, he cut an imposing figure in his formal Scottish outfit.

“Who has any French at all?” he asked. There was a general shaking of heads.

“How come not one of you has any idea?”

“We had Miss McKay, and then what with the extra rugby training, Mr. Mickie...Miski...er...Mr. M.” one of the group bravely began.

“Aye, well, fair enough, then. Among men, as we are, I prefer Mr. M, or sir if you must.”

Gaëlle saw Jérôme heading her way along the platform. She made a discreet sign to him to stay where he was. He stopped and took out his mobile phone. Her phone buzzed almost immediately. She moved a little apart from the Scots before replying.

“There’s something I want to try, if it works out,” she told Jérôme. “Can you be in the same carriage as me, but just to keep an eye on things?”

“Is this something to do with a visit to a certain shop in Atlanta and certain regrets that arose from that?”

“Yes.”

Then it may be useful for you to know that the train will stop at the next two stations. After that it's thirty minutes non-stop to the terminus, where we get off."

"Thank you. Half an hour is quite a long time, isn't it? Wish me luck."

The train arrived and the Scots group, at a word from Mr. M, gathered up Gaëlle's bags. She nodded her thanks. They stood aside to allow her to get on first. Onboard the train, she paused to fiddle with her mobile phone, waiting to see where the group would sit. They chose to stand, so she did also, even though the carriage was otherwise almost empty. Out of the corner of her eye, Gaëlle noticed that Jérôme had taken a seat further down the carriage. Two other passengers also boarded the train. Gaëlle waited patiently. When, after the second of the two stops, she found herself alone with the Scottish group and Jérôme, she was relieved, as well as excited and nervous.

The train set off away from the platform. This time, Gaëlle allowed the acceleration to catch her off balance. That allowed her to bump into the Scots group. One of them caught Gaëlle's arm to steady her.

"Merci," she said. "J'ai perdu l'équilibre."

"It's no good, Ma'am, I've no French," he said. He pointed to his dark blue sweatshirt, then to her similarly coloured polo shirt. "Scottish colours," he announced proudly. "You speak English?"

Gaëlle shook her head and extended her hands, palm upward, miming incomprehension. That caused her to lose balance again, so she grabbed for the overhead handles. As she stretched up to take hold, her raised arm dragged her shirt upward too, putting most of one buttock on display. She sensed a collective intake of breath from the Scots. Mr. M leaned toward her.

“Excusez-moi, Madame, mais vous révélez beaucoup,” he said.

“Oui,” she replied. “Je sais.”

“What’s she saying, sir?”

“I advised her that she was showing rather a lot of leg and she said yes, that she knows she is.”

A minute passed as Gaëlle enjoyed the eyes of the young men and their leader examining what she knew was a nicely toned bottom.

“Sir, do you think she wants us to see more or something?”

“I’m certainly not going to ask her. If you want to know the answer to that, you’ll have to work out for yourselves how to go about it. Just remember your manners, Murdoch.”

Murdoch, a tall young man who looked like a centre or a wing to Gaëlle, turned toward her. Very tentatively, he touched the hem of her shirt, looked her in the face and raised an interrogative eyebrow.

Gaëlle nodded. She reached up to the overhead grab rail with her other hand. Now, she was almost swinging, her feet barely touching the floor. The shirt she had borrowed from Jérôme rose, to hang short of her navel, and uncovered her belly and her tiny pink bikini knickers. She closed her eyes, wanting to live this experience through touch and sound alone.

She felt a hand stroke her leg, just above her knee. She shivered. Another hand did the same on her other leg, but higher up her thigh, at a point which would have been covered by the shirt under normal circumstances. Those two hands were still in contact when her shirt was lifted higher.

“Look,” said a voice, “the lassie’s no wearing a bra, either.”

“This is no lassie, but a lady,” said Mr. M, “and you’ll treat her with all the respect a lady deserves. Just hold it there for a moment, though, gentlemen. It seems that the lady is willing to

be explored, so let's make sure that we learn as much as possible in the time we have. Some of you would no doubt claim to know what you're doing, but this isn't a quick grope in the dark with a lass probably no more aware of her body than you are of yours. Let's have a good look at the lady, first."

Someone held Gaëlle's shirt up above her breasts, and other hands caressed her, making her nipples harden. She parted her thighs a little more, and, as she had hoped, fingers trailed across her sex.

"God, she's wet. Just feel that!" someone said. The suggestion was followed up immediately by other hands, and Gaëlle took all her weight on her arms as she revelled in the sensation of several young men caressing her almost everywhere for what felt like an age. She wondered if they would dare to take her knickers off.

"Sir, can we pull her knickers down, do you think?" One of the boys must have read her mind, she thought.

"Not so fast! This isn't one of your easy lassies, Bentley," Mr. M said. "Better to leave her as she is, just for the moment."

Just for the moment! The words thrilled Gaëlle to the core. She couldn't resist their caresses any longer and came, strongly. The contractions deep inside made her hands lose their grip. She would have fallen to the carriage floor but for the lattice of strong arms that instantly formed a hammock under her. As she fell, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the carriage window. The naked woman she saw was sprawled on her back, with her legs apart. Her shirt was rucked up under her armpits, exposing her breasts.

"Gently, lads," said Mr. M. "I think maybe she's ready for those knickers to come off."

Gaëlle's pink knickers were pulled down, then eased off, allowing the young rugby players easier access to her. She moaned. It triggered more frenzied activity, hands groping

between her buttocks as other fingers probed deep into her vagina and roamed over all her erogenous zones. She listened in rapt ecstasy as comments about her flew round the group.

“She’s no pubic hair. Is that natural?”

“If she’s shaved, it means she’s mad about sex.”

“Would you look at her clit? What a beauty!”

“How would you know?”

“Well, I’ve seen pictures.”

“Nice little tits, too.”

“Are all French women like this? If they are, I’m no going home!”

Mr. M took control again.

“Lads, you’re fortunate,” he told them. “This trip is turning out more educational than you could have expected. From experience, I can tell you that you have before your eyes a beautiful example of the best you might hope for when a grown woman undresses for you. Enjoy the sight and the moment. Allow me.”

He eased three fingers into Gaëlle’s sopping vagina, and hooked them up to reach her G spot. She grunted in pleasure as he massaged her there. His expert thumb was also working at Gaëlle’s clitoris, making her growl deep in her throat. Other hands were still exploring her body, and she could feel a finger working its way into her anus and feeling around inside. Her breathing was audible now, rasping as she rose toward another climax.

“Don’t crowd her. Enjoy watching her as she comes,” Mr. M’s voice said.

Gaëlle sensed the heads that had been looking down on her, drawing back and, seconds later, another massive orgasm seized her. She convulsed, then lay back weakly in the cradle of the group’s strong arms.

"I think the lady has one more climax in her," Mr. M announced.

"What do you mean, Mr. M, another one in her?"

"Will I demonstrate for you?" Mr. M asked the group. The reply came as a chorus.

"Aye, Mr. M, show us."

"Bring her up to shoulder level, then, and hold her thighs apart for me, will you, gentlemen?"

Gaëlle felt herself raised up. Strong but careful hands eased her legs even wider apart. Then a coarse beard was scratching at the insides of her thighs and a moustache was tickling her belly as Mr. M used his lips and tongue. He nibbled at her clitoris, then sucked on her labia. His tongue plunged deep inside her and she felt it wriggling. He paused from time to time, just as she was almost coming, before he drove her over the edge yet again and released her third, mind-blowing orgasm. The group started to resume their exploration of her body. She waved her hands in surrender, wiped out by the rapid succession of orgasms.

"Gentlemen."

She knew that voice. Jérôme had decided to intervene.

"Excuse the interruption, but I don't think it's a great idea if the lady arrives at the next station in her current state," he said. "I think it would be nice to let her organise herself. We'll be arriving in less than five minutes."

Gaëlle was amazed at how easily the group accepted this suggestion. They let her down gently, to stand on quivering legs. She pulled her shirt back down. Murdoch, who seemed to be a leader, held out her knickers to her. She shook her head. Maintaining the myth that she spoke no English, she explained her suggestion to Jérôme. He turned to the Scotsmen, "The lady says that she'd be happy for you to keep them as a souvenir. She says that just as knights used to wear something from their

favoured lady when they went into battle, she'd be flattered if you'd consider displaying this little pink offering for that purpose at your tournament."

There were broad smiles all round the group as understanding dawned.

"Aye, we will that." Mr. M declared, then went on in French. "We'll be honoured to fly these wee pink knickers as our standard in the tournament this weekend! However, we'll do it a wee bit discreetly, like so..."

With a few quick movements, he turned the knickers into a decorative knot, which he attached to the ram's horn on his walking stick.

"Only a close inspection will reveal the exact nature of our little pink trophy," he said, "but it's just for ourselves, not for popular gossip, is that clear, lads?"

"Nobody would believe us anyway!" Murdoch declared, to general agreement.

Gaëlle couldn't avoid laughing out loud.

"That's wonderful," she said. "I haven't had such a lovely compliment for ages. I hope my pink knickers bring you luck!"

"So you do understand!" went up the general shout of astonishment.

"I do, but it was so nice to pretend not to. More fun for you, too, I hope," she said, as the train slowed for the station.

Gaëlle stepped off the train as the doors were closing, leaving what she was thinking of as *her* Scotsmen giving three rousing cheers for their *Bonny French Lady*. She sank down on a bench and blew out her cheeks. Jérôme, laden with all their bags, sat down beside her.

"I wasn't sure if I'd dare," Gaëlle said to Jérôme, "but they were so polite and well behaved, I thought I could take a chance."

Jérôme kissed her.

"Another day, another erotic adventure," he said. "I do love you so much! Come on now, or we'll miss our connection. Oh, and by the way, I'm really looking forward to standing behind you on the escalator!"

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*I could hardly wait to get home and put down my thoughts on this adventure. When I was explaining to Jérôme how frightened I'd been in the sex shop— frightened by what might have happened that I wouldn't have liked, frightened also by the desire I felt at that moment to act without restraint, I knew that I needed to find out how it would be to take that risk. Now I know.*

*It wasn't a gangbang as such, I admit, but many of the elements were present for me. It would have been a very polite gangbang! They were all so nice. I don't think it would be possible to have my whole body more respectfully groped and investigated!*

*They kept me on the edge for at least ten minutes before I came for the first time and when it hit me, I couldn't have kept hold with my hands, even if I'd wanted to. I hadn't intended to collapse among them, but it was a lovely warm feeling when they caught me. The second time I came was certainly heightened by the finger in my bottom. I wonder whose it was? The fact that I didn't know made it all the more exciting.*

*I was amazed that Mr. M managed to drag a third orgasm from me in such a short time. He must have been seventy-five at least, but the expertise came from long experience and practice, I'm sure. Well worth the scrub marks at the top of my thighs!*

*So, as I wrote above, now I know. And I know that to be*



*shared among several people can be an almost overwhelming experience. Ever since I read about that in Emmanuelle, so many years ago, I've asked myself what it would be like to have different hands caressing my breasts, and delving into my sex and everywhere else, too. All I can say is that I want it to happen to me again—and again and again! I can hardly wait.*

## Chapter Thirty-six

“I’m going to the chat for a while,” Gaëlle said.  
“Vivienne again?” Jérôme asked. “I think you chat more with her, than with most of your real-life friends.”

“It’s probably true, but then, I can discuss areas of experience with her that I can’t over a polite dinner table. She knows things about me that Leila and the gang don’t even suspect. I’ll tell you about this evening’s chat afterward.”

Jérôme came over and kissed her on the forehead.

“You’re warm,” he commented. “Are you sure that you aren’t about to have another bout of ‘flu?”

“No, I’m not sure at all. I feel rather dizzy, but it won’t stop me from chatting.”

“I never thought it would. Have fun,” Jérôme said, picking up his novel.

Gaëlle went through into the study and fired up the computer. She had first met Vivienne on a French chat, and over a period of months, the two women had exchanged experiences, discovering that they shared many attitudes and erotic ideas. The chat room opened, and they began their dialogue.

Time passed. Jérôme came in to tell her that he was going to bed. He had been asleep for an hour when he was woken by Gaëlle blowing in his ear.

“Wow, you’re hot! Is something wrong?” Jérôme mumbled, still half-asleep.

Gaëlle laid her burning cheek alongside his.

"I'm burning up, Jérôme, and I need you to do something for me."

"Of course I will. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to fuck me."

"Pardon?" He came fully awake and alert.

"I want you to fuck me really hard, Jérôme. I'm so hot and all stirred up."

"You've got a fever," he told her. "Let me get the thermometer."

He returned with the thermometer, and turned her over, sliding it into her bottom.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I've never thought of a thermometer as a sexual toy, but that feels nice."

He withdrew it, and checked.

"Wow. Over forty degrees. You should be wrapped up in bed."

"No. I want to be fucked."

She stripped off her clothes and snuggled up to him. She knew he wouldn't resist as he joined her in nudity, and pulled her toward him.

"No kissing, no cuddling—just sex," she demanded. She grabbed hold of her knees and pulled them tight against her chest, opening herself up for him. He got to his knees and in a single movement, slid deep inside her.

"That's good. Now—hard and fast!" she demanded.

He obeyed, driving her into the mattress with his thrusts. A short time later, he groaned and came.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "I'm going to sleep in the spare bedroom, but I'm going back to the chat first."

She headed off, still naked. Jérôme rolled over and went back to sleep.

The following morning, he awoke to the sound of Gaëlle typing furiously. He wandered through to the computer, and read over her shoulder, as she finished writing an email.

“Vivienne again?” he asked, unnecessarily. She grunted in reply, as her fingers rattled over the keyboard. He ran his eyes down the page.

*Hi, Vivienne,*

*I really wanted to get this email off to you as soon as I could. I was in a terrible state last night, starting a fever, which you did nothing to reduce... The computer was playing up, too. I didn't abandon you, honestly, it was the stupid machine that froze. Then the chatroom refused to let me back in.*

*First, then, please remember that when we were chatting, I was already going down with this 'flu. I don't know about you, but when I'm like that, it's as if all my most tender bits are on fire. So when we started to chat, I was already excited.*

*It was great telling you about our experience in America. I went through all the emotions again, and realised that you and I were playing a game with each other. I deliberately left out certain niceties, knowing that you would drag them out of me, which was even more exciting than giving it all at once. Each time, I went “Yesss...” when you asked for the detail I was dying to give. There is no way a man would have done that, all about my feelings and the burning sensations in my breasts and belly. Most men wouldn't have realised how much I needed to describe my special bra and the thong I wore to try the skirt, but you knew.*

*I do realise that if I wasn't the size and build that I am, I would never have thought of buying the skirt in the first place. I know now that you're a little chunkier than I. You could have worn the bra, though. It leaves my breasts totally exposed, resting on little cushions, with only a little support on the sides to push*

*them together and give me a sexy cleavage. Your thirty-eights would have been far more impressive than my little bumps, that's certain.*

*After I got to the end of my narrative, with the men in front of me, and myself so excited that I think anything could have happened, I felt that you were disappointed that I didn't let myself go further. This was the beginning of a sensation, which grew as you told me your own story. I began to feel that, although you're only two years older than me at thirty-eight, I was a beginner, being interrogated by a much more experienced and mature woman. I liked that feeling.*

*Your account of your holiday turned me on even more. I thought that Jérôme and I had had quite an exciting sex life, and from conversations with others, I'm sure that it's true, but yours is much more so. You described so clearly the night in your caravan on the campsite, that I could visualize the scene. When the neighbours commented on it in the morning, I know that I would have enjoyed thinking about them discussing our lovemaking, if it had been Jérôme and me. Then their comment that you'd have to use earplugs that night because they were going to be even noisier. I laughed out loud. I wondered what you'd do, and wasn't at all surprised that you went to take a look through their window when the fun started.*

*I suppose that your evening at the restaurant with them was inevitable, after that. Your description of Denis carefully shaving you, and also your decision to go naked under your skirt were nice, but not a surprise. I would almost certainly have done the same. I was imagining you preparing for that evening, when your first e-mail arrived. To be talking to someone you've never met, even though we've chatted a lot, and to be faced with a photo of her, stretched out and naked, was a shock, and had an immediate effect. My nipples went rock hard and I could hardly*

*bear to touch them, because you sent such waves of shivers through me. As you went on describing the evening, I could almost feel Denis's hands stroking you under the table, turning you on and keeping you on the boil without release. I loved the journey back in the car. It was so vivid, how Denis reached back from the driver's seat and flipped your skirt up, so Virginie and Thierry could see you exposed. Then, back at the campsite, to be caressed by the two men, Thierry sucking your breasts while Denis stroked your sex... I was just getting used to that image in my head when you explained how Virginie started to stroke your calf, then gradually moved up and slid her fingers into you.*

*Then the second e-mail arrived. There you were, wearing the skirt that you had just told me about, with two of your own fingers deep inside you. It really heated me up looking at it, as you went on to the trio that followed. My own experience helped me re-live it with you, and by that point I was dripping wet, and when I looked at myself, I could see that my labia were very swollen. A pulse was beating in them so that they tingled. I didn't even need to touch to have a great feeling there.*

*I was really enjoying your story. Then, just as I thought you'd finished, came the third e-mail. I have to say that it turned me inside out. I need to put it into words, Vivienne, because I want to rediscover the sensations that it created in my whole body, not just the sexual parts.*

*First, I have to say it isn't beautiful. I hope that doesn't offend you, but it's true. I wouldn't look good like that. it just isn't possible for any woman to be beautiful in that position. Lying on your back, with your thighs folded back onto your belly, is a very strong image, but not beautiful. The angle of the picture, taken from above, so as to show all your most intimate parts, I really liked. The thing that really did it for me was the huge dildo in your sex. I could never imagine that I could take one so big. I've*

*seen pictures of similar situations, of course, but never one of a woman with whom I was carrying on a conversation, and to add to it, I could see that skirt again, spread around your naked bottom...*

*I didn't think that it would turn me on so much. I examined the photo and tried to envisage the size of that thing in you. It must be as big as a one-litre mineral-water bottle. Fantastic. Then the other one. I know it isn't as thick, but I could see how your anus was stretched to accept it, and I felt it with you... I could never have imagined that a photo would make me so hot... I shared all the sensations with you as we talked about it. What a moment for the machine to freeze! I know it was late but I was so frustrated. I wanted to go on and on talking about that photo. I've been trying all night to find a good one-word description of it and haven't succeeded. You are either obscenely magnificent, or magnificently obscene, Vivienne. At this moment, I'm torn between admiration for you and a desire to know how it would feel to have something similar happen to me.*

*After I'd given up on the computer, I went into the bedroom, and at that point I was light-headed from 'flu, I suppose. Jérôme was worried about my fever, and went to get the thermometer to take my temperature. He asked if he should warm it, but I said no, and I just adored the feeling as the cold glass slid into my bottom. I was over thirty-nine degrees. Jérôme said I should go to bed, but I told him I wanted to be fucked first. I demanded that he should take me, hard, there and then, that's me, the one who loves a gentle, caring warming up. He didn't make love to me, but rather fucked me, which was just what I wanted. Ten minutes of that and I still wanted more, and I said I'd sleep in the spare room, to let him stretch out on the big bed. I closed the door, he said goodnight, with one of his smiles... He knows me so well.*

*I tried once more to get back into the chat, but it wouldn't let me. I went into the spare bedroom and sprawled on the bed, face down, still naked and opened my legs as far as I could, like you on the first photo. I masturbated to my first orgasm, using my fingers. Ten minutes later, I wanted to be harder on myself. I got out the big black dildo, which is eight inches long and two and a half in diameter, and rammed myself with it for ages, lying on my back. I got the small mirror balanced so I could see what I looked like, and that excited me more. I could see the flesh being pulled in and out by the dildo... Delicious. I have very little fat on my belly, but it shook when I came again. I must have drifted off for a while, but woke up, still in the dark. I put the small light on and examined my sex. It was swollen and tingling, as were my nipples. I had to try something else. This time I got my other dildo. I lubricated it in my sex, then pushed it into my anus, as far as I dared. Then the big one at the front, and I was ready to imitate your picture. Even reflected in the big mirror it wasn't as good as seeing you, but it helped me to come again. The one at the back, in particular, stretched me really wide... For me, that is. You would probably barely have noticed...*

*So do you see what you've done to me? I am still exhausted now, steaming in my dressing gown...under which I'm naked and shaven, you may like to know. I couldn't bear to wait to be well, and go to a salon for my usual waxing. I shaved all my pubic hair off at four o'clock this morning in the shower, and then got into strange positions to shave between my buttocks as well. As I am a real blonde, that bit was easy, and maybe not necessary, but I wanted to feel the cold blade so close to my sex. I feel debauched by your photo, and I'm ready to be debauched again, just as soon as you ask.*

*Please, tell me when and where we can talk again. Make it soon.*



*Gaëlle.*

“Now I’ve got that out of my system, I can go to bed,” Gaëlle said. “I need some sleep.”

She stood up from in front of the computer, and staggered through into their bedroom, where she fell onto the bed, snuggled down under the duvet and closed her eyes.

Jérôme straightened the bed, and left her to recover.

## Chapter Thirty-seven

“I haven’t heard you talking lately, about Vivienne,” Jérôme said, one evening after supper. “Don’t you chat with her anymore?”

“Oh yes, we still chat, but not so often. She’s been very busy with her work for the past few months. Me, too. When was the last time I told you about a chat with her? It must be a few months, at least, that time when I had the fever. I promised that I’d tell you as much as I know about her, and I never have. Do you want to listen now?”

“Let me open a bottle of wine, and we’ll settle down for an evening of Vivienne. I can do with some stimulating entertainment,” Jérôme suggested.

A few minutes later, they were comfortable on the sofa, full wine-glasses beside them.

“How about you tell me what you remember of her, then I’ll take it up from there,” Gaëlle suggested.

“Well, there isn’t much. I’ve been waiting for you to tell me more. I know she must be thirty-eight now. She’s married to Denis. You showed me some of the photos she sent, so I know she’s at least as crazy about sex as we are. She has children, I think you told me?”

“Yes, two. I don’t know how she manages to have the adventures that she has, yet still finds time to run a home! What else do you remember?”

“That’s about it, really.”

“So...” Gaëlle began. “Her relationship with Denis isn’t like

ours. We're equal partners, but their agreement is that when they go looking for a sexual adventure. Denis has total control of Vivienne. She has no safe word, no limits—nothing. I find that terrifying as a concept."

"It gives Denis huge power, certainly."

"Some of the things he tells her to do are insane, in my opinion. Do you know that one night, they went to a shelter for drug addicts and he offered her to them for an hour? She had sex with more men than she could count. They were all dirty and some had lice. She had to scrub all over for hours when she got home. Crazy."

"That is definitely far beyond reasonable," Jérôme agreed, "but did she enjoy it?"

"She says she did, in a perverse way, but I don't understand how. However, that isn't all. He took her to a farm and she had to suck a pony's cock until it came."

"That's obscene," Jérôme said with feeling. "What did it do to you, to learn about all this?"

"Some parts of it were too extreme for me by a long way, but other parts made me shiver, and excited me in spite of myself," Gaëlle said. "It made me feel bad that it turned me on so much."

"Well, you won't find me asking things like that of you, my love."

They discussed the experiences of Vivienne for an hour or so. Jérôme was left with the impression of a sex-obsessed couple who took risks well beyond anything he could imagine or understand.

It was a few days after this that Gaëlle called him to the computer, where she was checking her emails.

"Read this, Jérôme," she said. "It's coincidental that we were discussing Vivienne only recently, and here she is."

*I have to come to a conference in Colmar next month. That is quite near you, isn't it? Shall we meet? I can spend a night in Strasbourg before I go to the conference the next day. Do you dare?*

"What do you think?" Jérôme asked.

"It makes me feel funny," Gaëlle told him. "Part of me wants to meet her, and part of me is afraid. Is this just a social visit, or will she want more? She's so much wilder than I have ever been. I've never seen her face, do you realise? Only ever her body. It would be interesting to know her as a person."

"Denis isn't coming, is he?"

"No, it's just her."

"Then I think you could at least meet her. I don't think there is too much of a risk, but you'll have to decide, of course."

"I'll do it. I'm not going to let my fear stop me. I'll send an email to say yes right now."

Vivienne's reply came that evening.

*I am looking forward to our meeting. Here is a scenario for you to consider. I know you have often wondered about how I feel to be controlled by Denis when we go looking for sex. This is your chance to find out. Will you accept my control for a few hours? I will have to do some preparation for the conference on the day I arrive in Strasbourg, so the control would last no more than a few hours, I promise. You would still be able to refuse to do anything you did not want to, but I would also have the right to try to make you agree. What do you think?*

Gaëlle hesitated over her reply. Finally, her answer was equivocal.

*I'm not sure I'm ready for you to control me. The idea is a bit scary... but I am prepared for you to be in charge and to try to persuade me, cajole me or push me into trying things. We'll see*

*how that goes.*

On the afternoon Vivienne was due to arrive, Gaëlle spent her time in a fever of nervous excitement. She had taken the day off work, as she knew she would never be able to concentrate. It was hard not to caress herself in anticipation, but Vivienne had expressly instructed her not to, in preparation for the visit. Vivienne said she would do the same. The day before, Gaëlle had been to the beauty salon to have her underarms and legs waxed, her sex too, of course, and she could feel how smooth she was as she went under the shower that morning. Her heart was already beating quite fast, and the nerves made her clumsy.

“Shit!” she muttered, as she dropped the soap for the third time.

Vivienne had said she would be wearing business clothes, a suit with a jacket and skirt, so Gaëlle did the same. The ensemble she chose had a long, pale-green jacket with a short, tight plain skirt, which was hardly visible under it. She decided to have bare legs and higher heels than usual, but after some thought, she put on a pair of white lace knickers. She was still apprehensive in case Vivienne didn’t turn up, and she didn’t want to be both disappointed and exposed if nothing happened. The auburn wig that she put on to hide her blonde hair was a manifestation of her concern about having an erotic adventure so close to home. She was so nervous, she was unable to eat anything all day after her breakfast.

Gaëlle arrived at the station at five past five, a few minutes before Vivienne’s train was due to come in. As the people came past her, Gaëlle looked for Vivienne. She knew her visitor would be wearing a dusty-pink suit, that she had dark shoulder-length hair, and was a similar height to herself. Gaëlle recognised her

from a distance. Vivienne was much as Gaëlle had imagined her, more solid, more woman-shaped than herself. She had an attractive open face. Gaëlle watched her approach until their eyes met. Vivienne's clothes were very chic, and only the minimal length of the short, pleated skirt, at least three inches shorter than would be usual for a business suit, was different from many other women on the platform. Gaëlle had seen her breasts naked, and in real life under the jacket, they seemed just as impressive.

"Vivienne?"

She kissed Gaëlle on both cheeks.

"I am so pleased to meet you at last, Gaëlle. Even if I was expecting a blonde! Will you take my little bag for me?"

Her voice was low and throaty, and sent shivers down Gaëlle's back. They walked to her hotel in the Old Town, Gaëlle carrying the small bag and Vivienne trailing her wheeled case. They hardly spoke except when Gaëlle asked, conventionally, about the journey.

Vivienne left her in reception for a few minutes while she checked in. Then they sat facing each other in the late-afternoon spring sunshine on the terrace of the hotel café. Vivienne parted her legs a little to cross them, and revealed a triangle of red fabric between her thighs. She saw Gaëlle looking.

