Parisian Surprise - Part Five

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Dec 2012

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Robert and Juliana: A night at the Paris Opera with passion off as well as on stage.

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This is the fifth part of “Parisian Surprise”, written with Alphamagus. While it can be read on its own, it may be better enjoyed if you read the preceding segments. Part One won an Editor's Pick award.

Robert and Juliana have been enjoying a vacation week in Paris. They have had a number of sexual adventures including a game of submission and dominance. They are preparing for a night at the Paris Opera, black tie for him, a vintage designer dress for her, and more romance and desire for them both.

Juliana and Robert were in the shower at the end of the afternoon. They had been out all day, shopping and exploring in Paris, and returned to their hotel room laden with their purchases. As always, they both bought books, including several large format art and architecture books which undoubtedly would be shipped rather than carried back home. Robert had purchased some clothes and shoes as had Juliana. He had also treated her to a couple of vintage dresses and scads of beautiful European lingerie.

The shower was both calming and refreshing after the day of tramping around the city. They were too weary to do anything other than wash themselves, but that would not last long. They had been arousing each other all day, so much so that Robert had masturbated watching Juliana try on all of the lingerie and had then taken her and come inside her a second time in the shop’s dressing room. As he thought about it all, he wanted her again. Juliana was reliving the day as well and drew him close to her and kissed him deeply as the water streamed down their bodies. She caressed his penis and balls in her hand and massaged, feeling him harden to her touch.

“Lets dry off and take this to bed. Then we can have a nap before going out tonight,” she suggested.

Robert would never reject another opportunity to make love to her. He hastily dried himself as Juliana entered the bedroom and followed her in a few minutes later. She was standing by the bed in a small pair of black panties. Laying on the bed were two silken scarves.

“Lay down now, Robert, face up and put your hands to the bed frame,” Juliana commanded in her husky deep voice.

Robert gulped and stared at her, feeling his excitement mount as well as a little nervousness, but he complied. Juliana picked up the scarves and tied Robert’s hands to the steel bed frame, one to each corner. Robert’s erection was getting bigger by the second as he stared at the beauty in front of him. Juliana then stood over the bed, towering over him. She placed one foot either side of his head, then looking down into his eyes, she started to rub the front of the silken panties slowly with her forefinger. Robert could not take his eyes off of her as her finger travelled back and forth over the material covering her slit.

She slightly crouched down so that her mound was only a couple of feet from Robert’s face and carried on rubbing before using her finger to push the material to one side and expose herself to him. Robert was wondering how much longer he could hold out without touching the incredible pressure on his erection.

Juliana slowly inserted her middle and ring fingers inside her now swollen pussy lips. Robert watched in wonder as they slid into her all the way to their roots. When she pulled them out, they were dripping. She pushed her fingers to his open mouth and he sucked them slowly. “God, she tastes good,” he thought to himself. She reinserted her fingers and slowly started to slide them in and out of herself, about a foot in front of Robert’s face. He started to smell the exotic scent of her arousal. It was exquisite and his impossibly hard erection started to pulse.

She then removed her fingers from her slit, exposed her clitoris and, without taking her eyes from his, started to rub it deliberately. Robert uttered, “Please,” as she slowly lowered her swollen, wet mound to his face. Robert extended his tongue as Juliana hovered closer and he hungrily extended it as far as he could inside of her. She started to rub her sex all over his face whilst continuing to stimulate her swollen pearl: on his cheeks, his nose, his tongue, his chin. There was so much moisture coming from her that Robert felt like he was being washed in it. He hungrily licked it all up, from as much of his face as he could and from every part of her sopping mound that he could reach.

Juliana’s breathing got more and more strained as she reached backwards for his cock. She slowly started to frig him in her hand then let him go and removed her sodden panties. She re-positioned herself and, taking hold of his cock once more, placed it at the her glorious entrance and slowly slid down onto his full length. Robert desperately wanted to touch her but could not because of the

restraints.

She leaned backward and slowly started to ride him, still rubbing her clitoris but with increasing rapidity now. She reached behind her and massaged his heavy ball sack as she picked up speed. Robert had to bite his lip to stop himself from crying out not only because of the physical sensations wracking through his body, but also the ethereal being slowly fucking him to oblivion.

