

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, about to kiss. The man is wearing a dark suit and a light blue shirt. The woman is wearing a black strapless dress and has long, wavy brown hair. They are standing in front of the Eiffel Tower, which is visible on the left side of the image. The background is a warm, golden sunset sky. The entire scene is framed by a thin black border.

French Lessons

s e l e n a k i t t

WARNING: This book is not transferable. It is for your own personal use. If it is sold, shared, or given away, it is an infringement of the copyright of this work and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be accessed by minors.

All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are solely the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously, though reference may be made to actual historical events or existing locations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Design: Selena Kitt

French Lessons © August 2010 Selena Kitt

eXcessica publishing

All rights reserved

French Lessons

By Selena Kitt

“*Ma belle*,” he murmured against my ear as he swept me against him when I stepped off the train. The heat and strength of his body were always so thrilling to me. “*Es-tu fatigué?*”

“Yes, I’m exhausted,” I agreed after my brain slowly translated his French. “Why, do I look tired?” I’d made an effort to squeeze into the bathroom before they announced Paris, straightening, tucking in, re-touching make-up and combing my hair, but a three-hour train ride, even on the Eurostar, was enough to make anyone tired, and I’d already been up for too long the night before with Don and Jo in London.

“You are beautiful, delicious, good enough for eating.” As always, when he spoke English (which, with me, was most of the time, since my French was still unbelievably slow) with his sweet accent and curious translations, it sounded so earnest and genuine that I always believed him.

“Eating?” I smiled, touching his lips with my finger as if to shush him. “Mmmm, I could use something to eat.”

“*Es-tu faim?*” He looked concerned. “Did you not eat your biscuits on the train?” He always called the never-ending supply of Fig Newtons in my purse “biscuits,” no matter how many times I tried to get him to say “cookies.”

“They’re all gone, before I even left Waterloo,” I admitted, pressing fully against him, as someone with a luggage cart moved in behind me. His eyes brightened and his hands went to my waist to pull me in closer. “Besides,” I purred, “I was thinking of something a little more...filling.” I slipped my hand

between us to press the seam of his jeans, and he smiled, his dark eyes growing even darker.

“*Ahhh, mon Dieu*, I missed you, *ma chérie!*” His mouth found mine, the entire station disappearing into his kiss.

I left my hand where it was—it had taken my American sensibilities some time to differentiate between prudish London and wanton Paris!—feeling him respond, growing harder against the denim, my hand creating a slow, tantalizing friction. He buried his face in my neck, pulling my long dark hair back with one fist so he could find that tender, sensitive spot just below and behind my ear with his tongue and growled, “*Tu es vachement bandante!*”

“I’m what?” I was dizzy from the feel of his mouth and the hard, throbbing pulse beneath my hand. He chuckled, nuzzling me near my collarbone.

An older man passed us and I saw his smile, his appreciative glance, and that unmistakably French lasciviousness. He saw two young lovers and was delighted. So different from America, where I imagined anyone at a train station witnessing our fervent petting would bump by and growl, “Get a room!” I kissed the corner of Ronan’s mouth and then moved away to grab my overnight bag that I’d dropped when he gathered me off the platform.

“So... what did you say? I’m what?” I asked again.

He shook his head, still smiling. “You need to learn French, *chérie*.” He reached for my hand.

"I know, I know," I agreed, transitioning from my flushed and eager lust as we began walking. "I've been listening to the tapes. I promise, I'll learn. Mr. Zalar would be appalled...my two years of high school French apparently did me no good whatsoever!"

"Maybe I'll stop talking English and you'll be forced to learn, no?" he smiled slyly. I startled, panicked a bit, before I saw the smile and realized he was kidding.

"No, that's not fair," I argued, feeling guilty. I had learned quite a bit from him already in our three months together, and noticed I learned much easier in context with him at the grocery or the restaurant than I did from the tapes. "But there's so much to learn! People and places are easy, even all the verbs. It's the vocabulary that kills me. I feel like a little baby learning it over again, pointing to everything and asking, 'what's this?' and 'what's this?'" I pointed first to my bag, then to the light over our heads.

"*Ahhh, mon bébé...*" He squeezed my hand. "I will teach you. You will be *mon étudiante?*"

"I've been your student from the day I met you," I reminded him, and I wondered if he was remembering that day in London.