"I decided to start fully dressed," she said, and laughed. "I wanted the sexy part of the day to begin with you. Do you like what you see? Your turn. Show me some more."

Gaëlle smiled and pushed her chair back from the table a little, so Vivienne could see more of her legs, and unbuttoned her jacket to show the silk top she was wearing under it. The shape of her nipples was already visible through the material.

Vivienne opened her jacket, too. All she was wearing under it was a lacy bra.

“Vivienne! You are so daring. That’s really sexy,” Gaëlle said. “I can see your nipples. They look even nicer in real life.”

“Nobody knows me here, so I can take more risks than nearer home.”

Vivienne turned slightly in her chair, and looked around. A group of American students, teenage boys and girls, was sitting behind her. She sat back in her chair and stretched, opening her jacket as she did so.

“I hope they enjoyed that,” she said, smiling at them. “I did. Perhaps it will give them something to say about French women when they go back home. I think it’s too sunny here, don’t you? Shall we go inside?”

Inside the café, they sat opposite each other at a table in a corner. Vivienne looked around, then reached under her skirt with both hands, pulled down her knickers and put them in her bag.

“Now you. Remember our agreement?” she said.

It was strange for Gaëlle. She had exhibited herself on many occasions, but always when the decision was her own. To be ordered to do it was exciting and worrying. What if Vivienne told her later to do something outrageous?

“Please remember I’m in the town where I work, Vivienne. I have a much bigger chance of being seen by someone who knows me.”

“Just do it, Gaëlle”

Nobody was near. Gaëlle slid her hands up her thighs under the tight skirt. She had to pull it up to reach her knickers. She hooked her thumbs into the elastic. She wriggled a little and her knickers were round her knees. She let them drop to her ankles. She bent to unhook them from her feet.

“No. Leave them there. Now lift your skirt at the back so your bare bottom is on the seat”

Gaëlle sat up, very conscious of the little loop round her ankles. She felt ridiculous, but it excited her to be exposed. The covering of the seat prickled the backs of her legs and naked bottom. She glanced down. Her skirt was barely an inch below her sex. Because it was tight, from the side she realised that her entire thigh and most of her bottom must have been on view.

"That's nice. I can see your bare belly but not quite your sex." Vivienne said, leaning down and looking under the table.

She called the waitress, and when she came, Gaëlle ordered a mineral water with ice for each of them. She needed it, she thought. She was fairly sure the woman didn't see anything, but the idea that she might was very exciting. When the drinks came, Vivienne was sitting with her jacket open, and the waitress certainly noticed that.

They drank, and Gaëlle was allowed to remove her underwear entirely.

"Somehow that makes me feel less exposed," she said. "Strange, isn't it?"

"Give them to me."

Vivienne took the knickers. She took her own from her bag, and put both pairs on the table.

"There," she said. "If I roll them up, it's not totally obvious what the little pile of material is."

"Nevertheless, it still looks like two pairs of knickers to me," Gaëlle said. "It's making me sweat. I'm damp as well."

Vivienne called the waitress to pay.

"Time to go" Vivienne said, firmly. "I want to do some window shopping"

They spent an hour in a shopping centre, looking in the boutiques and going up and down the escalators.

At first, Vivienne stood a few steps behind Gaëlle. "If I bend



down far enough, I can see that you have no knickers on,” she announced. “Now you go behind me and tell me what you can see.”

Gaëlle dutifully stood behind Vivienne as they went up to the next level.

“I hardly have to bend at all to see your bare bottom,” she reported. “That skirt is very, very short.”

They sat at a coffee bar, perched on high stools.

“Open your legs, Gaëlle,” Vivienne ordered.

Gaëlle obeyed, glancing around, concerned that someone she knew might be nearby. When Vivienne reciprocated, she was far more blatant, opening her thighs wide to show her trimmed pubic hair and prominent labia.

Gaëlle’s eyes opened wide.

“Underwear shopping next,” Vivienne said firmly. “You’re going to try some things on.”

Gaëlle was thankful to move on. They visited several boutiques and looked at bras and knickers. Then Vivienne announced, “Right. I know which shop we’re going to, now. Come on.”

The shop to which they returned was in one of the small side streets in the tourist part of the town, near the Kammerzell. Gaëlle had noticed that the young saleswoman was very pretty, a small, slim dark girl with big eyes. She supposed that was why Vivienne wanted to go back there. They went in. They looked through the racks of bras, at Vivienne’s insistence and she chose one for Gaëlle to try. It was black, very lacy and see-through.

“Madame would like to try this,” Vivienne said to the girl.

“Are you sure of the size?”

“Yes, I am quite sure,” Vivienne said.

Gaëlle went into the curtained changing room, carrying the

bra she had been given.

"She is right," she whispered to Vivienne, "This one will be too small, even for me."

"I know. Shush, and take off all your clothes"

Gaëlle started to see what Vivienne wanted, and took off her jacket, silk top and skirt. She stood naked in her high heels.

"Now you call her to get the right size, Gaëlle"

"Do I have to do it? Can't you?"

"It's part of our agreement, remember? You do what you're told." Vivienne grinned. "When she comes, you have to ask her for the correct size. I want to hear you do it."

Gaëlle gathered her courage, "Excuse me, Miss," she called out.

The young woman came into the changing area at the rear of the shop. Gaëlle was standing, naked, at the entrance of the changing cubicle. She saw the girl's eyes flick to her labia, totally exposed by the waxing, and felt a glow.

"You were right, this bra is too small," she said, her voice trembling. "Please measure me for the correct size."

The girl hesitated, then took her tape and came toward Gaëlle. She reached round with the tape, visibly trying hard not to stare down at Gaëlle's depilated sex. The girl had warm, dry hands, and her breath was tickling Gaëlle's nipples, making them even harder. Meanwhile, Vivienne had taken off her jacket and bra, and was trying on another bra. It was far too small for her thirty-eight inch breasts.

"I will take this one in a thirty-eight-B," said Vivienne, as cool as if she were not exposing her superb breasts to a stranger, "Madame doesn't really need a bra, does she?"

The girl did not move.

"Is there a problem?" asked Vivienne

"N-n-n-no, not at all"

Gaëlle smiled at the girl.

“We are just having fun.”

“I am glad that you are enjoying yourselves, but please, don’t let my boss find you like this. I will lose my job.”

“No problem. We hope you enjoyed it. It has been a pleasure for us.”

“Y-y-yes, thank you”

She fled again, taking refuge behind the counter, and they dressed and paid.

“There is a lot of excitement in showing like that, isn’t there?” Gaëlle said as they went back into the street. “As well as apprehension. I sometimes ask myself if these occasions encourage other women to try new experiences. I hope so.”

By now, it was evening, and they took advantage of the dusk to walk along the bank of the river. They stopped under a bridge, and Vivienne kissed Gaëlle hard, putting her hand under her skirt to feel her sex. Gaëlle responded, pinching Vivienne’s fat nipples through her bra.

“I think that the couple who were behind us saw what we were doing,” Gaëlle said. “I heard the girl giggle as they went past.”

“I hope they did.” Vivienne licked her fingers. “It’s getting colder. You’re very wet, Gaëlle, and so am I. Shall we go back to the hotel? I’ve booked a double room.”

This was the moment. So far, the things Gaëlle had done that day had been akin to her experiences with Jérôme, exciting but familiar. Now she was going to be on her own, in a totally lesbian situation. She wanted it very much, her tingling sex told her as much, even if her voice would have cracked if she had spoken. She squeezed Vivienne’s hand and nodded.

Vivienne had booked at a hotel in a very old building. Her room was up in the roof, where old blackened beams and A-frames held up the ceiling, Gaëlle admired the elegant furnishings.

“You do very well for yourself,” she commented.

“If they’re going to send me away to do these conferences, they have to expect me to book in nice hotels, not just some impersonal business place.”

They sat on the bed, kissing. It was a relief for Gaëlle to take off her wig and be herself again. She pushed Vivienne’s jacket off her shoulders to kiss her breasts through her bra.

“Look at me, I’m dripping,” Vivienne announced, standing up and lifting her skirt. Long wet streaks showed down the inside of her thighs. “Would you like to watch me come? I can come really quickly, without touching myself, if I tell you about an experience that excited me a lot.”

Gaëlle nodded, and stripped off her clothes. She wanted to be naked to appreciate the situation.

Vivienne went to the bathroom and returned with two big towels, which she spread carefully over the seat of an armchair.

“You can’t imagine how messy I get when I come,” she explained. “I spurt all over the place.”

She pulled the armchair so it was facing Gaëlle where she was sitting on the bed. With her skirt pulled up and her sex open and sticky, Vivienne began, “Denis had taken me to a place where all the crazies of the town gather. It was a basement, down some steps that were half-covered with empty bottles, even a syringe or two. It was filthy. There must have been twenty or more people there, all men, all drinking. It stank. As I appeared, it went quiet. Denis announced, “I’ve brought the entertainment,” and the place went wild. I almost wet myself with terror. Denis led me to a sort of stage made of old crates. It wobbled as I climbed onto

it. Denis just said, "Go!"

"I started by taking off my raincoat. Under it, I had just a basque, a thong and stockings. As soon as they saw that, they were whistling, hooting and shouting like crazy. I was scared but turned on, too. They put some music on, and, you know, it's strange, but I have no idea to this day what music it was. I stripped to it. I played with my cunt, with my tits, my ass. Fingers everywhere. I was dripping, just like now. As I got more and more into it, I got hotter. I went to the edge of the stage and showed them inside my cunt. When one of them went to touch me, I just let him go ahead. He stuck fingers in me and stretched me open. After that, it was all of them who wanted to join in. They grabbed my tits. I had men sucking on me, others opening up my ass then licking their fingers. Then I got fucked. I don't know how many of them did me. It was a dogfight for who would go next.

"After a moment, they got organized. In groups of three or four, they took me every which way at once. I had cocks in my hands, in my mouth, in my cunt and in my ass. Whenever I looked up, I could see Denis watching. He didn't touch me himself, just observed. That made it even weirder."

Vivienne paused for breath.

"Suddenly it all went silent. I was sprawled on the stage covered in cum. My basque had been ripped off me very early on. I looked up, and two gangster types, covered in tattoos, were heading my way. The others pulled back, obviously in awe or frightened. They left a wide corridor for the pair to walk through toward me."

Vivienne chewed on her bottom lip for a moment, as if reliving the sensations, then went on. "If I thought I'd been well-fucked before, this was something else. They were built like stallions! The others formed a ring round us, and these two just

went at me. I was choking with one of them deep in my throat at the same time as the other one was ramming my ass, so each of them forced the other one deeper into me. I could hear the crowd who were watching all chanting for them to do me harder. Then I started coming... It went on and on, and... Oh!"

Suddenly Vivienne's vagina was quivering and convulsing, spraying all over the towels she had so carefully placed. She was coming powerfully in front of Gaëlle, who felt like a deer in car lights in the middle of a country road, transfixed by the sight.

"Wow," Gaëlle said. "I've never seen anyone come like that...another woman, I mean."

"I told you I was a squirter."

"A squirter, yes, but not a fountain!" Gaëlle commented, with a smile.

Vivienne stopped shaking, stood up and came over to the bed. She climbed onto it, with her knees on either side of Gaëlle's waist, squeezing her.

"Now," she said. "Touch me."

Gaëlle reached up under the short, pink, pleated skirt and stroked Vivienne's labia, then parted them to find her sopping vagina. She slid two fingers inside, then three. She was recalling the photos she had seen of Vivienne, filled with a huge dildo.

"Make your fingers into a cone," Vivienne ordered. "Push them into me as hard as you can. I want to be filled."

Gaëlle's four fingers dug into the soft flesh. Vivienne pushed down on her hand, and the fingers went in beyond the knuckles. Gaëlle looked at the other woman's face. Her eyes were closed with concentration and she was smiling. Gaëlle lifted Vivienne's skirt with her other hand to see what was happening, and gasped in shock. Without realising it, she had buried her whole hand in Vivienne's sex.

"Fuck me with your hand, please, as hard as you can,"

whispered Vivienne, urgently.

Gaëlle pumped her fist up and down, feeling the inner walls contract around it and listening to the slurping sounds from inside.

“Stop for a moment, I don’t want to come, yet.” Vivienne said.

Gaëlle pulled her hand out, covered with juices. Vivienne got up, kissed her, and went across the room to her travelling bag. From it, she took a thick dildo, but not the one from the photos Gaëlle had already seen. This one was silver, and must have measured ten inches in length, and more than two in diameter. Gaëlle had a sudden panic attack, thinking of how it might be used on her.

Vivienne returned to the bed, dropping her skirt on the floor.

“My body isn’t as good as yours,” she said, looking at Gaëlle. “I know I have a fat belly, where you’re flat. That’s the children. Also, my breasts sag a little, however...that’s me.”

“Mine aren’t big enough to be able to sag,” Gaëlle told her, smiling. “Anyway, you look great.”

Vivienne’s inner labia were already plainly visible, pushing out from her sex, swollen and dark red.

“You look wonderful.” Gaëlle repeated.

Vivienne smeared the vibrator with the juices from Gaëlle’s hand.

“OK, now I want you to push this into my ass, as deep as you can.”

“Are you sure? Can you take it? Have you had it there, before?”

“No it’s a new one, and I’ve never tried one as big, but I want to take it in my ass and I need you to help. It’s my present to you.”

Gaëlle swallowed hard. Vivienne knelt down beside the bed, her belly, breasts and face resting on it. She separated her

thighs and arched her back, revealing her brown anus. Gaëlle was very aware of the gift she was being offered, and bent to kiss it. She left a little saliva, and added to that by smearing the rest of the juices from her hand between Vivienne's buttocks. The vibrator was heavy and cold in her hand. *Metal*, Gaëlle thought, totally rigid, no bending to fit Vivienne's body. She touched Vivienne's anus with the end of it and felt her shiver. She added a little more pressure and Vivienne's flesh parted to accept it.

"It feels good, keep pushing gently so it slides in," came Vivienne's muffled voice.

Gaëlle followed her guidance, maintaining a steady pressure. Vivienne's anus dilated to take the thick silver tube. She moaned, and Gaëlle hesitated.

"No. Keep pushing. Put more saliva round my hole. Deeper, deeper."

Gaëlle leaned over and let saliva drip from her tongue onto the stretched anus of Vivienne. The skin around it was white, tight and bloodless. The vibrator went in a little further. Gradually, all but the last two inches were inside. Vivienne straightened her upper body, very carefully, and rolled onto the bed. She turned onto her back, and pulled her thighs up against her breasts, just as in the photo. Her sex gaped open as she did so.

"Now fist me again," Vivienne ordered, "and turn the vibrator on to full speed. Please. I want to feel totally full when I come."

This time Gaëlle knew what she was doing. She bunched her fingers and thrust them into the gaping hole. She could feel the humming of the vibrator through the thin membrane separating sex and anus. It was like the photo, but instead of a dildo in Vivienne's sex, it was a whole hand, buried up to the wrist. When Vivienne came, groaning and pouring sweat, Gaëlle let the ripples of contractions grip her hand and wrist.



"That was amazing. Are you okay?" she asked, when Vivienne seemed to have stopped shuddering.

"Yes, never better. Thank you for helping me. Just relax a moment while I deal with this."

She staggered inelegantly into the bathroom to remove the vibrator from her bottom. Gaëlle lay on the bed, waiting for what would happen next. She heard the shower going and then Vivienne came out, drying herself on a big towel. She flopped down on the bed.

"What shall I do to you, Gaëlle? Do you have a preference?"

Gaëlle made a decision.

"For this evening I am yours. You can do what you want to me"

Her voice wobbled as she said it. She had always been in control in all her sexual adventures, and this would be the first time she allowed another person to have total command of her. She wanted it, but it frightened her also. Her imagination raced. Was she at risk of being offered to other people? They had agreed that she would have the final decision, but did what she had just said cancel that right? Nightmare visions of things that she knew Vivienne had done went through her mind, of being fucked by groups of unattractive men, by passing tramps, by animals. She knew that all these things were part of Vivienne's experience. The idea excited and appalled her at the same time, and how would she feel afterward, she wondered. Then she remembered that they had less than four hours, not enough time to go too far beyond what she could accept.

Vivienne spoke. "If we do this another time I may decide to share you with others, but tonight I want you for me, Gaëlle."

"Thank you. Have you decided what you want first?"

"Ok. First, no more *sex* and *breasts*. We will talk about your cunt, tits and asshole. Is that clear? You will accept to be fucked,

fisted and ass-fucked tonight, if I want. Say the words, so I know you understand”

Gaëlle lay on the bed looking up. Vivienne’s breasts—no, her tits hung over her. She cleared her throat.

“You can do what you like to my...cunt and my asshole and tits tonight. You can fuck me or fuck my...ass.”

“You forgot something. I may want to fist your cunt. I want to hear you give me that permission in your own voice”

“You have the right to fist my cunt.” Gaëlle said, her voice trembling. *What was she doing*, she asked herself. She could never take a fist, but if Vivienne wanted to try, she would accept it, she was sure of that.

Gaëlle observed herself trying out the vocabulary as she explored Vivienne’s body.

“She is sucking my...tits. I am sucking her tits. I want to see her...cunt. I am going to suck the lips of Vivienne’s cunt.”

Vivienne lay beside her, kissing and caressing her tits. Gaëlle pushed her back and took her nipple in her mouth. It was erect and plump, and she sucked it hard.

She slid down Vivienne’s belly and examined her cunt. Her labia were inflamed, but Gaëlle took them into her mouth and sucked them, wanting to see them even more swollen. They tasted of sex—no, of cunt. She opened them to see the clitoris and found it protruding from its hood. She flicked the end with her tongue and enjoyed seeing Vivienne shiver. It was long enough for Gaëlle to suck like a nipple so she did that.

Inside her head, Gaëlle practised her new vocabulary, matching the words to the actions.

*Vivienne has her mouth on my cunt. Her tongue is in my cunt, so I'll do it to her, too. Her hands are gripping my ass-cheeks. Her finger is following the crease between my cheeks. Now a finger is probing my...asshole. So I'll use two fingers in her*

*asshole to give her the same feeling. As her finger is fucking my ass, so I fuck hers, too.*

She deliberately thought in words. It excited her more than she was expecting, to know she said *cunt* and *fuck* because Vivienne compelled her to, and that she was consenting to this submission. It wasn't long before Gaëlle was shaken by a big orgasm.

*Vivienne is sucking the juices from my cunt. Her cunt is flooding my mouth as I do my best to do the same to her. Her lips are creeping further between my buttocks and her tongue is now licking my asshole, and diving into it, making me shiver all over again. I can only do to her what she's doing to me, licking round the rim of her asshole.*

Then Gaëlle felt it. She knew it was the silver vibrator working its way into her cunt. Vivienne turned it on, slowly at first, then more and more strongly. Gaëlle sensed two fingers deep in her ass, and as she came again, she felt a third finger stretch her there. The orgasm was so strong, she thought she would faint. Sweat poured from her and she fell back on the bed. Vivienne leaned over her.

"Are you okay, Gaëlle? That was a huge one."

"Yes I'm all right, but wait a minute before we go on."

They cuddled for a few minutes.

"Do you think you could take the vibrator as I did?" asked Vivienne.

"I really don't think so, even though the idea excites me enormously. If you want, I will let you."

"You can't imagine how much I want to see that thing stretching your ass. When I did it, the feeling was more extreme than almost anything I have experienced before. If you are sure, I am burning to try."

"Do it to me, Vivienne."

Gaëlle took up the position she had seen from Vivienne earlier.

“Knees apart, Gaëlle. I am going to fuck your cunt with it first, to get it lubricated.”

To take it in her cunt again was relatively easy, as Gaëlle knew she would enjoy it. Then the moment of truth arrived.

“Ready?”

“Yes, I want it, Vivienne. It’s my turn to offer you a gift.”

The rounded end of the vibrator pushed against the muscles around Gaëlle’s asshole. She was enjoying thinking of it as her asshole, now. She relaxed, carefully and deliberately. Now she could start to feel the stretch taking effect. The vibrator felt huge, and for a moment she panicked, tightening up the muscles. The vibrator was too far in to be squeezed out and her sphincter muscle just gripped the tube more tightly. It hurt so much she almost screamed. Grinding her teeth, she forced herself to relax again, muscle by muscle. She wanted so much for Vivienne to be proud of her.

“Vivienne is entitled to see what I saw, an asshole totally dilated by a huge dildo,” she muttered.

Something cool flowed over her tortured asshole. Vivienne was pouring some cream there, to lubricate it more. Inexorably, the vibrator slid into her, deeper and deeper, until, at last, she heard Vivienne’s voice through a mix of pain and pleasure.

“I’m going to stop now. You look fantastic. Now I think I can see how I looked to you in those photos. Thank you, my darling.”

Gaëlle’s breathing was shallow. She didn’t dare to move, but she wanted to come before she took it out. She took her courage in both hands, and rolled onto the floor, ignoring the agony of her full and dilated anus. She lay on her back on the carpet, panting, knees up, and touched where the last three inches of the vibrator were sticking out from her ASS. She was thinking of

these words now as if they were in capitals or bold type, or both.

"Suck my clitoris, eat my *cunt*, Vivienne," she gasped. "I can't stand it much longer and I want to come so badly."

This time, she had to bury her face in a pillow to stifle her cries. Agony and ecstasy were mingled in equal measure in the uncontrollable contractions of all the muscles of her cunt and ass. She was shattered.

Jérôme came to fetch her from the hotel at ten o'clock, as arranged. He met Gaëlle in the corridor outside Vivienne's room. She was dressed, but everything about her announced that she had just taken a full part in a two-person orgy of sex.

"I don't think I can walk further than the lift," she told him. "Vivienne is already in bed, as exhausted as I am. She says she'll have to get up early to do her preparation. She says she'll call me later today, and I have to let her know then if I want to meet her tomorrow afternoon at the hotel. She's booked herself on an evening train in case I agree."

"And will you go?"

"Yes."

## Chapter Thirty-eight

Gaëlle went straight from her office to the station to meet Vivienne, who was returning from her conference.

“How was your day?” Gaëlle asked.

“Not as exciting as the next couple of hours are going to be, I hope!” Vivienne replied. She reached across and pinched Gaëlle on her nipple.

“Ouch!”

“You’ll have to learn to remain silent when things like that happen to you at the hotel,” Vivienne said. “Remember, you’re under my control this time and if you make noises, there will be consequences.”

Gaëlle was thoughtful as they walked to Vivienne’s hotel. She had accepted control, but only now was she becoming aware of what that might entail.

In the room, Vivienne closed the curtains. “Strip,” she commanded.

Gaëlle started to obey.

“Stop! Leave your knickers on for now. Come here.”

Vivienne grabbed hold of Gaëlle’s arms. She used a scarf to tie them in a complex knot that held Gaëlle’s wrists tightly by her sides.

“Try to move your hands,” Vivienne said.

Gaëlle tried, but was unable to do more than flap her hands in her futile efforts.

“Good. Now drink this.”

Gaëlle dutifully drank the large glass of water that Vivienne

held to her lips. It was followed by a second, leaving Gaëlle feeling slightly bloated. On Vivienne's command, she lowered herself onto the bed and lay on her back. Once there, she realised that to get up again would not be so simple, as she couldn't use her arms. Vivienne leaned over her and pulled Gaëlle's knickers to one side. She moistened a finger in her mouth and slid it between the labia of Gaëlle's sex.

"Damp already?"

She masturbated Gaëlle gently, stroking the clitoris, which hardened under her touch. Slowly she brought Gaëlle's excitement to a peak.

"I'm coming!" Gaëlle gasped. Abruptly the caresses stopped.

"No, you're not." Vivienne informed her. "You'll come when I say, not before."

Gaëlle groaned. A few minutes later, the scenario was repeated. Gaëlle, ready to explode with a big orgasm, saw Vivienne nip it in the bud, ceasing her rubbing just before Gaëlle could come. It was agony for Gaëlle to be unable to use her own hands to finish herself off.

"Please let me come," she begged.

"No."

The third time she was brought to the brink of orgasm then left hanging, had Gaëlle pleading for release, and after she had been thwarted for a fourth time, her tears revealed just how frustrated she was feeling. Her whole body was thrumming like a ship's sail in a tempest, and her clitoris was twitching uncontrollably. Still Vivienne denied her, although she kissed away the tears.

"Please, Vivienne, I implore you. Oh, please let me come," Gaëlle begged.

There was a knock on the door. Both women jumped. Vivienne pulled Gaëlle into a sitting position and then helped her

to stand. As soon as she was on her feet, Vivienne pulled a black hood over Gaëlle's head. She stood motionless, frozen by this unexpected development. She heard Vivienne open the door, and trembled to think of what she must look like, her face hidden and with only her knickers on. She listened.

"Good evening," Vivienne said.

"Good evening to you," came the reply. "Am I on time?"

"You are, and here is the body I promised you."

*A body?* Gaëlle was shocked. She had never imagined that someone else would be involved, which, she now realised, was stupid of her, given Vivienne's many wild experiences. The voice was female, with an unusual accent, but that was all she could guess about the visitor.

"Who is she?" the unknown woman asked.

"You don't need to know. The advertisement to which you replied offered one hour's full use of a mature, well-maintained female body and here it is. To make sure you get your money's worth, I suggest you begin by cutting her knickers off."

Gaëlle could not prevent the gasp that escaped her. These were expensive knickers that were about to be sacrificed. A tap on her buttock reminded her that silence was required.

To think that not only was she tied up, but that her body had been bought and sold made her feel very strange. It turned her on in a strange way, even though the idea also shocked her to the core. She sensed that the other woman had approached her. Then fingers touched her breasts. Her nipples rose.

"She reacts quickly," said Vivienne. "You don't have to be so tentative. Watch."

"Aïe!" Gaëlle's squeal as her nipple was twisted hard was cut short as the sound brought a sharp slap on her bottom.

"No noises!" Vivienne ordered.

Gaëlle bit her lip as her body was explored thoroughly by the



stranger. *I've got to think like last night*, Gaëlle told herself, silently for fear of another slap on her bottom. *Not my bottom, my ASS*, she reminded herself as fingers delved into her cunt and deep inside her asshole. The probing went on for some time, she couldn't tell for how long, as she couldn't see, which frustrated her.

"Can I use this?" The woman again.

"Of course you can. You can do anything to her that doesn't leave permanent damage."

Gaëlle squeaked involuntarily. What could the *this* be? Her thoughts were interrupted by a pair of full-blooded, open-handed slaps on her buttocks, as Vivienne reminded her not to speak. Gaëlle could feel her whole bottom glowing. She was sure her cheeks must be bright red.

She felt something encircle the nipples of both her breasts, and tensed up. There was a sound reminiscent of a bicycle pump and, suddenly her nipples were being drawn out, engorged and stretched by the effect of a vacuum pump. The sensation wasn't particularly pleasant, but it touched something profoundly erotic deep inside her. She growled deep in her throat, mindless of the resulting slap that stung her bottom yet again.

"She only has small breasts, but the effect is quite satisfactory," Vivienne said.

There was a sudden plop as the tubes were pulled roughly from Gaëlle's nipples. Another gasp, another slap.

"With distended nipples she looks obscene, don't you think?" That was the woman's voice.

"Yes, and just feel how wet she is," Vivienne replied, as fingers were thrust again into Gaëlle's cunt. She parted her legs to allow deeper penetration.