He started to buck upward to meet her thrusts as she leaned forward to kiss him. He felt her tongue lick the nectar that his tongue could not reach smeared over his face as he felt her orgasm approach. He quickly dipped his head and caught one of her hardened nipples in his mouth as he thrust upward with all the strength that he had.

He felt Juliana's shiver and heard her slight moan as her orgasm hit her. She was usually quiet in lovemaking but uncharacteristically yelped a little as she leaned back once more and used his cock to take her through her orgasm. Robert was still bucking as she came, lost in the sensation of her coming on top of him. Juliana realized that he had not come and intensified her efforts. Robert could hold it no longer and he released stream after stream of hot sperm into her. The force of it hit Juliana like a train and she had a second orgasm even more powerful than the first.

She carried on riding his erection for a few moments before getting off and taking his penis in her mouth. She licked every part of their combined juices from him and found him stiffening in her hands once more. Robert loved being kissed and caressed there after he came.

She used her tongue to tap a rhythm on the back of his cockhead as she sucked and pumped him with one hand. The other hand reached underneath him and her little finger toyed with his anus. It was all too much for Robert and he came a second time, but this time his seed shot down the back of Juliana's throat, making her swallow quickly, lest she gag on the stream.

Once more she licked the semen, before kissing his mouth, remnants of their tastes in the kiss, as she reached for the restraints and untied him.

"Wow!" he said as she snuggled up to him. His arms wrapped around her and he wordlessly kissed the top of her head. Spent, they fell asleep immediately. There was time for some rest before their evening out.

Robert had programmed himself to sleep for two hours so that they would have time to get ready and have drink before going to the opera. He actually woke up about ten minutes before that, and realized that he was hard again because he had been dreaming about everything that had transpired during the day. He reached down and felt his erection and the weight of his balls in his hand, massaging for

the lovely feeling rather than to excite himself to orgasm.

Juliana was still asleep on her side with her back to him and knees bent as they had slept spooning. He turned back on his side and kissed her shoulder. She was positioned so that her sex was exposed and he gently rubbed his fingers on her damp lips as he continued kissing her shoulder and neck. Juliana stirred and moved her hips closer to him, as he replaced his fingers with his erect cock. He moved his cockhead between her labia back to front and back again, stimulating her and lubricating himself. She was awake now, as he heard a whispered “yes”.

He slipped into her and held her close, fondling her breasts with one hand and playing with her clitoris with the other. They moved in tandem, a slow, rocking motion that increased his penetration with each stroke. He felt engulfed by her heat and the pressure of her muscles grasping his cock deep inside her. Their pace increased as they reached climax together, quiet but no less satisfying. Neither wanted to move, but Juliana noticed the time and said that they had best get up, clean up, and dress for the evening. The spell was broken for the moment, but another night in Paris was ahead.

Robert finished putting on his tuxedo as he watched Juliana put on the black vintage dress that he had bought for her earlier. He was tying his bow tie as she was bending over to get into her evening shoes - black silk with rhinestone buckles. He was admiring the curve of her behind at the moment. They had been shopping earlier in the day and the dress was a spectacular vintage couture dress that hugged Juliana like a glove. It was heavy black silk, slim and with the neck scooped low front and back. It was impossible to wear a bra beneath it and fitted as closely as a bustier. It was elegant and very provocative at the same time.

Juliana needed help getting the dress done up after she stepped into it wearing only low slung black silk panties and her evening shoes. She bent over, her breasts falling into its carefully engineered bodice as Robert watched mesmerized. She then held the front of the dress to her, adjusted until she was comfortable and her bosom appropriately placed. Juliana then asked Robert to quickly fasten the dress. He looked down at her bare back and took in the scent of her perfume. He kissed the nape of her neck and her shoulder as he brought the dress together fasten it. His hand smoothed the back and moved over her bottom and he felt himself stirring. He had not had the front view yet, not since the dressing room of the store.