He was just helping out his friend Don, coming to a class I was observing and lecturing as an expert about ecologically and environmentally sound building practices. I'd come to Europe to learn more about green, earth-friendly building to take the ideas back to the American company that paid my salary—but my real

treasure was finding Ronan. He'd walked up to the podium like some god on a Greek isle. In fact, I was sure he was Greek, until he began to speak and I heard the thick French accent. Every woman in the auditorium—and some of the men!—were transfixed by him.

I found out later, after a late dinner with Ronan and Don—who had started out as a colleague but who had, along with his wife, Jo, become a good friend—when Ronan escorted me back to my London flat, that he was in fact part Greek, on his father's side. It explained his beautiful, matter-of-fact body, the earthy, sun-soaked olive skin, the thick furls of wild black hair that wouldn't be tamed, much to his chagrin.

I'd come to London on business and now found myself in Paris more often than not, experiencing more pleasure than I knew was possible. And now, of course, I never wanted to leave. I'd been here eight months, and was due to go back in four. I didn't like to think about it, and we didn't talk about it.

“*Le sac...*” He pointed to my overnight bag. “*La lumière...*” Now pointing to the light. “*Répétez.*”

I repeated obediently, my American accent, as always, slaughtering the beauty of the language. He nodded. “*Très bien!*”

“That's the other thing that drives me crazy...everything being masculine or feminine. How can you put some arbitrary gender on every object in the universe? It's maddening!”

We had moved outside, heading toward the metro to take us to Ronan's apartment.

"Ah, but Celia, look around you, everything *is* masculine or feminine!" he insisted.

I snorted, shaking my head. "But how are you supposed to know which is which? It's not like a puppy. I can't turn it over and look!"

He laughed out loud at that and stopped, pulling me off toward the edge of the sidewalk. "You can turn me over and look," he said lowly and I grinned. "And you just need to think...no...feel. How would you address *l'arbre*...tree...as monsieur or mademoiselle?" He pointed to the oak across the street.

"Umm... feminine?" I took a stab at it.

"*Non, non, l'arbre*...the tree...he is tall *et fort*...strong...and straight, like me. He is masculine, *chérie*."

"But Ronan, trees are part of the earth, and the earth is feminine. Everyone knows that."

"The earth, yes...the ground, *la terre*...but not everything that grows from her. Those things are mostly masculine. The tree, he is masculine. The bush, *le buis*, he is masculine. They marry together, they are paired, like you and me, no?" He smiled, grabbing my hips and pressing our pelvises together.

"*Comprends?*"

"Mmmm!" I ground my pelvis a little against his. "I understand this, yes!"

“But the flower, *la fleur*, she is feminine...shapely, soft center, blooming open. Like a woman. Like you.” His kiss left me breathless and I clung to his words. “That is how you know whether something is masculine or feminine. Everything has *l’âme*—how do you say?—a soul, a life, and yes, a gender. We are all paired, masculine and feminine, and that balance must be maintained. This is what I teach, this is what I know about the earth. The sun...*le soleil*, he is masculine, but the moon, *la lune*, she is feminine, no?” I listened to him, fascinated, nodding, something very profound clicking into place for me for the first time.

“Teach me,” I urged, inspired and roused by his stirring explanation. He nodded, leaning in to kiss me, breathing me in. My hands roamed, sliding up under his shirt, feeling the hard planes of his back.

“*Tu est vachement bandante!*” he murmured again near my ear, pressing his full body against mine, squeezing me so tight I nearly left the ground. “Sexy, Celia...you are very sexy.”

I smiled, pleased, my hand slipping under to stroke the ridges of his abdomen under his shirt. I felt him shiver when I found his navel and teased the line of hair that extended downward under the waistband of his jeans.

“Will you teach me?” I asked, and he nodded. “Take me home.” And he did.

* * * *

“*Le bras*,” he whispered in my ear. I tilted my head to look at him in the dimness, loving the sound of his accent, but puzzled by the word. He was smiling at me. I could feel it.

“*Le bras*,” he repeated, more slowly. “*Comprends?*”

“Ummm...” I stalled, searching my ever-limited French vocabulary. All I could think of was my own “bra,” in a pile with my jeans and panties next to the bed.

“Think, Celia. I will teach you. This is a lesson...*le bras*,” he repeated for me, slowly, his voice encouraging. “*C’est une partie du corps*...a part of the body.”

“Ohh, let me see.” I sat up to look down at him. I could see the outline of his face in the moonlight, his eyes gleaming. He repeated it again softly, slowly. I bit my lip, trying to remember if I ever knew this word. “It is...this?” I tickled his stomach and he laughed, rolling slightly away from me.

“*Non, non, c’est le ventre, ma petite!*” he chastised, and I giggled with him.

