

# Parisian Surprise - Part Three

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*Robert and Juliana enjoy Paris and a game of control.*

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This is the third part of Robert and Juliana's "Parisian Surprise", written in collaboration with Alphamagus. To best understand the story, we suggest that you read the preceding two parts before reading this one, but this story may be enjoyed on its own. Robert and Juliana have already had some sexual adventures on their flight and during their first day in Paris. They have agreed to take turns being dominant during their holiday, and, in this story, Juliana ups the ante to Robert's delight. Robert and Juliana were already embracing in the elevator on the way to their suite after their first day in Paris and a wonderful dinner. The day had been more than exciting as he had made a deal with Juliana that they would each yield to the will of the other entirely for half the time of their vacation. It had been his turn to be dominant and she had not disappointed him. Robert felt his ardour reawakening as Juliana was moulded to him. He kissed her mouth, her eyes and made her laugh kissing the tip of her nose. His hands were moving to her breasts when the ping of the elevator signalled their arrival at their floor. They undressed silently and quickly after entering their suite. The chambermaid had straightened up, turned down the bed, and left a lamp on for them. They could smell the lavender of the clean linens. Robert took Juliana in his arms again when they were naked, giving her more gentle and sweet kisses. She responded with a small sigh and allowed her hands to move over his body, his chest, his back, his behind, and then she caressed his penis and balls without breaking their kisses. Robert's hands felt her skin, soft and smooth wherever he touched. He kissed her neck and shoulders, a particularly erogenous place for Juliana, and fondled her breasts, feeling their weight in his hands, playing with her hardening nipples. He reached lower and parted her pubis with two fingers, drawing them between her moist lower lips. At the same time he felt her hands on him, stroking his cock's length and causing it to grow and harden, massaging his balls which were heavy and full once more. She felt the pre-come on his cockhead with her thumb making small circles and Robert shuddered reflexively. They moved to the bed, Juliana on her back as Robert climbed above her, parting her legs with one of his as he continued to kiss her mouth. Juliana raised her

hands level with her head and Robert continued to hold himself up over her, now with his hands holding her wrists, kissing everywhere he could reach and sucking her nipples until he felt the warm moisture beginning to flow from her pussy onto his leg. He knew she was ready then. He was completely engorged and wanted her so much. So much, but so differently now, not with the animalistic carnality of the afternoon, but with the tenderness he felt. He wanted to make love and come with her over and over again, but slowly, gently, and with a more quiet passion that was no less powerful. Her thighs opened and he moved slowly entering her, savouring it, moving in and out, slightly more inside each time. He thought if he were a painter of the calibre of the ones they had seen this day, he would love to paint Juliana now, cobalt blue eyes, creamy skin, tousled hair and dreamy expression as she gave in to the sensation of their coupling. He moved deeper into her and she raised her legs, wrapping them around his hips. He felt her tight and hot around his cock, her muscles beginning to contract and clamp him. Juliana knew she was close as he did. He knew that particular soft moan and the change in the rhythm of her breathing that telegraphed her orgasm. Hearing that sound always triggered his own climax and he had the thought he did each time, "The most beautiful sound there is." Juliana was moving her hips more under him and just as she was lost, Robert came with her, a delicious release of spasms of sperm that lasted several minutes. He collapsed on top of her, holding her as he felt her still trembling, and not wanting to move or withdraw from inside her. He was still semi-erect as his penis slipped out of her. Juliana moved out from under him and pushed him onto his back. She leaned down with her head in his lap and began kissing his cock, head first, her tongue making circles around it, then up and down its length, licking, kissing, sucking there and his balls. Robert groaned with pleasure and was soon fully hard again. She looked up at him and said, "Slow and easy again, sweetheart." Juliana moved up to lie beside him, but with her back to him. She bent her knees as he pulled her to him. She moved up a little so that she was just at the right level for his entry into her pussy from behind. She allowed herself to be impaled on his rigid member, rocking on his lap, feeling it inside her right to her core. Robert held her tightly as they moved in tandem, reaching another exquisite climax together, juices flowing, and, finally, done in. He moved to take