The dress was cut for a less well endowed French woman so Juliana’s generous breasts swelled over the neckline with deep cleavage. It had another layer of sheer black georgette with a high neck and long sleeves over the black silk body of the dress. This covered the top half of her body, but allowed a view of her full bosom and lovely back through the filmy fabric. She turned around and Robert was stunned. He looked at the perfect form of her and shivered. “How the hell am I going to last the evening with her dressed like that?” he mused. He bent to kiss her again, careful not to mess

her makeup, then took a deep breath, straightened his tie and his penis in his trousers and said, “Ready for a drink before we go, darling? How about a glass of champagne?”

Juliana smiled, took his hand and her evening bag, and led him to the door and the elevator which would take them to the hotel’s bar. Heads turned as the couple entered the bar. Juliana grinned and said, “You look like a version of James Bond out of the movies and I feel like a Bond girl in my sexy vintage dress.”

“Perhaps a martini, then,” Robert suggested, “Shaken, not stirred. The martini may not be stirred, but I certainly am as I look at you, and so is every other man in the bar.”

Juliana laughed and agreed to the martini. She sat on a bar stool beside Robert who remained standing with his arm around her waist. Her foot was moving up and down his leg, undeniably exciting him. “If you don’t stop that, we shall have to go back upstairs,” he warned her.

“I have got us an upper tier box to see “Madame Butterfly” as I know that it is one of your favourites, darling,” Robert said.

“Oh, sweetheart, I love that opera. I think that I shall have to do something very special for you as you have spoiled me all day,” Juliana retorted.

Juliana just smiled and stopped teasing. “Okay, best behaviour, but just for now.I can’t promise what might happen to me listening to the opera. You know what it does to me, especially this one. Thankfully, you thought to have a private box for us.”

Robert’s mind began working with that thought: alone in the dark with Juliana, ravishing as she was tonight, surrounded by the opulence of the opera house and the lush music soaring around them. It would be sensory overload, and he could only imagine what that might do to him as well. The only thing that might come close to an assault on his senses by his darling Juliana was the way opera made him feel, so full of passion and emotion. To put the two together in this place would make for a memorable night. His emotions, his passion, his sensuality were all on high alert.

He would not have to wait long to find out. The bartender told them that their car had turned up. They walked arm in arm to the lobby. They got into the cab and watched the passing vignettes of Paris as they made their way to the Opera House. Juliana leaned into him as he put his arm around her. She left her hand on his lap, moving gently, not so much to arouse him as just for him to have the soothing feeling which she knew it gave him to have her touching his genitals. He felt her hair silky under his chin, took in her scent and enjoyed the perfect view he had of her breasts rising with each breath she took. He was not impatient about the traffic as he would normally have been, savouring the moment

and anticipating the evening.

The Palais Garnier or the Paris Opera house is on the Boulevard des Capucines and is one of the most beautiful and opulent buildings in the city. They had sat in silence as their driver drove them to this magnificent monument to the Beaux Arts style. Robert got out first and offered Juliana his hand. She accepted it gratefully and he pulled her to her feet. As she stood, his hand accidentally grazed against the front of her dress and her ample bosom shivered in his hand. “Jesus,” thought Robert, “She is delectable.”

Juliana blushed a little as she saw the thought race through Robert’s mind and she felt a small tingling inside knowing the incredible effect that she had on this dear man. Robert quickly found out where their box was and led Juliana up the stairs to it.

“This was so decadent and elegant,” she thought, “To be here, dressed to the nines, in a private box. He has cosseted me all day, and this is the culmination of it, to be here, with him, and hear “Madame Butterfly”.”

Both Juliana and Robert loved the opera. They always felt transported into its drama and passion, completely entranced by the music, and sometimes they found each other in tears at the most poignant parts. Puccini’s opus started and the opera house went dark. The opening chords of “E soffitto e pareti” started to play and they both sat back in their seats, holding hands.

Juliana was rapt at the opera unfolding before them. Robert’s mind was lost in the music, but his eyes were definitely lost in Juliana. Robert thought that the way that the dress almost seemed to float on her and the way that she seemed to almost bring the dress to life was one of the most erotic and sensual things that he had ever seen.