“Well, if I find it, can I kiss it?” I asked coyly.

“*Oui*,” he breathed, his eyes brighter.

“Is it a fun part?” I asked, looking for hints.

“You like them wrapped around you.” He chuckled and I laughed out loud.

“Arms!” I straddled him triumphantly and ran my hands up and down his biceps. “*Les bras*.” I lifted one of his arms and kissed his forearm, feeling the hair

there, so soft on my lips. My accent was horrible, but he just smiled. "Ok, I can do this...this is fun! Give me another."

"Mmm...*la main*." He squeezed my hand. I lifted it and kissed his palm.

"Hand," I whispered. He nodded his approval, watching my lips move across his skin. Cradling his hand against my cheek, I quoted, "'Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, which mannerly devotion shows in this: For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, and palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.'"

"Ummm..." I could see him searching now, knowing it came from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, and he smiled and said, "Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?"

"Very good! I played Juliet in college and I could probably still quote the entire balcony scene. Let me think... Oh, yeah, 'Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.'"

I waited, watching him. He shook his head. "*Je ne sais pas*."

"Oh then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do," I prompted, pressing my palm flat against his, my fingers smaller than his. He smiled as I leaned down to kiss him, but he turned his head aside.

"*La bouche*," he said softly.

"Mouth." I touched his lips with my fingertips.

"*Oui*," he whispered, as my mouth touched his, a small sound of wonder escaping my throat, our bodies pressed together.

Then, for a while, there were no more words. We didn't really need them. This was a language all of our own, our bodies talking to each other, understanding, comprehending, flesh speaking to flesh without a need for translation.

He was gentle now, after our earlier furious pace, taking his time to kiss the hollow of my throat, my fluttering eyelids, feathering kisses on the very tips of my hard, pink nipples. His breath was hot on my belly, his tongue dipping into my navel, making me squirm with anticipation. His fingers kneaded my lower belly...lower into my dark pubic hair, pulling gently, tugging at my lips. His mouth followed, his tongue drawing lazy circles down, down, and then skipping over and teasing my inner thighs. I groaned, my hands finding his head, twining my fingers in that unruly dark hair and guiding him between my legs. He resisted, shaking his head.

"Another lesson, *chérie*," he said, his mouth positioned in just the right spot—I could feel the movement of his lips as he talked.

"Please, Ronan," I begged. I could feel my wetness flowing downward, toward the mattress. "Please."

"Please...*oui*...we start there...*s'il vous plait*. Say it, Celia," he urged. I hesitated, unsure. "I love hearing you say it...please."

"*S'il vous plait*," I whispered and he groaned, kissing my clit. I arched my back. "*Oui, s'il vous plait*, Ronan."

"*Clito*," he informed me, finding the button with his tongue and flicking it.

“Yes, clit,” I moaned, cupping my breasts in my hands.

“And this...” He used his hand to cover my mound. “This is *la chatte*.”

“Ooooh, my pussy.” I thrilled to the sound of the French word, familiar—the common word for cat!—now naughty, reaching my fingers down to spread it open for him.

“*Ohhh, oui*,” he gasped. “*Une belle chatte!*” He gently rubbed against it with his cheek. I wiggled.

“Mmmm a pretty pussy...*une belle chatte*.” I closed my eyes and opened up to the sensation.

“*Mon Dieu*, I like hearing you say it. Say it, *chérie...ma chatte*.”

“*Ma chatte*...my pussy...yes.” I’m spreading it wider.

“Do you want me to eat your pussy?” he asked, his voice low.

I’d never heard him talk that way, and the sound of it in his mouth was provocative.

“Yes,” I hissed.

“Then say it...in French...*mangez ma chatte*,” he prompted. I swallowed, feeling his breath right there, his mouth moving against my wet and swollen lips.

“*Mangez...mangez ma chatte*,” I whispered. He groaned again, rewarding me with his tongue probing deep, drinking me in.

“Do you like my tongue in your pussy?” God, the sound of the word in his mouth was electrifying, his accent making the familiar so exotic.

“Yes!” I cried. “*Oui, oui, mangez my chatte!*”

He made a deep, growling sound in his throat, spreading my glistening lips with his tongue and probing. Clearly my speaking the words in his language affected him the way his words in English affected me. His tongue eased through the folds of flesh, teasing their way around my clit until I was heady with longing. “Oh God, Ronan, lick it...please lick it!”

“Do you want my tongue?” he whispered. “*Ma langue...right here...ici.*” He pressed it flat against my clit and I gasped.

