Parisian Surprise - Part Four

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Robert and Juliana enjoy Paris - its culture, food, and sexual adventures.

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This is the fourth part of “Parisian Surprise”, written with Alphamagus. You may wish to read the preceding parts to enjoy and understand the entire story.

Robert and Juliana are spending a week in Paris and have included a different kind of experience in their vacation. At Robert’s instigation they played game of control, alternating the dominant and submissive roles and discovering new heights of sexual excitement. Now the game is over, but their sexual fun one of the world’s most romantic cities continues.

Robert’s phone wakened him and Juliana from their afternoon nap. This was not something that they did often at home, but with the full days and nights of a vacation it was a habit that they adopted to recharge and, frankly, to be in bed together. Sex was never lacking in their relationship, but long, lazy times were usually limited to weekends, and weekends were usually busy for them in other ways. This was different, not being on a schedule, doing as they pleased each day and night, and falling asleep in each other’s arms in the daytime before or after daytime sex. They had made love before sleep and it was past twilight. Just time to dress and go out for dinner. Both had been craving Italian food and so the concierge had recommended a wonderful Tuscan restaurant nearby and made a reservation for them as well as ordering a cab to take them there.

The restaurant was hidden on a side street, the kind of place that was known by word of mouth and kept as a wonderful secret by its patrons. The food was too delicious to let everyone know about it. They are the only visitors there as the room was filled with elegant French couples. The atmosphere was warm and welcoming rather than the elegant restraint they sometimes found in French restaurants. Some bruschetta with chicken livers and grilled porcini mushrooms were brought to their table immediately as their drink order was taken. The menu offered so many choices that they wanted that they decided to return again before the week ended to try more dishes. They had pasta primi - angelotti with squash in butter and sage for Juliana, and ravioli stuffed with wild boar with a mild

marinara for Robert. Then osso bucco for her and rabbit for him - he was the game lover of the pair. Of course there was a wonderful Barolo to drink and they managed to get through two bottles of it as they tasted each other's meals. Too stuffed for dessert, they had espressos and hazelnut biscotti. And some grappa for an authentic Italian experience in France.

They decided to walk for a while when they left the restaurant, Robert's arm around Juliana. He had thought about going to a nightclub, but Juliana demurred and asked that they amble slowly back to the hotel enjoying the sights of Paris at night.

They walked hand in hand past the Sacre Coeur, beautiful in her illumination. Robert, knowing how much Juliana loved architecture, took a photo of her in front of the vast basilica’s steps. Juliana started to pose for Robert’s smartphone camera in a variety of seductive and silly poses, that had Robert laughing out loud. They then walked arm in arm down the hill towards the Rue Caulaincourt and turned left, almost doubling back on themselves to get back to their hotel.

The wonders of all the smells of the city assaulted their senses at every street corner. Everywhere they looked, there were other couples walking as they were taking in the crisp night air. “This really is the city of romance”, thought Robert, gazing adoringly at Juliana.

They finally made it back to their hotel. Juliana suggested that they share a bath and then have an early night, to which Robert hastily agreed.

Juliana started running the bath as Robert poured them both a large glass of Merlot and retrieved some reasonably thick candles from the lounge area. He lit them and took them into the bathroom.

“Mmmm, very romantic, darling,” said Juliana as she took her glass of red and watched Robert arrange the candles around the bath’s rim.

They both undressed and got into the bath. Robert took the tap side, knowing how much Juliana hated it. They both sipped their wine silently, just watching each other. Juliana slowly started reaching for Robert and stroking him to hardness. Robert used one hand to languidly play between Juliana’s legs. They were both turned on, but were not hurried, just enjoying the sensations and each other’s company.

The glasses of merlot were soon empty. Juliana placed her glass down and then started to tenderly clean both herself and Robert. He was already hard from her stroking and as her soapy hands cleaned him, he leaned back luxuriating in the feeling passing through his body. He reached for Juliana but she hastily stood up.

“Not here, darling, but in front of the fire if we could,” Juliana breathed.