She leaned forward to take in the set and he could see her breasts pushing against the fabric of her dress, her nipples against the silk and the swell rising over the low-cut bodice. Despite their location, Robert felt himself getting hard again. He very discreetly put his hand in his lap and began to stroke himself through his tuxedo trousers.

“I am torturing myself by doing this,” he mused to himself, but try as he might, he could not escape the effect that her dress was having on him. He realized that he was missing the spectacle and so reluctantly removed his hand and watched the opera unfold. He could not stay focused however, and his eyes kept returning to Juliana and his hand to his lap.

Juliana sensed him watching her. She turned around in the darkness and reached her hand out for the erection that she knew would be there. Her fingers gently rubbed it through his trousers, then

deftly unbuttoned him, and, all the time watching the opera, her hand enfolded his cock and reached to cup and caress his balls inside his boxers. She heard him sigh softly with pleasure.

She slowly started to pump him in time to the music. Robert was conscious of Juliana using his cock almost as an instrument, playing him in time to the rise and fall of the opera. He was lost in the sensation for several minutes and was getting more and more aroused. “I will not last at this rate. I want her now,” Robert thought, so he gently removed her hand in an incredible display of self-restraint and whispered, “Later, darling,” into her ear.

Juliana’s hand left his cock and buttoned him back up but remained in his lap for the rest of the first act, gently kneading him in a subtle but sensual way. He was aware that he was still erect as they approached the interval, so he removed her hand and held it gently. He then started to silently recite all of the elements in the periodic table in order to divert his thoughts from what was happening in his groin so that he would be able to go out and buy them a drink.

The interval came and the lights came on. Juliana said that she needed the bathroom and so Robert walked her there, then disappeared to the bar. He ordered a bottle of Dom Perignon, which was expensive enough to buy her another designer outfit. He retrieved two glasses from the barman and then waited outside the ladies’ bathroom to escort her back to their seats.

Juliana reappeared looking a little flustered.

“Are you okay, darling?” Robert inquired.

She just smiled at him coquettishly and took his arm.

“Of course, darling,” she virtually purred.

They returned to their seats just in time for the second act.

“E izaghi e Izanami ” opened the second act and they both settled down to watch and listen. Suzuki was trying to convince Butterfly that Pinkerton was not returning and to forget him, but the ever hopeful Butterfly was assuring Suzuki that he would return.

Robert felt himself drifting in the futility of Butterfly’s passion and love when he became aware that Juliana’s fingers were at his mouth. He opened his lips and went to kiss them when he realized that they were very wet. He could smell Juliana’s juices on her fingertips. He hurriedly sucked them into his mouth and licked her juices as he started to stiffen.

“So that is why she looked so flustered. She must have been removing her panties quickly in the loo,“ he thought to himself. He turned to look her in the darkness and noticed that her dress was hitched right up and her legs were spread with her other hand now playing in between them. Robert quietly left his seat and knelt on the floor. He pulled her legs to face him and brought his mouth down upon her glistening fingers as they delved in and out of the depths of her sodden cunt.

He licked greedily and used his tongue on her outer lips and her hood. He coaxed her swelling clitoris into his mouth as she continued to play. He realized that his erection was so big that it was actually causing him pain within the confines of his trousers. Opening his fly, he freed himself as he sucked her and started to rub one-handed up and down his shaft. The song ended and the starting notes of the beautiful aria “Un bel di” started to fill the hall.

He continued sucking and lashing at her clitoris as Juliana’s fingers slid in and out of herself faster and faster. Robert increased the tempo of his own masturbation, his cock exceedingly hard, his cockhead damp with pre-cum. He stopped suddenly, returned to his seat and pulled Juliana towards him.

With her dress already hiked up, she slid her divine bottom on to him, gasping when she understood that he had been rubbing himself and was so erect. Robert lifted her slightly and then brought her down on his swollen length. He slid into her easily right to the hilt and slowly started to thrust upwards in time to the music. He could hear the wonderful aria increasing its intensity and he could see hundreds of eyes in the gloom staring rapt at the stage. His concentration was on his lover. He felt her hand massaging his balls as he moved in her, increasing his pleasure. He plunged into her more deeply and rubbed her clitoris with one hand as his other hand cupped her breasts. She let out a little moan involuntarily.