“*Oui, oui...ta langue...your tongue...lick it.*”

“Then tell me, *chérie. Lèches mon clito.* Say it,” he demanded.

“Ohhh, Ronan,” I begged. “*Oui, lèches mon clito!*”

“*Mmmmm, oui, bonne fille.* I love licking your sweet little clit.” His tongue slipped between my lips to find it, working the fleshy folds back until it was revealed to him. His arms slipped under my thighs, lifting me more fully to his mouth. I slid my hands up over my breasts, cupping, squeezing, then rubbing my nipples with my palms, feeling the sensation intensify under his tongue when I did.

“Yes, yes!” I felt that first gentle pull in my belly indicating that I was close. “*Ohhh, oui, oui!*” I cried, and my words made him moan against my pussy, the sound reverberating through my whole body, his tongue quickening.

His finger slid down my slit and then in, his tongue still concentrating just where I wanted it, where I needed it. The unhurried movement of his fingers—one, then two, then three pumping into me sent me teetering ever closer to the

edge. His rhythm followed my breath, faster, faster still, his other hand slipping under me, to my lower back, steadying me, guiding me. I was making small mewling sounds with every thrust.

“Ronan, I’m so close,” I whispered. “Oh, God, baby, make me come.” I knew it was imminent, feeling it begin, letting that first pulsing heat fill my core. “Now, now...*maintenant!*” I lifted my hips and squeezed my nipples hard, feeling the cascade of my juices and his saliva running down my ass.

He grunted, holding me tight, his mouth steady and still licking, his fingers buried so deep I could feel my muscles tightening around them as the sensation swelled, crested and then broke, rippling outward through my entire being. He held me close, rubbing his wet face against my thighs, kissing, licking, nibbling. His tongue tried to find my clit again, but I covered it with my hand.

“Oh, no, she’s too sensitive,” I said, and he chuckled.

We stayed that way for a moment, my breath slowing, my fingers in his hair, enveloped in his curls.

“I think you have something for me,” I whispered, and he was up between my legs before I could take another breath. I could see his cock framed between my knees, hard and pulsing. “Come up here.” I reached for it, grasping it, tugging at it.

He moaned, straddling my belly. Just seeing him sitting up there, his balls resting on my ribcage, his cock rising up out of a thick, dark patch of hair, pre-cum trailing down the shaft in tiny rivulets, made my little clit, still hiding in its

sheath, begin to pulse again. He was uncircumcised and beautiful, and when fully hard, his cock had a slight and endearing tilt to the left, always making me want to follow it and capture it with my mouth.

I licked my palm, letting my saliva and his pre-cum mix as I slid my hand down the shaft. I loved this time, when I was spent, but he was still aroused. The world looked sharp and clear, everything in focus and heightened. I could see and feel every swell along his cock, every vein, the leaking tip, the throbbing shaft. I could feel more than hear the deep sounds he made in his throat as I stroked him, easing the skin over the tip and using my fingers in a circle to tease the head. His head went back, his eyes closed, his arms just hanging limp as his sides, as if he were nothing but cock at this moment.

“*Ah, mon Dieu, Celia,*” He moaned, and I rewarded the sound of my name in his mouth with deeper, longer strokes. His eyes flew open and he looked down at me. I cupped his balls, rubbing them in my hands, and he gasped. “*Oui, oui!*” His hands found my breasts, thumbing my nipples. They were already hard.

“These”—he lifted my breasts and then let them fall—“these beautiful breasts...*les seins...*”

I repeated the word, still working his cock, and felt it jump in my hand. Encouraged, I asked, “And my nipples?”

“*Les mamelons.*” He squeezed them and made me moan.

I repeated that, too, tugging on his cock, urging him higher. “Up here,” I said. “I want your cock between my breasts... *Mets ta bite entre mes seins.*”

In spite of my pronunciation, he groaned, his eyes darkening. With reactions like these as rewards, I was definitely going to have to learn more body parts! I licked my palm again, getting him wetter still, and pressed him between my breasts. The sight of my pale flesh wrapped around his red, swollen cock was mouth-watering, seeing just the tip of him appearing at my cleavage. He started moving between them, and I reached my tongue for the head with every thrust.

“Ah, I love fucking your tits, Celia,” he moaned, as I stretched for more of his pre-cum on my tongue. Just hearing him say that made the world tilt a little sideways.

“*Pincez mes mamelons*,” I whispered, and he pinched them hard, squeezing my breasts together around his cock as he did.