"Prominent clitoris," commented the stranger, pinching it between finger and thumb.

"You can make it bigger still," Vivienne commented.

Without further comment, the tube was brought into contact with Gaëlle's clitoris hood. She felt the tube fit snugly around the already swollen bud. Again there was the sound of the pump, and Gaëlle almost fainted as her pulsing clitoris was drawn inexorably into the tube. Just as she was about to come, the tube was pulled away, just as roughly as before.

"It's retracted a bit, but it's still longer than it was," Vivienne commented.

Gaëlle was almost ready to shout with frustration. If her clitoris was as spectacular as it felt, it wasn't fair that she could not see it, too.

She felt arms encircle her from behind. Vivienne, Gaëlle guessed, from the tobacco on the breath. Her body was squeezed. She felt the need to pee and clenched her muscles to keep control of her bladder. The pressure increased and a drop leaked out.

"I thought as much. She can't hold it. Let's make her piss for you," Vivienne said. "Bring that glass."

Gaëlle screamed silently. Who had made her drink all that water? She felt the cold rim of a glass held against her sex.

"Piss." Vivienne ordered.

Gaëlle did her best to obey, red with embarrassment under the hood. It was a relief, however, as she was so full.

"Stop!"

Stop? What did the woman mean, stop? The ringing slaps on both her buttocks stung as Gaëlle tried desperately to cut off the flow, squeezing her muscles tight. She managed to stop and relaxed.

"Piss."

Oh no! How could she start again? It wasn't natural. One either peed or one didn't. Somehow, Gaëlle succeeded in starting again, and this time was allowed to empty her bladder.

"It's important for her to realise that we have total control of her, and that disobedience or delay brings pain," Vivienne said, stroking Gaëlle's throbbing bottom.

The exploration of her body was renewed and went on for a long time, although Gaëlle had no way of knowing how long. Eventually, she was pushed back down onto the bed and tied to it, legs apart.

"We haven't too much time left," the woman said. "I'd like to leave her to be discovered as a sexual object. Is that all right?"

"Naturally," Vivienne said. "I quite understand the pleasure of knowing that even after we have left her alone, the next person to see her will also know that she is a slave, available for whatever they want."

Gaëlle struggled. This wasn't part of the deal at all, in her opinion. An opinion that the other two had clearly no intention of consulting. She thought of how she must look, with her well-slapped bottom, and her swollen nipples and clitoris. They were leaving her open to any sort of abuse. Gaëlle wept under her black hood. This time she'd taken that step too far that she had always feared but wondered about.

The woman was speaking again, "We'll leave her well pumped up."

Gaëlle, still helpless with her wrists tied to her sides, struggled, but was held down. She felt something pressing on her lower belly and round her sex. When the pumping sound started, this time it was the whole of her labia that was being engorged. It felt strange, but the increased blood flow in and around her cunt excited her, too, in spite of her fear.

"There, she's nicely swollen. We'll leave the cup on her.

Whoever finds her can enjoy seeing her like that.”

“Time to go.”

A kiss, then another was planted on Gaëlle’s breasts. The door closed and she was alone. She panicked, briefly, but then lay back, aware that there was nothing she could do until someone came. Her swollen sex was still pulsing. It tingled and itched like a lovebite, but much stronger and far more intimate. She held her breath when she heard the door open and then collapsed into tears of relief when Jérôme’s voice said, “Gaëlle? You’re all right?”

He removed the bag from her head and untied her hands.

“I was afraid for you for a moment,” he said. “When I got the text from Vivienne to collect you, I rushed here as quickly as I could.” He paused. “Wow, just look at your sex!”

Gaëlle looked down the length of her body. By raising her head, she could see that her sex was enclosed in a clear plastic hemisphere, which it seemed to be filling totally. Jérôme gently released the vacuum, before helping Gaëlle to sit up. She peered down at her abdomen.

“Oh my God!”

Even released from the suction of the pump, her sex was hugely swollen. It was almost turned inside out, with the outer labia plumped up and framing the inner lips, which protruded significantly. She reached down to touch.

“It’s almost like jelly,” she whispered. She touched it again. “Oh! It’s so sensitive!”

In spite of her disquiet about how her puffed-up sex looked, Gaëlle was fascinated by it.

“It’s gross, isn’t it?” Gaëlle said, looking at Jérôme to gauge his reaction. She reached down. “Look, my hand isn’t big enough to contain it.”

“It’s certainly not normal,” he agreed, “but it’s also very

sexy!”

“You like it?” Gaëlle was astonished.

“Like isn’t the word. It isn’t pretty, but if you’d done it for yourself, it would say something about how far you were prepared to go in modifying your body in a sexual sense. Like a piercing or a tattoo, I suppose,”

“Temporary, I hope!” Now that Jérôme was with her, Gaëlle was recovering from her fright. “Touch me while I’m so engorged. I want to know how that feels.”

Willingly, Jérôme stroked the inflamed labia, then bent his face down and took as much of it as he could into his mouth.

“Oh! Ah! Suck! Suck me Jérôme!” Gaëlle cried. “I’m coming!”

Her orgasm took over her entire body, as the emotions of the past hour were released. She shuddered and shook, unable to do more than make inarticulate noises as she came. She caught her breath, “Now fuck me, please, before it goes down.”

Jérôme was only too happy to oblige. Finding the way into Gaëlle’s vagina was not so simple, hidden as it was between the hugely engorged labia, but once he had gained entry, she was entranced at how the whole of her cunt gripped his erection. He was driving hard into her, making her grunt with ecstasy until she writhed in the throes of another orgasm.

They relaxed for a few minutes, then dressed.

“I have no knickers to put on,” Gaëlle said, holding up the ruin of her underwear, “but I don’t think this would fit into them anyway,” she added, looking down at her sex. It was returning to its normal size, but was still plumper than usual. She felt a mixture of relief and regret about that, and knew she would have to put down how she was feeling in her journal.

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*What an experience! I'm still shaking to remember what happened. I had no idea what it would feel like to be so powerless. I didn't enjoy it as much as I had imagined. There were moments when I was petrified and the sexual element didn't enter my head. It did excite me to think of myself as bought and sold, though, I have to admit. That turned me on a lot. I also enjoyed being groped by an unknown woman. I don't like that verb, but it's the most accurate description of what she did to me.*

*I've always known that my breasts are very sensitive. I'm curious as to what I must have looked like with my nipples pumped up, but I'm not in a hurry to relive what it felt like when it was happening. I'd have to be very, very turned on to ask for that to be done to me another time, although it isn't impossible.*

*The pump on my clitoris and then on my sex is another matter. Now everything has returned to a normal size and shape, and I can be sure that I won't be forever walking around with my labia bulging and squidding between my thighs, I'll confess that I'd have that done to me any time. I didn't get to see the effect on my clitoris and I regret that. It felt hyper-sensitive and that's an attraction.*

*Having to be silent and having my bottom slapped if I made a noise is something I'm ambivalent about. I can't be sure that it didn't add something to my excitement, but I couldn't swear to the contrary, either. I won't be rushing to find out which is the case! The red finger marks were still visible the following morning.*

*To sum up, the experience was both more and less exciting than I had thought. The dangers of expectation, as Jérôme reminded me once we had returned home. I would be open to trying a similar scenario again, even though I think I'd want to be*

*sure in advance what I'd agreed to. What is clear is that I've learned a lot in a couple of hours and that has to be worthwhile.*

*PS. I think I know who she is! It's been several months since the incident at the hotel and over that time I've realised I saw more than I thought at the time. When Vivienne squeezed me, I blew out and it lifted the edge of the hood just a little. It came to me later that I'd seen the woman's right hand. She was wearing a very distinctive ring on her little finger. I was watching the local news and suddenly, I saw it again! She's a bigwig in local politics, a woman of maybe fifty, quite heavily built, but with a young person's voice. I'd never have voted for her anyway, but now, when I see her pontificating about morality, I know just how much of a hypocrite she is. I confess I was disappointed by how she looked, having imagined a lovely young woman caressing me. Never mind. It's amusing to see her waving her hands around on television, knowing that those hands have been deep inside my cunt.*

## Chapter Thirty-nine

Gaëlle peered at herself in the makeup mirror. With neither lenses nor glasses, she had to get close in order to inspect her face as she wanted. Her skin was still good, she decided, perhaps because she wore so little makeup. Small crowsfeet showed at the corner of her eyes, however. Jérôme called them laughter lines, for which she was appreciative. It was true that they did laugh a lot together. She had much to be grateful for, she knew. She finished cleaning her skin and turned her attention back to Jérôme, who was fishing to find out what she might like as a birthday present.

"I'm going to be thirty-nine," Gaëlle reminded him. "It seems impossible that a year has passed since my thirty-eighth birthday, but the calendar doesn't lie, does it? It feels like a significant anniversary, it's my last before forty."

"Well spotted," said Jérôme, and laughed. "I wouldn't be too concerned. I can barely remember my fortieth, and in spite of your starting to see signs of age, I still think you're as lovely and sexy as the day we met."

"Be serious, Jérôme," she chided him. "So many people have spoken to me about the 'big four-oh' as a major changing point in their lives. Do you think that it might be the same for me?"

"I don't think especially so, but from the point of view of an ancient fifty-two-year-old, a mere forty is barely past puberty," he said.

"Silly man! You know, it's was some time since I, or we, have



had had a big erotic experience. Do you think that this would be an occasion worth marking? That could be the present that you're trying so hard to get me to suggest."

"An erotic experience with you is always worthwhile. Do you want me to investigate?"

"Please. You've got a couple of months. I'll leave you to it. I won't ask questions, and I prefer that you don't tell me anything until you have a firm suggestion, okay?"

"Agreed."

Gaëlle realised that Jérôme was getting ideas quite quickly, because he was even more enthusiastic in bed than usual, and the idea that an unknown something was about to happen excited Gaëlle also. She found it very difficult to avoid asking about it.

Two weeks before her birthday, she had just come home from work when Jérôme called to her from the study, where the computer lived.

"I have a possibility," he said. "Are you ready to look at it?"

"When we've eaten."

After dinner, they sat together on the sofa. Gaëlle looked at her husband.

"Ok, tell me about it, I'm ready."

"I've spent a lot of time on the Internet, trying to find something different. I have an idea, but I need to talk to you about it, to see if you want to go ahead."

"My stomach is tight," she told him. "You know, I've learned to trust you totally, whenever you make an erotic suggestion. There have been times when I've been very nervous, thinking that what was on offer might be difficult for me to accept, but the reality has always been a fantastic experience."

"And now?"

"If you aren't sure that I'll agree to your proposal, then it has to be quite an event."

"Here goes, then. First, the straightforward part. We're going to Paris for the weekend of your birthday. I have tickets for Saturday night, to see *Chicago*."

"Oh, lovely!" she enthused. "That's wonderful."

Jérôme went on, "I didn't think there would be a problem with that part. There is more, and it's not so simple. Give me five minutes to log on to the net, and you will see what I mean. Remember, this is only a possibility. As ever, the final decision will be yours."

He went into the study. When he called to her after a few minutes, the computer was showing its screensaver, so she sat down and clicked on the mouse, with Jérôme looking over her shoulder. When what appeared was the home page of a Bondage and SM group, she swallowed hard. It was an area that she had avoided, unsure whether it would revolt her, or perhaps excite her in a way that she might find hard to acknowledge. She opened the site.

"What part do I go to, Jérôme?"

"Photo galleries. I think you should have a look at what you might see in reality, if you agree."

She looked only at the photos of women. Many of those in the photos were not models. That much was evident. It seemed that the SM scene attracted as many housewives as actresses. There were pictures of women in what were obviously bondage situations. Each set also had a *vanilla* photo, and a statement from the woman shown, to say that she had freely chosen this philosophy of exploring erotic pleasure. It was disturbing to see businesswomen like herself, office-workers and mothers, smartly dressed, next to the same women, nude, many in positions of submission, and in some cases, with what looked like painful

marks on their body.

“Let me explain. I’ve made contact with a group in Paris. It isn’t a commercial club but more of a social grouping. They use different venues to meet. On the weekend in question, they are having a taster evening for people who are curious about bondage and similar activities. They will have some habitués, but there will also be people like us, ignorant or curious, or both. It isn’t only an SM club, so there may be other aspects to the evening. I have a provisional invitation for that Saturday night. “Chicago” finishes just after eleven o’clock, and the group doesn’t meet until past midnight, so you’ll have time to change clothes if you want. Once we are wherever it happens, we’ll be allowed to observe anything we decide, but we’ll have to ask if we want to participate. Of course, we aren’t obliged to take an active part at all. What do you think?”

“Let me think for a little, Jérôme. I need to look some more at this, before I decide.”

She spent the next two hours searching Bondage and SM sites. Some were stimulating, others disgusting or incomprehensible to her. They didn’t discuss it that night, not even while making love.

As Gaëlle was preparing to go to work the next morning, Jérôme, about to leave the apartment, put his head round the door of their bedroom and raised his eyebrows in an unspoken question. Decision time had arrived.

“I want to try it,” Gaëlle said. “I think that how I feel about what I see will determine whether I stay, and whether I do more than look. Is that good enough for you?”

“The decision is entirely yours, Gaëlle. You’re the one who has to be sure that you want to do this. After all, it’s your birthday and the aim is for you to enjoy yourself.”

“I’ll try it, even if it is only this once.”

Over the next few days, Gaëlle thought a lot about her birthday weekend. Appointments at the beauty salon and the hairdresser were first, to ensure that her body was smooth and her hair nicely cut. The next decision was what to wear. From the photos she had seen, there was a lot of leather and vinyl worn, but that didn’t appeal to her. Besides, she didn’t want to spend money on an outfit for what might well turn out to be a single occasion.

On the Wednesday evening, while Jérôme was out, she looked through her wardrobe. The final choice was a “little black dress.” She had several, some more respectable than others. The one she chose was sleeveless and black, ultra-simple, and quite short, but long enough to allow her to wear hold-up stockings. The neckline allowed her to show some cleavage if she wore her special bra, which supported her breasts but left her nipples exposed. Once she had decided on the bra, it was logical that she would wear her matching thong. Her highest heels completed the image. When she tried the dress on and examined her reflection in the mirror, she was pleased. She decided that Jérôme would not know how she intended to present herself, until they left for the club on the Saturday night.

In Paris, they stayed at a hotel near Notre Dame, and on the Saturday afternoon, they walked over the Pont des Arts and along the Seine, just like new lovers. They had lunch in the hotel restaurant.

“That was lovely,” Gaëlle said, finishing the last drops of her coffee. “I’m going to have a little siesta since it’s going to be a late night. Can you amuse yourself?”

“There’s a rugby match I can watch on the satellite television

in the bar,” he said. “Have a nice rest.”

Gaëlle lay naked on the bed and masturbated. She was nervous and couldn't sleep at first, thinking about the evening. Eventually she drifted into a doze.

At six thirty she got up when Jérôme returned. They dressed for the theatre.

“I've chosen to dress nicely, but not too sexily, to allow you to watch the show, rather than me,” she teased.

“What makes you think I was going to notice you anyway?” came the rapid response, accompanied by a grin.

She smacked his bottom in fun.

She didn't tell him that she also wanted to create a contrast with how she intended to look later. Jérôme was looking at her with approval even so, she was pleased to notice.

The restaurant in which they had an early light dinner was excellent. The show was quite wonderful. They left the theatre at around half-past eleven, and took a taxi back to the hotel. Gaëlle had a quick shower, while Jérôme waited. He went to shower in his turn.

As soon as the bathroom door closed behind him, she laid out what she was going to wear. She unwrapped herself from her bath robe, and took the small towel off her hair. Next, she picked up the bra and put it on. As ever, it made her feel extravagantly sexy. The thong was next. She was pleased that it still fitted her, as she hadn't wore it for some time. It clung as tightly as ever against her bare labia and between her buttocks. It felt good. She put on her dress next, because Jérôme would soon be out of the bathroom, and she knew the effect she had on him in that bra and thong.

She did her makeup very lightly, just eye shadow and dark red lip-gloss, to match the nail polish that she had put on earlier.

Finally, she put on her hold-ups and heels. From her usual one metre sixty-eight she shot up by another seven centimetres, so that she was nearly as tall as Jérôme. His eyes lit up when he emerged from his shower and saw her, so she knew that she looked good. He looked very smart in his light-grey suit and pale-blue shirt.

Gaëlle wore her long leather coat in the taxi, as her gesture toward the style that she had noticed on the websites that she had visited. The taxi took them to the suburbs of Paris, to an area of parkland, big houses and luxurious apartment blocks. On the way, Jérôme used his mobile phone to receive precise details of where to go, and what to do on arrival. On a side road, Jérôme told the driver to stop. They got out and paid. They walked for five minutes down a deserted street.

“I hope you know where we’re going,” Gaëlle commented

Instead of replying, Jérôme stopped. They were standing by a small door in an ivy-covered wall.

“Ready?” he said. “I have to give the password.” He paused and looked at her. “How are you feeling?”

“My heart’s beating fast, and I’m really nervous. It’s as if I was going to do a risky exhibition, but yes, I’m ready.”

Jérôme took out his mobile and punched in a number. There was a pause and then a little window opened in the door.

“Donatien Alphonse,” Jérôme said. The door was opened, revealing a garden path that was illuminated by low-level lights. The house beyond looked old and elegant in the darkness. The man who had opened the door spoke, “Good evening. I’m Alain.”

“Gaëlle and Jérôme,” Jérôme replied.

As they walked toward the house, Gaëlle nudged Jérôme.

“Donatien Alphonse?”

“Donatien Alphonse François de Sade. The Marquis de Sade. Appropriate, no?”

She giggled, and that relaxed her. They went in through a grand entrance, and then down a flight of stone stairs, following Alain to what must have been a series of wine cellars when some rich family had occupied the house. The walls were plain white, and there was discreet lighting.

Once inside the house, Gaëlle was able to have a better look at their guide. He was wearing a white shirt and black trousers. He must have been about Jérôme’s age, she thought. He wore his hair in a grey ponytail. It wasn’t a style that she particularly liked, but on him, it looked distinguished, she decided. She left her coat in a little alcove. Alain turned to them, two badges in his hand. They were shaped like little golden roses.

“Please will you wear these, you, Gaëlle, on your dress, you, Jérôme, on your lapel? This indicates that you are visitors. You may observe anywhere, but as long as you wear the rose, we ask you not to take an active part in anything. If you decide that you want to be active, please hand your badge to Aline or to me. I will introduce you to her now.”

The bar into which he led them was through a stone arch, which looked quite ancient. Alain introduced Aline, a small, ordinary-looking blonde woman with a welcoming smile. She was definitely at the housewife end of the spectrum, Gaëlle reflected. There were other couples in the bar area, maybe a dozen people altogether, seated at low tables. Two of the couples were all-male, they noticed in passing. About half of the people there wore rose badges. Most of these looked at least a little nervous, she thought.

Gaëlle looked around, and was relieved to see that the women with badges were dressed in a similar manner to her. On a stool at the bar sat a younger, non-rose woman with long dark

hair. She was wearing a very tight red vinyl dress, which left her large breasts exposed. She had big gold rings through her nipples. They looked heavy, and pulled the nipples downward. She saw that they were looking and smiled. Her companion, a young man wearing a dark suit, leaned toward her and took hold of her rings, pulling them quite hard. Her smile disappeared, and was replaced by a look of intense concentration. She was biting her lower lip. Then she gasped, leaned toward him and kissed him, hard.

Jérôme ordered drinks, and they sat at the bar and looked around. Other people arrived. One couple danced. Neither was young, but the woman was very turned on, pulling up her dress to show that she was bare underneath.

"She's a reminder to me that women with cellulite also have erotic thoughts and desires," Gaëlle whispered to Jérôme.

Over the next half-hour, the bar gradually emptied. Gaëlle finished her drink, and turned to Jérôme, "Time to explore," she said. "It's my celebration, so I'm making the decision. Shall we go and see what's happening?"

They stood and went through another arch at the far end of the bar. The corridor was softly lit. In the first of the rooms beyond, a naked woman of about fifty was kneeling. Her wrists were tied tightly to her ankles, and Aline was binding up one of her large breasts with thin cord, wrapping it round and round. The other breast was already tightly tied. It was purple, and her nipple looked ready to burst.

"It gives me a curious sensation in my belly, a mix of sympathy and excitement," Gaëlle murmured.

"Why are you whispering?" Jérôme asked.

"It's the atmosphere here. It's a bit like a church, isn't it?"

They moved on. Next door, chained between two pillars, the



pierced woman from the bar was standing, her arms and legs outstretched like a capital X. Her dress was pulled up and her bottom was bare. Her man was stroking it as they arrived, across the fresh red cane marks that were visible even from the doorway. Two couples were watching. She was obviously trying hard not to sob, as her man watched her sternly.

“Can we move on?” Gaëlle urged Jérôme. “This makes me feel very uncomfortable.”

There were five rooms, and each was disturbing in a different way. They were equipped for all sorts of...what to call it? Punishment? Pleasure-through-pain? Gaëlle tried, and failed to find a good word, and her mind would not let her call it torture.

“I really don’t get the appeal of having your testicles whipped,” Jérôme commented as they left one of the rooms.

“Or of having people pee in your mouth,” she agreed. “Even if they are your friends. Perhaps we’re too staid for this?”

“Staid? You?” Jérôme snorted with laughter. “After all we have experienced? I think not!”

In the fifth room, it was clear that a woman was being prepared to have her nipples pierced. They had been put into clamps that stretched them to their maximum, far beyond what seemed necessary. Her breasts were smaller than Gaëlle’s, and she could see that the woman was in a lot of discomfort. Her partner was holding her to him, and murmuring words of encouragement.

The scene was stimulating in a way, because Gaëlle and Jérôme had spoken of her having a piercing done on several occasions, only to decide eventually against it. Gaëlle was breathing quite rapidly, and she realised that she was excited in an unexpected way.

“I can imagine myself in fantasy in the position of these women,” she said. “How I might feel if I were to be really in their

situation is exciting me, but it's also frightening."

"It's true that you've always felt most at ease with a degree of control in what you've done," Jérôme agreed.

"The closest experience to what we're witnessing, was my evening with Vivienne," she reminded him. "The fear that she might want to push me beyond what I could accept was part of the excitement, but I'm not sure that I'm ready to repeat that sensation, or not just yet."

They didn't wait to see the piercing taking place, but returned to the bar, for a chance to discuss their impressions.

"I couldn't envisage some of the things we've seen for you or for me. I wouldn't want to carry them out, either," Jérôme said. "That apart, I don't feel too disturbed about what we've seen so far. How about you?"

"I'm turned on, and I don't understand why," Gaëlle confessed. "I'm still confused. I may be better able to tell you how I feel by the end of the night."

There was nobody else in the bar when they arrived, but after a few minutes, a man came in. He was about forty, taller than Jérôme and good-looking. Gaëlle examined his lapel, and could not see a rose. His hair was dark. He could have been Spanish. He nodded and took a barstool. Then a woman entered. She was in her late twenties, small, dark very slim, thin even. Her black hair, short at the back, was cut so that two points formed a frame for her face. Her dress was sleeveless, in a dark blue silk. She sat beside the newcomer, and turned toward Gaëlle and Jérôme, "Christine and Luc," she said.

"Gaëlle and Jérôme"

"Tell Gaëlle and Jérôme why you are here, Christine," said Luc.

"I'm here to celebrate my thirtieth birthday, which is tomorrow," Christine recited, as if reading. "I want to wake up

then, knowing that I've lived a night so full of strong sensations that I will remember it forever. Luc has complete control of me for this evening, and I will immediately agree to anything that he suggests."

"Sounds like a reasonable aspiration." Gaëlle said. "Me, too, although the choices will be my own."

The drinks from dinner and earlier in the bar were making their presence felt, so Gaëlle got up to go to the rest room. In the Ladies' toilets, the woman from the bound breasts was standing nude in front of a mirror, rubbing cream into the cord marks. She smiled as Gaëlle came in. Her body was not young or toned, but somehow that made her seem more normal, Gaëlle thought to herself. However, the long chains that she could see hanging from the older woman's labia to halfway down her thighs, also made her look very sexy.

"First time you've seen this sort of thing close up and in real life?"

Gaëlle nodded.

"Some people stop at one experience. How are you reacting so far?"

"I'm not sure. It's exciting but very disturbing. For example, to see you as you were, left me with a strange weight in my belly. I could see that you were really turned on. I just can't imagine that it would have the same attraction for me."

The woman laughed, a rough, smoker's laugh. "You don't have big hanging boobs like mine, so it would be harder to do that to you. When my breasts are bound, it only takes a touch on my nipples to make me come. For me, the excitement is in seeing how long I can delay that moment, and ideally, to come without being touched at all."

Her eyes followed Gaëlle's gaze, which was directed at the chains.

"I see that you've noticed my decorations," she said. "What do you think of them? Do you want to look more closely? You can touch if you like. I'm Anne, by the way."

Gaëlle was fascinated. She had thought seriously about piercing, some time before, and had even discussed with Jérôme whether she would have her labia pierced a few years earlier, but she had never found the courage to go ahead. She leaned over in front of the woman's sex. The chains were attached to a small ring through her clitoris hood, then through larger rings piercing her inner lips.

"I'm Gaëlle. May I touch?" she asked, taking one of the weights in her hand. "Oh. That's much heavier than it looks."

"There's mercury inside them," Anne said. "It makes it easier to feel a good pull without too much bulk. If you'll help me I'll show you how good that can be."

Gaëlle nodded. Anne leaned back on the washbasin stand, her hips pushed forward, and her legs apart. She seemed totally unconscious of the creases in her skin and the fat on her belly and thighs. The weights swung a little at the end of their chains.

"Take hold of the weights, one in each hand. Now cross them over and pull them, forward and a little upward."

Gaëlle followed her instructions. The teardrop-shaped weights fitted neatly into the palm of each hand. The chains pulled on Anne's labia, and rubbed the chain past her clitoris. Gaëlle relaxed the tension, and then pulled again, watching the pleasure on Anne's face as the fat bud was squeezed between the chains, then released as it disappeared between the swollen lips. Gaëlle built up a rhythm, pull and relax, pull and relax. Anne's mouth fell open and her eyes were closed. All her attention, every nerve ending was concentrated on the focal point of her sex. She spoke, her words coming between gasps, "Nearly there... Nearly... When I say... pull the weights up as high as you can,

then let them drop... Yes. Yes... Now, now, now!"

Gaëlle tugged hard on the chains, stretching Anne's labia as far as possible, until the weights were higher than her breasts. She let go.

She could scarcely believe how far the weights distended Anne's labia. The pull on her clitoris must have been enormous. She came hugely, almost screaming. Tears squeezed out of the corners of her tightly closed eyes, and a slow flood ran down the inside of her thighs. It took a minute for her to stop shaking. Then she opened her eyes and smiled, "You see?" she said. She reached into a handbag on the floor and took out a crumpled sheer black shirt. She shook it more or less straight, and put it on. It only just covered half of her buttocks. She stepped into her high heels, and walked out into the corridor leading to the bar, almost more exposed than if she had been naked.

Oh yes, Gaëlle thought, she understood. Her bladder was so full she was bursting, and the sight that she had just witnessed made her need all the more urgent. She went into a stall, pulled down her thong and lifted her dress. The relief was almost like a little orgasm. Her thong was wet. She put it into her handbag. After a further moment's thought, she also took off her bra. Now she was wearing only heels, hold-up stockings and her short dress. Stripped to a minimum, she went back to the bar.