She reached for a towel and, after hastily drying herself off, gathered the two empty glasses and walked naked from the bath to the living room of the suite. Robert stood and after drying himself, picked up the candles and followed her.

Juliana had poured another two glasses of wine and was posed naked on the rug in front of the fire. Robert’s breath caught in his throat as he gazed at the almost pre-Raphaelite beauty in front of him. He walked over and placed the candles in the hearth, still brightly shining. He leaned forward to kiss her. She pulled him in hard and her tongue entered his mouth and explored it. Robert dropped one hand to her breasts and the other to between her thighs as they kissed. She opened to him easily and his fingers traced the outer lips of her dewy mound.

She let out a purr that was almost feline as he continued to stroke in ever smaller circles before dipping in two fingers inside of her, exploring the object of his growing desire. His fingers played gently inside of her before raising them to his lips and tasting her.

“Beautiful,” Robert sighed as he licked the juices of from his tips.

He reached forward for his wine and tipped a few drops over Juliana’s nipples before bringing his head down to devour them and the wine hungrily. He then poured some between her creamy thighs and watched it as it travelled to her lips, mingling with the juices that were beginning to appear. He hastily licked that up as well, his tongue rough against the smoothness of the red liquid, hot and full of friction. Juliana gazed at him with naked lust in her eyes.

“Darling, fuck me and fuck me now!” she commanded.

Robert looked back at her with equal passion and replied, “I want to finish playing first, darling.”

With his free hand, he started to gently frig Juliana again, his fingers slowly sliding in and out of her. Juliana laid back and opened herself wider and wider so that his fingers could gain depth.Robert put down his wine with the other hand and reached for one of the candles. He leaned it over Juliana’s torso before very deliberately spilling some of the molten wax on her erect nipples.

Juliana let out a sharp sigh of pain before his fingers increased both their speed and depth. He then spilled some wax on her bellybutton and she arched her back to combat the delicious burn against the sexual tension that was ravaging her body.

“Not there, please,” she breathed heavily seeing Robert glancing at his fingers as they worked inside

of her.

Robert smiled at her and quickly blew out the flame before turning the candle around and withdrawing his fingers, then quickly driving the bottom of the candle into Juliana’s pussy. The wax that had melted and set on its sides were like warm veins as she felt the candle being pushed deeper and deeper and thrust faster and faster inside of her. She came in an explosion that shook her to her very core.

Robert then sat down on the rug and pulled her onto him. He was extremely erect and Juliana felt every inch of him as she sank down into his lap on his shaft. She used her hands to move herself up and down on him as Robert thrust upwards, his lips coming down on her waxy nipples. Juliana felt like she was in heaven, only just having come but realising that this man would take her to the same place very soon.

He thrust up harder and reached for one of the smaller candles, blew that out and traced the unlit end around her anus. Juliana bit her lip as she felt the small wax taper enter her there and his thrusting increased in intensity. Robert knew that he was about to come and so bought the candles thrusts in Juliana’s anus into the same tempo as his cock’s inside her. They climaxed together, his hot jets shooting inside of her and the waxy phallus penetrating her, causing her waves to mount time and time again. His lips met hers as he removed the candle and kissed her.

He went to the bathroom and returned with damp washcloths and a large towel for them. He wiped the wax from Juliana’s breasts and elsewhere gently, and then cleaned his genitals. He held her closely and led her to bed. They were spent and silent.

The bed had been turned down by the maid earlier. They fell into it exhausted and drifted to sleep with their limbs tangled and held each other through the night. Robert was not as deep a sleeper as Juliana, but after the day they had experienced he did so. His next consciousness was the sunrise and light beginning to stream into their room. He got up quietly so as not to wake Juliana.

Another beautiful day dawned over the city and Robert, bundled up in his the thick terry robe provided by the hotel, watched the sun rise from the terrace of their hotel suite. Juliana was still fast asleep, but he was habitually an early riser. He took in the fresh morning air and let his mind wander, thinking about their trip so far.