Suddenly he slowed, biting his lip, shaking his head. I knew he must be close. I reached my tongue for it again, and he moaned.

“*Mauvaise fille*...bad, bad girl,” he murmured. “You tease...not yet. I don’t want to come yet.”

“Oh, but Ronan, I want it in my mouth. Please,” I begged. He had his cock in his hand now, squeezing and breathing hard.

“*Tu le veux, chérie?*” He brought it close to my mouth. He rubbed the tip over my lips, still squeezing it hard. I could feel a hot spurt of pre-cum as he let go with a quiver.

“*Oui, je le veux...* I want it.” I opened my mouth and flattened my tongue so he could press it there. He teased my tongue with it, rubbing my lips, smacking my cheeks a little, making me moan.

“You want to suck my cock, baby?” he asked, and I gasped in surprise at the power of the words, looking up into his eyes. I nodded, unable to speak at all, filled with lust for the feel of him in my mouth. “Then you have to say it in French. Here...” He offered it to me. “*Suce moi, bébé.*”

I eased it past my lips, letting the swollen length graze the roof of my mouth, all the way to the back of my throat. He moaned and pulled the length back out. I sucked eagerly on the tip and he let me for a moment before taking it back into his hand. “My cock.” He stroked it very lightly. “*Ma bite.*”

“*Ta bite,*” I repeated. Instead of saying, “my cock,” I said, “your cock,” though, and he nodded, rubbing it against my lips again as a reward.

“Now let’s see how much you’ve learned.” He was smiling, but breathing hard, as eager to be in my mouth as I was to have him there. I bit my lip, quickly conjugating verbs in my head, afraid I wouldn’t get it right.

“*Je veux sucer ta bite?*” I said, questioning. “Is that it? I want to suck your cock?”

He groaned, nodding, lifting my chin with his hand. “Again,” he demanded, pumping it a little faster. Watching him made my clit begin to pulse harder, and I squeezed my legs together.

“*Je veux sucer ta bite.*” I made my voice low, seductive, using my “best” accent.

His eyes were alight, and he swallowed hard. “*Mon Dieu, Celia...* just hearing you say it...*je vais mourir!*”

“You’re not going to die,” I reassured him, infinitely pleased with his response, and it must have shown on my face, because he smiled and said, “*Oui, bonne fille, très bien. Tu es une étudiante merveilleux.* You earned this,” and slid his cock back into my mouth.

I swallowed it gladly, hungry for him. His cock was the perfect suckable size, fitting all the way to the back of my throat without making me feel like I was going to choke. He slipped his hand behind my head and eased himself in and out of my warm, wet mouth. I let him do it at his own pace, watching the pleasure on his face, feeling the throbbing response against my tongue and roof of my mouth, just open to receiving him.

His pace slowed as his breathing began to quicken, and I knew he was close again. I sucked a little harder, moving my own head now, working his cock with my lips and tongue. He gasped, shuddering, and quickly withdrew, again grabbing and squeezing it hard.

“Celia, that was close,” he said after a tight-lipped moment, leaving a little more pre-cum on my breasts. “I want your pussy, *chérie*, so don’t make me come yet.” He reached behind him to find it, cupping my whole wet mound with his hand, and I lifted my hips, moaning.

“How do you say it, Ronan?” I asked, delighting in the feel of his fingers playing through my flesh. He moved down my body, his hand never leaving my pussy, to spread my thighs open with his knees.

“You would say, ‘*Viens me baiser.*’” He rubbed the tip of his cock along my slit.

“What does it mean exactly?” I smiled, knowing, but wanting to hear it.

“Fuck me.” His voice was a little hoarse.

I sighed, closing my eyes, loving the feel of the tip of him against my clit when he found it. I pulled my knees up and back, exposing myself to him, and he gasped at the sight, making his cock even slicker with my juices as he eased the head between my folds of flesh.

“Say it, Celia,” he demanded.

I bit my lip and looked at him.

He nodded. “Say it.”

“*Viens me baiser,*” I said throatily, and that was all he needed. He growled, deep in his throat, and the length of him slid hard into me. He grabbed both of my feet and pushed them back, my knees almost touching my ears as he pounded into me. I couldn’t breathe, I couldn’t cry out, I could only feel him, take him, again and again. He let me wrap my legs around him then and pull him down onto me. His cock grazed my clit in this position and it spiraled me deliciously upwards. “*Viens me baiser!*” I moaned, and he stopped for a moment, panting.

“Oh, that almost did it, *chérie,*” he whispered.