her head on his shoulder and hold her still in his arms. Robert noticed the love eggs, which to Juliana's mortification, were sitting on the bedside table with their remote. "The maid must have seen them," she whispered. Robert opined, "I don't think we will be needing these for some time and tomorrow is another day, darling." With that said, the contentment from their lovemaking and the soporific impact of the two bottles of red wine they had consumed with dinner, they drifted off to sleep. The sunlight streamed into the lovers' suite early the following morning. They had forgotten to draw the drapes before bed. Robert was still fast asleep but Juliana wakened with her mind in overdrive thinking about the previous day. She had never given in to a man to that extent before and found that it was, counterintuitively, liberating. It had allowed her to surrender herself to the sensuality of what they did without any other conscious thoughts. This was a new kind of sexual arousal and it seemed that it was for Robert as well in the commanding role. She wanted to know how that felt and was not willing to wait for two more days to pass until that happened. She decided exactly what she was going to do about that and by the time breakfast was over she would be in charge. Robert had

known that frisson of her submission to him and now she wanted that. He had also been able to prepare by bringing the love eggs along. She had no toys or props but that did not worry her. She was creative and would think of a plan for her day that would impose her will on Robert and sexually torment him. She smiled to herself with the realization that this would not be terribly difficult, given the way he responded to her daily. They did kiss and touch often when they were together. There was an ease to their intimacy, as Robert would kiss the back of her neck when she was working in the den at home and embrace her from behind, cupping her breasts in his hands, before disappearing to let her get back to work. Juliana would often fondle his cock often, not as a signal for sex, but as part of their connection, just like the random kisses he received whenever they were together. This never failed to arouse him. He told her it happened just at the thought of her, and that this stirring was beyond his control, while driving, at work, in business meetings, when he saw her name on an email or text and especially when he heard her voice on the phone. She understood that this would be her secret weapon in her day of dominance. Toys were not needed. She got out of bed, walked to the windows and looked out at Paris laid before her. The sky was clear and blue, the sun was bright, and it was going to be a glorious day. She noticed that Robert was awake, turned and smiled saying, "Bon matin, mon cherie." "Good morning, my darling," he replied. "Let's shower and go out for breakfast. I am famished again and we are in Paris. We have so much to do and see." Juliana said, "I am hungry, too, and dying for some coffee," and she thought, "You have no idea what I will do to you today. Turnabout is fair play." She suggested that Robert shower first and that he could shave while she went after to speed things up. This was the first part of her plan. In this time, she laid his clothes out: boxers, socks, a pale blue oxford shirt, a fine black wool pullover sweater, and pale sand chinos. Her own outfit was prepared as well: navy panties, white bra, dark denim jeans, a blue and white striped cotton shirt and navy sweater, red socks and loafers, comfortable for the walking they would be doing all day. She washed as Robert shaved and they both dressed quickly, anxious to get out into the city. As they walked to the café for breakfast, Juliana told Robert how much she had enjoyed the previous day, but that she wanted to clarify their agreement. He thought that she wanted to renege and protested that she had solemnly promised, but she told him he was mistaken. The clarification was that instead of their three days of authority being consecutive, she wanted them to alternate. She thought this to be more fair, and, to convince him, added that it would keep things more fresh and less pressured than three non-stop days of obedience for either of them. Robert had not been expecting a negotiation at this point, but concluded that it was indeed more equitable and sustainable this way. He thought it characteristic of his lawyer lover and partner to analyze the situation this way and present him with such a proposal. Juliana was pleased at how easily she had convinced him. "Okay, sweetheart. We shall go for petit déjeuner now. Actually a big breakfast, not a small one. I will order for you. I will take care of everything today and you must do as I say, just as I did yesterday, without question or complaint. Actually, it will be literally without either because you will not be permitted to speak all day unless you have to use the loo and tell me so, or in response to a question I ask you. But, be warned, I will not ask you very much at all. I was blindfolded with you, and you shall remain silent with me, all day. As well, no matter what the circumstances or provocation or your state