It had been his plan to surprise her with the trip and its destination, and he had succeeded at that, and then the plan for dominance and the love eggs were another unexpected idea from him. He had not anticipated Juliana's behaviour when their roles were reversed and he was to be the submissive one, but it had all been stimulating and exciting.The effort she made to learn the tea ceremony for him

was incredible. He started to get cold and went back into their bedroom, making himself comfortable on the chaise longue near the bed, watching Juliana sleep. It was truly one of his favourite sights.

He stretched out and loosened the belt of the robe. It was still early and quiet. The only sound in the room was Juliana's soft breathing. She looked so serene in sleep, her hair tousled, long legs sprawled since he left the bed, lying on her side. She always slept deeply and told him that she dreamt all night each night. "They must be lovely dreams, given how she looks," Robert thought. He did not want to disturb her, or at least not yet, but could not deny the simultaneous feelings he had of tenderness and the stirring of his cock, this being a recurrent reaction to watching his lover sleep.

He reached down and cupped his penis and balls in his hand, first massaging slowly, feeling the sensation of his excitement mounting. His balls felt heavy once more and his cock responded immediately to his touch and his thoughts as he watched Juliana. He stiffened and grew quickly, rubbing his whole length and paying special attention to his cockhead as he grew even more engorged. His thumb made circles around the head of his penis with the sense memory of Juliana's tongue doing that and then her mouth engulfing him. He stroked up and down more vigourously and rapidly, impossibly hard and full yet again. There seemed to be no end to the extent and frequency of his arousal with Juliana, even when she was asleep. Then there was that familiar sensation of his balls tightening just before ejaculation.

He rubbed even harder and felt his orgasm approach. At that moment, Juliana moved in her sleep and Robert glimpsed the top of her thigh as she pulled the covers over in her slumber. He came violently and his sperm ejaculated explosively, narrowly missing the bed. Juliana woke up with a start to his groan of pleasure and her look of consternation turned into a wide grin and giggle as her eyes first took in and then comprehended the sight in front of her.

"You could have bloody waited for me!" she said jokingly, secretly very aroused that she could even affect him like this as she slept. Robert grinned back and then after letting go of his still half erect cock, went to the bed to kiss her "good morning". She sat up and gazed at him lovingly and kissed him. As he reached for her, she leapt out of bed and sprinted to the bathroom.

"I'll meet you in the shower," she said over her shoulder. Robert dropped the robe and followed her, thinking what a minx she was. He followed her into the shower and they both luxuriated under the torrents of warm water washing over them. The hotel had supplied some French lavender shower gel, and the scent filled the steamy air within the large glass-in shower stall. They kissed and caressed each other as they soaped and rinsed.

Before it could go much further Juliana declared that she was ravenous and wanted breakfast. Despite his appetite for her, Robert ruefully admitted to himself that he, too, was hungry and so more

of her would have to wait. Juliana teased him by saying that she would make it up to him later. They dried themselves off, dressed and made their way from the hotel to another charming café for breakfast.

Juliana insisted on a big breakfast any day that was not a work day and especially on vacation when she said it fuelled their day. She again ordered in flawless French. Orange juice and enormous cups of coffee were brought to their table immediately. This was followed by their eggs and a large basket of the bakery treats synonymous with France: brioches, croissants with almonds, plain croissants, and more.

They decided to walk after breakfast as it was another perfect Paris day - clear skies, sunshine, and a slight breeze. Robert suggested that they make their way to Pont Neuf and then shop in the area around Boulevard St-Germain. Pont Neuf was, in Juliana’s opinion the most beautiful bridge of all that crossed the Seine. She remembered being in Paris as a student when Christo, the artist, had completely wrapped the bridge as one of his artistic installations. She told Robert that Le Printemps, the department store across the bridge, had also wrapped its building like a present, complete with gigantic ribbon bow, mirroring what Christo had done. The area had many shops, restaurants, and on certain days, street markets.