I could feel his cock pulsing inside of me. I could imagine the swollen, red and now almost purple tip of him leaking again, more pre-cum, mixing with my juices, simply an appetizer, just a little bit of what was building in his balls that were alternately resting and slapping against my bottom.

“Let me turn over,” I begged. “I want it from behind.”

“Mmm, you want me to fuck you that way?” he asked, and I moaned and clutched at him. “Fuck you doggie-style? *Prendre en levrette?*”

“*Oui! Viens me baiser...prendre en levrette!*” I wasn’t surprised when he pulled out quickly and turned me over with one hand, grabbing my hips and lifting me to my hands and knees in one swift motion.

“I’m not...” He slapped my ass with his cock once. I jumped. “Going...to be able...to hold out long.” He slid it into me and I arched my back to take all of him, moaning low and deep. I loved it when he fucked me like this, and he knew it and had perfected it. His hand reached underneath me, as I knew it would, to find my clit and rubbed it in fast, furious circles. I panted, my hair falling into my face, hearing him grunting as he pumped into me.

“Celia!” I knew it was a warning and allowed my body to open up, to feel every sensation, his cock deep inside, his fingers massaging me, my breasts swaying, my nipples grazing the mattress with every movement. It magnified everything, and I could feel it closing in. I was going to come with him.

“*Oui, oui! Viens me baiser, Ronan! Fais moi jouir!*” I knew this last surprised him, begging him to make me come, and it sent him over the edge, taking me with him.

“Ah fuck, I’m coming! *Je jouis, je jouis!*” He drove his cock deep, up and in, collapsing me onto the bed as I came, feeling him first swell and then explode into me, sweet, shuddering movements that jolted through my whole body. My own orgasm was almost simultaneous, and to his credit, he never took his fingers from my clit once, keeping up the same frenzied pace until I was flooding my juices over his cock and down both of our thighs.

He collapsed onto me for a moment, the length of him warming my sweat-sheened skin, and then rolled off me onto his back, still breathing hard, throwing an arm over his eyes. I laid in the tangle of my hair and looked at him warmly, feeling his cum beginning to seep out toward my clit, making me shiver. He was beautiful laying there, his chest and belly glistening with sweat.

“Celia,” he croaked. “*Mon Dieu, j’ai joui si dur mes oreilles sonnent!*”

I smiled, brushing hair out of my eyes with my palm. “Okay, I’m not that good yet, especially when you’ve got a post-coital mumble going on!”

He laughed, reaching his other arm out for me and pulling me in to him, tucking my head under his chin. “I said I came so hard my ears are ringing.”

My whole body thrilled to the thought and I smiled.

“Well, thank you for my French lesson,” I said coyly. “I learned a lot. I’m sure I’ll be able to use it in the future, with all my other French lovers...” I let it trail off, waiting for his Frenchman’s jealousy to kick in.

“There better not be any other French lovers!” he exploded, uncovering his eyes and seeing my grin.

“I don’t want any other lovers,” I admitted, taking a deep breath and throwing my thigh over his.

“Nor I, *ma belle. Je t’aime*, Celia.”

I lifted my head, incredulous. Three months together, and here it was between us. “Well, I know that one.” I traced the lines of his face with my finger. “I love you, too.”

We slept for hours curled together like that before waking and making love again sometime in the middle of the night, when Ronan and I resumed our French lesson. I was a good student and learned quite a few more French words and phrases that I put to very good use.

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



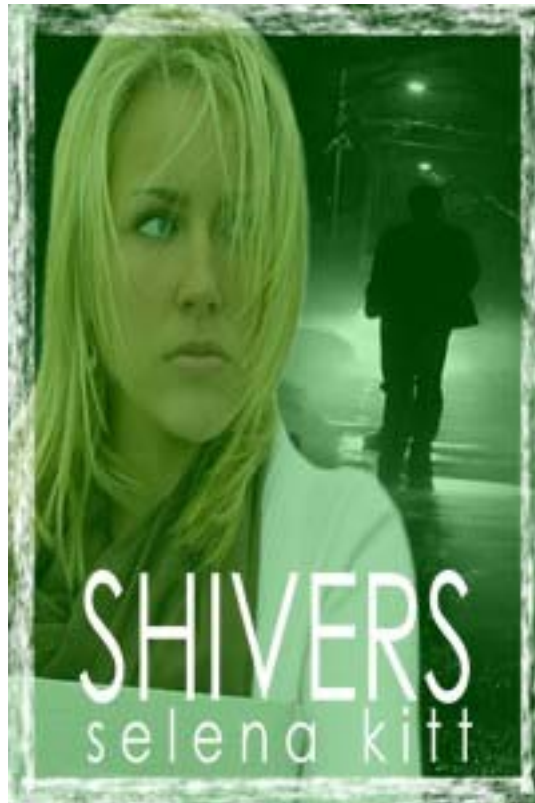
Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals four kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: [*Rosie's Promise*](#) published by Samhain and [*Torrid Teasers #49*](#) published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels [Christmas Stalking](#), [Blind Date](#), *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com.

