Parisian Surprise - Part Two

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

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This is the second part of Robert and Juliana's "Parisian Surprise", written in collaboration with Alphamagus. In order to properly understand the story, it would be best to read Part One before reading this. The couple have had an exciting flight to Paris. Robert has inserted remote-controlled love eggs into Juliana as part a bargain made between them allowing each to dominate the other in turn. It will be an interesting day as you will find out as you read on.

"I thought that we would get breakfast in a typical café rather than the hotel. It is so much better to eat where the locals eat," Robert said as he and Juliana made their way from their Paris hotel on this, the start of their first full day in the city.

They started walking into the direction of the Sacre Coeur rather than down the hill into the main city centre. Neither Robert nor Juliana had ever followed the tourist trail. When they travelled, they always like to experience local life, far from the areas where most visitors went. They spotted a small side street that an old French couple were walking into and headed down it after them.

There were a lot of interesting shops on each side to explore, and there was a smell of freshly baked bread wafting from the bottom of the street. Robert led Juliana to the delicious aroma. It appeared that the old French couple were headed there too. They found themselves outside a wonderful bakery café. Juliana led Robert inside and the aromas made Robert's mouth water instantly. "I shall order for us, sweetheart," Juliana said.

She walked to the counter and in perfect French ordered orange juice, large mugs of coffee and a big breakfast. A large basket of croissants, brioches, and toasted raisin brioche bread was placed in front of them by a waitress who said their omelettes were on the way. Breakfast was one thing that did not

become local for them. A continental breakfast of a small coffee and a pastry was not enough sustenance for walking about the city all day.

Juliana sat opposite Robert and asked him what he had planned for the rest of the day. She was very conscious of the love eggs inside of her, and although she expected them to feel really uncomfortable, she had almost forgotten they were there until she sat down. She saw the grin on Robert's face and knew that he had been thinking of the same thing.

"Not at breakfast, please, darling. It is too soon," she implored.

"Darling, I have a great sex drive as you know, but even I would rather eat at the moment. You have given me quite an appetite," Robert said.

The food and coffee came and they both tucked in with gusto. Robert adored the way that Juliana ate. She attacked every piece of food and ate like it was the most exquisite thing that she had ever tasted. It was not only a sensory treat to eat with her, but also to watch this process. A stray piece of bacon dribbled from her lip and the way that her tongue lapped it up made Robert slightly stir. He almost pressed the buttons on the remote, but remembered his promise to her and put it away back inside his pocket. "There is plenty of time," he thought to himself.

They finished their meal and Robert paid the owner, leaving a generous tip for the waitress. They wandered outside and Robert asked if Juliana fancied walking down to the Seine so that they could walk along it. "I would love that, darling", Juliana replied. She put her arm back in his and they started the long trek down into the city. Every time they saw a street that did not appear too busy, they walked down it, glancing in shop windows and laughing with each other until eventually they reached the river's edge.

"If we walk until we are tired darling, then we can catch a river taxi back to here. When we reach this point, we will then decide what we want to do," Robert suggested.

"That would be wonderful," Juliana agreed, cuddling into him as the wind on the side of the river was quite bracing. She took his arm again and they started their walk. They often went for long walks back at home, both comfortable in their own thoughts, but somehow still keeping the sense of intimacy that they both loved and craved. Every so often, Robert or Juliana would each point to something that had caught their attention, but really, they were so wrapped up in each other and their thoughts that the rest of the world might not have existed.

After a while, Robert spotted a nice looking café and suggested that they stop for another coffee. Juliana quickly agreed, She needed to use the bathroom anyhow. She ordered the coffees for both of

them then excused herself and asked the café owner where the bathroom was.

She opened the door to a quaint little lavatory and locked the door. She was about to pull her knickers down, when the vibration started. She hastily sat on the top of the lavatory with the lid down as the vibrations started to course through her body. She lifted her skirt and opened her legs, lost in the feelings that the eggs were making her feel. Her hand strayed under the silk of the lingerie and she started to gently rub her clitoris. “Jesus, What has he turned me into?” she thought as the vibrations increased in strength.

Her hips started to buck involuntarily in response to both the vibration and the rubbing of her hand. She leaned back as far as she could and let the waves of pleasure drive through her. The twin sensations of her stimulation of both front and back had her swimming with desire. She had never felt as wet or as excited as this with any toy that she had used on her own. She realised that this would be over very quickly, so she let go and surrendered to the sensation. The orgasm hit like a hammer’s blow. She had to bite into her arm to stop herself from crying out loudly. Spasm after spasm wracked through to her very core. She was torn between the pleasure and wishing for it to stop because of the intensity. Robert still had his fingers on the remote. The orgasm just kept going and going. She coughed as loud as she could, and she thought Robert must have heard as the vibrations stopped suddenly.