There were more people in there by now. The evening seemed to have reached a natural pause. Christine and her husband were still there, and as Gaëlle entered, Luc stood up, and made an announcement. "Tell them what is to be done to you now, Christine."

"I am to have all my pubic hair shaved off by one of the men here. Also, it would please Luc for everyone to watch, so I am asking you to do that. Thank you."

She looked delicate and defenceless, standing in the middle of the little dance floor. Gaëlle's clitoris throbbed at the idea of watching the shaving. Christine took off her dress, revealing that she was naked under it. Her pubic thatch showed very black against her pale skin. She lay down on one of the low tables, and parted her thighs. She was visibly wet. Aline came in, carrying a bowl of steaming water, towels and shaving foam. Alain followed her, a small brown leather case in his hand. He opened it, to reveal a set of open razors.

"Luc has selected these for the shaving of his wife. Who is confident that they can use one of these correctly?"

"I've never used an open razor," Luc said, "Besides, I want Christine to be shaved by a stranger. Would anyone like to volunteer?"

Gaëlle looked at Jérôme. He had shaved her before with an open razor, so she knew that he could do it. She squeezed his hand.

"It would be a pleasure and a privilege to shave Christine." Jérôme said.

Luc and Christine seemed to agree, so Jérôme selected one of the razors, which he carefully sharpened on a leather strap, then tested on the hair of his forearm. By then, Luc had clipped the pubic hair of his wife very short, washed and soaped her. Jérôme kneeled between Christine's thighs and started. The only sound was of the scraping of the blade on her skin, and Gaëlle watched, fascinated, as he did to Christine what he had done several times to herself.

"Christine will now be whipped," announced Luc. "Ladies only, three strokes of the cane on her bottom from each one."

Gaëlle was unsure if she could do this, and besides, she was wearing her rose. She hung back, but several of the other women seemed very enthusiastic about whipping Christine. Her newly

shaved sex made her look immature and vulnerable. The group followed her to the room with the pillars and chains. Christine was attached, locked into the manacles, her ankles and wrists stretching her into a diagonal cross, her back toward them all.

“Christine, for legal reasons, I need you to state that you agree to be whipped,” said Alain. “Please confirm that, so that we can all witness it.”

Her voice was clear, although it trembled.

“I wish to be whipped, as I stated. I have chosen the cane that I want to be used on me. I wish to receive three strokes from any woman who wants to.” Her voice faltered a little. “Luc says I must ask all of you to do it.” There was a slight pause. “I am begging every woman present to whip me on my bottom.” This time her voice did crack.

Alain held out a cane. It was thin and long. He made a quick gesture with it, so everyone could hear it swish. Christine flinched. A young woman took the cane from Alain. Her face was flushed. The first stroke was gentle, as if she was unsure.

“Go on, Véro. Hit her properly. Think about how I whip you,” shouted her male companion.

The woman called Véronique slashed hard, twice, at Christine’s buttocks. Two vivid red lines appeared, and Christine gasped. Another woman, an older one, snatched the cane from Véronique, and added three more marks. Frenzy was building, as two women almost fought to be next. After them, Christine’s bottom was glowing red. She was silent now. Alain stepped forward and examined her bottom closely.

“One more only. The skin is close to breaking.”

Gaëlle was torn. Should she do it? *Could* she do it? The situation had excited her, in spite of her ambiguous feelings. Would she be able to control herself, she wondered. At least, it would allow her to ensure that no more serious damage was

done. She clutched Jérôme's hand and whispered in his ear, "I have to take my turn with the cane, or I'll feel that I'm a coward," she murmured. "Do you understand?"

"Of course."

Silently Gaëlle unclipped her rose badge and handed it to Alain. She took the cane, and looked at her target. Most of the marks were on the upper part of Christine's bottom. Gaëlle's strokes left three distinct lines, just above her thighs. Each stroke brought a cry from Christine. It was clear which cane marks were Gaëlle's responsibility. There was power in that, she thought, but also disturbing emotion. Her own cheeks were wet with tears. Christine was released.

Everyone went back to the bar. When Christine returned a few moments later, still naked, she asked to know who were the women who had whipped her, and in what order. They identified themselves. She thanked everyone individually, and kissed each of them in turn. She seemed to mean it. She came to Gaëlle last.

"Luc told me that you gave back your rose to be able to whip me. Thank you especially for doing that." Christine whispered as she went to kiss her. Gaëlle turned her face, opened her mouth and used her tongue to probe between Christine's lips. They were beautifully soft. She put her arms round Christine and drew her close. Christine flinched as Gaëlle's hand inadvertently touched the cane weals on her bottom.

"Oh, forgive me!" Gaëlle said, "Let me kiss it better."

She was conscious that there were people around them, but she didn't know how many, and she didn't care. She rotated Christine's body and knelt down. She kissed the red stripes. Christine leaned down and rested her upper body on one of the low tables. Gaëlle knelt behind her and nuzzled closer, pushing her face deep between Christine's buttocks, and exploring her. When she felt the roughness and slightly bitter taste that told her



that she was touching Christine's anus, Gaëlle deliberately pushed harder with her tongue. Christine leaned further forward, opening up her buttocks. Gaëlle reached for Christine's sex, and filled her vagina with four fingers, using her thumb to flick over the clitoris. Christine was moaning, a low growl from the back of her throat. Each time the thumb went over her clitoris, the moaning became more pronounced, and she shivered.

Gaëlle moved her face away, to see what she was doing, and also to breathe. She realised that most of the people in the group were watching, also that her dress had risen up to show her own bare bottom. She had never performed like this in front of so many people. The sensation excited her hugely. She went back to work, using her tongue and fingers to make Christine come. It took several minutes, and her tongue was cramping from stretching and pushing, before Christine crumpled, with a loud cry. Gaëlle stood up, slightly dazed, because she had been unable to breathe properly for that time, and heard applause from maybe twenty people who had been her witnesses.

Gaëlle observed Jérôme's fascinated expression as she crossed the mental threshold into another of the inexplicable phases that had punctuated her erotic life. She knew that he was recognising her irresistible urge at that moment in time. Christine got off the low table, leaving a smear of perspiration on its glass surface. Gaëlle pulled up her own dress to above her breasts. She kneeled down again and slid her upper body onto the tabletop. It felt very erotic to be lying in another woman's sweat. Her bare bottom was in the air, as if she wanted to offer herself. She realised that she was doing precisely that. She could feel that her sex was very wet. She parted her thighs and felt her sex open up. She wiggled her bottom, and arched her back. Her eyes were closed.

"Doe you mean what I think you mean?" asked Jérôme's

voice, close to her ear.

She nodded.

“What are the limits? I need to hear you say what is acceptable, Gaëlle.”

“I want you to take me first, Jérôme. No oral sex, but anything else.” Gaëlle paused, and then compelled herself to go on. “Don’t let them stop, even if I ask. I want to know how much I can stand.”

“Here are the rules,” she heard Jérôme say, loud enough for everyone to hear. “After I have taken her, my wife offers herself to you all. The only restriction is, that she won’t give oral sex to anyone. Not even me. She accepts that anything else at all may be done to her.”

“I think we can make this a more comfortable experience for you,” that was the voice of Aline, speaking from close by. “If you will stand up for a moment, please.”

Gaëlle stood. Her dress fell back to cover her nudity, although she knew that it would be only very temporarily. Alain pushed a padded couch into the middle of the little dance-floor. Gaëlle climbed on to it. Her upper body would rest on her elbows, which fitted on little pads. Aline helped her to set her knees into supports. They were quite wide apart, so that she was totally open and offered.

The time that it took to do this made Gaëlle realise more fully to what she was committing herself. In the heat of the excitement of making Christine come, it had seemed logical, but now it was less evident. She gathered her courage, and tried to relax. After all, she reflected, her presence here was her own choice. Her dress slid up her body again, showing her bare breasts hanging free. She was still wearing a dress, but in a way that only served to emphasize her nakedness. It hardly registered when Aline locked her wrists into position so that she was unable to move.

Gaëlle felt a small length of ribbon being pushed into each of her hands.

“If you want to pause, drop the one in your left hand,” said Aline’s voice. “If you want to be freed, then drop both of them. That will stop everything immediately. Do you understand?”

Gaëlle nodded. She didn’t trust herself to speak.

“Do you want the blindfold?” Aline asked.

Gaëlle thought for a moment. Unable to see, all her awareness would be in her body, and she would have no way to prepare, mentally or physically for what might happen. Again, she nodded.

She had expected a scarf. Instead, Aline produced something that looked like a ski hat, but shiny, black and elasticised. She pulled it on, over Gaëlle’s hair and on down until it covered her eyes. She was in total darkness. Aline continued to pull it down at the sides, covering both of Gaëlle’s ears, so that sounds became faint and muffled. For a moment, she panicked, then remembered that it was she who had insisted that anything could be done to her. For the duration of this experience she would be both blind and deaf. Already she was even more conscious of her bare bottom and accessible sex.

She knew Jérôme would be the first, but she flattered herself that she would have recognised the erection that now slid into her vagina. It was clear that he was very excited, and he didn’t last long. He patted her bottom affectionately and withdrew. After a second or two, she felt a tongue, licking away Jérôme’s sperm as it oozed out of her, and flicking over her clitoris. A further very brief pause, then another man was in her, for longer this time. An orgasm was building, and when another tongue slipped into her sex, she came for a first time.

There was no pause, though, as another man took her immediately, then another. That one pulled out before shooting

all over her back and dress. She could feel the stickiness drying on her skin. A ridiculous thought went through her mind—that her dress, which was silk, would never be the same again.

The next tongue was accompanied by a finger, then two, pushed into her anus, gently at first, and then stretching her. She guessed what was about to happen, and she wasn't wrong. A hard penis went first into her sex, then deep into her bottom, and pumped hard. It wasn't easy to enjoy it, but it was precisely what she wanted just then. Another tongue followed, cleaning her again for the next man. She was so wet that she thought at that moment she would have no problem to take penetration after penetration.

After that man, the pause was slightly longer. Unable to see or hear, Gaëlle could only imagine how she looked. She guessed that something different was about to occur, and tensed up. She sensed two men poised, touching where they would penetrate. Suddenly, not only did they double penetrate her, they both thrust hard into her simultaneously. She felt as if she was being torn apart, in spite of the large amounts of sperm that lubricated their entry.

Gaëlle could not restrain her cries, but, as she had asked, they were ignored. The two men synchronised their thrusts at first, and that was hard for her to take. Then they started to alternate, so that as one was sliding out of her vagina, the other was plunging into her bottom. It made her feel dizzy. She couldn't tell which part was giving her the sensation at any time. Her anus, her vagina, her labia and her clitoris were being pulled to and fro at every instant. It was so powerful that she couldn't last long, and came yet again. Another streak of sperm shot warm across her back and then cooled immediately. She had to think hard what she was supposed to do to ask for a pause, but managed to drop the correct ribbon. She relaxed for a

moment, breathing hard and then nodded, to tell them to resume. The ribbon was pushed back into her sweating palm.

She had another moment of anxious waiting. Something was being moved around because she felt whatever it was, bump against her couch. Warm lips began to nuzzle at her nipples on both breasts. A man and a woman, she guessed, because she could feel bristles on one side scrubbing lightly on her skin. They sucked harder and harder, until it felt as if the flesh of her breasts might be pulled out through her swollen nipples. The pressure stopped, and she tensed, expecting to be penetrated again.

Before that, though, her nipples were to be further maltreated. She flinched as clamps were attached to them. This time, however, her nipples were being pulled downward by weights. They couldn't have been very heavy, but it certainly wasn't comfortable. She moved her upper body, unwilling to ask for the clamps to be removed, but wanting to find out what was happening to her breasts. The result was to set the weights swinging eccentrically, putting more pressure on her engorged and distorted nipples. She knew that, aesthetically, this couldn't look attractive, but she clenched her teeth because it was important to let it continue. The weights, attached to little chains, bumped into each other, unexpectedly changing the direction of the pull in unpredictable ways. She couldn't anticipate the movement, which made it yet more powerful and made her gasp.

The clamps remained in place throughout the next penetration. It was difficult to take, because the enthusiastic thrusts of the man made the weights on the clamps swing wildly, pulling and twisting at her poor nipples. She cried out. In accordance with her stated desire, her pleas were ignored again. After he came, spattering across her back, the clamps were removed, although her breasts still throbbed.

It was back to more penetration. Another man in her bottom, and another tongue licking hard at her sex afterward, then a very long and thick penis filled her vagina. No ejaculation this time, though, which seemed strange. Another orgasm as well. She had never, ever, had so many in succession. It was wonderful, but exhausting. Gaëlle concentrated on the ripples running inside her.

After that, further people used her, but she lost count. She was sore now. A fourth and fifth sodomy made her decide that she had had enough. The repeated orgasms had also left her limp and shattered. There had been a few pauses, to allow her to get her breath, but she was finished. She wanted to stop, but something inside her told her to accept to be penetrated one more time. This was no longer about pleasure, but to prove to herself that she had achieved what she wanted, to be pushed beyond her limits. It was hard, very hard. The last man was long, and she could feel him hammering at her cervix, deep inside, while someone else forced fingers into her bottom, stretching her there wider than she had thought was humanly possible. She forced herself to stay still and submit. She opened her cramped fingers and let both ribbons fall. She was exhausted and rubbed raw. Aline released her wrists from the clamps.

Gaëlle climbed stiffly and inelegantly from the knee supports. She pulled off the blindfold, blinking in the lights and tried to stand. She staggered, but Jérôme caught her and half-carried her to a seat. She lay on it, to get her breath back, still dripping sperm from her vagina and anus.

It was fifteen minutes before she recovered just about enough to be able to go to the restroom and clean up. Once there, she stripped off her dress and washed herself a little. She took off her stockings and left them, encrusted with a mess of sperm, her vaginal juices and sweat, beside the washbasin. Her mind was

too far-gone to think of finding a more suitable place

She looked down at the dress. It was ruined, as she had guessed. She would never dare take it to be cleaned. It was all she had to wear, though, and she had yet to get back to the hotel. Despite the crumples and sperm streaks, she put the dress back on. She pulled it down, smiling at her pathetic efforts to make herself appear more decent. She walked slowly back to find Jérôme. As they went through the bar to get their coats, so many people kissed her that she started to cry, from the surfeit of emotions.

“This may sound ridiculous, Jérôme,” she told him as they walked back through the garden, “but it wouldn’t take much for me to stay and to offer to go through it again.”

Jérôme smiled, understandingly. Outside it was still dark. He had called a taxi, which took them back to their hotel. There, he washed her and put cream on her to soothe the soreness. Very shortly after, she was asleep.

It was broad daylight the following morning when she woke up. Jérôme was already moving, and brought her a cup of tea in bed. He sat beside her and raised his eyebrows.

“That was some experience. I hope it felt as fantastic as it looked. It’s a source of frustration to me that I can’t tell everyone how wonderful my wife looks when she is deep in sexual excitement. You looked fabulous. It makes me love you even more, if that’s possible, when I see you like that.”

Gaëlle needed that reassurance. She put down her tea, and clung to Jérôme for a long time. She laughed and cried in equal measure, letting out all the emotions created by the previous evening.

“How is your body this morning?” Jérôme asked. “May I

look?”

Gaëlle pulled back the duvet. Under the tee shirt, her nipples were very raw and tender, and the marks from the clamps were still visible. She had also worn knickers to sleep. She was covered in cream and didn't want to stain the hotel's bed linen. She slid her knickers down. There were a few marks around her cleft, but nothing too obvious. Jérôme parted her legs and inspected her labia, clitoris, vagina and anus. He spread a little more cream on.

“All things considered, you're in good shape. A few grazes and bruises, but very little under the circumstances.”

She examined herself. It was true, there was little to show how much her sex and bottom had been used and abused only a few hours earlier. Her labia were swollen and her anus was sore, but no more than after some other energetic sex sessions she had experienced. Physically, she felt fine, if tired. Mentally was much more questionable.

“Are you sure everything's all right, Jérôme? You didn't mind to see me like that, doing all those things?”

“It isn't a question of whether I mind, Gaëlle. I love being with you and watching you as you have these experiences. If I had, as you say, *minded*, I'd have told you so, and we wouldn't be having this conversation now. Remember when I said all those years ago that I was looking for a woman who was brave enough to explore to the limits? You are perfect for me. I adore you, just as you are.”

“I'll want you to tell me all about what you saw and heard, Jérôme. With the blindfold and my ears covered, I have no idea.”

“Ah.”

“What do you mean, *Ah?*”

“Do you want to know about it right now, or wait until we get home and can examine it in peace and at length?”



Gaëlle thought about that, and decided that it would be better to wait. They would have plenty of time at home to go over it as often as they wanted.

“We’ll wait,” she said. “You’re right, it’s still too recent. I need to think about it for myself before we discuss it together.”

## Chapter Forty

It was a fortnight later by the time that she was ready to review their night in Paris. She was washing up after their evening meal at the time. She turned to Jérôme and said, "I think it's time to discuss Paris. Where shall we start, Jérôme?"

"At the beginning is best, I think. What did you think of the planning for the evening?"

They finished the dishes while discussing the place and the various people they had observed that night. They talked about the theory and practice of BDSM as they had seen it. All the time, in the back of Gaëlle's mind was the real subject of their conversation. She emptied the water down the sink.

"Okay, enough, Jérôme. Let's go on to the real subject that we're both talking around. Do you remember the morning after? When I said I wanted you to tell me about it, because I could neither see nor hear. You said *Ah*. I want you to explain that to me, and I want the explanation now, please, dear husband."

"Just a moment, then."

Jérôme put down the tea towel, and went to the bedroom. When he returned, in his hand was a small square of plastic. Gaëlle's heart sank.

"A DVD? Oh, no. Oh, Jérôme, they didn't?" She was horrified.

"Slow down, Gaëlle. Let me explain. While Aline was helping you to get into place, Alain came to me. He asked if I would like you to be filmed. At first I said *no, absolutely not*. Then he assured me that I would watch as the camera was being sealed, that it would always be in my sight and that I would remove the

disc myself. He promised me that we would have the only copy of the film. He put sticky tape over the DVD slot in the camera, and I signed over it. I unsealed it myself when you were cleaning up. So I am confident that what I have in my hand is a unique record of the evening. I have no more desire to see you spread across the web than you have, you know that."

"You're sure? I need to sit down. It was such a shock to see that in your hand."

"I understand. That's why I'm going to let you watch it alone," Jérôme said. "I know what I saw, and I think you'll want to discuss many aspects of it, but you have no real idea of the full story, and I think it would be best if you watched it on your own, at least the first time. I'm going out. I'll be back in about two hours. If you need me before then, call me on the mobile."

He placed the disc sleeve in her hand, and went out. She sat for maybe ten minutes, undecided whether she wanted to see the truth. Then she told herself to get on with it, put the disk into the slot, sat back on the sofa with the zapper and pressed Play.

The first thing she noticed about the person with the camera is that he or she knew what they were doing, and that the place was well prepared for what had taken place. Almost as soon as the hood was over Gaëlle's eyes, the lights around the dance floor were dimmed, and those that illuminated her naked body were made brighter. She was glad that she'd been in good shape, as any blemishes or spare fat would have been embarrassingly evident. Music started in the background. She was surprised to recognise the Bach Goldberg Variations.

She had examined her body many times in her life with Jérôme, but the angles available now were different. It was very strange to see a camera zoom in between her buttocks and focus on her open sex and her anus. Exciting, too. On screen, Jérôme approached, and for the first time ever, after so many years,

Gaëlle saw how she looked to him when he penetrated her from behind. He was smiling at her, even though he must have known that she couldn't see him. Her body remembered how it had felt at the time, and she had a warm sensation. The first tongue had belonged to Anne, the woman whose breasts she had seen being bound. She introduced herself to the camera before kneeling, and licking and sucking her sex.

"Mmmmm," went the woman on the couch.

This was the pattern, she soon realised. Anyone who was going to touch her, introduced himself or herself to camera in advance. It was quite unnerving, but also reassuringly intimate in a peculiar way. The penetrations, licking and sucking continued. She saw herself have an initial orgasm, and was fascinated at the shuddering of her belly and breasts. Some of the men finished inside her, others ejaculated over her back and dress. That reminded her—the dress was still in a bag in the wardrobe. She knew that it wasn't recoverable, but was unwilling to throw it out, her souvenir of the night. Then came the first sodomy. Gaëlle watched herself tensing up, and then relaxing to take it. The man, Hassan, took her hard, driving into her and going as deep as he could. She lived the sensations again. Then he pulled out and shot a long stream of sperm across her back.

"Oh, oh, oh," went the woman on the couch, her gasps synchronised with the thrusts of the man.

The longer pause she had experienced was now explained. Two men, whom she had assumed to be a gay couple, got themselves into position to penetrate her together, anus and vagina. Her position made it not so simple. Their sudden thrust, which had shaken her at the time, was no less astonishing to watch, and she was stunned to see how the stretched skin between her legs was pulled around by their thrusts, either simultaneous or alternate. No wonder she had come so

powerfully, Gaëlle reflected.

“Nnnng. Ouf. Ooooooh,” grunted the woman.

By now she was fully into the film. To watch a pornographic movie with herself as star was making her very heated, and she had to take a pause to get her vibrator and give herself a little orgasm before continuing.

She saw, now, the full story of what had been done to her breasts. She had sensed that other couches had been brought to either side of hers. On one, Christine lay on her back, on the other was her husband Luc. Each had one of Gaëlle’s nipples. She could see, from Christine’s hollowed cheeks that she was sucking as hard as she could. What Gaëlle now discovered though, was that as Christine was sucking on her, the woman with the pierced breasts, whose name was Mélanie, was using a fat red dildo on Christine. When the camera moved back to take in a more complete picture of Luc, Gaëlle was even more surprised. Luc’s legs were over the shoulders of a man who was clearly penetrating him, as well as masturbating him vigorously. Even as she watched, Luc ejaculated copiously. She was struck dumb. It was weird to realise that two men had been having sex together right next to her and she hadn’t known.

Then the clamps were attached by Aline. After Luc and Christine’s attentions, Gaëlle had hugely swollen nipples. The clamps with their weighted chains pulled even harder on them. Tears came to her eyes as she watched the film. It was not pretty to see her breasts being dragged downward, but very erotic. It had been powerful at the time, but she knew she could never have borne the sight of her breasts and nipples so distended. She was grateful that she had been blindfolded, and so able to endure and, she had to admit, to enjoy this experience.

“Oh... Ah! That hurts... It hurts... I can’t... Please don’t... Please. No, no,” wailed the woman on the couch.

Surprise followed surprise. She was no longer surprised that Jérôme had said she should watch it alone. The next sodomy was performed by a young man called Philippe, who was simultaneously being sodomised by Alain. Her concentration had been on the effect of the clamps on her breasts as much as on the sensations inside her bottom. So much had been happening that she was only learning now, she realised. She remembered a big thick penis that did not ejaculate. That had been Laure, with a black strap-on dildo. That Gaëlle had been able to take it was remarkable, it seemed to her now, but she supposed that by then she had been totally opened. The next shot showed how true that was. When Laure withdrew, Gaëlle's sex stayed wide open. She hit *pause*. She needed another orgasm before she was able to continue.

Another man, then another, other women whose names and faces blurred as she performed for them. She was almost as shattered now as on the night. The voice of the woman on the couch was now a continual series of moans, grunts, cries and sobs. As Gaëlle watched, the thought came to her that she knew exactly how the woman was feeling. She laughed out loud. Of course she knew. The woman was herself.

Gaëlle watched, fascinated as yet another sodomy was performed on her. The man withdrew, and the film moved on. Something caught her eye. She had to get the DVD player's book of words, to work out how to zoom into what she thought she had seen. There was no doubt, when she saw the closeup. Her anus had remained open, instead of closing up naturally. She had, of course, seen videos where that happened, but had always assumed that professional porn actresses were able to do it at will. Now she had to accept that, under some circumstances, her own anus would remain gaping, ready for further penetration. That realisation shook her.

Finally, she saw herself almost fall off the couch and be caught by Jérôme. She saw now that she could not have stood without his arms round her. The screen went blank. Gaëlle sat for a long time in silence, stunned by what she had seen. Stunned, also by what she had done as the centrepiece of the various tableaux. Nothing she had watched as a sex movie had prepared her for this. She felt overwhelmed by a confusion of thoughts. Was she crazy to put herself in these positions? What was it in her head that pushed her to explore her erotic limits in this way? What might she do next? She called Jérôme on the mobile.

“Can you come home, please.”

“I’m on my way.”

He was there within a few minutes. As he came through the door, she flung herself into his arms. She was unable to absorb the content of the DVD, and needed his comfort first.

“Let’s sit down and calm down,” Jérôme said. They sat, entwined on the sofa.

“I’ve never seen anything like that in my life, Jérôme. Not even as a professional film. Will you watch it with me, and tell me what you think?”

“We will watch it together, I promise you,” he reassured her. “However, before we do, I’ll tell you now what I think. You are quite the most erotic woman I have ever, ever known, known about or seen. That night in Paris only confirmed it for me. I would never have believed it, had I not been a witness. The whole room was filled with such an atmosphere of sex that it would have been impossible to resist it for anyone, I think.”

“You saw Luc? He told me that he’d never considered sex with a man in his life, before he got into position to suck your nipples, yet at that moment, he was prepared to let Jonathan sodomise him, because of what you were allowing to happen to

you. The two who took you at once told me that they hadn't expected to feel an attraction to a woman until you were there, stripped and open, and they agreed that it was proper that they should offer their homage to you and to your body."

"You're sure? Not just taking advantage of the situation?"

"Absolutely not. It wasn't as if these strangers were using you as an object. They were intimately involved with you in the whole occasion, and as absorbed as you and I were, in the tacit agreement that it should be as totally fulfilling for you as possible. That was why, when Anne showed me the clamps, and asked if she could fit them on to you, I said yes. Your nipples were already erect from the sucking of Luc and Christine, and the chance for you to experience that sensation was just too much to miss. I know how sensitive you are there, and I knew it would hurt, but even before they were in place, I sensed that it would give you huge satisfaction to undergo that exquisite pain. I was watching your expression as she fastened them tight. I know you well enough to recognise how you were determined to bear them, and to draw pleasure from it. You would never have accepted those weights if you had been given the choice, I am sure, and I would never have allowed them under other circumstances."

"You didn't want to deny me anything, did you?"

"No, I didn't. As long as the ribbons were in your hands, I considered that I had no right to intervene. It was hard for me at times, but my determination to allow you to undergo whatever and as much as you could possibly stand, is the proof of my love for you, Gaëlle."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.



*It is a most strange feeling to watch a pornographic film with myself as the star. Part of me is still deeply troubled by the incontrovertible visual proof of how I behaved, and by what was done to my body, with my full agreement and at my request. Another part of my brain is proud of me for wanting, accepting, submitting to and welcoming the experience. I don't know if I would do it again, but I can't say that it would be impossible. I certainly am not sorry that I chose to have this happen to me. If I do have a regret, it is that I didn't discover what Christine did that night. Part of me hopes that she replaced me on the couch. Whatever she did or had done to her, I doubt that she was left with stronger memories than myself.*

## Chapter Forty-one

“I’ve been reading my erotic diary, Jérôme,” Gaëlle said.  
“Is that so unusual?” Jérôme asked.