If you enjoyed FRENCH LESSONS, you might also enjoy:



SHIVERS

By Selena Kitt

Eight darkly erotic and horrifically delicious stories guaranteed to give you shivers, in more ways than one! Stories include: The Velvet Choker, Pumpkin Eater, The Ride, Mercy, Advent Calender, Silent Night, The Laundry Chute and The Gingerbread Man.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and erotic horror.

Excerpt From "Advent Calendar" in SHIVERS:

"So, seriously, what's the joke?" I asked.

She was hanging her head off the end of my bed, watching the tail end of A Charlie Brown Christmas Special upside down.

"Don't you love the way they talk? Wah, wahhh wahhhhh. Isn't that totally how you used to hear grown-ups?" She lolled her head off the corner and put her bare feet up on the wall, crossing them at the ankles.

"I still hear grown-ups that way," I snorted, pulling my t-shirt on. "Come on, Betz, give."

"Oh, this wasn't enough for you?" She teased me, opening her thighs and pointing between them. Her pussy lips were still a little swollen and they glistened. I sat next to her, my hand inevitably drawn to the wetness, rubbing the moist and slightly sticky skin with my thumb. God, she's intoxicating.

"Everything isn't about sex, you know?" I tried to sound serious, although my fingers betrayed me and slid through her slit as my cock began to throb against my thigh.

She laughed--god, I loved her laugh--it tinkled, like ice crystals forming in midair. Rolling off the bed, she grabbed for the remote and started to flip channels. "Do you have CNN? I have to see if they're broadcasting any other signs of the apocalypse."

"Ha." I said. "Ha." She grinned up at me, sprawled naked on my floor, her hair like dark chocolate streams covering the generous swell of her breasts. "Well, if you're not gonna tell me what it's all about, I'm not opening any more of those stupid doors." I grabbed a new pair of briefs out of my top drawer, shoving the advent calendar aside to do it. It toppled toward the wall and balanced there, its first five black doors hanging askew showing five decidedly blank white spaces.

Every morning I felt like a fool, opening a new door in the hopes that this time, something would appear. I had noticed a different odor each day--first the oranges and cloves, then cinnamon, then something I couldn't identify at all, then something that smelled faintly like pumpkin pie. I joked with her on the phone that she had invented the world's first "Scratch 'N Sniff" advent calendar. She just laughed. There was a different

smell today, like those red and white pinwheel peppermint candies my grandmother used to keep in her pocket to keep us quiet in church, but it didn't linger long. I was getting really tired of whatever game Betsy was playing.

"Nice ass," she commented softly. I didn't reply, tugging my jeans on. God, she pissed me off sometimes.

"Is that all I am to you?" I tossed her jeans off my bed and into her lap. Her eyes were bright, dancing, as she looked up at me, incredulous. I stopped, my jaw as slack as hers. "What the fuck?" I said softly, out loud, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. What the hell am I saying? What the hell do I care?

"I'm gonna go home." She started to get dressed. I couldn't see her face as she bent to slide her panties on. I felt bad all of a sudden and then I was pissed that I felt bad. This wasn't good at all. I watched her slide her jeans on, her back to me, her panties caught slightly in the crack of her ass. My cock jerked reactively, just seeing her bent over and sliding denim up her shapely thighs. I sat on my bed, uncertain.

"You don't have to keep opening them if you don't want to." She kissed my cheek and smiled softly before opening my bedroom door. She must have been chewing gum because she smelled like peppermint.

"There's no point!" I called after her. "It's not funny!" I heard her laugh and gritted my teeth. This wasn't gonna fly. I was done. I don't care how much she gets my dick hard, no girl is worth this kind of hassle and game-playing.