She sat here for a few minutes breathless with excitement and let her breathing return to normal. Then she quickly used the toilet, washed her hands and straightened herself up. She walked back to where Robert was sitting, grinning sheepishly. Hesitantly, she looked around to see if anybody had noticed, but the café owner had gone to the kitchens and none of the other patrons appeared to be the slightest bit interested.

She sat opposite Robert and said, “I don’t know whether to kiss or kill you!”

Robert leaned over the table and gave her a very gentle and tender kiss. “It is lucky that I heard your cough or you might still been in there,” he laughed.

She grasped his hand in hers and kissed the back of his fingers as her other hand discreetly reached under the table and traced a line down his already swollen cock. “I knew that it would affect him as it did me,” she thought to herself.

They drank their coffee without talking but maintaining eye contact. She saw all the love that he felt for her in his eyes. Some emotions cannot be disguised and it made her feel very safe and adored. “You are my sweetheart, you know,” she told him.

Robert felt that he could get lost in the depth of her eyes, which reflected the emerald of her dress now, despite being blue. There had been many women before Juliana, but not one reached him as she did. He shook himself from his reverie and responded, ”And you are mine, my darling. I don’t know how you manage to make me love you so tenderly and want to fuck you senseless simultaneously.”

Juliana smiled that enigmatic smile that Robert knew so well. She knew he loved and adored her but also knew that there was more on Robert’s mind right now - like what was next on this adventure in eroticism. That thought agitated her libido and, instead of wondering what he was thinking, she leaned over and kissed him gently on the mouth while her hand went under the table, cupped his penis and balls, and gave him a very deliberate caress and squeeze. A double-edged message in return. He stiffened immediately and just looked at her.

I think it is time for us to continue, he said hoarsely. Even having control, he thought,There is only one person in control of my cock, and it is not me.

He took her hand and they walked out of the café. The sun was now out, shining down on the masses of young lovers and old. Although it was still quite bracing, there was a certain something in the air that was almost tangible - an energy, a power.

They continued their walk hand in hand this time. Robert, rather looking at the landscape, kept stealing sidelong glances at Juliana. Nobody had ever made him this constantly aroused or in love. They saw a flyer on a tree and it appeared to show something going on at the Musée D'Orsay.

"What does it say?" he asked Juliana.

"Only that there is an extensive nudes exhibition going on at the moment," she replied.

"My god, we have to visit it," Robert said, "Some of the Renoirs there are exquisite."

Juliana looked at him with surprise. She always knew that Robert was quite cultured, but he was very, very male, and to hear the excitement in his voice about impressionist paintings made her realise what a rare and complex man she had captured.

"Shall we go now darling? We need to cross the river and walk in the other direction for about a half mile."

Robert took her hand and immediately turned around by way of reply. They walked to the nearest bridge and started crossing. Halfway over the bridge, she felt his hand go underneath her coat and

rest on the top of her behind. He really is excited, she mused. She did the same to him and they crossed to the other side. They had just started walking when he stopped and pulled her into him for a kiss. She realised as his lips descended on hers that his erection was still very very prominent. As her coat wrapped around them, she discreetly undid his fly and grasped his cock through his boxers.

"He is all mine later, but for the moment, you will have to control him," she said.

She gave him a long hard rub, before zipping him up again and losing herself in the kiss, and lost was the apt word to describe it. Juliana applied a cool intelligence to her work but was a warm person with a wicked and infectious sense of humour. She was a very sexual and sensual woman beneath the reserve that was her professional armour, and she especially loved kisses. This iconic romantic image of a couple kissing on a Paris bridge did not escape her, and she wanted the kisses to go on and on. Robert was transported and his kisses lingered for several minutes. It was she who broke away first telling him that if they continued they would have to return to the hotel rather than going on to the Musée D'Orsay.

Robert put his arm around her shoulder to hold her close to him as they made their way along the river to the museum. The distance went quickly as they took in the scene around them, laughing and talking all the while. Robert found some Euros, paid their admission and followed the English signs to the nudes exhibition. He was still holding Juliana's hand, but his pace quickened as he was so anxious to lay eyes on his favourite Renoirs. They entered the exhibition and started to walk around.