of arousal, you will not be permitted to touch or fondle your cock, no matter how aroused you get, not even to make him more comfortable. He is entirely in my control, just as you are all day. Understood? Nod yes or no.” Robert nodded “yes” slowly, with his mind racing. This was not as simple as it had seemed when he had packed the eggs and thought about being dominant over Juliana. She has given this some thought and planning, he realized and he wondered what this day would bring with a little trepidation. He shuddered, but not with only sexual excitement. “Breakfast,” he thought to himself to calm his sudden nerves. They left the suite and Robert followed her to the elevator. It was a long way down, and Robert began to caress her as he often did at such moments. Juliana took his arms off her and squeezed his penis gently, while wagging her finger at him like a parent with a naughty child. “No contact without my prior permission. I am in control of you and your cock all day today. And not a word from you either, unless I ask you a question.” Robert swallowed hard, stopping himself from speaking, and tried to recalibrate his mindset to fit this day. He was beginning to see that this was not as he had envisioned it as, if he was honest with himself, he had focussed on his having Juliana in control, not the reverse. Aside from being very sexual, he was very verbal and loved to talk and laugh and interact with friends and colleagues and even strangers when travelling - and especially and always with his Juliana. He did not know what was going to be more difficult: being silent, or being sexually submissive. Well, he thought, he was about to find out. And hands off all day, no matter what, would not be easy as he remembered how often he found his hand in his lap without being conscious of having put it there. It was a comforting gesture, a reflex that made him feel good, but one that was now forbidden. He supposed he would soon know how often it happened. He took in some fresh air as if to steel himself for the day, resigned now to whatever it would bring. Juliana strode along, her hand in his, glorying in the sunshine and heady feeling of trading places. It was going to be a wonderful day and she already was thinking about the ways she would torture Robert, arousing him repeatedly and denying him release. It was the least she could do after the experience he had provided with the remote control eggs inside her yesterday. They reached the café and once more Juliana ordered breakfast for both of them in French: orange juice, omelettes with ham and cheese, croissants and brioches, and large bowls of café au lait. The food arrived and they ate hungrily, but quietly because of the silence imposed on Robert. This made the lasciviousness with which Juliana ate all the more noticeable to Robert as he watched her. She dove into her breakfast and he noticed how her tongue kept sweeping bits and crumbs from the corner of her mouth. This made him remember her kissing, licking, and sucking him the previous day and the volcanic energy of the orgasm he had had in her mouth. Of course, this caused his cock to stir and he began to reach reflexively under the table to touch. Juliana, beside him, shot him a sidelong glance that reminded him this was not allowed and he went back to his omelette, both hands on the table. However, Juliana put her fork down and leaned over to grasp him, rubbing the whole length of him, below to his balls, and then giving his cockhead an extra squeeze. It was almost more than he could bear first thing in the morning, especially because they had not had sex since the night before. He hardened immediately and squirmed in his seat with discomfort and frustration while she smiled sweetly at him. “I don’t have any toys to help me, but I think that I can manage,” she smirked. Robert was getting

even harder as she kept stroking him intermittently as she ate, knowing exactly what she was doing to him, and not allowing him to utter a single word about it. They finished eating. Juliana got up to pay the bill and Robert realized that he needed the loo before they left. He was a little concerned that his predicament would be visible to the other patrons, and he asked for permission as agreed, but instead of merely agreeing Juliana followed him down the hall and opened the door to the men's washroom before letting him enter it. "Just checking that there are urinals. No private stall for you to linger and touch after you are done. Now be quick," she instructed him. Given his arousal Robert was happy to open his fly and release his penis from the pressure he felt, not just to relieve himself, but from its confinement. He was rigid after Juliana's playing with him during breakfast so it was a struggle to do what he was there for and even more so not to stroke or rub once his mission was accomplished. There was a compulsion to release the other pressure he felt, to come. He tried to put the thought out of his mind with boring thoughts hoping his erection would subside as he buttoned his fly and exited the loo. Juliana was standing right there