As they walked down the street Juliana noticed a shop with interesting clothes in its windows. It was actually one shop divided into two, selling vintage clothing on one side and the other selling current clothes, both designer quality, and, to Juliana's delight, they carried all of the French and Italian lingerie that she coveted, but was available in only limited variety at home. Unlike many men, Robert did not mind shopping with his partner, so long as this meant being included in the dressing room rather than having to wait outside. He wanted not just to see the clothes on Juliana but watch the process of her trying them on. While ordinarily lingerie would be a priority that he would enjoy, he wanted to turn his Juliana into a sixties girl, and to find the perfect outfit from that era.

Juliana told the shop assistant her sizes and they looked through the rack of dresses from that era as she fetched lingerie for Juliana to try on: chemises and bras with matching panties, perhaps a bustier or two. Although she liked how teddies looked, she was never quite comfortable in the one-piece garments, and preferred to wear the two matching pieces.

Juliana and Robert settled on three dresses for her to try on: a classic black cocktail dress that reminded her of Audrey Hepburn, an elegant navy silk sheath that was more Grace Kelly, and a colour-blocked black and white dress, looking as if it had been done by Mary Quant, *the* British designer of the era. They went to a large dressing room together and, this being Paris, there was a comfortable chair for Robert. An enormous array of lingerie was also being fetched to the room for Juliana to try on. The sales staff knew the drill about lingerie being sold when the women's partners

were present. A woman might buy herself one or two sets, but this was something that she really wanted as an intimate gift from her lover.

Juliana slipped out of her clothes and began with the black dress. It was a filmy layer of black silk chiffon over heavy moiré black silk, almost a silk slip with narrow straps, covered with a sheer black layer with a high neck and long sleeves. Covered, but in reality very uncovered as the neck was cut quite low in the back and front. It was not possible to wear a bra under this dress, as it was so form-fitting and revealing, but that meant that the fabric and cut of the dress would support Juliana's bosom. She was in just her panties as Robert watched her step into the dress, leaning forward so that her breasts would fall into the bodice. He could not take his eyes off her, those creamy pillows, full and high, with soft pink areolae and small nipples standing like pretty pearls waiting for him to kiss. He felt his penis stir as he looked at her and shifted in his chair. His trance was broken by Juliana, with her arm holding the front of the dress in place, asking that he quickly zip her up.

He went behind her and obliged The dress was marvellous on her. So understated but incredibly sexy at the same time. It was by a French designer and therefore cut for less generously endowed French women. That meant that there was a significant swell above the underdress and cleavage visible. She stood still and looked at herself in the mirror. Robert thought to himself, “She looks like one of those cool Hitchcock blondes that simmers with sexuality.” He put his hands on her hips and looking over her shoulder into her eyes in the mirror said, quietly, “I really like it. What do you think?”

Juliana responded, “I really like it, too, but it is almost too much. I want something that is fun.”

Robert knew better than to choose for her, so he kissed the back of her neck and said, ”Why don’t you decide once you have tried all three on?”

He continued kissing her neck and shoulder as he unzipped the dress. He was even more aroused by her scent and the touch of her bare skin and Juliana felt his cock stiff against the small of her back. She replaced the dress on its hanger and turned around, naked from the waist up. He kissed her mouth deeply as he cupped her breasts in his hands, with thumbs rubbing her nipples. She reached below and caressed him, aware once again of the sexual magnetic field between them. He then felt her mound and the damp heat of her, but she moved away.

“That will have to wait for now, sweetheart,” she said with a wicked smile as she reached for the navy dress and her bra.

Robert took a deep breath, put a hand in his pocket to move his penis to have more room, and, resigned to wait for now, sat back down. Juliana concentrated on getting the navy dress on. It was very simple and classic, which normally would have been exactly her choice, but the point was to

have a vintage dress and not one that could be taken for current. She took it off quickly and went for the mod dress, graphic black and white, and the requisite white boots to wear with it. The dress was sleeveless and skimmed over her body to well above her knees. The boots looked great with it and balanced the look, especially with her long legs. All Robert could do was whistle. It was a time warp to sixties London. Juliana looked in the mirror and grinned. She turned to Robert and said, “I love it. It really says it is of that time, but looks stylish today.”