“Not really, but it’s been a while since I read the start of it. It’s sixteen years now, do you realise?” she said, “and I’ve experimented with so many different sensations, from being exposed in public to having sex with strangers, men and women. It’s unimaginable to me, now, how little I knew when I first met you.”

“And this is leading, where?”

“Well, as I examined the experiences, it was clear that the focus on each occasion is always me, never you. You’re intimately involved, of course, but it’s always about me.”

“That’s because, of the two of us, you are far more exciting than I am.”

“Flatterer. In all the time that we’ve been together, haven’t you ever been tempted to have an experience on your own?” she asked, then went on. “Too much has been for me, don’t you think? I feel guilty that I’ve had so many fantastic experiences...even some without you, and you’ve never said that you wanted to try something without me. It’s lovely, but it makes me seem selfish.”

Jérôme laughed. “Selfish is never a word that I would use about you, Gaëlle. If I haven’t looked for other adventures, there are good reasons—one, I’ve been having too much fun with you, two, I had quite a lot of experiences before we met, and three, I think that you over-estimate how appealing I am to others. Not

all people want to have erotic experiences with a man who is well over forty-five, unless he has an amazingly sexy wife like mine. I'm just lucky that you like me."

"I don't just like you. I love you. I find it hard to believe that you think you aren't attractive. It's true that many young men are nice to look at, but you're also nice to know. You're charming and caring, and very attractive, believe me. You don't look your age, anyway."

"Wow! Can I have that in writing?" he joked.

"Anytime. Now," she went on, "will you do something for me, Jérôme?"

"Of course. Without question. What is it?"

"The next time that a woman shows that she is attracted to you, will you please give in?"

"If that's what you want, then certainly I will, provided, of course, that I also think that she is attractive, okay?"

Gaëlle smiled. She didn't tell him that what she really wanted was to watch her husband as he fucked another woman. Of course, she'd been with him when that had happened before. She'd seen him fucking other women, but had become aware of the big difference between seeing, and being able to concentrate on watching it happen. In the middle of many of their experiences she had sometimes felt that she would have liked to observe actions and reactions. Usually, she was too involved, and far too aroused to appreciate what she and Jérôme looked like at those moments. Seeing herself on film had opened her eyes to the pleasures of just watching.

"There is a specific reason why I ask," she said. "It's because I think such an occasion may be about to happen."

Jérôme smiled at her. "I hope that you're going to explain that a little more."

"It's like this. For a couple of months I've been discreetly

listening to an ongoing discussion at the gym. Two women, whom I only know by sight, are regularly there at the same time as me. A few weeks ago, they started to talk between themselves about what sort of men they liked, so I paid attention. That's how I know that one of them, who's called Florence, is attracted to older men. They don't seem aware that I'm often near them at the gym, and I'm sure that they have no idea of my interest."

"There's a big difference between a woman saying that she likes older men and one who is attracted to this older man," Jérôme said.

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong. Do you remember when you had to fetch me from the gym last week, when you had collected Miguel and his children? You left them in the car and came running in to find me in the entrance hall."

"Yes, I remember that. I was looking for you where you'd said we'd meet, but then you suddenly appeared by the car, behind my back."

"You came in all in a hurry, in your tennis things. I overheard Florence's reaction."

"Don't tell me. She asked who the old man was who thought he could still be seen in public in shorts, yes?"

"Stop fishing for compliments, Jérôme. She said to her friend that you were very attractive, and that she could easily imagine having sex with you. She didn't know that I was listening, or who I was. It gave me an idea. That was why I went out the side entrance, so that she didn't see us together."

"I'm sure that it was just a comment in passing, Gaëlle, not a serious suggestion."

"Wrong again, my dear. She was complaining to Peggy, her friend, that she'd never seen "Mr. Shorts" since that one occasion. She even said that if she saw you again, she wouldn't hesitate to approach you. It seems that the attraction has lasted."

“I can tell that you’re serious about this. You would like me to appear again, and see if she reacts? I hope she’s nice.”

“I guess Florence about mid-thirties. She has a pleasant round face and a nice smile. I’ve watched her in the gym and I know that she’s much more strongly built than me, with correspondingly bigger breasts. Anyway,” Gaëlle concluded, “It’s your responsibility, Jérôme, and you have no idea how I love to say that to you.”

Gaëlle made sure that she was in the café at the gym when Jérôme walked in. Florence and her friend were at a table where she could watch them. Jérôme went to the bar and got an orange juice, then sat alone. Florence and her friend were discussing Jérôme, Gaëlle was sure. Eventually, Peggy left. Florence stood up at the same time, and went straight across to Jérôme’s table.

“Hello, I’m Florence,” she said. “Are you a new member?”

“My name’s Jérôme. Not yet,” he told her, “but I’m spying out the land, to see if it would suit me.”

“I’ve been coming here for over a year, so if there’s anything you want to know, just ask.” Florence said.

Jérôme played the part and they chatted for a few minutes. Then she left him, saying that she hoped to see him in the bar again.

“I was amazed at her assurance, but I didn’t feel that she was imposing herself on me,” said Jérôme later at home. “She seemed very normal. We had an intelligent chat about the system at the gym. If she is offering, I am quite happy to work with your plan. Are you sure about it?”

Gaëlle was surprised at how long it took her to say yes. She thought through all her feelings and then decided that she really did want this to happen, if possible.

After that, things progressed quickly. Jérôme went to the gym a few times, coincidentally when Florence was there. Gaëlle stopped going there during that period, as she didn't want Florence to guess about Jérôme and her. Jérôme told Gaëlle all about their conversations.

"She's remarkably open about herself," he told her. "She's a doctor, thirty-six years old. She's been in a long relationship, which ended a few months ago. She's been telling me about her sex life, and how unsatisfied she was with the limited view of sex taken by her boyfriend. You know the type, Gaëlle, always him on top, no foreplay, and rather brief. Florence was often left to finish on her own, because he had no interest in watching or helping her."

"Poor thing, but I'm glad that what she wants and what I want match up so well!"

"I'm happy to see where it goes, too," Jérôme said.

"I'm surprised that she has asked so little about you," Gaëlle said.

"There's a reason for that," Jérôme said. "The second time I met her, she said that she hoped I didn't mind if she didn't want to know about me. She was sure that I must be married or attached. She said she'd feel guilty if she knew for sure that she was seeing someone else's husband, so she asked if it was all right if she avoided that area of my life completely. It's clear that she'd like to have sex with me, although she hasn't actually put it into words, so far."

That situation changed soon afterward. Jérôme had taken Florence out for a drink and they'd had their first deep discussion.

"Florence wouldn't be at all interested in your participation," he told Gaëlle. "She has expressed a total disapproval of homosexual activity of any sort. It's a legacy from her religious upbringing, I think."

"I don't mind," Gaëlle said. She didn't say that she was concerned with observing, rather than in taking part. "But she's willing?" she asked.

"Yes. Her principles haven't prevented her from telling me that she would love to have what she called *uncomplicated sex* with me, if I want. It's a moment of physical pleasure that she's looking for, not a relationship."

"Oh, good. I see."

"I'm fairly sure that a lot of what she wants, is to reassure herself that she's still attractive as a sexual partner. I could almost view having sex with Florence as a social obligation, if I needed an excuse!"

"The next question is, how to arrange it?" Gaëlle asked. "I think it would be best to use the living room of our apartment, but to say that it belongs to a friend. What do you think?"

"I'm not too happy about that, but you've thought much more about it than I have, so we'll do that."

That was a relief to Gaëlle, because the possible complications of hiding in a hotel had worried her. There was no reason for Jérôme to be aware that she fully intended to be a fascinated spectator. They were in the middle of decorating their living room anyway, so there would be nothing too personal on view. In the hallway there was a big closet, which shared a wall with the living room, and the preparation of that wall made it easy for Gaëlle to disguise the hole that she made to see through. She let a couple of pieces of wire hang out of it, as if it was something electrical.

Jérôme picked up Florence from the middle of town at half-past two that Saturday. Gaëlle organized herself as soon as Jérôme went out. She had told him that she was meeting friends for coffee, and would not be back until about six. It was harder than she had thought to tell even this little lie to Jérôme, and she knew that later she would have to tell him the truth.

She took some time to prop a couple of their large mirrors, apparently casually against the wall, but in fact very carefully placed, in the living room. Just before she thought they would arrive, Gaëlle went to the toilet, then took up her position in the closet, hanging her opera glasses round her neck. She had put a stool in there, to raise her to the right height for her spy-hole. With the help of the mirrors, she could see almost all of the room, especially the sofa, where she imagined most things would happen. She settled down to wait. Maybe ten minutes later she heard the key in the door of the apartment.

"I think that the living room is this way, Florence," said Jérôme's voice.

They came into sight, first Jérôme, then Florence. She was wearing a casual skirt and top, with a light jacket over it. As soon as they were in the living room, she took off the jacket and put it on the table. She tapped Jérôme on the shoulder.

"Will you let me do something I love to?"

Jérôme stopped, and turned to face her. Florence went to her knees, and opened his trousers. Jérôme was facing the spy hole, so Gaëlle could only see the back of Florence's head. Fortunately, the mirror she had so carefully placed gave her a good view of them in profile. Florence took out Jérôme's penis, and looked at it. She stroked it with her hand, then, as it hardened, she masturbated him to a full erection. As soon as he was rigid, she took him into her mouth, as deep as possible, so that her nose was in his pubic hair. From Jérôme's face, the sensation was very



nice. It was a pleasure for Gaëlle to see Jérôme being sucked so well, because she was aware that fellatio was not one of her favourite acts, or one that she did with expertise. Florence pulled away from Jérôme. His penis was visibly more swollen.

"If I finish you now, will you be able to have sex later?" Florence asked.

Jérôme smiled. "Not immediately, but yes, particularly if you keep doing that so beautifully."

Florence resumed her sucking. She made Jérôme last several minutes, and Gaëlle enjoyed watching his face as he tried to delay the orgasm. Then it happened. He shuddered and filled Florence's mouth. Gaëlle watched the reflection, fascinated, as Florence swallowed, then swallowed again. She stood up.

"Thank you," Florence said. "My ex-boyfriend would never allow me to suck him to the end. He always pulled out and came on my face. This is much, much more satisfying, and a lot less messy, too."

"I'm flattered," Jérôme said. He helped Florence to stand, put himself away and led her over to the sofa. "I wasn't expecting such an enthusiastic start. Maybe we should just relax for a few minutes while I recover," he went on, sitting down on the sofa. Florence joined him.

"I'm going to take my clothes off," she said. "I know that I'm too fat, but I want you to see the truth about me."

"I'll join you." Jérôme replied, stripping himself naked.

Florence pulled off her skirt and top. It was true that she was at least plump, but it was more the fat that you see on a teenage girl than a woman. Her skin was light brown, and beautifully smooth all over. Her breasts were like melons in shape, almost literally. Gaëlle guessed that she was a C or even a D cup and certainly a thirty-six or more. Her pubic hair was clipped short and looked quite coarse. She sat beside Jérôme.

"You have beautiful breasts," he said, admiring them. "Are they sensitive?"

"Perhaps you'd like to find out for yourself," she responded. She kneeled up and leaned toward Jérôme. Her breasts hung invitingly in front of him. He put a hand under each one and felt their weight. Florence closed her eyes. Jérôme stroked her breasts, avoiding her nipples. Gaëlle used her opera glasses to watch Florence's nipples harden and grow. They were long—much longer than her own. When Jérôme brushed a fingertip across them, Florence moaned. She leaned closer to him, and he brought his mouth to her right breast. From her expression, she loved it as he sucked. Her hand went down between her thighs and she rubbed herself. Barely a minute later, she was having a huge orgasm, and collapsed on the sofa beside Jérôme, breathing hard. She sat up.

"One each. That was good. I needed that. It's been too long since I had sex, except with myself."

They lay on the sofa, entwined. Gaëlle was very excited. This was what she had wanted, to see Jérôme with another woman, while she was able to concentrate on what she was seeing, rather than on what was happening to herself. Nevertheless, her fingers were also busy stroking her clitoris through her knickers.

Strangely, the most difficult part for Gaëlle was to watch them kiss. Jérôme kissed wonderfully, she knew that, and Florence was clearly enjoying the experience. She was also appreciative of the revived erection that she and Gaëlle could both see. Jérôme lay back and allowed Florence to sit on him, guiding him into her sex. It was time for the opera glasses again, Gaëlle thought. She could just see Jérôme sliding in and out. Florence's position also made her breasts available to him, and he strained to sit up enough to suck her nipples as they fucked. Jérôme finished first, and it was clear that it had been a big orgasm. Florence rocked

back on his penis, which was still stiff, and used her fingers to make herself come again. From personal experience, Gaëlle was sure Jérôme could feel the ripples inside Florence's vagina when it happened.

There was another pause for gentle touching. Florence got up and went to the bathroom. Gaëlle took advantage of that, to have her own orgasm, biting her lip to remain silent. This was quite as nice an experience as she had hoped. Florence returned, and sat beside Jérôme.

"Well, what next?" she asked. "I can't thank you enough for this. I was becoming a frustrated old woman. I'm lucky to have found a man who is prepared to have sex with me for the sake of the mutual pleasure, rather than as a demonstration of how well he can perform."

"I've enjoyed it just as much as you, Florence, believe me. You asked what next? Well, it's my experience that women can come more often than men, so if you want, I'll see how you like to be caressed by mouth, okay?"

"Oh, please, yes. How do you want me?"

Jérôme positioned her on her side, with her back to Gaëlle, and for the next ten minutes, she was treated to the sight of Jérôme bringing Florence to the edge of orgasm time after time, before he let her come yet again.

"Oh, it's so strong it nearly hurts, Jérôme," Florence almost screamed. "Don't stop, don't stop. Oh, it's so good. Oh, what are you doing to me? That's so strong. I don't want it to stop."

Gaëlle knew just what Florence was feeling as she came this time, because Jérôme had often done the same to her. He would make her almost come several times, then, just as he pushed her over the edge with his tongue, at the crucial moment, he would push his thumb deep inside her bottom. It always made Gaëlle cry out from the strength of the orgasm even though she knew

what he was going to do and when, so she could imagine how powerfully it must have hit Florence, for whom she guessed that this was a first experience.

“What did you just do to me, Jérôme?” begged Florence when she had recovered. “I don’t know what it was, but it was different from any orgasm I’ve ever had before.”

Jérôme explained exactly what he had done. Florence’s expression revealed how shocked she was. Gaëlle was reminded yet again that there are people who love the pleasure, but can’t accept how that pleasure is achieved.

“Is that normal, Jérôme?” Florence asked. “I don’t think that’s right.”

“Didn’t you enjoy it? Wasn’t that a more powerful orgasm because I had my thumb buried in your bottom?”

“It sounds even worse when you say it like that. I don’t know. It was so good, but I don’t know. I’m confused, now. It goes against the way I’ve been taught to think.”

“Your choice, Florence,” Jérôme said. “To enjoy the ecstasy or to drown in guilt. I know what I would choose.”

Florence was clearly shaken.

“I think perhaps I should go,” she said. “Thank you for helping me to feel sexy and attractive again, Jérôme, but I think we should leave it there.”

“No problem. The pleasure was mutual. Good luck, Florence, and I hope you find what you’re looking for soon.”

Gaëlle heard Jérôme close the apartment door. A few seconds later, she jumped as his fist banged on the closet.

“You can come out now, Gaëlle,” he called. “I know you’re in there.”

\* \* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*The so and so! He had guessed my plan from the beginning!  
But it didn't matter at all, as he was bending me over, still half in  
the closet, and penetrating me. I was impressed by his stamina,  
especially as I knew he had had two orgasms very shortly before!  
Perhaps if he ever seems to have problems I'll have to arrange a  
repeat event for him!*

## Chapter Forty-two

“**B**ags? Money? Cards? Ticket?” Jérôme asked, teasing Gaëlle as he always did when she went away. She stuck her tongue out at him and picked up her suitcase. “To the station, Mister chauffeur,” she commanded.

She was off on what she thought of as her annual pilgrimage to Paris. Jérôme saw her to her seat and then waved as the train left. She settled back and relaxed to enjoy the journey. After a few minutes she took out Anne-Marie’s latest letter, and re-read it. The handwriting was just as elegant as the first time she had seen it, some eighteen years previously. Gaëlle smiled to herself. Anne-Marie had been instrumental in her meeting Jérôme as a person, rather than as a colleague, and she would always feel gratitude toward her for that. Even before Jérôme had appeared on the horizon, she reminded herself, it had been Anne-Marie who had given her the clues for her disciplinary panel, which had in turn removed a foul and unpleasant manager from the organisation for which she worked at that time. She shuddered at the memory.

Anne-Marie, long retired, had returned to her roots in Paris, and Gaëlle visited her at least once a year, usually, as this year, around Christmas. Apart from seeing Anne-Marie, of whom she had grown very fond, it gave her the opportunity for train travel, which she enjoyed, as well as a chance to do the shops. Jérôme would happily go shopping with her, but sometimes he understood that she preferred to be on her own. She checked into her hotel in the seventh arrondissement, then, the following

morning, took the RER train out to the suburb where Anne-Marie shared a little house with her older sister.

"Gaëlle, how lovely to see you! And how kind of you to come!" Anne-Marie's older sister, Jeanne, kissed her on both cheeks. She lowered her voice, "She's as well as you might expect, but she gets so tired, so quickly now," she told Gaëlle. "I'm glad that you've come early. After lunch, she sleeps mostly."

The degenerative disease that sapped Anne-Marie's health did not impair her hearing, Gaëlle noticed, as her familiar tones rang through the house. "Is it that dreadful child, Gaëlle, coming to inflict herself on me again?" she called.

Gaëlle laughed. Anne-Marie would never change.

"Yes, your torment is about to begin," she replied. "Prepare to be bored!"

Jeanne led her through to the sitting-room, where Anne-Marie sat, or perhaps the better expression would be, was enthroned, Gaëlle thought. She gave her a hug.

"And how is young Jérôme?" Anne-Marie demanded.

"Not-so-young Jérôme is fine. He sends his love. He's working too hard, as usual, and he won't be joining me until two days before Christmas, so I have a week of solo shopping and sight-seeing for myself. So I supposed you would moan if I didn't come to see you," she joked.

They chatted together, catching up on the news. Jeanne kept them supplied with tea and biscuits. Eventually, she caught Gaëlle's eye, and nodded. Gaëlle took the hint.

"I'm going to abandon you for today, or I'll have nothing left to say when I come back tomorrow," she announced. She kissed the two sisters and went back to her hotel.

That afternoon, and the next, she walked around Paris. Mornings were devoted to Anne-Marie. She enjoyed sitting on the

Métro or the bus, feeling totally anonymous, as she travelled to the exhibitions in the museums and art galleries. She paid her respects to Picasso's amusing goat at the museum near the Marais, said hello to the Mona Lisa in the Louvre and filled her mind with the Impressionists at the Musée d'Orsay. Over the next few days, she managed to include some clothes shopping as well. In the 13<sup>th</sup> arrondissement, Chinatown, she found a beautifully embroidered silk cheongsam in an electric green silk, which she decided would be perfect for when Jérôme finally arrived.

On her third day there, she decided to indulge herself in something that she had been considering for some time. She had worn two earrings in her right ear for several years, and had been contemplating having a third piercing in her right ear, and a second on the other side. She concluded that now was a good moment, as a present for Jérôme, as well as for her own pleasure, of course. She had many lovely pairs of earrings, many of them gifts from him, and this would allow her to wear more of them at one time. It occurred to her that it was Christmas, after all, so she would look more like a Christmas tree with her extra decorations. She could imagine Jérôme's surprise when she met him at the Gare de l'Est. She looked for somewhere to have it done.

The beauty salon that she eventually chose was just across from her hotel. She made an appointment for the following day.

The beautician was an attractive woman of maybe twenty-five, with dark hair and a flashing smile. Gaëlle noted also that she had a very neat bottom. Her nametag said she was called Noémie. She made a matching piercing in Gaëlle's left ear for the odd one in the right ear, then added a third in her right ear. The process took no time at all, and Gaëlle was soon admiring an additional simple gold ring in each lobe.

"That was easy," Gaëlle said, "and so quick. Thank you!"



“Ears are very straightforward,” Noémie replied. “Other piercings are not always so straightforward.”

Gaëlle’s ears twitched.

“What’s the most difficult?” she asked.

“Tongues are always a challenge, because of the risk of infection. I also do nipples, and sometimes, other parts. It isn’t something that I do here, but in the clinic where I work for myself. That way I can make the final decision, whereas here, I do as I’m told.”

A sensation in her belly made Gaëlle shiver inside.

“Other parts? You mean labia? And clitoris hood? That must be interesting, as well as a challenge.” She tried to keep her voice non-committal.

Noémie nodded.

“Not all women have nipples or labia that are suitable to be pierced. At least, not without a lot of pain while the piercing is being done, and constant discomfort afterward. If I don’t think it is a good idea, I can say so. I would rather lose a client than be responsible for a bad job.”

“Will you look at me and see what would be suitable?” Gaëlle asked on a sudden urge. “Not my nipples. I don’t think I’d like that, but I’ve been wondering whether a piercing on my sex would look good.”

Up until that moment, she had no thoughts of what she was now suggesting, even if it was still only a theoretical question. She confessed to herself that she also liked the idea of asking this young woman to look closely at her sex. Noémie put her finger to her lips.

“Not here and not now. I think it would be better if I did that at the other place,” she almost whispered. “I prefer to keep my work here and there separate. Would you like to come tomorrow evening?”

Gaëlle agreed.

The *other place* was off the Rue St Denis, in among the sex shops and peep shows. As evening fell the following day, Gaëlle made her way to the place that Noémie had designated. There was a discreet door, with a little sign that read, piercing by appointment only. She rang the bell.

The clinic, or rather treatment room, was up some stairs. She was relieved, but not surprised, to see that it looked hygienic. Noémie was dressed in a white overall coat. She pointed to the couch. Gaëlle sat on it, lifted her skirt, pulled down her knickers and lay back.

"That's nice," Noémie said. "It makes it a lot easier to see what I'm doing when a client is depilated and on you it looks very good."

She examined Gaëlle's sex, opening it and looking at her clitoris hood as well as her labia. Her interest was purely professional, Gaëlle realised, but her touch was still nice, she thought, as she tried hard not to allow her pleasure to be heard.

"You have a choice." Noémie announced, after a moment or two. "You can have your labia pierced, no problem. However, in your place, I wouldn't do that. Your sex is very neat, and I think that to give you a labial piercing wouldn't make your sex any prettier. In my opinion, pierced labia look better when they are the sort that usually hangs outside the cleft. If I were you, I'd choose to have my clitoris hood pierced. A small ring through your clitoris hood would only be evident when you wanted it, but you would always be aware of the ring, even when it was tucked away in the cleft of your sex. There's something else...I can see your clitoris is swelling now. I'll pierce you so that the ring will be in contact, any time that you are even a little excited, and add to the sensation." She laughed. "Don't worry. I have enough

experience to know that a large part of wanting to be pierced is the feeling, not just how it looks. Of course, once it's done, you'll be able to choose how big a ring you want. Do you want to go ahead?"

"Now?" Gaëlle asked, rather shocked at the suddenness of it all.

Noémie laughed again. "No. I can't do it today, because I have other clients coming. Besides, I think you should go away and decide if you are ready to have such an intimate piercing. If you do, it will cost eighty euro. Can you pass by the beauty salon tomorrow and give me your decision?"

She charged twenty euro for the consultation, and Gaëlle went back to her hotel to reflect. Usually, she would have discussed it with Jérôme, but she concluded that she wanted this to be a surprise for him, because there was no doubt in her mind that, by the following night, she would have been pierced through her clitoris hood. The idea excited her and frightened her in equal measure. She slept badly, waking up to masturbate several times, and examining her sex. On one of these occasions, in the early hours of dawn, she woke with the thought that she knew how *O* had felt in that book, aware that she would never look the same again. Then she told herself that she was being melodramatic. If she didn't like being pierced, she could simply let it heal up again. That thought calmed her down, and she slept well at last.

The next morning, she visited Anne-Marie as usual. Then she went for a walk, more for the exercise than to sightsee. Her stroll back to the hotel took her to the beauty salon. She had to wait for Noémie to be free. When Noémie came into reception, she was wearing an outdoor coat.

"It's my break," she said. "Shall we go for a coffee?"

They walked to a café and sat on the covered terrace. Gaëlle

told her that she wanted Noémie to pierce her clitoris hood that evening.

“No problem,” Noémie said. “Now, I have a question for you. I can see from your clothes that money isn’t an issue for you, and that eighty euro doesn’t frighten you as a price. However, there is a way that it will cost you nothing, if that interests you. Do you want to hear about it?”

Gaëlle nodded.

“Okay. So, did you know that there are people who will pay to watch a piercing taking place? I’m always being asked if I can arrange to allow spectators to watch, and I accept on two conditions. The first is that the woman being pierced has to agree, and the second is that the watchers pay the cost of the piercing, plus the same amount again, extra. You can see that there’s an advantage for both of us. What do you think? Does that interest you? It seems to me that your decision will be based on your enjoyment rather than economics.”

“It would depend on who the spectators were. Do you have a list for me to choose from?” Gaëlle said, a little nervously.

“Not a list, but I can tell you who is waiting for a phone call from me today. There are two men, as solo spectators, or there is a couple, married I think.”

“If the couple want to watch, I think I’d enjoy that. So you can call them,” Gaëlle replied.

Noémie gasped.

“I didn’t expect a reply so quickly! You are brave. You are certain? At seven this evening, then?”

Gaëlle arrived in good time. As she was going to be on show, she had dressed carefully. She wore a longish velvet skirt in dark green, with a lighter green blouse. She had hold-up stockings and black cotton bikini knickers under the skirt. It was a cold

night, so she wore her sheepskin coat. She was nervous.

In the treatment room, Noémie was already waiting. With her were two people. The man was tall and dark, early thirties, Gaëlle guessed. The woman was younger but not by much, slim and dark haired. Their clothes screamed *Americans*, and their accents confirmed it.

“Monsieur et Madame... Jones,” said Noémie, letting her know that real names were not necessary. “Mr Jones would like madame to have a piercing done, but she isn’t sure.”

“Terry and Jacky” he said, in English.

Gaëlle thought rapidly.

“Julia,” she said, pronouncing it the German way, with a *Y* not a *J*. She had been chatting on the internet with a German woman of that name, and among the fantasies that Julia had described to her, was that she had a powerful urge to have her sex pierced, a desire surpassed only by her terror at that same idea. Gaëlle decided she would live out that fantasy and fear for Julia, so she could tell her how it felt in reality.

She stood by the treatment couch. Somehow, having an audience made her feel more relaxed.

“Please take off your skirt,” said Noémie.

She did that, and was left standing in her blouse, which half covered her buttocks, plus her knickers and stockings.

“The knickers also... Julia,” said Noémie.

An idea came to Gaëlle.

“Would monsieur or madame like to take them off for me? You can charge them extra,” she said in rapid French, sure that the Americans would not follow.

Noémie asked them, in English. Gaëlle listened carefully, but gave no sign that she understood.

“What do you think, hun?” asked the man, Terry. “You or me? I’ll bet it will be an extra on the bill.”