There were a lot of the Degas nudes, but they both disliked the artist for his political views. They saw dozens of very good paintings by artists that neither of them had heard of before and spent a long time discussing them and admiring some of them. Robert even took down the names of some on his smartphone, so that they might see about getting prints. At last they came across some of Renoir's work. He caught sight of his favourite, "Nude in the Sun", and realised that Juliana had not only let go of his hand, but had walked in front of the painting already. She stood there transfixed and oblivious even to Robert. He now watched her as she stood a few metres away from him and marvelled at what art did to her.

Staring at the twin wonders in front of him, the painting and Juliana, Robert felt another stirring in his crotch. He moved right up behind Juliana and pressed into her, his erection pressing into the small of her back. "Stay there for a minute or two darling, I am afraid to move at the moment."

Juliana smiled to herself and very slowly pulled him into her and leaned backwards into him. She sensuously ground her hips into him and just admired the painting. She found herself getting very hot at the effect the painting had on Robert or was it she who was having the effect?

At the end of the gallery, Robert spotted a cleaner walking away from a public male lavatory without removing the “Closed for cleaning” sign. Thinking on his feet, he purposefully took Juliana’s hand and walked towards the door as if they had every right in the world to be there. They entered it and he dragged her into one of the cubicles. He turned her around roughly and said, “Take your arms out of your coat.”

Juliana complied and slipped her arms from the coat so it was still on but only resting on her shoulders. Robert zipped it up at the front so that she could not move her arms, then he gently pushed her backwards so that she was leaning against the cubicle wall unable to stand upright but having to support her weight with the back of her shoulders pressed against it.

He hitched her dress up and pressed the remote control in his pocket. The eggs sprang to life, sending an electric shock through her. She desperately wanted to support herself as the vibrations racked through her still swollen pussy. Robert dropped to his knees in front of her and, as the vibrations gained in intensity, he brought his mouth to the front of her panties. Using his tongue to push the silken material aside, he found her clitoris easily and started to suck on her as the eggs did their magic.

Robert always loved the taste of Juliana. He felt her hips writhing in ecstasy against his face and he realised that he did not want her to come yet, so he let go of the remote. She stopped moving and stared at him knelt before her breathlessly. “Robert?” she panted questioningly.

“Actually, Juliana, I do need to use the bathroom and I have just remembered our little episode in an Italian restaurant at home, so I want you to do it for me.”

He unzipped her coat and she hastily hung it on the hook on the door.. “Right!” she thought to herself. “He wants to play; let the games begin.”

She turned Robert so that he was facing the lavatory and, standing behind him, undid his fly buttons with one yank of his waistband. She put her hands around his waist and first reached one hand inside his trousers. He felt her fingers opening his boxers and gently pulling out his swollen cock. Then, with great difficulty, she held it with both hands from behind him and pointed it downwards towards the bowl. Her body was pressed right into his back and he could feel every curve through the thin silk of her dress and lingerie - her breasts, her abdomen, her pubis - as he felt her warm hands gripping his penis which was stiffening more each second.

Robert had never felt anything so erotic in his life. It took several moments for him to loosen his muscles enough to be able to urinate. He was still swollen and the jet of his hot stream splashed into the bowl. He was thinking of county cricket scores and silently reciting pi and the periodic table in

order to be able to finish peeing without spraying everywhere. The second that he did, Juliana shook him dry and then shook him some more. Before he could even think, he was fully erect again and his desire for her felt like a compulsion.

Juliana turned him around and this time pushed him backwards against the cubicle. She pulled his jeans and boxer shorts halfway to his ankles and slowly rubbed her hands up and down his hard cock. As Robert gasped, she quickly let go and rushed out of the cubicle. Robert panicked thinking that he had upset her and was about to pull up his trousers quickly and rush after her when she returned. She lifted up her hands to his face to show him that she had smeared them with liquid soap from the dispenser on the sinks outside.

She very slowly started to rub it onto Robert's swollen member, paying special attention to the head of it. Her hands moving up and down in a slow but sensual rhythm. The lather that she was generating and the soapy heat very nearly sent Robert into nirvana but this was his day and he was damned if he was going to let her turn the tables like that.

He quickly pulled her to her feet and spun her around so that her breasts were against the cubicle wall. He pressed the remote controls and, as the eggs started vibrating, he located the string from the egg in her anus. Gently tugging on it so that it would excite her as it withdrew, he slowly took the vibrating device out, he deposited it in his hand and brought it around to her swollen clitoris. Juliana pushed naturally backwards as the vibrations coursed through her bud.