Robert was still enthralled by the black dress and had to finesse this, even if he liked the mod dress too. Then he remembered.

“Darling, I am taking you to the opera tonight after dinner. As much as I like the fun dress and boots, the other one is really more appropriate, don’t you think? I’ll tell you what. You shall have them both.”

“I can’t say no to that,” Juliana responded, giving him a kiss. “And as your reward for being so generous, I shall try all of the lingerie on for you.”

As if on cue, the sales assistant knocked on the door. Robert unlocked it and helped her with the armload of lingerie she was carrying: bras, panties, chemises, and on hangers several sets of silk nightgowns and robes. Every colour was represented, the classic cream, white, black and pastels, but also red, chocolate, cobalt blue, and even a bright green like a pear.

Juliana was delighted. “It seems the entire La Perla range is here for me.”

Robert had mixed emotions. He wanted to see all of the garments modelled for him and was grateful for his Platinum American Express card. He sighed to himself in anticipation of seeing Juliana in each and every colour and set, and prepared himself for what this might cost. Oh, well, it was only money, and making her happy was worth it.

He watched happily as Juliana stripped again and began methodically working her way through the pile set before her. Silk, charmeuse, peau de soie, some beautiful sheer embroidered chiffon, and lace - every luxurious fabric was represented. She moved gracefully, smoothing the fabric on her body, lifting her breasts into the bra cups or bodices of the chemises, oblivious to Robert’s gaze.

It was very intimate to watch a woman in this process, almost voyeuristic, and therefore extremely exciting. Robert’s penis stirred and stiffened and grew bigger. Juliana traced its outline with her index finger and it felt like an electric current had passed through him. She then went back to her task, leaving him to look but not touch, at least not touch her. He had no intention of not touching himself given his tumescent state.

He opened the fly of his jeans with one pull, unbuttoning all of the buttons, and then felt less strangled. But once this had been accomplished, he felt compelled to touch more. His hand reached into his jeans, feeling his length and cupping his balls, which were heavy once more. He rubbed up and down slowly, enjoying the sensation, without taking his eyes off of Juliana. Somehow the glimpses of her breasts, her pubis and her bottom as she tried all of the lingerie on were almost more arousing than looking at her nude.

She stood there in a dove grey bra made of silk embellished with lace, as were the matching low slung panties. Over this was a chemise of the same hue that reached her thighs, but this was entirely sheer silk georgette, embroidered with iridescent pewter thread throughout. It was breathtakingly beautiful. She was breathtakingly beautiful and this spurred Robert's desire for her into overdrive. Perhaps it was the idea of unwrapping her, like some wonderful treasure for him to worship and adore and then fuck senseless. His rubbing became more intense and he unleashed his cock from his boxers into the open, pulsing and throbbing in his hand.

She was now in black silk bikini panties, manoeuvering herself into the matching bustier, unaware of him, a look of concentration on her face as she fastened all of the hooks and arranged her breasts in the demi-cups. This garment was a feat of engineering as the cups were barely demi and lifted her bosom high and proud. He could see the pink skin of their centres exposed with each breath she took. The panties were high-cut provided a hint of her mound and the red blonde silkiness that grew there. Robert groaned audibly as had been stroking himself more vigourously for a few moments and this sight pushed him over the edge. He came suddenly and forcefully, spewing semen everywhere.

It was his groan that brought Juliana's attention back to him at the precise moment that he ejaculated. Her mouth formed "Oh, darling," as she watched, and saw twin rivers of sperm rolling down her thigh. Robert stood up quickly, his penis still erect and pulled her to him. He bent and feasted on her breasts so deliciously presented to him by the bustier as he reached to pull the panties down and off her. He rubbed her now between her legs, feeling the heat and moisture held by her lower lips. He was so turned on that he did not think about where they were.