"I don't care. We'd never dare sign on for this sort of experience back home in Texas, so let's go for it. Toss a nickel?"

"A euro rather. Okay, Here goes."

Terry won, and came over to the couch.

Gaëlle stood still and waited. He stood behind her, to allow Jacky to see, then slowly pulled down her knickers.

"Oh wow." Jacky gasped as Gaëlle's depilated sex came into sight. "That is just so cool. Will you look at her pretty cunt, Terry? Isn't that just so cute?"

Gaëlle reflected that it was curious how detached she felt, as this stranger bent over in front of her bare belly and inspected her exposed sex. He beckoned to Jacky, and she came over and looked also, as if Gaëlle were not really a person. For some reason this did not irritate her. The fact that she understood them, but that they didn't know, added to her pleasure. She lay back on the couch. She was ready for what happened next.

Noémie approached her.

"Because of where the piercing will be, there is an increased chance of infection," she explained. "So for this type of piercing I use a special needle, not the gun I have for ears. I'll use a ring that's the same size and shape as the ones I put in your ears yesterday. When it's in place, you'll be able to choose to have it very visible, or hidden away."

She put on thin latex gloves, parted Gaëlle's thighs and opened her sex with her fingers. She used an antiseptic wipe to make her ready. Then she picked up an implement that looked like scissors, but with flat ends, and used that to stretch Gaëlle's clitoris hood to a maximum. It hurt. Jacky and Terry had their eyes fixed on the open sex, and Gaëlle tried to concentrate on that.

Noémie spoke to the woman. "Jacky, will you hold this as stretched as you can? It helps if I have both hands free to do the

piercing.”

Gaëlle could see the long needle in Noémie’s right hand, and what looked like a piece of thin tube in her left. She positioned the tube on one side of the stretched hood, and then bent over Gaëlle’s sex. The feeling, when it came was very different from what she had expected. She had supposed that it would feel like another occasion, when her chain had slipped off her labia, but it was far stronger than that. It was not even really painful, just a very strong sensation. She was totally conscious of the needle sliding through her skin and out again, into the tube on the other side. It was just as difficult to remain calm when Noémie pulled it out again, and manipulated the gold ring through the hole she had made. Gaëlle forced herself not to look down. She wanted to wait until the ring was in place.

“There, it’s done,” said Noémie. “You can look now. Very pretty.”

Gaëlle looked. Noémie had wiped away any blood. Through the hood covering her clitoris was a simple, plain gold ring. She could feel it quite powerfully. The pulse from the piercing was making her clitoris swell.

“All done. You next, hun?” said Terry to his wife. She looked shaken and rather pale.

“No way. No way. It looks good on her, but no way.”

“Time to go, I think,” said Terry. “Here’s two hundred Euro. One sixty for the show, as agreed, and the rest for letting us participate. Is that okay?”

Noémie took the money and they left.

“Here’s your share,” Noémie said, holding out a one-hundred Euro note.

“No, you keep it. As you said, I don’t need it,” Gaëlle replied. “Think of it as a Christmas bonus.”

“A very generous one! Thank you very much.”

Gaëlle tucked the ring into the cleft of her sex. She put her knickers into her bag, straightened her skirt and pulled on her coat. She wanted to know how it would feel to walk among the sex shops with no knickers. She was also interested to find out to what extent she would feel the ring in her sex. She said goodbye to Noémie, and walked down the stairs. She was certainly conscious of the piercing as she stepped out of the door into the crowds. The night was icy, and that made her very aware of her naked bottom and sex. She could feel the ring. It held her cleft very slightly open, and she was aware of the cold, more so than on occasions in the past when she had walked out bare under a skirt. No doubt it was the effect of the freezing air on the gold that was touching such an intimate part of her, she thought. She turned into a side street and glanced around to see that nobody was near. She lifted her long velvet skirt to look at the ring. She touched it and pulled on it a little. It hurt still, but she knew that it was good. She headed back to her hotel.

In her room, she undressed and showered. She carefully turned the rings in her ears as she had been told, to keep the new holes open. Then she parted the outer labia of her sex and looked at the piercing. There was a little new blood, which she wiped away with an antiseptic tissue. She carefully pulled the ring through the hole for one complete rotation. She was surprised at how sexy it felt already.

When Jérôme arrived four days later, it was already as good as healed. Gaëlle said nothing to him about it while they were in the taxi from the station to the hotel.

"I spy extra earrings," Jérôme said. "I approve. They make you look even sexier."

Gaëlle smiled, enigmatically, she hoped, but said nothing.

"You're quiet," he said as they got out of the taxi. "When that



happens, it always gives me hope that you have something exciting to tell me. Don't worry. I'm happy to wait until you want to let me know." Jérôme said with a smile.

They went up to their room. Jérôme was tired, and slumped down on the bed. Without a word, Gaëlle stood in front of him and raised her skirt. She was nude under it, and his eyes widened as his eyes were drawn to her new, gold clitoris ring.

"That is so beautiful, Gaëlle," he exclaimed. "What a lovely surprise. Come here and tell me all about it."

She stripped off the rest of her clothes and joined him on the bed. He examined the ring closely, and kissed her sex gently.

"When did you decide on that?"

She explained to him how she had come to make the decision, and about the spectators.

"So not only did you enjoy it but you didn't have to pay." Jérôme exclaimed, and laughed. "What a businesswoman. I'm proud of you. It was a brave thing to do in any case, and it gives me a very satisfying feeling to know that you did it without consulting me. I love that you arranged to be pierced for your pleasure alone, although it's a delight that I share, believe me."

The next evening, they were supposed to go out to a formal dinner. While Gaëlle was in the bath, Jérôme disappeared. He returned about an hour later, just as she was beginning to worry that they would be late.

"Oh, you're dressed already," Jérôme said, a little disappointment in his voice. "I love the dress. That green really suits you. I'm sorry to have been so long. There's a good reason, though. It's early Christmas-present time, Gaëlle. You can wear this tonight if you're ready, but I leave the decision to you."

He handed her a little box wrapped in gift paper and she opened it. Inside was a stainless-steel pin, about fifteen

millimetres long. On one end was a tiny gold ball. Next to the pin in the specially designed box was another shorter, thinner pin, also with a ball on the end. She looked more closely. It had a thread that would fit inside the shaft of the other part.

“What a beautiful piece of engineering,” she exclaimed, “but I hate to think how much it cost.”

She was proud that Jérôme had chosen such an exquisite piece of jewellery for her. She looked at him.

“It’s for my hood piercing?” she asked. “It’s very early to try it, you know.”

Jérôme’s face fell a little, so she thought again, quickly.

“Come on then,” she said. “I don’t know if I’ll be able to wear it for a whole evening, but I’m dying as much as you, to see how it looks and feels. I’ll let you put it in for me, because I don’t think I can reach without contortions. Besides, it’s only fair that you should enjoy the fitting of your gift.”

She was already made-up and dressed to go out, but she carefully took off her dress, grateful again that she was wearing only light make-up. She handed the pin to Jérôme, pulled down her knickers and lay back on the bed. She didn’t look. She knew that to take out the ring would hurt, and the pin was also slightly thicker, so to push it through would hurt again. She carefully relaxed as Jérôme knelt down between her thighs.

She had been right. The removal of the ring was painful. She would have to do her eye make-up again. Strangely, after that, the sensation when he carefully fitted the pin through her sex was easier to accept. She felt him struggle to screw the two minuscule parts together.

“It feels different, more stretched,” she said. “Will you pass me my hand mirror, so I can see properly?”

The reflection showed her that the pin sat right across the cleft of her sex, and outside her outer labia. It pulled her clitoris

hood forward, and held it in that abnormal position. She could feel the pressure on her clitoris very clearly. Jérôme looked pleased.

"It's a very erotic sensation," she told him. "The pin is tight against my outer lips. My clitoris is swelling, and touching the pin. I feel fantastic."

The temptation to keep the new decoration in her sex was very great. She could imagine how it would feel to sit politely among strangers and business people, wearing what was a perfectly respectable dress, while her entire mind was screaming out that her clitoris hood was pierced and stretched, and that her clitoris was rubbing on the new intrusion.

Gaëlle stood up. The pressure of the little pin across her sex became more pronounced, enough to make little dimples in her skin. She knew that she would be very conscious of it for as long as she wore it.

"You've just solved a little problem for me, Jérôme," she said. "I thought I was going to have to wear knickers tonight, because I was afraid that the ring might be noticeable. I tried the dress without, and there was a little extra bulge that didn't look so normal. However, with this, do you think that I dare go to the dinner, bare under my dress?"

"You're asking me, or you are telling that you want to?" Jérôme replied. "If you're asking, then I love that idea, but I'm fairly sure that you intend to do it, anyway. Of course you dare."

The occasion in question was a big formal dinner of some thirty couples, connected with Jérôme's work. Gaëlle had never mixed that sort of event with her sex life, but this time, she really felt the urge. The dinner took place in a superb restaurant. As they arrived, there was an area for people to drink an apéritif, stand around and chat. She behaved like a good wife, as polite

and as charming as she could be. She tried not to think of the piercing, and sometimes succeeded for as much as a minute or two, although, almost constantly, she could feel a pulse beating there. From time to time, when she was sure that nobody was looking, she touched herself discreetly through the thin silk of her dress, as if smoothing the material. She could feel the little bar. The tension created by the piercing in her clitoris hood held it firmly across the cleft of her sex. Just to know it was there felt wonderful. As they went in to dinner, she told Jérôme how she was feeling, then whispered, "You know, if I dared to press a little harder, I'd be touching my clitoris. It's really swollen and exposed. You know how, when I'm excited, my clitoris tries to peep from between my labia? With the hood pulled away from it, that tendency is even more exaggerated." She squeezed his hand. "Am I turning you on? I do hope so. It isn't fair if I'm the only one feeling the tension!"

Jérôme returned the pressure, "I've already had to adjust my clothing to hide a certain rigidity," he admitted.

"There's more." Gaëlle told him. "A few minutes ago, I couldn't resist the temptation to touch my clitoris, to feel how swollen it is. It was like an electric shock that ran right through my whole body. Just that simple brush with a finger end is enough to tell me that I run the risk of disgracing myself if I do it again."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*The simple knowledge of the possibility that I could well have an orgasm if I touched myself again was stimulating enough to let me drift through the evening on an erotic cloud. I am sure that many of Jérôme's colleagues were left with the impression that*

*his wife was either slightly deaf, slightly drunk, or not very clever!  
But I don't care!"*

## Chapter Forty-three

Gaëlle stepped on to the platform from the express train. She had an hour and a quarter to wait, until the departure of the little teuf-teuf train that would take her to a country halt, where Alphonsine would collect her in her ancient van. Fortunately, the snowstorm had passed, but it was still bitterly cold. She made her way to the buffet-cum-waiting room. It gradually filled up, mostly with people dressed for work, no doubt going home to the surrounding villages. Gaëlle stood in a corner and took out the book that she had bought for just such an eventuality.

One of the advantages of being away from home was the chance to be totally anonymous, she reflected. When she had changed trains in Paris, she'd found a copy of a book on the station kiosk, one that she'd intended to read for some time. *The Sexual Life of Catherine M* was by a well-known art critic, who had explored sexuality well beyond any normal limits, and certainly beyond anything Gaëlle had experienced, but with a degree of openness to experimentation that she sensed in a minor way in herself.

Her train arrived. For the first part of the journey, the commuter train was very crowded. After two stops, she was able to have a seat to herself, and shortly after that, she was almost alone. The only other passengers were sitting on the other side of the seat, immediately behind her, at the rear of the train.

She knew who they were. She had noticed them in the waiting room. The couple were dressed alike, and aged no more than

twenty, she guessed. The girl's heavy black makeup, leather miniskirt and leather jacket announced her as a Goth, as the Americans call them. The boy's black tee shirt, torn jeans and leather jacket were of a similar style. It was an aggressive look, and Gaëlle confessed to herself that they made her feel a little nervous. The ticket collector had disappeared into the driver's cabin at the front of the train. She felt rather isolated. That made it hard to concentrate on Catherine Millet's adventures. She put the book on the seat beside her and closed her eyes, to try to calm herself down. After all, she told herself, they had said nothing to her, or even looked at her.

After a moment, Gaëlle sensed that one of them had looked around the seat. Then she heard the voice of the girl.

"She's asleep. Did you see what she was reading, Marc? You wouldn't expect that from someone who looks so respectable."

"Maybe she's planning her next adventure. Or perhaps it's the only sexy thrill she gets."

Gaëlle almost jumped up to confront the young man, but decided to wait, to see if she could discover more. He went on.

"Well, if she can read that on the train, can't we look at what we got?"

"Can't it wait until we get home?"

"Oh, please, Sophie. Just to look. I promise that I won't grab you."

Gaëlle was intrigued to notice the contrast between the aggressive appearance she had noted, and the educated voices she was now hearing. She waited and listened, and heard the rustling of a plastic bag.

"Leave the toys for now, Sophie, and let's look at the magazine."

There was a pause. Then she heard Sophie's voice again, quite loud this time.

“Oh, that’s disgusting.”

Gaëlle stood and leaned over the seat back. They had a magazine of nude photos in front of them.

“Personally disgusting to you, Mademoiselle Sophie, or disgusting in general?” she asked sweetly.

The couple jumped. The photo in question showed a woman with yellow-blond dyed hair and clearly silicone breasts. She was facing away from the camera, sucking an unreasonably large penis, while another pair of hands held her sex open for the camera, showing deep inside her vagina.

The girl, called Sophie flushed.

“It’s not beautiful, nor is it remotely sexy. It’s just crude and demeaning, and it’s Madame Sophie, Madame, not Mademoiselle,” she retorted, flashing a wedding ring in front of Gaëlle’s face.

“My apologies. I’m Gaëlle, not Madame.” She laughed. “I agree with you. That photo doesn’t excite me, either. I hope she was well-paid. I can’t imagine anyone doing that except for money.”

“It was part of the package.” Marc protested. “We didn’t get to choose the magazine. There were the toys, and then this.”

“That’s it!” Sophie exploded. “Tell the world, why don’t you, Marc? Sophie and Marc have been married for less than six months, and already they need to go to sex shops for inspiration.”

Marc said nothing.

Gaëlle changed the subject. “What toys did you get?” she asked, adopting an innocent tone. She was sure that Marc would be unable to resist showing them to her, an unknown woman, in the presence of his wife. Men, she knew, are usually predictable like that.

Marc ignored Sophie’s faint protests and dug into the plastic



bag. The first item was a vibrator, penis shaped.

"That one will give you a lot of pleasure, Sophie," Gaëlle said. "It's a nice size and shape. Will you let Marc watch you use it?"

Instantly, Sophie went crimson with embarrassment. She was speechless. In Sophie's world, Gaëlle imagined that ladies of a certain age either didn't know about things like that, or if they did, certainly didn't talk about them in public.

The next item out of the bag was a pair of vaginal balls, to put inside for a gentle arousal. Gaëlle made no comment, because she was looking at the third toy they had bought. As the package said, it was an *Advanced Butt Plug*. It differed from the usual shape. It looked like a fat plum with a handle through which you could fit two fingers. She wasn't an expert in such toys, she admitted to herself, but she could see that this one would be more demanding to use than the usual shape.

"I don't understand this one," Sophie said. "It's either too short or too fat to do much, I think."

"Then I don't think you're seeing it in the right way, Sophie." Gaëlle said. "It isn't designed to be used like the other ones."

She paused, to allow Sophie to ask the obvious question, but she said nothing, turning the thing round in her hands and examining it.

"Can I ask a very intimate question, Marc?" Gaëlle said.

She chose to ask him, because there was a chance that Sophie would say no, whereas she was confident Marc would accept. Surely enough, he shrugged.

"Why not?"

"When you're having sex, do you ever touch Sophie at the back?"

"Marc. Don't you dare!" Sophie exclaimed.

"I think that answers my question." Gaëlle said, and smiled. "Well, this little item is designed to fit in there."

"You seem to know a lot about these things," Marc observed. "I can see from the book you're reading that you're interested in sex, but I wonder if it's ever more than a fantasy for you."

Gaëlle felt challenged, if not insulted, as was no doubt his intention. She felt her face flush.

Marc went on, "You might convince us that you really know what you're talking about, if you showed us how it's done. If you dare, of course." He raised an ironic eyebrow.

"Marc. That's appalling. Please excuse him, Madame... Gaëlle. One visit to a sex shop and he's a monster."

"It's okay, I understand how Marc is thinking," Gaëlle replied, "and also, I'm considering how best to respond to his challenge."

"My challenge to you is simple," Marc said. "Show us how to use it and we'll use it after you, and let you watch. Do you have the guts to go for it?"

Gaëlle paused, more for effect than because she needed to. Her mind was already made up.

"Yes. I accept, but only if you agree, Sophie." She thought it was best to be simple and honest, and besides, the idea was exciting her.

Marc's face was intense.

"Please, Sophie, please. Let her do it to you. It would be so sexy."

"One moment, Marc," Gaëlle interrupted. "You said *we*, if I heard correctly, so that means you as well. Is it still on?"

"You don't think we're serious, do you, Gaëlle? However, we've got about forty minutes until we arrive, and this train has no more stops. We're used to this journey, and I know that the ticket man is in with the driver and will stay there."

They shook hands on their agreement, as if it had been a business deal. It was quite amusing to Gaëlle. She wasn't dressed

for sexy adventure. She hadn't anticipated that a country train journey through a remote region of France in deepest February would lead to an erotic encounter. Under her long woollen skirt she was wearing boots, long socks and a pair of very ordinary black cotton knickers. It would have to do, she thought.

She needed a little more space to prepare herself, so she went across the carriage. She bent down and reached under her skirt to get to the sides of her knickers. With some difficulty, she pulled them down over her socks and boots, very conscious of being rather inelegant. It was only when Gaëlle stepped out of her knickers and picked them up that it dawned fully on Marc and Sophie that she was serious about going through with their agreement. Gaëlle opened her handbag to put her knickers away, and then took out her expensive moisturiser. She was very conscious that good lubrication was going to be important. She returned across the carriage and sat opposite the young couple.

"So, me first, then you, Sophie, then Marc, agreed?"

Sophie nodded, although she looked a little scared.

Gaëlle sat opposite them, and swung her feet up onto the seat. She put cream on the plug, and reached up under her skirt. It slid up her thighs, showing her long black socks and then some skin above that. By feel, she rubbed the plug over her sex, which was already quite wet, then slid it further back between her buttocks. When she felt it touch the right spot, she breathed out slowly, to relax her muscles, then pushed it gently into her bottom. The concentration of Marc and Sophie was almost palpable, their expressions fixed and fascinated. Gaëlle was surprised how easily the plug went in, once the fattest part of the plum was past. The shape drew it deeper, until the handle fitted snugly against her perineum.

"Done," she announced. Through her mind went the thought that the diameter of the plug would be quite a test for anyone not

used to anal sex.

“How do we know that?” Sophie asked. “You could have put it, er, you know, sort of...at the front.” She blushed prettily again.

“Okay. How do I prove it? You want to see, Sophie?”

“Yes, and to touch.” Sophie followed, “but just me. Marc, you stay here and don’t move. Don’t peep, either!”

He looked disappointed, but remained sitting while the two women went round the other side of the seat. Sophie sat down and looked at Gaëlle expectantly.

Now Gaëlle was ready for Sophie to see everything. She stood in front of the younger woman, swaying slightly with the motion of the train. Outside, the countryside fled past in the night. Slowly, she raised her skirt. The socks gave way to her naked thighs and she heard Sophie catch her breath. Gaëlle paused, then lifted the skirt the final few, vital centimetres, to reveal her depilated sex and the golden ring that pierced her clitoris hood. Sophie squeaked, and jammed her hand against her mouth to stop herself from calling out. Gaëlle put her finger to her lips, to tell her not to make a noise.

Sophie’s hand moved, as if not completely under her control, reaching out to touch the ring, then stopped abruptly. Gaëlle took the hand then gently pulled on the fingers, so Sophie could feel the ring and her labia. For a brief moment Sophie’s stubby fingers and black-painted nails toyed with the ring, sending shivers throughout Gaëlle’s body. Then Sophie seemed to take control of herself, and she pushed her hand between Gaëlle’s thighs. Her fingers slid neatly into the two metal loops that formed the handle of the plug, and she pulled lightly on it. The plug moved, trying to get past the sphincter muscle that held it inside. Involuntarily, Gaëlle groaned and her knees sagged.

“That feels really good,” she murmured.

"It's true," Sophie called out to Marc. "She really has it...er...where she said." She returned to her seat, leaving Gaëlle to remove the plug, wipe off the excess cream and straighten her skirt before going back to join them.

"Now you, Sophie." Marc said, enthusiastically. "Can I do it for you?"

"Maybe if you're good, I'll let you do it next time. I think Gaëlle knows how to do it better. This time, you just watch." She turned to Gaëlle. "Will you do it for me?"

Gaëlle smiled. Of course she would. The previous few moments seemed to have created a degree of trust between Sophie and her, and that would be helpful for what was about to happen. She told Sophie to get onto the seat on her hands and knees. Gaëlle pulled down the girl's thick black tights and thong knickers. Black, of course, she noticed. Sophie's bottom was pink and plump. Gaëlle wiped the plug once more with an antiseptic tissue from her bag, before adding more cream. Sophie was very tense, and Gaëlle knew that it would make penetration more difficult. She pulled Sophie's tee shirt out from the top of her skirt and put her hand under the bare belly that was now exposed.

"I want you to relax your stomach muscles until your belly rests on my hand," Gaëlle told her.

Sophie obeyed, and Gaëlle enjoyed the sensation of soft, warm skin on her palm. She slid the plug between Sophie's thighs, stroking across her labia, which were very wet, and then deeper between the cheeks of her bottom. When she touched the anus, Sophie moaned.

"Ready?" Gaëlle asked.

An almost imperceptible nod showed that Sophie was prepared. As the plug pushed against her sphincter, she moaned again. Gaëlle waited patiently until she felt warm flesh resting

again on her palm, before adding more pressure. This time, the plug slid into Sophie's anus. Gaëlle knew what the young woman was feeling as it found its correct depth inside her.

"How does it feel?"

"It's different. I feel very full. Where the handle sticks out it tickles. It's good."

Gaëlle allowed Sophie a few moments to get used to the sensations, and then lay her down on her back to remove it, very carefully and gently. Sophie didn't enjoy that part as much. She sat up and looked at Marc, who was no longer looking so confident.

"Ok, big man. Your turn," Sophie said, grinning at her husband.

Her calm and mature attitude amazed Gaëlle.

Marc was surprisingly willing to lie on his back as ordered, his jeans and boxers round his ankles. Unsurprisingly, he had a massive erection. Gaëlle nodded toward it.

"Can you keep all that out of the way while I fit the plug?" she asked Sophie.

"I have a better idea," Sophie responded. She cupped his testicles in one hand, bent over him and took him into her mouth.

Gaëlle, was fascinated, as always, amazed by women who do that so easily when she found it such a challenge. His entire length was engulfed, and Gaëlle could see Sophie's throat working on him. His expression made it clear he would not last long. Gaëlle positioned the plug and waited, pressing just hard enough to make him aware of its presence.

Then he came. As his face contorted, she pushed the plug inside him.

"Ah." He gasped. "Aah. Aah!"

Sophie swallowed hard. A little sperm dribbled from the

corner of her mouth. She wiped it off with one finger and licked it clean.

"I had no idea it would feel so strong," Marc said after a few moments to recover. "It's the sort of thing I'd associated with gay men, but to be honest it certainly adds something."

To Gaëlle's surprise, he didn't remove the plug, but simply pulled up his underwear and jeans and sat down beside Sophie, albeit a little carefully, Gaëlle noticed, as she suppressed a smile. The young couple kissed, deeply. Very soon after, the train started to slow down.

"We're here." Sophie announced, holding out her hand. "I doubt we will meet again, Gaëlle, so thank you for your assistance. Goodbye."

Gaëlle almost laughed. It was as if the young couple had been lost in a strange place, and asked a stranger for directions. She supposed, in a way, they had.

They got out onto the cold, dark platform. Gaëlle could see no sign of Alphonsine, her goat-keeping friend. An older woman was hugging Sophie and Marc. Then Marc called across to her.

"Gaëlle, this is your transport, too. May I introduce Sophie's grandmother, Berthe?"

They shook hands.

"Alphonsine's van wouldn't start, so she called me and asked me to collect you." Berthe told her. "Mountain people have to be supportive of each other."

The car was a big old Renault. Sophie's grandmother handed a huge, thick blanket to Gaëlle.

"The heating isn't powerful enough at this time of year," she said, "but if you all get into the back and share this, you'll be nice and snug."

She drove off into the cold night and total darkness. It was indeed nice and snug under the blanket that covered all three of

them from knees to neck. Gaëlle guessed that Marc was doing something to Sophie, as she could feel her wriggling. It was a surprise, nonetheless, when someone took hold of her left hand, and pulled it gently toward Sophie, who was sitting in the middle. The hand, Marc's, Gaëlle assumed, pressed down on her own, and she felt bare skin. Sophie had pulled down her tights, and Marc was encouraging Gaëlle to caress her. She walked her fingers up Sophie's thigh, and into her pubic hair. More pressure from Marc, and her hand was delving deep between Sophie's thighs, which were wide apart. Gaëlle slid her fingers into the warm wetness and began to move them gently. Sophie wriggled again, letting Gaëlle's fingers sink into her.

Gaëlle continued to caress her, while Sophie strained across to kiss Marc passionately. It wasn't long before she came, leaving Gaëlle with a soaking wet and perfumed hand. She did her best to dry it on her handkerchief, but with limited success. The car drove on into the night.

"It'll be another half-hour, so sit back and relax, Gaëlle," Sophie said.

It wasn't long afterward that Gaëlle felt a hand pulling at the hem of her skirt. What could she do but cooperate? She pulled it right up. Being naked under her skirt meant that she could open her thighs wide. She sat back. Sophie's fingers stroked Gaëlle's depilated belly and labia, then searched for the clitoris ring. She pulled gently on it, and her fingertip brushed over the tip of Gaëlle's clitoris. Sophie gasped, as she felt how swollen it was. She touched it again to be sure, making Gaëlle grunt, and turn her face toward Sophie. They kissed, mouths open and tongues twisted together as Sophie explored Gaëlle's sex with her fingers. She seemed to know when to pause, keeping her on the edge for what felt like an age. When eventually she let her finish, the orgasm was so strong that Gaëlle felt faint. She moaned.



"Everything all right in the back there?" Berthe called out.

"Yes, we're fine," Sophie reassured her. "I think Gaëlle was just dozing off."

"Not really. I was just enjoying the ride," Gaëlle said, with a smile at Sophie.

Sophie calmly rearranged Gaëlle's skirt, then patted her on the knee, as if to say well done. Decidedly, this was a remarkably cool young woman, Gaëlle decided. She hoped that Marc realised what a treasure he'd married, and that he'd be ready for how things might develop in their erotic life.

When the car arrived at the farm gate where Alphonsine stood, waving a torch, they all got out. Berthe came to shake Gaëlle's hand again, the right one, fortunately, because the other was still rather sticky. Berthe drew her to one side while Alphonsine chatted to the Sophie and Marc.

"I never dare to use the rearview mirror when I have those two in the back," she said, smiling. "I hope they didn't embarrass you with all the kissing and cuddling. They've been like that since they were small children. When Marc got his place at University, they insisted on getting married before he went. We, in turn, were obstinate in demanding that they waited until Sophie was seventeen last September, but they were adamant that they wouldn't wait any longer."