and just nodded indicating that they should leave. They walked through the city to the Left Bank with its interesting shops, galleries and street markets. The street life Paris was an explosion of sights and sounds calling for their attention. Juliana oohed and ahed over the glorious flower market, a riot of colours and scents with every bloom imaginable available. Robert got lost in the book stalls, looking for out of print volumes on history and other subjects of interest, as both of them perused the enormous art and photography books, and wondered about the cost of shipping them home. They each managed to do a little exploring on their own, and carried packages whose contents remained unrevealed. Juliana told him that the game could be set aside during their lunch as he had behaved well so far. Robert had pronounced that he was not going to miss another French meal, that he was hungry, and asked Juliana about lunch. She said that she was hungry as well, and they found a table in the sunshine at a sidewalk café. They ordered lunch, ham and brie on baguette for Robert and a salade Nicoise for Juliana, with glasses of white wine. Even such a simple meal was absolutely delicious. They talked and laughed as they ate, and Juliana teased him through lunch, but not mercilessly as at breakfast. Robert could not resist dessert and ordered hazelnut cake and a cherry tart for them to share with their coffees. He had almost forgotten about their deal in this time, just sitting and watching the scene around them. Even now he was aroused. It was the build-up of the whole day. He was just happy that she had not brought him to the point of an erection so big that he could not leave the table without the other patrons of the restaurant seeing it. Juliana had not forgotten and had purchased what she needed for the next part of her day while Robert had been distracted in another shop. She had devised a plan, one that Robert would never have anticipated, and was going to give him a time that he would remember forever. Once lunch was done, she was anxious to get on with it, so she suggested that they take a taxi back to the hotel as they were both tired from all of the walking and laden with bags of their purchases. Robert began to feel uneasy when they were in the elevator returning to their suite. Juliana's eyes were dancing with mischief and he wondered what was going to happen next. He calmed himself by reminding himself that they would not be in public, so whatever it was, he would not be embarrassed. He did not attempt to kiss her as he would normally have done on the ride, as he

would now have needed permission in advance. Juliana kissed the end of his nose playfully as they alighted and went to their door. He tried to help her with her packages but she was having none of that. They entered and settled down, taking off their shoes. Robert felt relaxed and really would have touched, if only to shift his penis to a more comfortable position. And maybe just a little rub, but it was not permitted. Juliana was heading for a shower, talking to him as she undressed. This made not seeing to his cock more difficult as he watched her clothes being piled on a chair. There she was, stark naked, just watching his discomfort with a big grin on her face. The bulge grew as did his desire for her, but she shook her head “no”. He wanted to take her in the shower, and, failing that, stroke his length as he waited for her. He was so hard again. What he would not give for release after the day she had given him? And who knew what she had on the agenda now? “Darling, I am now going to shower alone. While I am in the shower, you must not enter the living room. Stay in the bedroom until I call you. Shower after me then come back to the bedroom and put on what I have left for you. You behaved well today and if you can just leave your cock alone for another twenty minutes, you will be rewarded. You are not permitted speak again until I am through with you. Do you understand and will you comply?” Juliana breathed in that deep and alluring voice. Robert nodded his head in assent wondering whether or not he could actually last even another five minutes before savaging Juliana. He was so hard from all of the teasing that she had done all day that he felt his cock would explode if not released soon. “I should never have started this,” he thought to himself, “She is lot craftier than I, and I know that defeat is inevitable.” Nonetheless, he walked into the bedroom and quietly sat down on the bed. He heard her shower and, despite himself, he found himself getting even more rigid. She was only in the shower a few minutes before he heard it switch off. She spent another few minutes in there, then went into the main suite and he heard her close the door saying, “Your turn, darling. Remember your instructions.” Robert dutifully entered the bathroom and jumped in the shower. He shaved quickly and lathered himself up. Although he was very aware of his erection, he only used the sponge to clean himself, remembering his promise to Juliana. He made sure that he was presentable, dried off and went to the sink. He rubbed some