Robert bought his hand to her mouth, covering it as the aria started to reach its crescendo. Butterfly’s voice penetrated into Robert’s soul as she was singing to Suzuki, fantasizing about the return of her love. He drove into Juliana faster and faster. She started to bite his hand as Butterfly’s voice reached its peak.

At the pinnacle of the aria, Robert came explosively inside of Juliana and the force of the ejaculate sent her over the edge. She had a powerful orgasm of her own as she felt his hot jet flood her. She bit down onto his hand as the orgasm wracked through her body. Robert started slowing his thrusts as the aftermath of the aria played out and collapsed back into his chair, completely drained. Juliana fell back onto his chest and he held her closely as she continued to tremble from her climax.

Slowly, their breath and heart rates returned to normal. Juliana retrieved some tissues from her bag and hastily cleaned both herself and Robert. She kissed him before resting back into his arms for the

remainder of the second act, sated and blissful. They hardly noticed the interval for the end of the second act and stayed in their seats just holding each other as the tragic third act started and ended too. Their passion had matched that of the opera, beat for beat, note for note. Robert marvelled at this and their boundless need for each other and infinite ability to excite each other.

At the end of the opera, Robert with Juliana in tears at the death of Butterfly, gently wiped her eyes with his handkerchief before kissing her very deeply on the lips. “I am so sorry Robert, I know how it ends, but it always makes me cry anyhow,” said Juliana in sniffles.

Robert put his arms around her and held her tenderly. Although she had been wanton with him having sex in the box, he was amazed how quickly she could become emotional and fragile. He really loved this side of her character and it made him realize just how beautiful and complicated a human being she was. He waited patiently for her to compose herself, his arms still tight around her before they made their way down the stairs.

They found their way out of the opera house with the crowd leaving the building. It was a magnificent sight in the Paris moonlight. The opera had been magical and capped a memorable day. It was late in the evening but they had still not eaten dinner and both Robert and Juliana were hungry. Robert knew of a number of elegant restaurants in the area and had made a reservation at the “Royale Madeleine” on the rue du chevalier de St-Georges. It was a classic French bistro with 1900s decor, its walls covered in black and white prints, waiters in long aprons, and crisp linen tablecloths; a perfect setting after their evening in the opulence of the opera. He put his arm around her as they walked there, talking about their day, the opera, and what they wanted to eat and drink.

Robert laughed when Juliana said that she craved oysters, “I don’t think that we need an aphrodisiac, darling.”

“You are already insatiable, sweetheart, but I will take my chances. I really want to eat some oysters with Champagne, perhaps, or a really good white wine,” Juliana agreed.

They were greeted warmly by the maitre d’ when they arrived, but Juliana was surprised to be led through the space. Robert told her that he had reserved the private dining room so that they could be on their own. There was a banquette and round table set for two with candles already lit. A chair was on the other side of the table. Robert helped Juliana onto the banquette and then took his seat and they both looked at the menus.

Juliana and Robert found it difficult to choose their meals among all that was offered but settled on classic French food. Juliana ordered a dozen oysters, thinking she might share them with Robert, and a rack of lamb crusted with garlic and herbes de Provence. Robert opted for a plate of paté and

charcuterie which he also intended to share with Juliana, followed by a saddle of venison. He chose some more Champagne for them to have with their starters and a wonderful French Bordeaux for their main course.

Robert sat transfixed looking at Juliana, so radiant in the candlelight. She smiled and blushed a little, which made Robert's heart melt even more. How was there such a woman, so elegant and intelligent, so playful, so wanton in sex, and still she blushed when she was admired. He could see the love in her eyes as she looked back at him, and some mischief as always, as he saw them twinkling.