\* \* \* \*

From Gaëlle's Journal.

*What a contrast. I'm lying in a huge old-fashioned bed in a room lit by an oil lamp, full of healthy food and after one of Alphonsine's intense philosophical discussions, having just lived an amazing erotic encounter with a pair of sexy Goths!*

*I'm staggered by Sophie. So young and so composed about*

*sex. It is a shock to think that just a few hours ago, I was caressing an only-just-seventeen, almost a sixteen-year-old adolescent, and that she made me come, too. It makes me feel a little uneasy, worried that she's only a child. I certainly was not as mature at her age. It leaves me speechless when I think how young she is, for the expertise and willingness that she demonstrated in her desire to explore. Also how old I feel! I can tell myself that I started late, but even so, my experiences at twenty-four, even, were very vanilla compared with her at seventeen. Oh, Madame Sophie! What next, I wonder? I do hope that Marc will be able to keep up with you, and that you will enjoy the journey together, as much as Jérôme and I have. I wish you both well.*

## Chapter Forty-four

“What do you mean, you’ve never been to Mallorca?” Mercedes exclaimed. She almost fell off the running machine as she paused in apparent horror.

“No, I’ve never been to Mallorca,” Gaëlle reiterated, ceasing her pedalling on the static bike. “In my mind, it’s full of drunks, red with sunburn and drinking beer with either bockwurst or fish and chips according to passport.”

Mercedes laughed.

“That’s true of a small part of the south coast, maybe forty kilometres long. The rest is lovely, and most of it’s unspoiled.”

When Gaëlle came home to discuss possible late-summer holidays with Jérôme, Mallorca was on her mind as a possibility.

They sent for brochures, discovered that Mercedes was telling the truth about her home island, and decided to pay a visit.

On the internet they found a place to stay near the little town of Sóller, in a simple apartment, two floors up from a small bar and café. The website displayed a wonderful view of the Tramuntana mountains.

“Mountains, sea and sun,” Gaëlle said to Jérôme. “What more could you ask for?”

“Sex would be nice,” he said with a grin. “Any chance, do you think?”

“I’ll give it some consideration,” she told him. “If you’re good, I may allow you some fun.”

They filled in the form and made the booking, choosing to drive down and to take the ferry. On arrival at the port of Palma, they found their way, with some difficulty, out of the conurbation, and north and west to the tunnel, which led to Sóller. Once through that, they drove on past orange groves. The building that they were looking for had a bar on the ground floor.

“That’s it,” Gaëlle said, pointing at a building that they had just passed. Jérôme turned the car round and they entered the little courtyard and parked beside the flower-decorated well.

A woman came out of the bar and came toward them. A man followed her a few steps behind.

“Hello, I’m Marisa and this is my husband, Jordi,” said the woman. “You must be Gaëlle and Jérôme? I hope you speak English, because I have no French at all.”

“Yes, we both do,” Gaëlle reassured her.

“We were expecting an older-looking couple from the booking chart,” Marisa told them. “You look far too young for the ages you gave!”

“That’s a promising start,” Jérôme remarked. “Compliments are always welcome!”

Marisa had a strong accent, which they easily identified as Scottish.

“You aren’t Mallorcan, are you?” Gaëlle asked, more for confirmation than as a real question.

“Oh no. Jordi is the Mallorquin. I’m from Edinburgh,” Marisa confirmed.

They were an attractive couple, in their middle or late thirties, Gaëlle judged. Jordi was relatively short and very hispanic in looks, with dark hair and eyes, and his wife was a little shorter than Gaëlle with shoulder-length blondish hair.

Marisa showed them their apartment on the second floor, very simple but totally adequate.

“We live on the first floor, between you and the bar, so you shouldn’t be bothered by noise,” Marisa told them, “Anything you want, just ask. We do food if you don’t feel like cooking.”

The first evening, they went down to the bar, where Jordi introduced them to his two daughters, Laura and Magdalena.

“Bonjour, madame et monsieur,” Laura said carefully in French. “I’m learning French at school.”

They spent ten minutes asking the sort of questions that she might be expected to be able to answer, and she was very proud when they had finished. Gaëlle now knew that Laura was thirteen, and Magdalena six.

“Laura is soon going to be quite a beauty,” Jérôme said to Marisa when she had sent her daughters off to bed.

“Fortunately, she hasn’t realised it, yet,” Marisa replied, “The boys look at her, and she just smiles and ignores them.”

“They are both quite charming,” Gaëlle said.

“Ah well, they’re on good behaviour for you two,” Marisa commented. “Otherwise they can be wee terrors!”

“I don’t believe you,” Jérôme said. “You love them hugely, I can tell.”

“Oh, all right then,” Marisa admitted. “We do. They’re lovely.”

“And long may that last,” Jordi added. His English was most entertaining, a mix of Spanish and Scottish accents and expressions. “It’s hard for them, too, because we work long hours. We take them out when we can, but that doesn’t leave a lot of time for ourselves.”

The following morning, Gaëlle was up early and went out onto their balcony to admire the sun coming up over the mountains.

“Jérôme,” she called. He came out to join her, and looked down into the garden, where Marisa was hanging out washing, wearing a bikini.

“Very trim,” he commented. “Working in a bar runs off any spare fat, I imagine, very attractive.”

“I do enjoy that we can share that pleasure,” Gaëlle said. “To know that you appreciate attractive women and that I can discuss it with you is itself a delight.”

“Well, since I have a lovely woman as a wife, I can afford to enjoy a view like Marisa in a swimsuit,” Jérôme agreed.

They walked in the mountains daily, often returning late, after a swim in the sea, which was still warm in early September. They quickly decided that breakfast should be eaten in the bar, usually empty early in the morning. It allowed them to chat with Jordi and Marisa and to start the day feeling happy.

“I’ll be glad when the high season is over,” Jordi sighed. “We have no social life at all while the tourists are here, and that seems to be for ten months of the year, now. All our friends are in the same sort of business, so to get someone to keep eyes on the girls is impossible.”

“If you want an evening out, we’ll happily stay in and keep them away from the brandy and the cigars,” Gaëlle said. “Jérôme isn’t so young anymore and as you can see, he desperately needs his beauty sleep.”

Her husband dutifully slapped her bottom.

“Do you mean that? You’re not just being polite?” Marisa asked, appearing from the kitchen with the ensaimadas, the Mallorcan pastry that went so well with coffee.

“We don’t make offers that we don’t mean.”

That was Jérôme, adding his voice.

“Well, if you’re sure, we’ll gratefully think about your

proposal, won't we, Jordi?"

"We go in four days' time," Gaëlle reminded them. "So you have some choice, but not much. We don't feel the need to have a big last night out, so you can include that one, too."

"Let's do it, then, if you're certain," said Jordi.

"There are fiestas in all the villages at this time of year, so any night is fine." Marisa said. "Actually, you wouldn't even have to move. You can baby-sit at a distance. Somewhere, I know we have a baby intercom from when the girls were very small, so you could relax in peace in your apartment, unless you hear them destroying things downstairs. Jordi can get it now, before he forgets, as usual."

One of the things Gaëlle enjoyed about Jordi and Marisa was the way they constantly made fun of each other, as Jérôme and she did. Jordi came down a few minutes later with the wireless intercom.

"It has no batteries, but I'll bring some new ones. Will you remind me please?" He grinned. "My memory is almost as bad as Marisa's!"

Later that evening, Jérôme and Gaëlle were reading in their apartment. She dropped her book with a thud.

"I could strangle George Sand, she's exasperating," she told Jérôme. "always moaning about the people of the island. We've found them welcoming, and they were especially helpful when your navigation left us totally lost today, weren't they?"

"Just because there are too many Santa Marias here," he grunted, barely lifting his eyes from his own book. "Besides, you're about two hundred years too late to do any damage to Madame Sand, anyway."

Gaëlle wandered over to the table and picked up their end of the intercom. She fiddled with it idly, to see how it worked. It

took the same batteries as her travelling vibrator, she noticed, so she switched them over. Suddenly she could hear Jordi's voice from the flat downstairs.

"Oh, maravillosa, Marisa. You look so sexy without a bra. I don't see you topless often enough."

"Away with you, Jordi." That was Marisa. "They're only boobs."

"Yes, but they are *your* boobs, and I have told you how much I love them. It would be maravilloso to be with you at a fiesta if you were not wearing a bra"

"Here? In Mallorca? Where I can bump into one of your aunts at any time? Absolutely not. If you want to see bare breasts in public, all you have to do is pick a beach, and you'll have foreign girls enough to choose from, with breasts much nicer than mine."

There was an outbreak of giggling and entertaining noises. Then Marisa spoke, again. "Jordi, if we're going out, I'd like to go to Palma tomorrow and look for something to wear."

"I can run the bar for a few hours, no problem. You can go shopping tomorrow. Maybe you will find something to wear with no bra? I have noticed that many people like to watch you and admire your body, so I know I am not alone in liking to see you looking sexy. Jérôme and Gaëlle look, too."

"You never do give up, do you, man? You're just indulging your fantasies, Jordi. Flattery won't get me to go out tomorrow with my boobs hanging out, so you can stop your dribbling, but I will go to Palma, and see what I can find that you'll like. I'll get some batteries, too, for the intercom."

Gaëlle switched the intercom off, removed the batteries and put them back where they belonged.

"Interesting," Jérôme said. "Marisa without a bra is a nice thought, isn't it?"



"She has bigger boobs than mine," Gaëlle agreed, "but then, that's not so difficult. She's also pretty, don't you think?"

"Attractive, rather than pretty, but yes, she's nice looking."

"Me, too, then."

"No, you're lovely."

"Ha! And your eyesight is getting worse."

She thought again about Marisa and how she looked in her bikini.

"Marisa's breasts would hang without the support of a bra," she said, "but then, Marisa does have two children. Laura's thirteen, so her mother must be around thirty-five, do you think?"

"Probably. She's in better shape than many women of her age," Jérôme commented.

"Present company excepted, of course," he added with a grin.

"Anyone would think you were trying to talk me into bed," Gaëlle said, pulling off her tee shirt. "Coming?"

Gaëlle was sitting in the hire car and waiting, the following morning when Marisa appeared.

"You look smart. Going somewhere?" Gaëlle asked.

"I'm away to take the little train to town. I've used the excuse of going out, to do some clothes shopping in Palma."

"What a coincidence!" Gaëlle said innocently. "Me, too, although it's more window shopping that I want to do. Do you want to come with me in the car?"

"If you're taking the car, you'll need me. Traffic in Palma is catastrophic!"

As she drove along, Gaëlle glanced across at Marisa's denim skirt, which zipped up the front, and her pretty white top.

"I've noticed that most local women take great care of their appearance," she commented.

"There's a lot of emphasis here on looking well-dressed," Marisa told her. "Plus, I, as a foreigner, can't make any less of an effort than the other women of Jordi's family. Besides, I like to look smart. Looking good while dressing badly is only for young girls."

In Palma, Gaëlle looked at clothes, but bought only some makeup.

"How's this?" Marisa asked, showing a very pretty outfit with white linen trousers and a striped top to Gaëlle. "You're French, so you must be an expert."

"It's nice," Gaëlle approved, thinking inwardly that Jordi was going to be disappointed.

"Oh well, I suppose I should go back now," Marisa said, as she picked up the bag at the cash desk. "Just when I was starting to enjoy my moment of freedom."

"Is there any need to rush?" Gaëlle asked. "I'm sure Jérôme would love to play at barman if Jordi needs help. You won't be missed for a little longer, I'm sure, and it will be good for you. Shall we go for a tour?"

"You're driving, so I can't really say no, and it's a nice day, and a good idea."

"Shall we go to a beach? I'm sure you don't get to see the sea much in the holiday season," Gaëlle suggested. "You're the one with the local knowledge. Do you know any beaches that won't be too packed with tourists?"

"We can try. I was a tour rep when I first arrived here. Follow my directions."

Soon they were off down little roads and then onto dirt tracks, until they reached a small rough car park in what seemed

to be the middle of nowhere. Gaëlle took her beach bag from the car and they walked down a significant number of steps to a small cove, where a few people were dotted around. They strolled down to the water's edge, then walked a little distance away from the main beach to some rocks, where Gaëlle dropped her bag.

"So this is one of the famous Calas," she said, looking round. "It's quite lovely, and I don't think I would have found it on my own. Shall we paddle?"

Marisa was quite happy to take off her sandals and join her. She held up her skirt and soon the warm turquoise water was nearly to their knees. Then Gaëlle was caught by a little wave, so that her shorts got wet. Marisa laughed.

"It's rude to enjoy the misfortunes of other people!" Gaëlle told her mock-seriously, as she splashed Marisa's skirt in revenge.

"Oh, so it's like that, is it?" Marisa retorted, using both hands to scoop up water and flinging it at Gaëlle.

For the next few moments they behaved like silly little girls, hooting with laughter and soaking each other. By then, they were both dripping, and Gaëlle's white tee shirt was totally transparent. Marisa looked at her and gasped.

"Oh shit. I'm sorry, Gaëlle. I got carried away, and now just look at you. I feel awful."

"Please don't, Marisa. It's fine. All I have to do is take it off and it will soon be dry in this sunshine."

She peeled off her tee shirt and enjoyed the sensation of the sun on her bare skin.

They walked back to the rocks where Gaëlle had dropped her bag, which had Jérôme's and her towel in it. She spread the towels.

"Sit," she said firmly.

Marisa sat.

“Your top is as wet as my tee shirt,” Gaëlle said. “You should take it off. It will dry quicker. Or do Scottish people not do that sort of thing?”

“Some of them may, but it’s no habit of mine to sit around in public in my bra.”

“So take that off, too. Look around us. You won’t be the only one. Come on, I’ll help you with it.”

Gaëlle was standing behind Marisa. She reached down and pulled Marisa’s top up, and over her head. She took advantage of the moment when Marisa’s arms were trapped to unclip her bra and release her breasts. They fell out of her bra into public view.

“There now, that feels better doesn’t it?” Gaëlle said. “You look nice, too.” She looked more closely. “Oh, what’s that?”

Round the nipple of Marisa’s left breast was an obviously amateur tattoo of four letters, H I B S.

“Blame Scottish football,” Marisa said. “The Hibs, Hibernian, are my team. That tattoo is the sort of thing that happens when you get drunk. When I was seventeen, I was smitten with a boy who was a supporter of the other Edinburgh team. My pals didn’t like his team, or him, so one night when I was in no state to object, one of them did me this tattoo. Once I had it, the boy’s interest in me came to a sudden end. If I had to have a tattoo, I just wish it had been done professionally, not by a girl who probably was as drunk as I was. It’s one of the reasons I don’t often go topless at the beach.”

“It hardly ruins you, Marisa. Your breasts are nice. The tattoo just makes people notice them more.”

Marisa made no comment, but lay down on her back, after draping her wet top over her bag to dry more quickly.

“My shorts are so soggy. I’m going to take them off,” Gaëlle told her as they lay side by side.

“Well don’t expect me to follow you,” Marisa responded without opening her eyes.

Gaëlle took off her knickers as well, squeezed the seawater out of the wet cotton and laid back, the exposure feeling good, even if only on a beach. She closed her eyes and relaxed, letting her mind drift away.

“Gaëlle.” Marisa’s shadow blocked the sun as she sat up. “You didn’t say...I mean I never thought... Well...”

Her incoherence told Gaëlle that Marisa had opened her eyes and sneaked a look. Evidently, she had seen more than she expected. Gaëlle opened her eyes and looked up at the other woman.

“A problem, Marisa? Are they coming to arrest me? Or do I look so dreadful?”

“It’s not that. You look just fine, but you don’t often see a grown woman with no hair on her pussy. Is it natural or do you shave it off?”

“I like the way I look when I’m smooth, so I have it waxed.”

As she spoke, Gaëlle slid her hand down her hairless belly. Almost unconsciously, she hooked the nail of her little finger into her clitoris-hood ring.

“What’s that?” Marisa asked, her tongue wagging before her brain could stop her asking such an intimate question.

“That? Oh, it’s just my ring. Pretty, isn’t it?” Gaëlle said calmly. Usually the gold ring sat, mostly hidden, inside the cleft, but now she slipped her little fingernail through it and flipped it out into the sunshine, leaving Marisa in no doubt that she was pierced through the hood of her clitoris.

“Why?” Marisa asked, in a shocked voice.

“Why am I pierced, or why there? For all sorts of reasons.” Gaëlle counted on her fingers. “First, because I like how it looks, second, because it helps me to believe I’m still sexy, and finally

because it feels wonderful. Also, I enjoy remembering the occasion when I had it done. Does that answer your question, Marisa?" She smiled and tucked the ring away again, almost out of sight inside the cleft of her sex.

"I'm sorry if I appeared rude, but it was such a shock to see you lying there, so...so bare...and then that."

"It's my turn to apologise, I think. I forget sometimes that Jérôme and I have a sex life that would appear unusual to most people. If you want, I'll make myself decent. I didn't intend to create an issue."

Gaëlle tried to tell the truth almost always, but she decided she could forgive herself that white lie. Thinking of the overheard discussion, she had deliberately set out to expose herself to Marisa, in the hope of making her think about a wider view of sex.

"Oh no. It doesn't bother me at all." Marisa declared hurriedly and unconvincingly, trying not to offend her.

Gaëlle reached for her bag.

"I think we both need some sun cream, Marisa, before we start to go pink," she said, changing the subject a little. "Let me do your shoulders for you."

She let her fingers stroke the cream onto Marisa's warm skin. "Will you do my back for me if I lie on my front?"

She handed over the tube and turned over, making the assumption that Marisa wouldn't refuse. Marisa dutifully spread the cream.

"Would it bother you to do the rest of me?" Gaëlle asked nicely. "That would be lovely."

Marisa squeezed sun cream onto Gaëlle's bottom and thighs. There was an almost imperceptible pause, and then her hand started to spread it, tentatively at first. Gaëlle enjoyed the sensation, thinking that Marisa had probably never done this to

another woman before.

"Oh, that feels so nice," she sighed, as Marisa's palm slid smoothly over her bare bottom. She parted her legs slightly, and, obediently, Marisa put cream on the insides of her thighs as well as the back of her legs.

"This is quite delicious. Be careful, Marisa, this feels so good. It's turning me on." Gaëlle murmured.

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" Marisa commented, giving her bottom a little slap. "You're a brazen hussy and you're taking advantage of me. You should be ashamed of yourself, Gaëlle," she said, and giggled.

"Oh, believe me, I am quite, quite ashamed." Gaëlle told her, doing her best to sound sincere. "Not enough to want you to stop, though. Just a moment."

She got onto hands and knees carefully, so as not to get sand on her sticky back, then kneeled on her towel. She gently pushed Marisa down and unzipped her skirt wide open. Marisa was wearing white cotton briefs, which Gaëlle pulled down to her ankles and off. It only took an instant, and Marisa was so surprised that she didn't have time to resist. Her belly was quite brown, but with a white area the shape of a bikini bottom. She had dark curly pubic hair.

"Aha. I guessed that you weren't a real blonde," Gaëlle said. "I'll be able to report back to Jérôme and tell him he was wrong."

"Don't you dare. How you discovered that is not fair." Marisa pulled her skirt back across to hide herself. Gaëlle noticed that she didn't put her knickers back on. She lay on her front again.

"Admit that this is fun, Marisa," she said. "When was the last time you did this sort of thing?"

"Sunbathing topless? Um. Before Magdalena was born, certainly, so at least eight years ago. Laura had started to ask very

difficult questions, very loudly, by the time she was five.”

“Whoa. So long. You have time to make up in having fun, I think.”

“You’re right, Gaëlle.” Marisa gave a growl of discontent. “Oh sod it,” she said. “I’m going to do like you. My skirt is drying on my legs and it’s stiff with salt.”

Marisa opened her skirt and tugged it out from under her bottom. Now they were both nude. Inside, Gaëlle smiled to herself. Marisa was already doing more than she had hoped, so she’d see if there was a chance to go further. She didn’t have long to wait. A couple of young men wandered, apparently casually, past them, making comments to each other as they went.

“What did they say, Marisa? I don’t understand Mallorquin or Catalan, whichever that was.”

“You really want to know? It wasn’t very polite.”

“Oh, but we aren’t being very polite ourselves, are we?”

“Well, you asked. One said...do you fancy the hairy one or the smooth one and his friend replied, you’d be wasting your time because they’re a pair of lesbians, that’s for sure. You can tell because there’s always one who’s shaved, that’s how you know it’s the other one who’s dominant. So young, and already such an expert.”

They laughed. It entertained Gaëlle to think that she appeared to be the junior partner in a lesbian couple.

“If they come back, let’s pretend they’re right,” she suggested. “It will be fun to see how they react.”

“How do you mean?”

“You’ll see. Here they come for a second look. You just lie still and listen, so you can tell me what they say.”

As the two boys approached, Gaëlle turned over and sat up, then grabbed the tube of sunscreen, and was smoothing the



cream onto Marisa's breasts by the time they passed by. The nipples stiffened under her fingers, and Gaëlle deliberately pinched them, looking up at the boys as she did so. Marisa gasped. The boys walked on.

"So? What did they say this time?"

"That was unfair, Gaëlle. You took advantage of me again," Marisa said, slapping Gaëlle on the arm. "If you really want to know, one said I told you so and the other said what a waste. I suppose that's flattering, but I suspect they didn't enjoy themselves as much as you did. However did I get myself into this situation, having my tits squeezed by a woman on a public beach?"

"And you didn't enjoy it at all, did you Marisa? I can tell. It felt horrible, of course?"

"Don't be daft, woman. My nipples told you how it affected me." Marisa paused. "Oh, bugger it. I enjoyed it. Satisfied?"

"Pleasant and sexy enough for you to do the same for me, if I lie on my back?"

"Give me the tube."

In a very no-nonsense way, she squeezed cream on Gaëlle, a dab on each breast, right on each nipple. Another blob filled her navel and finally, a long worm of cream went on her lower belly. Gaëlle's nipples stood up at once as Marisa smoothed her palm across them, making her shiver. When the hand went down to do her belly, Gaëlle was expecting Marisa to be as businesslike, but she slowed down, and teased Gaëlle, spreading the line of cream with only her fingertips.

"Am I doing this right, Gaëlle?" she asked, mockingly, "I'm not being too rough? How far down would you like me to go? All the way to your pussy?"

In reply, Gaëlle parted her thighs, and was amazed when Marisa's fingers slid between her labia and probed her sex.

"I suppose you thought that we nice Scots lassies from the

convent school didn't explore like you decadent French girls, did you? It's a long time since I've done this, but I'm not going to stop until you come for me, Gaëlle."

Gaëlle was amazed, shocked and excited as Marisa played with her sex, rubbing her clitoris with sunscreen as lubricant and quite soon making her come, hard, but not before she been taken to the edge several times.

"You needn't think that you're going to do the same for me either." Marisa said.

"That was a wonderful surprise, Marisa. I thought I was provoking you, and you reversed the situation totally. Does Jordi know about your expertise?"

Marisa's voice changed. Now she was pleading, "He does not, and don't you dare tell him. It would horrify him. This is a very conventional society, and I have no intention of ruining a great relationship by letting him discover I'm not the nice lady that he thinks. It would destroy him, I'm sure," she said. "Just now I got carried away. I never use language or do things like that now, and haven't for years. I'm at your mercy. Please don't tell, Gaëlle."

"Of course not. Yet Jordi was the one who noticed how Jérôme and I looked at you," Gaëlle said without thinking.

"How do you know that?" Marisa said accusingly. "You must have been listening. I bet the batteries weren't dead at all. You spied on our conversation." She was really quite cross, now.

"It was an honest accident, Marisa." Gaëlle said, excusing herself. "I was just trying my vibrator batteries to see if they worked in the intercom. I had no idea that your end was switched on."

Marisa calmed down.

"Oh well, I suppose it's our fault for not checking it was off. Anyway, what Jordi says is just teasing. He would be appalled if I

really dressed too sexily.”

“You are certain of that? I’m not so sure. Anyway, I can’t regret overhearing you. Otherwise, I might never have seen you nude, and that would have been a pity. You’re very attractive, Marisa.”

“Thank you. It’s good to have someone apart from Jordi telling me I look presentable. I’ve lost confidence, I suppose. When you have daughters who are so beautiful, it makes you feel proud, but old.”

“Never. You look just great, Marisa,” Gaëlle said firmly.

“That’s as maybe, but I still have a bar to run and it’s time we went back, Gaëlle.”

They dressed quickly. Gaëlle drove back, feeling rather uncomfortable in her salty shorts, and left Marisa to go to relieve Jordi in the bar. She went up to the apartment, so that she could discuss the events of the day with Jérôme. She was itching to tell him of her adventure, but decided to let him go first. He had, as she had suspected, kept Jordi company for most of what had been a relatively quiet morning. They had discussed football and motor racing and so on. Eventually, they had got round to their respective wives.

“Jordi is as crazy about Marisa as I am about you,” Jérôme told her. “It was easy to get him to tell me all sorts of things about her. Did you know she used to be a representative for one of the companies that specialise in young people? Apparently, they used to have really wild drunken parties every night, and the reps joined in, in those days. He’s sure that she’s had a lot of sexy experiences, and he’d love to talk about it more and maybe share some with her. He’s been trying desperately to work out how to raise the subject. That explains the conversation we overheard. When he suggests sexy ideas, she seems to be

convinced that it's only talk, designed to make up for the fact that he thinks she isn't sexy any more. It's frustrating him enormously."

"Well, he is right about her past experiences, I'm sure, after what happened this morning."

She told Jérôme about her beach experience with Marisa. He was totally staggered by it.

"It's amazing, isn't it? Jérôme said. "Two people who have such a wrong sexual picture of the other, when they obviously have a great relationship in all other ways."

"Marisa is worried that Jordi would think badly of her if he knew of her past sex life. She sees him as conventional and safe, and I think that's part of his appeal for her." Gaëlle explained.

"Did you know that Marisa is not her real name?" Jérôme said. "She was called Mary until she met Jordi. He only found out when they got married and he saw her birth certificate. Marisa was a little more exotic I suppose."

"So she reinvented herself for him, and maybe that idea of a new life made her concerned about her past and that it might spoil things if it leaked into her marriage."

"How can we help?" Gaëlle's question beat Jérôme's by less than a second. They sat down together and tried to think of a strategy.

"What do you think of Jordi as a man?" Jérôme asked. "I know he isn't really your style, but would you be prepared to make an effort, in order to help the two of them?"

Jordi was very Latin in type, quite heavily built, with something of a belly. He was only a little taller than Gaëlle.

"He's not the sort of man who's usually physically attractive to me," she said, after a moment's thought. "However, he isn't unattractive, either. In a situation where I was very turned on, sex of some sort with Jordi wouldn't be out of the question,

especially for a good cause. I don't have to ask about Marisa, for either of us, do I? What sort of sex with Jordi did you have in mind for me, dear husband?" she asked, teasing.

"I had nothing in mind. I wasn't suggesting that it was inevitable, either, but just checking that you wouldn't be opposed to something happening if a sexual situation arose, Gaëlle."

"I understand, of course, and it wouldn't be a problem if it felt like fun to do. You know that. So what's next? Have you a plan?"

"Not at all. I'm struggling. You?"

"No better."