Bleu cologne into his face and head and walked naked back to their bedroom. Laying on the bed was a stunning man’s black kimono and a sensu - a small Japanese folding fan. Robert stared at it all in awe. During the early part of his working life, he had made frequent trips to Kyoto and he quickly fell in love with all things Japanese. In fact, he had told Juliana about one of the most erotic things that he had ever experienced in his life during his time there. His mind was racing. She could not be doing that, could she? There was no way that she could remember a story he had told her so long ago. “Robert, come now!” he heard. He put on the kimono and tied it as well as he could over his engorged penis and then went into the living room. Juliana was kneeling in front of him on a tatami mat dressed in a stunning white silk kimono. She had put her hair up in the Japanese style and had in front of her all of the ingredients for the tea ceremony. Robert could not believe it. He had told her on about their third date that when on business in Japan, most of his colleagues went to adult shows after work, but Robert had found a place where the tea ceremony was performed. He found it to be both the most serene and sensual thing that he had ever seen. The woman who owned the establishment was called Chiyoko and she used to make the tea

every night. Robert found himself going on most evenings after work. He absolutely fell in love with the taste of the matcha (the tea used), the ceremony itself and the feeling of peace that it gave him to watch. It was this serenity that usually made Robert so turned on after watching it. Juliana indicated that Robert should kneel in front of her. As he did, Juliana bowed to him. As she did, he saw the roundness of her breasts in the kimono and the hard buds of her nipples pressing into the silk. He uncomfortably bowed too and noticed her staring directly at his cock as he came back up. He placed the sensu on the floor behind him. This was a traditional mark of respect in the tea ceremony, a way of giving thanks to the host. He noticed that hers was already behind her. She licked her lips slowly, then using the chakin, a small Japanese hand towel, to protect her hand, she removed the lid from the kama, a Japanese pot, of scalding water that was in front of her on an electric brazier. She carefully refolded the chakin, tuning it slowly a few times before placing it down. "Where the hell did she learn this?" Robert mused to himself. "It takes years of practice to be able to even begin to look good at doing this." Juliana already was far above average in the grace and movement of the ceremony. Juliana then picked up the hishaku, a long water ladle made out of bamboo, and slowly filled it with hot water from the kama. She poured the water from the ladle into a Japanese drinking bowl in front of her and after tapping the residue droplets into it, gracefully turned it around and used the chakin to dry up and down its stem. As she did this, Robert noticed her tongue slightly protrude from her mouth, a sign that she was really concentrating with the deft movements up and down the shaft of the spoon. Seeing this, his stirring took on a force of its own and started bulging onto the silk of his kimono, tenting it. Juliana finished drying the ladle and placed it back, resting on the top of the brazier. She refolded the chakin and replaced this also. She then picked up the chasen, a small bamboo whisk and started working it into the water to prepare it for the tea. She held it firmly and whisked the water. The kimono rode up her wrist a bit and Robert was very aware of the fact that the handle of the chasen was phallic in its symbolism. Her wrist moved harder and faster in the bowl of water, She vigorously worked the teeth into the water every few seconds then lifted it so that the water would drop from the bottom of the whisk back into the bowl. Robert's erection grew larger still, as he imagined her hand and wrist manipulating his penis like that. He noticed that Juliana's eyes were not on the ceremonial whisking that she was doing, but were transfixed upon his erect cock now freely poking out from the silk of his kimono. Having prepared the chasen, she smoothly returned it to its original position. She also emptied the water into a side bowl. She slowly picked up the chakin and unfolded it slowly, She used this to dry the bowl she had just used. She done this by holding the chakin to the ceramic and then rotating the ceramic, whilst holding the chakin steady. She refolded the chakin and dabbed at the last moisture with the cloth before replacing both. She then reached for the tea scoop, the chasaku and lifted the lid of the matcha caddy. She fluidly poured three scoops into the bowl and replaced the lid on the matcha. She picked up the ladle again and poured six spoons of the boiling water. She used the same method to dry it as before, staring fixedly as she done so, into Robert's eyes, knowing the effect that her drying of the long bamboo shaft was having on him. She picked back up the chasen and started manipulating the tea. Faster and faster her hand moved. Robert was desperate to touch his engorged penis, that was now fully erect and out of the front of his