The waiter brought some ice cold sparkling mineral water and still warm baguette and butter to their table and quietly left after wishing them "bon appetit". Their first course and the Champagne followed quickly. Juliana thought that she also did not need the oysters to encourage her libido, Robert looked so handsome in black tie. She was still feeling the passion and drama of the opera, for both what happened on the stage and in their box. "Imagine having done that in the open," she thought, "Thank goodness it was so dark and we were in the private box." Now, he had made sure of their privacy once more, and again in surroundings that typified Paris. She took a deep breath to bring herself out of her musings and pay attention to Robert.

He watched her breasts rise through the sheer fabric of her dress and felt his cock stir again. He wanted to dive into those breasts, and kiss and bite her nipples instead of seeing them through the black georgette and the outline of her nipples through the silk of the underdress. The neckline of the underdress was cut very low and as she leaned over the platter of oysters on their bed of ice to choose one he could see them lush before him, almost taunting him with their unavailability. He reached down to straighten his penis to be comfortable enough to eat and talk with her, but did not lose his awareness of those breasts and his hardness.

Robert sliced all of his food into fork sized chunks and put down his knife. His right hand then found its way to his fly and he unbuttoned himself before drawing out his already swelling member. He gave it a few gentle strokes before leaving it to grow with the excitement he was feeling. His hand then slowly went to Juliana's lap. He pulled up her dress slightly, very aware of the fact that her panties were still in her bag, and slowly started to rub the inside of her thigh.

She looked at him and grinned as she ate her dinner, but did not stop him. She even opened her legs more to give him better access. The sensuality of food and sex always worked so well together, she thought to herself. Robert then turned his hand around and used the back of it to rub very deliberately up and down Juliana's entrance. Her mouth let out a small sigh as she felt her desire rise once more while still eating her meal.

Robert widened the gap of her legs even more and found the beginnings of her dew start to moisten

the back of his hand. He carried on eating with just his fork and simultaneously turned his hand back around and used his fingers to stimulate her more.

Juliana put her own knife down and reached under the table for Robert. She laughed delightedly when she realized that his penis was already out and very swollen. Her hand wrapped around his shaft and gently started to pump it. Robert's eyes momentarily closed as he felt the wonderful pressure around his cock. He used this opportunity to plunge two fingers deep inside Juliana's sopping cunt.

Juliana had to put her cutlery down as she felt Robert's fingers penetrate her. She shifted her hips to accommodate them and increased the rhythm of her hand on his cock. Robert also put down his fork and pulled Juliana to him. He kissed her passionately on the lips before reaching for the ice cold bottle of sparkling Badoit mineral water on the table. He dropped to his knees and put his mouth straight onto Juliana's mound. She was already deliciously wet from his fingers and so his tongue slid straight into her, unfurling and slowly plunging in and out. He felt her hands on the back of his shaven head as he continued to fuck her with his tongue.

He started to increase the intensity and speed and felt her enjoying it more and more as the pressure of her hands on his head increased. His tongue licked up and down and in and out before stopping dead. Hearing Juliana moan in frustration, he closed his mouth and slowly started to insert the neck of the ice cold bottle into her wetness. Inch by inch, he inserted it before removing it and doing it again. He felt Juliana shiver and moan as his tongue went to her clitoris and teased it out for his lips to suck on.

He could feel her juices running freely on the outside of the bottle warming it slightly as he continued to fuck her with it. It was not a particularly wide bottle and so her folds encompassed it quite easily. He held it firmly at the base as he increased both the depth and speed of his rhythm. At the same time, his own excitement was mounting. He somehow managed to continue to frig Juliana with one hand and stroke his penis with the other. It would not be long before he would have to be inside her and feel that heat around his cock.

Juliana felt like she was in heaven but was also very worried that Robert was doing this to her in a restaurant where someone could walk in the door at any moment. She realized that the only way to get Robert to stop this was to give in to it quickly before they got caught. She forgot everything for a moment and concentrated on the exquisite sensation.