He lifted Juliana towards the wall and sunk himself into her in one thrust, deep, hard, and fast, as he kissed her mouth and tasted her. He wanted to taste her other lips, but not until he had brought her to orgasm buried in her and filled her there. Juliana's legs were wrapped around him and their hips moved in unison as he delved deeper into her with each beat. He could feel her climax coming as her breath shortened and her muscles grasped him from within, pulling him into her more, and, when it happened, drawing all of his seed from him as he heard that soft moan that was her tell. It was so intense that the room seemed to be spinning around them. He held her tight and collapsed back onto the chair, still inside her.

Juliana looked at him with an unspoken question. He thought he could get lost forever in those deep blue eyes. Robert quietly said, “I love you so much that I want you all the time. I watched you and could not help myself. I could fuck you and make love to you and every variation of desire and love between them for the rest of my life, my darling.”

Juliana smiled with contentment in his arms and told him that nothing could make her happier. She stayed on his lap, leaning on his shoulder, whispering to him, as he kissed her ear and fondled her breasts. The bustier was very sexy, but given its tight-fitting nature, confining, despite the reality of the top half of her breasts being completely exposed. He expertly managed to undo the hooks with only one hand, releasing her from the garment, and now naked into his arms.

The low murmur of her voice with its endearments reawakened him. He could only marvel that hovering at forty it was his recovery time rather than his libido that had been diminished with Juliana. He had come twice but was hardening inside her. He wanted to make love to her slowly and gently now, to really please her. They had had fierce. Now was the time for lovemaking, slow and easy, rocking her on his lap as she leaned back slightly to ease the angle to her core. He reached down and found her bud, playing with it intently and watching her respond to the stimulus from his fingers and his cock. He whispered soft words of love to her the whole time, feeling her hot and tight around him, and then her contractions as her climax approached, this time more languid, but no less intense. He let go inside her lavishly once again and held her, cherishing her and his luck in finding her.

Juliana had been lost in sensation and had a faraway look. She slowly came back to reality and switched gears.

“Darling, that was incredible, but we have to clean ourselves up. I have lots of tissues and some wipes in my bag. I think that we may have messed up some of these things. I am a little embarrassed for them to see the stains.”

“Just fold everything up neatly. I will help you and buy all of it for you. Everything looked beautiful, and there is no reason to leave any of it here. The hotel can see to getting it cleaned. Now try on the nightdresses for me. I want to see those on you.”

They made quick work of cleaning up with the wipes and tissues from Juliana’s bag. She giggled as she watch Robert trying to help her fold all of the flimsy garments, resisting his efforts because of the slippery nature of the fabric, and she also laughed because she was standing there stark naked doing this and he was still entirely exposed. “Please God, let the sales assistant not arrive with more now,” she silently prayed.

It took just a few minutes and then Robert handed her the hanger with cream silk set: a nightdress

that hung away from her body on thin straps, with delicate pintucks shaping it slightly to her hips and then billowed to a ballerina length, hitting her mid-calf on her long legs. Her nipples pushed visibly against the thin silk. The matching robe was collarless and similarly shaped with a wide belt that was long enough to tie elaborately. Robert thought she looked like an angel in this and just nodded his head “yes”. He was speechless at the vision of her.

There were two more sets, in pastel pink and blue, that were similar, beautiful details marking their quality. Each was prettier than the one before, the silk skimming her body, revealing its contours and secret places as it covered them. Last, a duo in black, dramatically set off with red and turquoise edging on the nightdress, again with spaghetti straps. The nightdress was slit down the middle of its front, with ties closing the gap, alternating in the red and turquoise. Robert could see himself untying them and devouring what lay beneath. The robe had the wide sleeves of a Japanese kimono and this and the wide obi-like belt were lined in the red and turquoise as well. After the tea ceremony the previous day, Robert insisted that Juliana had to have this one. He asked how the prices compared to home and she told him they were at least one third less. That being the case, he wanted her to have the pastels, too. He thought, “I will just close my eyes and sign the credit card receipt. Whatever it is, she deserves it.”