Lost in the feeling and before she knew what was happening, she felt his soapy cock at her anus. "Oh god, I want this," she thought to herself. She pushed her behind onto the head of his cock as he switched the rate of the eggs up another notch. He slid into her slowly but without too much pain thanks to the soap that she had unwittingly applied to his cock. The pleasure drove her mad with desire as she felt him fill her tight, hot passage.

Robert felt more erect than he had ever been. He started to thrust faster and faster inside of her as he increased the tempo of the eggs to full. Juliana was bucking on his hard cock now. He felt her start to spasm as her orgasm hit. She let out a small moan of sheer pleasure and this sent Robert over the edge. He shot his semen inside her, filling the small tight passage. The feeling of his orgasm made Juliana come again. The vibrations from the egg and the hot sperm being pumped into her bottom was all she could take. The small cry turned into a primal shout as her orgasm wracked through her body.

Taking his hand off the remote, Robert withdrew from her, turned her around and engulfed her in his arms. He was overcome by the ferocity of what he had just done and by Juliana's utter eroticism responding to him.

”Who the hell needs Renoir?” he said breathlessly before kissing her deeply.

They were exhilarated and exhausted by what had just happened, adrenaline and endorphins surging, heartbeats still racing, and catching their breath, and both utterly spent.

Juliana looked up at Robert and said, “I think we both need some rest before dinner. Can we please get a cab and go back to the hotel?”

They made themselves presentable and left the washroom, looking around to see if anyone had realized what had just transpired. No one was around. Robert found a taxi as they left the building and they sped back to the Terrass and their suite. Juliana carefully took off her dress and lingerie, placing them over a chair, while Robert shed his clothes leaving a trail on the floor. They both headed for the shower as Juliana looked over her shoulder at Robert saying, “This is just to get clean and relax. Nothing more as I can hardly stand up. I need a nap after this, a real one. Okay?”

Robert demurred, knowing he needed to wash and get some rest as well. There was time before thinking about where they wanted to eat dinner and going out again. He drew the drapes to darken the room but set the alarm on his phone so that they would not miss their view of the sunset over the city from their balcony. There was nothing like Paris at dusk. It really was the most beautiful, romantic city in the world in Robert’s opinion. Juliana liked Florence and Venice, despite speaking French, but for him it would always be Paris.

The bed was big and the linens luxurious. Juliana lay on her side and Robert spooned behind her. He could hear her breathing deepen as she fell asleep in his arms. He was overcome with tiredness but could not help but relive what they had done that day: the beauty of his favourite city with his favourite person and the adventurous sex. They had a full and active sex life and had experimented to keep things fresh, but the remote control eggs and intensity of their public encounter at the museum had taken this to another level. He wondered what was on Juliana’s agenda for him when she was in control as he took in the scent of her perfume on her shoulder and fell asleep too.

The alarm sounded about ninety minutes later. They stretched and kissed as they woke up. Robert opened the drapes so that they could watch the sunset from bed and see Paris in the special light they call the “blue hour” in French. He realized that despite eating a large breakfast they had skipped lunch and that he was really hungry. “Missing a meal in Paris is idiotic,” he thought, “And that is not going to happen again while we are here.”

They decided to go to a nearby bistro known for their classic French food, not the over-precious food of epicures, but that of real people. They dressed casually, Juliana in a espresso sweater and

trousers and a long, tobacco-coloured suede coat. Robert was in his usual black - sweater, trousers and leather jacket. It was a little blustery as they walked to the restaurant and he held Juliana closely against the cold, damp wind.

The bistro was warm and they were welcomed with an apéritif when they sat down. Given the weather and that she was famished, Juliana decided to start with a large bowl of onion soup.

“I know it is a cliché, but I do love it, “ she said.

Robert wanted the same to warm up. She ordered a grilled veal chop with asparagus and roasted potatoes and he the bistro’s speciality, steak frites. Robert chose a bottle of red wine and they ate and drank as they talked about the things they wanted to see during the week. Juliana insisted that they order different desserts so that she could taste more than one - chocolate cake for Robert and an apricot tart for herself. After coffees, they strolled back to the hotel, a little buzzed after the second bottle of red, and in a romantic mood.

It had been a memorable day. Juliana had allowed herself to be dominated by Robert as she never had before with him or any other man. She not only found it exciting, but also that it liberated her somehow and allowed her to act sexually in entirely new ways. For Robert, this had been the culmination of a fantasy, that Juliana would be his in every way and at his whim. It had aroused him beyond any of his expectations. Now they both were coming down from this, having eaten and drunk well. They walked holding each other, talking quietly, anticipating falling asleep in each other’s arms. The moonlight and stars made Paris even more beautiful, if that was possible. Who could not be in love in Paris?

To be continued