Robert heard the unmistakable sound of Juliana getting close to climax before he stopped again. He undid the cap of the bottle and taking a mouthful of the cold fizzy water, he released it inside of her. The fizz hit Juliana like a thunderbolt. She felt it all throughout her vagina and it almost seemed to

concentrate itself on her swollen bud. She came instantly as Robert's tongue hungrily lapped at her orgasm. He carried on with his tongue buried deep inside long after the orgasm subsided and she felt so charged at the erotic thrill that she started to feel her another orgasm begin. This was more than Robert or his arousal could take.

He wiped his mouth on the napkin before taking her by the hand. They moved to the part of the banquette farthest away from the table and hurriedly kissed. Robert tasted the garlic on her breath as she sat astride him and, grasping his swollen cock, sunk down on it. Robert desperately tried to free her breasts but found it impossible with the dress that she was wearing. He hungrily sucked at where her nipples were through the material, dampening the cloth but producing a lovely heat on them.

They both moved furiously, afraid of being caught but so wrapped up in the sensation and the passionate need for each other that nothing but their release mattered. Juliana ground into Robert as hard and fast as she could as he carried on biting her nipples through her dress. His hand went to her pubis and rubbed furiously as his cock plunged in and out of her. She felt the unmistakable beginnings of her orgasm and she leaned forward and nibbled Robert's ear. He felt her speed increase and heard the quickening of her breath, knowing that she would be lost soon. He thrust even harder into her not wanting this to be anything but simultaneous as he felt his own climax start.

Their orgasms hit at exactly the same time. He spurted all of his seed deep inside her at the very point that she came. The feeling was delicious and she kissed him hungrily on the mouth as the waves overcame both of them. Robert carried on fucking her through the moment and, when finally it was over, held her tight, still dripping inside of her. They remained in their embrace for a few moments, neither wanting to release the other. Robert wanted to stay exactly like this, his penis buried in her, forever. He loved the feeling of her warmth surrounding him after he came, and holding her close. Once he withdrew, Juliana still caressed his cock and balls, knowing how he loved this afterward as well.

Juliana broke the spell telling him that the waiter would soon be back with their desserts and coffee. She quickly got up and used some tissues from her bag to wipe most of the excess juices away before pulling her dress back down. Robert hastily buttoned himself back up before returning to the table. He sat back down and picked up his cutlery when he realized that the door to the private room was now open, when before it had most definitely been shut. It was open just a little. The waiter must have arrived, seen what they were doing, and made a hasty retreat. No red-blooded Frenchman would have interrupted such a moment, and, after all, that is what private dining rooms were meant for - seduction.

As they settled themselves back at the table, there was a quiet knock on the door before the waiter stepped in carrying tarte Tatin for Juliana and chocolate cake for Robert along with coffees for them

both. He set everything on the table after the bus boy who accompanied him cleared their dinner dishes and he asked if everything had been satisfactory, smiling at them both. He did know. Juliana blushed and said that their meal had been wonderful in French as Robert stifled a laugh with difficulty.

They both broke into giggles when the waiter left, after Juliana kicked Robert under the table for making it more difficult for her to maintain her composure. The sweets were delicious. They tasted each of them but Juliana could not finish after the meal and wine. She always said that ice cream cut the sweetness of dessert, and the homemade vanilla that topped the tarte Tatin was out of this world, but very rich. Robert, the one with the bigger appetite for sweets, polished off his chocolate cake and then finished the tarte. Neither wanted a cognac or liqueur, so he summoned their waiter and sent him off with his credit card and a request for a taxi.

The couple talked about their day as they waited for the bill and their taxi. It had been a wonderful day walking around the city, shopping, and going to the opera, capped by this late dinner. They had managed to indulge their other appetite in several places and numerous times. Juliana teased Robert that he had probably lost count of the number of times he had come that day.

He grinned and said, “The night was not over yet, my darling. And dinner and the wine have given me more energy.”

“How is it possible to be so content and comfortable, and yet be so aroused constantly and keep everything fresh? How lucky we are,” Juliana mused.

The taxi arrived and Robert caught a quick glimpse of Juliana’s bare pussy as she got in the car and felt himself stir. “She is right,” he thought. “I still want more. So long as she is around I always want more. It is all about the power of my love and desire for Juliana and, of course, the impact of Paris on all lovers.”

To be continued.