kimono, but knew that he had made a deal and must abide by it. The whisk was a blur for a minute yet seemed almost ethereal in its grace. Juliana finished whisking and replaced the chasen. She then picked up the bowl of tea and holding it in both hands, turned the bowl one hundred and eighty degrees in her hands, She bowed to the floor as she presented the tea to him. As he went to receive it, he bowed also and noticed that her kimono was now fully open. Her generous breasts were hanging down and, looking further, he saw her pubis. He had to try his hardest not to take her there and then, knowing that he did not want to disturb the sanctity of this incredible gift that she had given him. "Domo arigato, Juliana-san," he breathed as he took his first sips. The tea was magnificent. As he sipped it, he noticed that Juliana had folded up the chakin and had put it in the kama of still hot water. "What is she doing with that?" he wondered as he finished taking some more sips of the tea. He turned the tea around one hundred and eighty degrees and after bowing low, presented it to Juliana, She took the tea and after the ritual turning took a sip. Then she presented it back to Robert after bowing once more. Robert finished the tea and put the bowl down. Juliana was staring into his eyes as she put her hand into her kimono and removed from inside the silk a small bottle of baby oil. Without taking her eyes off Robert, she emptied a few squirts into her hands then reached forwards for his erect cock. Robert shuddered as her hands travelled up and down his length, and, all the time, Juliana stared into his eyes. He shivered as his already erect cock appeared to be getting harder and longer in her oiled hands. She massaged his penis slowly from base to head in a slow pumping motion. Robert stared at her in wonder. Lost in the magnificence of her eyes and the heavenly feeling of this handjob, he nearly came as she quickened her pace. One of her hands reached for the lid of the kama and using the ladle, she stirred the chakin around in it. "Do not come until I tell you!" Juliana commanded as she squeezed under the head of his penis, to calm him down. She poured more oil into her hand, slipping the kimono off her shoulders as she did. Robert was gasping for release as her hand continued to increase in tempo. Her other hand started massaging his heavy balls. "Juliana," he mouthed, "I cannot hold on much longer." Juliana, using the ladle in her left hand, removed the hot chakin from the kama and very quickly twisted it around itself, then she deftly wrapped it around Robert's cock, under the head, and then pulled the two ends tight. Robert let out a short gasp of pain, followed by the most incredible orgasm he had ever experienced in his life. His semen shot all over Juliana's hair, face, breasts and stomach. He felt like he would never stop coming. Juliana quickly ducked her head down and, after wiping up the excess ejaculate with the chakin, took Robert really deeply in her mouth and sucked the last remaining come from him. Those sparkling blue eyes remained locked on his. Not a word was spoken until Juliana stood, let her kimono fall to the floor and said she was going back to the shower. She might have allowed Robert to accompany her, but he was collapsed backwards in a heap. She walked off to the shower alone, leaving him to recover his equilibrium and his breath. He was utterly spent physically and emotionally. He lay there breathing deeply, waiting for his heart to stop racing as his mind spun at top speed with questions and thoughts. When had Juliana learned how to do that? How had she practised this complicated ritual without his knowledge? Where had the kimonos and the tea service come from? How had she known about the business with the hot chakin, the combination of pain and ultimate pleasure? The sensation of his

orgasm had been spectacular. He had been enthralled by her ability to reproduce this rite and the sensuality that she brought to it. Juliana was a remarkable woman, but this, so unexpected and different from anything they had ever done before, was really beyond his imagination. But, apparently, not beyond hers. He realized that he was overwhelmed with love for her, for the love and care that she gave him and made her do this for him, for the creativity and intelligence that made her think of it and find a way to make it happen, and for the cool way she had dealt with both roles in the game - both submissive and dominant. Any thought that he might best her at this game of his instigation was gone. He should have known better. Being a tactician was one of Juliana's professional talents as was the ability to think and react on the fly. All Robert wanted to do now was linger under the jets of hot water to clean and revive himself and then make long, slow love to his Juliana. He wanted to hold her and kiss her and caress her and demonstrate that he adored her. No less than she deserves, he thought. Juliana was coming out of the shower as Robert walked into the bathroom. She