“Darling, each suits you. I want you to have them all. Spectacular lingerie for my gorgeous woman.”

Juliana blushed and was a little flustered, which made her thank you all the more charming and sincere. She was genuinely delighted. He loved that she did not expect things from him as an entitlement and was always so gracious when she received them. It was interesting as she was more likely to give presents than anticipate them, always finding books and other things that he liked or interested him and buying them for him for no reason. So much nicer than forced gifts like birthdays. That was why doing this for her gave him so much pleasure - to shower her with luxury for no reason other than he wanted to, because he loved her.

They dressed, paid for everything, and left the shop laden with shopping bags, making their way back to the main drag. Robert suggested that they stop for lunch before finding a cab to return to the hotel with the parcels. He suddenly felt famished and he wanted some wine. He took more of the shopping bags from Juliana not only to be chivalrous, but also to shield the front view of him from others on the street. It would have been embarrassing as he was still aroused. It seemed that he could only be sated for a short while these days. Any stimulation from Juliana and he was halfway there again.

“Let’s head back to the hotel, darling. We can get something to eat on the way back and then have a nap before we head out again this evening,” suggested Robert.

“I must admit that I am famished after all this shopping, sweetheart, and my legs are beginning to

tire.”

They walked hand in hand carrying their numerous bags by their sides and promptly found a nice Spanish-style tapas bar. Robert went to the bar and ordered for a change. He bought two glasses of port and waited for their first tapa to arrive. They started with a simple dish of anchovies marinated in lemon juice. These soon disappeared with a flourish and they took a small sip of their port.
“Delicious!” Juliana exclaimed.

Next tortilla, which is a potato omelette served in pieces lukewarm, and marinated squid in a rich and creamy tomato sauce, were laid in front of them. Juliana loved her seafood and so Robert picked up the squid pieces in his fork and fed them to Juliana from the tip of his fork. God, he loved to watch her eat. It was sensory heaven, he thought to himself.

The tapa that came out then surprised Juliana. Robert smiled as he saw the look of disgust on her face.

“Darling, you must try it. I know that it is distasteful to you, but you have never entertained the idea of actually eating it before. So for me, please do it.”

The tapa in question was a slice of black pudding with a topping of rich dark chocolate with some sliced red chilli on top. Juliana hesitantly tasted the concoction. She knew that the thought of congealed blood usually turned her stomach, but the taste of the blood mixed with the heat of the chilli and the warm velvety chocolate sent her senses into overload. The taste was divine.

“My God, that is so wrong, but exquisite!” she proclaimed.

Robert ordered some more port before another dish appeared. This time the tapa was small veal pieces marinated in a blood orange sauce. They then had the classic gambas plancha, shrimps in their shells quickly grilled with olive oil and garlic - a favourite for both of them.

“I love Spanish cooking,” Robert said as he and Juliana made quick work of the dish.

The last tapa that was ordered was some frozen melon cubes. These worked as a palate cleanser after the rich courses that they had consumed before.

“That was delightful, Robert. We should do this again,” Juliana said after Robert had paid their tab, leaving a sizable tip for the quality of the cooking and the speed of the service.

They got to their feet and started the long walk back to their hotel, hand in hand along the picturesque

Parisian streets. Paris was full of distractions and sometimes they stopped just to take in the view before them. They were tired and full by the time they got back to their suite, shedding their clothes as well as the shopping bags immediately. Both knew they needed a relaxing shower and the one in their suite was big enough for both of them.

Robert watched Juliana undress and smiled to himself, not just at the sight of her but also how she methodically folded her clothes and disposed of anything to be laundered or cleaned immediately. He, on the other hand, was the type who disrobed by strewing his clothes on the floor or whatever surface was near. Juliana called this one of his bad habits and usually refused to pick up after him, making him gather everything up himself.

Juliana entered the shower followed by Robert. Both stretched as the streams of warm water flowed over their bodies. The day had been full of romance and delight so far and there would be more with the opera and a late dinner that night. Paris could not get any better.

To be continued