There was a silence, filled with the silence of two brains working hard.

"Shall we go down to the bar?" Jérôme asked. "Perhaps they've already discussed my chat with Jordi and her time with you, and made a significant advance. Maybe we're too late to do anything to help anyway, as they're going out tonight."

They went down, and sat on the little vine-shaded terrace, looking at the mountains in the mid-afternoon sunshine and seeking inspiration. Gradually, Gaëlle's eyes closed. Decidedly the sea air was very relaxing, she thought. A voice broke into her doze.

"It won't work for this evening. Magdalena has a temperature, and it isn't fair to leave her, even with you to babysit. It's a bugger, because Laura had already arranged to stay at a friend's for the night, especially so we could go out."

That was Marisa, appearing on the café terrace to see what they wanted to drink, and to bring the bad news. "Lemon tea, Jérôme? White wine, Gaëlle? Or something else for a change?"

"Yes, please, the usual drinks, Marisa," Gaëlle said. "We know, we're boring people. Listen. If you can't go out, we'll just

have to have a party here, the four of us, then we can all keep one ear open for Magdalena in case she calls.” She scribbled on a napkin, and read aloud as she wrote, “Gaëlle and Jérôme invite Marisa and Jordi to their penthouse suite this evening.” She handed Marisa the paper napkin, and nudged her husband. “Don’t we, Jérôme?”

“Oh, we do, we do.”

“How about if we do the food and you do the drinks, Gaëlle?”

“Great, but just tapas, please. We don’t want you slaving over a hot cooker for hours. It’s supposed to be your night out, remember?”

“We’ll arrive at nine-thirty.” Marisa seemed very happy with the solution.

“There you are,” Jérôme said, when Marisa had brought their drinks. “No need for complicated planning. All we had to do was to react to the situation, et voilà.”

They spent a pleasant hour on the terrace. Then Jérôme took himself off to the bodega of a vineyard not far away, and Gaëlle went to lie down with a book. It was one of Jérôme’s. She’d given up on the George Sand, wanting to give her a good slap, for which, she regretted, she was a couple of centuries too late, as Jérôme had said.

At six o’clock Jérôme returned, carrying several bottles of the best local wine. The white went into the little refrigerator in their apartment. Gaëlle went out onto their private balcony, arranged a table and put out four chairs. Then she sat down and thought about what she could wear.

“It occurs to me yet again, Jérôme, how unfair it is that men’s clothes are so much easier to choose. They don’t send sexual messages as ours almost invariably do,” she grumbled to

him.

It took time, but finally she opted for a simple pale green cotton dress, knee length, which set off her tan nicely.

It was well after nine o'clock by the time she had showered and was ready to put it on.

"No knickers, Gaëlle?" Jérôme put his head round the bedroom door and interrupted her dreaming.

"No. Even if nothing happens, you know I like to feel sexy for social evenings."

"I love the fact that you feel that way, dearest Gaëlle."

They had an extended hug and kiss, before she pushed Jérôme away so she could finish getting ready.

"I know how these things develop with you, Jérôme," she said. "So bugger off with you, as Jordi would say, and let me get dressed."

She had only just time to do her eyes and lips before there was a knock on the door. Gaëlle slipped the dress on over her head and went to open it, to find Jordi carrying trays of wonderful tapas. She realised that her request for no big cooking had not saved them a lot of labour after all.

"I hear that I don't need to bring batteries for the baby alarm," he said, smiling broadly.

"True," Gaëlle replied, returning his smile, "but you can go and check Magdalena in person anyway."

Then Marisa walked in. She was wearing the top and trousers that she had bought, but it was very noticeable that she had no bra under her striped top. Her breasts were obviously free, and her nipples were definitely erect.

"You look wonderful, Marisa. Doesn't she, Jérôme?"

"Absolutely. I really like your taste in clothes and I love how you wear them so beautifully, Marisa."

"The same is true of you, Gaëlle, and Jérôme looks lovely and

me, too. Now, have we all made enough compliments? I'm hungry."

They ate and drank, not forgetting to pause occasionally while either Jordi or Marisa checked on Magdalena, who was asleep.

"What made you change your mind?" Gaëlle asked Marisa, when there seemed to be a natural pause, but without explaining what she was talking about.

"The bra? Well, this isn't really in public, and I didn't think that you or Jérôme would mind. Besides, it keeps Jordi happy without a family scandal."

"We don't mind at all. We've both been admiring how good you look this evening," Jérôme told her. "You must have noticed that Gaëlle isn't wearing a bra. She almost never does. I like that on her, of course, but with your bigger breasts, it's even more evident, and it looks great. Whose idea was it?"

"Well, once I knew that you had heard Jordi last night, I decided to let him have his moment."

"I was happy to have my moment, too, and I think Marisa is enjoying it, also. Thank you for your listening. I don't think it would have happened otherwise. I can say also, Gaëlle, that to have no bra suits you, too."

"So many compliments," she said. "Lovely!"

There was another pause. This time, the silence was not so comfortable. Gaëlle could feel that both Jordi and Marisa were waiting to see what happened next, if anything. The question was, did she know the answer? Or should she also wait and see?

"More wine, Marisa?" Jérôme said. "It's supposed to be a good one."

"Yes, please, and yes, I recognise it. You must have paid a lot for it."

"Nothing but the best for our guests," Jérôme said. "Besides,



the food you've prepared deserves as good a wine as I could find. I propose a toast, To our beautiful sexy wives and their beautiful sexy clothes."

"And particularly when our beautiful wives abandon their bras. And let's hope that it will happen more often and even perhaps that they will leave other things off, too." Jordi added.

Marisa took a friendly swipe at her husband, in mock anger.

"That would be difficult for Gaëlle," said Jérôme.

"What do you mean?" asked Marisa.

"You'd better ask her, I think, if she wants to tell you."

Jordi and Marisa turned toward Gaëlle. It was another of those moments, she realised.

"Jérôme means that the dress you can see is all that I'm wearing," she told them. "No bra as you know, and I have no knickers under it, either. Do you believe me, or do you want me to prove it?"

Marisa, of course, thought that she knew what would be on view if Gaëlle did demonstrate. It was evident she was torn between wanting to see again, and wondering if she was happy for Jordi also to see Gaëlle's depilated labia and sex ring. Jordi looked at his wife. He wasn't confident enough to make that decision.

"Let's spin a coin to decide," Gaëlle said finally. "It's the simplest solution."

She went to her bag, dug out a one-euro coin and handed it to Jordi.

"My fate is in your hands," she told him with a smile. "How do we decide which is which?"

"Easy," Marisa declared. "If we are to see your tail, we can't possibly call heads."

Amid laughter, Jordi spun the coin. It landed tails. Gaëlle stood up and faced all three of them. Slowly, she raised her

dress. There was total silence. Her labia came into view.

"Where's your ring?" Marisa demanded.

Her surprise was all too evident for her to keep silent, even though she was revealing that she had seen Gaëlle's sex exposed before.

"What do you mean, Marisa? What is this ring you say?" Jordi wanted to know.

"We were naked at the beach this morning, so Marisa has seen that I have a piercing through my clitoris hood," Gaëlle said simply. "I took the ring out when I had my shower and you knocked before I had time to put it back in. Do you want to see it in place?"

"I think that would be very nice for us all, Gaëlle," Jérôme said, making it easy for them.

Without a word, she went into the bedroom, but instead of putting it in and returning to the others, she brought back the ring on the tip of one finger.

"Here it is," she said, placing it on Marisa's palm. "It's pretty, isn't it?" Gaëlle took it back. "Let Jérôme show you how it goes in."

As calmly as if she had asked him for help with an earring, Jérôme took the little gold circle in his fingers. Gaëlle pulled her dress up above her waist, exposing her sex and bare bottom. She sat down, legs apart, on the edge of one of the dining chairs, watching the eyes of the other two focus between her thighs. Jérôme knelt in front of her and gently parted her labia. He took her clitoris hood in his fingertips, and pulled it out of the cleft of her sex. He had fitted the ring often enough to be able easily to find the piercing, to slide the ring through and fasten it.

"That's a sensation that excites me very much, every time," Gaëlle told them.

Jérôme tucked it neatly away inside the cleft of her sex, and

turned to Jordi and Marisa.

"There you are. It really is pretty, isn't it? I love the way it highlights Gaëlle's sex, don't you? Even a passing glance shows up the ring, and makes it so you have to look again. Beautiful. You can look more closely if you want. Gaëlle would enjoy that."

*Oh, yes I would, Gaëlle thought. Oh, how I would!*

Jordi and Marisa both got up and came toward her, and then leaned down to look at the ring.

"You hear about things like this, but you don't often see them on people that you meet," said Jordi, meaningfully. "It is very interesting, don't you think, Marisa?"

"Mmm. Yes." Marisa replied.

"Does it remind you of something?" Jordi continued.

"Oh, away with you, Jordi." Marisa was cross again. She turned to the others. "When I met Jordi, I had a ring through my right nipple. I stopped wearing it very soon afterward, because I became pregnant and I didn't want problems in feeding Laura."

"Yet, it was one of the things that I noticed first, when I met you on the beach. It looked so sexy, Marisa."

"It wasn't suitable for a married woman and even less so for a pregnant one."

"We've been married for seventeen years," Jérôme interrupted. "To be a wife surely doesn't mean you automatically have to give up the right to be a sexy woman. Gaëlle certainly hasn't, as you may have noticed. We're still exploring."

"That's right. You see, Marisa?" Jordi said excitedly. "Now we are talking about sexy things, I will tell you everything, okay? I know that with the job you did then, you must have had a lot of sexy things happen. I like that idea. I like this word "exploring", Jérôme. Maybe to explore just a little would be interesting, Marisa?"

"You are sure of what you are asking, Jordi? You really want

that?”

“To see you again with a ring like you had or maybe even with one like Gaëlle would be great. Nobody else needs to know, but I would know, and you also. It would be so sexy to have such a secret.”

“You’re all words, Jordi,” Marisa said firmly. “If you want to see me pierced like Gaëlle, just say so, and you can do it for me right now. You did the girls’ ears, so you can do the same for me.”

Marisa turned to the others and explained.

“Jordi pierced the girls’ ears with a sterilized needle. He said he was sure, that way, that everything was hygienic, and it’s true that neither of them had any problem, whereas some of their friends, who had it done professionally, got infections.” She turned on Jordi again. “Well? Will you do it or not? It’s now or never, Jordi.”

“Prepare to take your trousers off, Marisa. I am going for a needle and the alcohol.”

“Just a moment, though.” Marisa held up her hand. “Gaëlle has a proper ring for her piercing. None of my earrings have the right sort of fastening. Sorry, Jordi, but it isn’t possible.”

“If you’re serious about doing it right now, Marisa, I’ll give this ring to you as a present,” Gaëlle said. “I’d love the idea of you wearing it after it has been so intimate with me.”

“But it’s the only one you have. I can’t take it.”

“Don’t concern yourself, Marisa. There are other rings at home and I’ve brought something else I can wear in my piercing. It’s in my jewel case.”

“You are sure? You want me to have it?”

Gaëlle nodded in affirmation.

“Away and get what you need, Jordi.” Marisa’s voice was firm, now that it was decided. “Oh, and check on Magdalena

while you're there."

He went out of the flat and they heard him running down the stairs. He didn't intend Marisa to have time to change her mind, that was clear.

"I don't think trousers is a great idea for this," Marisa said. "Especially not white ones. I'll go and put a skirt on. I won't be a moment."

"Just listen to her footsteps on the stairs," Gaëlle said. "She's in as much of a hurry as Jordi!"

"Or is she going to tell him she's changed her mind?" Jérôme wondered aloud. "Either way, we'll soon know."

While they waited and hoped, Gaëlle replaced the ring with the little tubular pin that Jérôme had bought her to go through her clitoris hood. She covered it up with her dress.

"This is Marisa's moment, not mine," she explained to Jérôme.

They came back up together, Jordi carrying an alcohol lamp and a small bottle in one hand, and a long needle and a cork in the other. Marisa now had on a wrapover beach skirt, but what was more noticeable was the tee shirt she was wearing. The neck and armholes were so wide that her big breasts were spectacularly displayed.

"Wow," Gaëlle declared. "You look really sexy. Even more indecent than if you were topless!"

"Yes, you look superb, Marisa." Jérôme added. "You look fantastica, as Jordi has told you already, I am sure."

"I usually wear this over a bikini to go to the beach. I haven't felt so turned on for years." Marisa said. "I'll blame you two for it."

"Ready, Marisa?" Jordi had the lamp lit, and was holding the needle in the flame. He took it out after a moment and cleaned it

with alcohol from the bottle. He did the same to the ring, which Gaëlle handed to him. Marisa took off her skirt. She was nude under it.

“Enjoying the view, Jérôme?” Gaëlle teased him.

“Enormously, thank you,” he replied. “Marisa, you look tremendous!”

She got up onto the table and spread her thighs. Her sex came open. They gathered round her to watch.

“I trust you Jordi, but only so far,” Marisa said. “I think I prefer to have the ring through one of my pussy lips. Left or right, do you think, Jordi?”

“This side is better because it is longer, I think.”

“Gaëlle, can you stretch that lip out some more?” Marisa asked.

Gaëlle did as she was asked, pulling the slippery flesh out as far as she could. Marisa’s labia were more prominent than her own, especially the one now being squeezed between her finger and thumb. Marisa’s ring would always be on show once she was pierced through it. Jordi bent over her sex, and wiped it with some more alcohol.

It was amazing and quickly done. One moment Jordi had the needle ready, the next moment, he had pierced through one of Marisa’s labia and into a cork that he held on the other side. The other couple was astonished at how deftly he fitted the ring through the new hole.

“All done,” Jordi announced. Marisa hardly seemed to have noticed any pain. She got off the table, still bare from the waist down, and stood leaning against it, pushing her hips forward. She looked down at the ring now hanging from her sex.

“It’s true, it does look sexy,” she said. “Now we match. Let’s see how we compare.”

Gaëlle went to stand beside her and lifted her dress.

"That's different," Jordi said, looking closely at Gaëlle's sex. "Look at that, Marisa."

"It's thicker than the ring, and I only wear it for occasions when I want to be particularly conscious of my piercing," Gaëlle told them. "Because it sits outside and across my sex, it stretches the hood outward, and makes my clitoris more evident."

Marisa bent down to look, and admired how Gaëlle's sex looked, with the little gold pin holding the hood away from her clitoris, which was swollen and visible, peeping between her outer labia.

"Different but both really sexy," Jérôme said. "Pubic hair or no pubic hair, blonde or dark, pin or ring, labia or clitoris hood. We are lucky, Jordi, to be offered so much variety, and all of it so erotic, don't you agree?"

Jordi looked hard at Jérôme.

"Both of you are beautiful and exciting to look at, Marisa and Gaëlle."

He nodded to each of the women in turn as they stood side by side against the table, each with a pierced and exposed sex. Gaëlle was surprised that Marisa's, so freshly done, was not bleeding or causing her discomfort. Jordi went on.

"It is true that they are both offering a wonderful sight for us. Might there be more to come, do you think, Jérôme?"

Jérôme shrugged his shoulders.

"I think that will depend very much on Marisa and you, Jordi. Gaëlle and I discussed this earlier, and we are both open to suggestions."

"I would like to suggest something," Marisa declared, moving away from the table. She turned to face Gaëlle. "I heard you talking about your vibrator earlier. I'd like to see it."

"No problem. One moment."

Gaëlle left the table and went into the bedroom. As she came

back in, she turned the vibrator on.

"Although I call it my travelling vibrator, that's because I leave it in my travel bags," she explained. "It's a Rabbit model, but not the huge one."

It was busily buzzing, vibrating and wobbling around in her hand.

"Here you are, Marisa," she said. "Would you like to try it?"

"You first. I want to see it used before that thing comes anywhere near me."

Gaëlle walked over to the sofa, followed by her husband and the other two. Nobody but Jérôme had ever seen her using this vibrator, so it would be a new sensation, especially as she had hopes of seeing Marisa use it afterward. She lay along the length of the sofa and put her feet up, then started to rub the toy over her sex. Because of the way her clitoris hood was held in place by the gold pin, she was careful not to press too hard.

"When the vibration is transmitted through the metal, it can be painful," she explained.

She didn't want Marisa to be put off. Then she turned it off to insert it into her vagina with the ears correctly positioned. She looked up at her audience.

"Ready? Here I go."

She turned it on, at slow speed. Inside her, the movement of the spheres excited the nerve endings there. The "ears" started to buzz against her clitoris, which was exposed by the tension of the pin. She had to turn it off, or she was going to have an immediate orgasm. She sat up and removed the pin. This was going to be extremely powerful, she knew, and the pin would have made for more complications than added pleasure.

"Ouf. That's so strong," she said. "Isn't anyone else going to do anything but watch? Believe me, this will not last long."

"What can we do?" Jordi wanted to know.



"I'll show you," said Marisa.

She sat facing Gaëlle, alongside her legs on the sofa, and took the vibrator from her. At first, she touched her breasts with it, buzzing it directly against her nipples through her tee shirt.

I can't do that on mine," Gaëlle said. "Too sensitive. It's too powerful for comfort."

"I love it. When you've had babies' first teeth chewing on your nipples, it desensitizes them, believe me!"

She leaned over, and placed the rabbit so that the base was against Gaëlle's labia while the tip was on her own nipple. Jérôme sat down, facing toward Marisa.

"May I, Jordi and Marisa?" he asked. They didn't protest when he lifted her tee shirt and took it off for her.

He took hold of Marisa's breasts and pressed them together, so that the tip of the rabbit was in contact with both of her nipples at once, as well as with Gaëlle's sex. Marisa shuddered and groaned.

"Marisa, if you can bend lower over Gaëlle, you can both get the full effect at once."

He gently pushed Marisa's torso downward, toward his wife's belly. Marisa's nipples were now just touching the tops of Gaëlle's thighs. There was still a triangle of space formed by Gaëlle's sex and Marisa's breasts. Jérôme pressed Marisa down further, and that space disappeared. She understood the idea, and slid backward a little, to lie with her breasts pressed against Gaëlle's thighs and sex.

"Now, Jordi," Jérôme said. "Can you put a little olive oil on the vibrator? Good. Don't turn it on yet. Now slip it under Marisa and in between her breasts and up to reach Gaëlle's sex. Yes, that's it. Let me help."

An extra pair of hands was useful, as that allowed Jérôme to squeeze Marisa's breasts inward, so that the strongest and most

direct contact for her was on her nipples. The oil let the vibrator slip easily between the two women, even though they were squashed together. Gaëlle felt the rabbit ears pushing her outer labia aside and enclosing the inner labia on either side. Marisa's nipples were like fat raisins, held tight against the vibrator by Jérôme. Her breath was warm on the underside of Gaëlle's breasts.

Then Jordi turned the vibrator on full power. Gaëlle's clitoris jumped at the same time as Marisa's nipples. Jérôme was holding them hard against the vibration, and stopping her from moving back. Gaëlle couldn't have escaped if she had wanted to, with Marisa on top of her. In any case, shortly after, all she was concentrating on was the effect as she came. Marisa joined her, and Gaëlle was surprised, until she realised that Marisa had also been masturbating furiously with her fingers. Jérôme let go of Marisa and she sat up. Her face was bright red from the position she had been in. Jordi turned off the rabbit. There was a pause.

"You must have had a total full-body orgasm. Wonderful!" Gaëlle gasped, getting her breath back.

"Good enough for a start, Jordi?" Marisa asked. "Is that the sort of thing you imagined? How do you feel now?"

"It was... This has been... You were... Fantasticas." Jordi responded. "Plural! Both of you! It is more than I expected, much more than I imagined even in wild dreams. You enjoyed it, Marisa?"

"How can you ask? I did it for you, but I was caught out by the moment." Marisa said. "If you really want to do this sort of thing again, Jordi, then let's talk about it."

"Yes, please!" Jordi said, with feeling.

"Let's do it gently, though," Marisa went on. "You don't meet people like these two every weekend, and there I can speak from experience."

“Ah?” Jordi started to say, raising his eyebrows.

“Yes I can, and yes, I will tell you how I know that, when we get to bed, tonight.” Marisa turned to Gaëlle and Jérôme. “However, I’m only telling Jordi, so I’ll be taking the intercom with me, thank you!”

Gaëlle pouted.

“Bedtime?” Jérôme suggested. Both couples agreed, and Marisa and Jordi left.

Gaëlle and Jérôme lay awake for some time, discussing the past few hours.

“Wow. What an evening!” Jérôme said, “and what a surprise!”

“Yes, quite fantastical!” Gaëlle agreed. “Do you think they’ll go on?”

“Yes, at least as fantasy, but I think we’d better leave it there, and not talk about tonight with them unless they raise the subject.”

In the event, neither couple mentioned that evening when they met in the following days. Jordi and Marisa returned to being perfect hosts, and Gaëlle and Jérôme tried to be considerate guests. They were happy to let Marisa and Jordi absorb it in their own time.

“Every couple has to make their own decisions,” Gaëlle told Marisa as they were leaving on the final morning. “We’re happy to think that whatever you decide to do or not to do will be based on knowledge and experience, both yours, Marisa’s, and ours.”

“Oh, we’ve already thought of some things to try,” Marisa told her. “It will be slow and careful exploration, but thank you for giving us the idea, as well as the practical demonstration!”

## Chapter Forty-five

Shortly after their return from Mallorca, Jérôme went for his annual medical check-up. On his return, his face wore a look of concern.

“Problems, my love?” Gaëlle asked. She was used to the idea that he was something of a hypochondriac, and expected to be told his blood pressure was up a couple of points, therefore merely excellent.

“He wants me to see a specialist,” he told her. “A cancer specialist.”

Her heart sank.

“What did he find?”

“Oh, just what he called some anomalies. No time to panic, at least not just yet.”

His appointment letter came very soon, which increased their concern. Barely a week passed between the tests and a new appointment with his own doctor.

“How long have I known you, Jérôme?” The doctor asked. “The best part of twenty years, I think. What I have to tell you is not good, but I think I owe it to you to tell you the exact truth.”

Jérôme nodded.

“Really as bad as that? Knowing won’t change it, so I’m listening.”

“It’s an extremely aggressive cancer, and it’s spread very quickly. There was no trace of it this time last year. I could send you for chemotherapy, which would delay things a little, but I

think you would probably prefer to enjoy these six months rather than stretch it to seven with no quality of life at all.”

Jérôme swallowed. Six months to live? It was hard to absorb. He sat, silent and weak.

“As you say, I needed to know, and I think you’re right about what my decision will be,” he said, keeping his voice firm. “Thank you.”

Gaëlle met him in the corridor as he left the doctor’s room.

“We have six months,” he told her. “No more than that.”

The tears flooded down her cheeks. She was unable to speak. They drove home in silence.

Back in their apartment, they sat on the sofa, clinging to each other.

Jérôme tried to make her smile, “At least I won’t ever be a doddering old man that you have to look after.”

“Don’t, Jérôme. It can’t be made into a joke. How long will it be, until you can’t work? How fast will it be?”

“Much faster than I’d like, that’s sure, but I don’t know. We have to take it a day at a time.”

“I know this will sound silly, but will you make love to me, right now?” Gaëlle asked. “I need it. Not sex or exploration, just love.”

Slowly and tenderly, they made love, each savouring every taste and sensation.

“I think I’ll want a lot of that in the next few months,” Gaëlle told him afterward. “I can’t think in terms of anything but the two of us now.”

“We’ve had a good number of years of exploration though, haven’t we?” Jérôme said, smiling at her. “We’ve shared so much.”

"True. I guess that we've taken full advantage of the time we've had."

Her face crumpled and she started to cry again. Her tears mingled with Jérôme's.

"It's hard to be strong, isn't it?" Gaëlle said, as she mopped both their faces. He nodded.

As the disease progressed, Jérôme stopped work. At first, some of his work colleagues came to visit, but gradually, it came down to the two of them. Jérôme was exhausted most of the time now.

"Can you read to me?" he asked Gaëlle one evening. "I don't have the strength to hold up a book.

"What shall I read? *Emmanuelle*?" she said, trying to raise a smile.

"Where it all began? I have an idea. Will you read to me from your diary? It would be nice to live those moments again."

She fetched the folder in which she kept the record of their erotic life together, and sat beside him.

"I'll start at the beginning," she said.

She read aloud the story of their first steps on the erotic path that they had chosen. After twenty minutes, she stopped.

"This is too hard for me," she said. "It's too intimate. Almost like spying on all our adventures."

"Here's another idea, then," he said. "Why not read it as if it's an erotic novel?"

"But I'll still know it's us." Gaëlle thought for a moment. "I'll try it. I'm going to rewrite it as if I were a novelist. I'll change names and just be the narrator. I think I can cope with that."

She made a start, but soon hit another problem.

"It's very difficult to recall exactly what was said," she told Jérôme. "I want it to be as accurate as I can, but who said what,

and when, is impossible to re-create.”

“Perhaps if you wrote it in English?” Jérôme suggested, “That way, the words couldn’t be exactly what was said, but the ideas behind the words would be true, and that’s what matters.”

He smiled. His plan was working perfectly. Gaëlle was becoming wrapped up in the challenge that she had set herself, no longer focussing on him and the inevitable.

She typed furiously for the next several weeks, reading each passage aloud to Jérôme as it was finished. He was able to add details that were not in her journal, and sometimes to recall conversations, all of which she incorporated in the final text. They both found the experience of becoming characters in an erotic novel exciting, as well as distracting.

“I’m going to put in some stuff that isn’t about sex,” she told him. “There are things about us as people that I think are important. It isn’t as if we were at a constant orgy, is it? We both had a life!”

“We did,” he agreed, “and compared with most of the world’s population, we were the fortunate ones.”

The writing and reading progressed as Jérôme grew weaker. By now, they were into the fifth month, and he was spending most of the time in bed. Her reading to him was his lifeline, and he was sometimes impatient for her to complete another episode. She put it down to the disease, and soldiered on. She was determined that he would get to hear the whole novel of their life together.

The story of their visit to Mallorca took several days to read to Jérôme. His drugs, while dulling the pain, also made him drowsy. Gaëlle found herself reading to a sleeping husband on several occasions. Then it was complete.

She returned from the funeral on her own. *My decision*, she said to herself, hearing Jérôme's voice saying just those words. She allowed herself a little smile. Her girlfriends had promised to visit her the following day, which she appreciated. She opened the door of the apartment that was now hers alone. Through the doorway to their bedroom, just her bedroom now, she corrected herself, she could see her laptop, with the typescript of their life together, closed on the bedside table, where it had come to live for the past few weeks, and where she had abandoned it, still open, in the last moments of Jérôme's life.

She sat down on the bed and, out of habit, woke up the laptop. She turned to the end of her typing. Her eyes filled with tears. How had he found the strength to do that? And when had he done it? No doubt at a time when she had dozed off, exhausted by her vigil. His last message to her.

*Dearest Gaëlle,*

*I'm sorry I can't be there in person to see you read this. It's up to you to finish the story, as only you can. Complete our story by writing the last chapter, have a good cry if you want. Remember, it's your decision! It would be a pity to waste what we both learned, so I do hope you'll go on and enjoy your life, as we both did, in all the ways we both did, in the time we had together.*

*All my love, as always, forever,  
Jérôme, your husband, lover and friend.*

She began to type.



## *About the Author*

Very French, in love with the erotic and with words, in any language.