stared at his naked body, his cock still not returned to its flaccid state and his eyes dreamy. A small frisson of pleasure went through her as she could tell by the look on his face that this man adored her. She handed him a towel and kissed him playfully on the cheek as he went to wash. She put on a pale pink silk nightgown with spaghetti straps and some perfume, the new one that they had chosen together. She tidied the tea set from the lounge area before entering the bedroom, lighting some candles that she had purchased earlier and she waited on the bed. Robert walked back in a few minutes later sporting a pair of black silk boxer shorts. He had in his hand his i-pod and a set of portable speakers. He set them on the bedside table and pressed play and the beautiful voice of Etta James wafted in the room singing "At Last". He walked over to her and pulled her to her feet. Juliana stood and put her arms around his waist as they started to slow dance to the music. Robert put one hand on Juliana's waist and used the other to cup her face, tenderly planting a kiss on her lips. She felt him once more begin to harden against her. The dance continued as Robert's hands travelled up and down her back before slipping the straps off her shoulders. Her breasts pressed against his chest as she felt her first moisture beginning to appear. His cock grew larger and larger as one of Juliana's hands went around the front to massage it. Robert brought his lips to her nipples as they continued to move slowly around to the love song. She gasped as he bit each bud in turn, before using his tongue to excite them into hardened bullets. His hand raised the front of her nightgown and felt her wetness as she pulled his penis from the boxer shorts. His fingers found her as they danced and slowly started to rub and probe her wetness. Juliana let a small moan, lost in the sensation, the candles, the music and the spell of this beautiful city, not forgetting the man who was bringing her such wonderful feelings with his fingers. Putting both hands under her buttocks, Robert lifted her and with the help of Juliana's hand, guided his erection inside of her. He slid into her easily and he continued to dance around holding her up with her legs wrapped around his waist. His mouth found hers as he slowly lifted her by her buttocks up and down his engorged cock. Juliana felt transported as they danced like this, the throbbing of his cock right inside of her, pulsating against her muscles. Robert tenderly laid her back down on the bed and withdrew his cock. He hastily brought his mouth down upon her sopping mound. He licked hungrily and used his tongue expertly to tease out her clitoris. He sucked and tongued her

before plunging it as far inside her as he could. She gasped as he delved deeper and deeper inside, using it like a snake inside of her. Her hands went to the back of his head and drew him in as far as she could. His hand found her clitoris and rubbed it in time to the thrusts. He lapped at her voraciously, lost in her divine taste. He sensed that she was close so he withdrew and sat on the bed beside her. His cock was standing tall and proud. She maneuvered herself so that she could sink onto him before he slowly placed himself at her entrance. In one movement she sunk down onto him and then, placing her hands on the bed behind her, started to ride him. He put his own hands back and met her thrusts with his. They both stared at each other wordlessly as they came closer and closer to orgasm. Robert brought one hand around to the front and rubbed Juliana's clit as he pumped upwards. The sensation was too much for Juliana and she came violently. Robert had sensed her release and, pulling her into his arms, plunged one more time inside of her before coming with her. He kissed her fiercely as he emptied his seed inside of her, stream after stream. Juliana rode the waves of pleasure, biting her lip as the orgasm coursed through her body. Robert pulled Juliana to him, kissing her more as his arms wrapped around her. "You know when I started this game, I had no idea where it would lead," Robert began, his voice a little hoarse with emotion, "You astounded me today. No one has ever done such a thing for me. I thought that playing at dominance would be fun, but I give in. You win. I don't want any more games. I love you and just want to be with you as we always are, relax, and enjoy Paris. What do you say, darling?" Juliana sighed. "You know that I am not one for games. I have enough of that at work, but if we were playing, I was determined to blow you away, in the nicest way, of course. That is all I want too, sweetheart. Thinking and planning this stuff is not relaxing even if the results are fun. It is enough. And I love you, too. Very much." It had been an eventful day and it was not over. Another evening in Paris was ahead of them, but for now Robert and Juliana watched the stars in the night sky over the city from their bed and fell asleep. There was time before dressing and going out for dinner. Paris was keeping her promise of love and romance as well as excitement very well so far. To be continued.