BUY THIS AND MORE TITLES AT
www.eXcessica.com



eXcessica's [BLOG](#)

www.excessica.com/blog

eXcessica's [YAHOO GROUP](#)

groups.yahoo.com/group/eXcessica/

**Check out both for updates about eXcessica books, as well
as chances to win free E-Books!**

And look for these other titles from SELENA KITT:

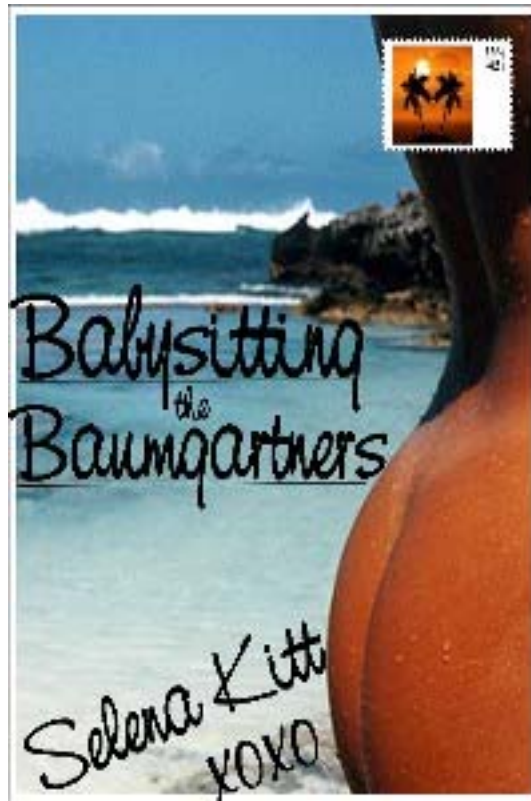


NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.

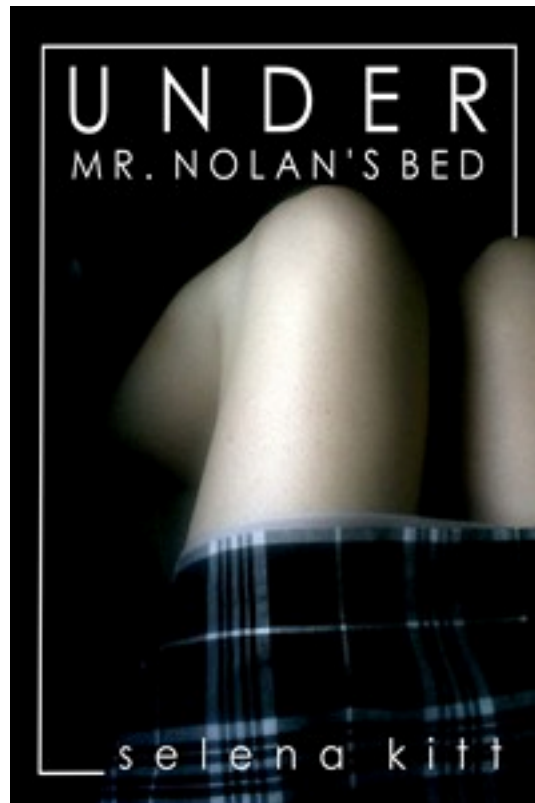


BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.



UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

by Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

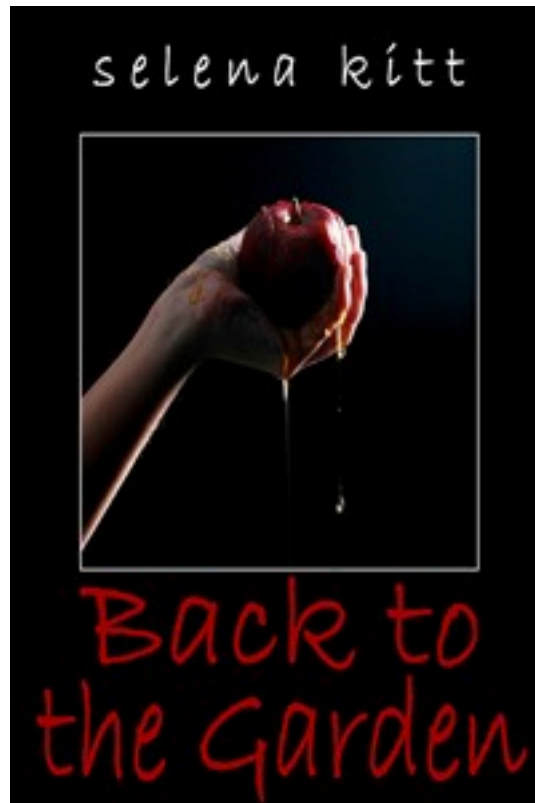


TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untamable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.



ECOEROTICA

By Selena Kitt

Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?

This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.

Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.