

# Paris in Flames

By sprite

Published on Lush Stories on 30 May 2011

**Copyright ©2010 Sprite@lushstories.com. All Rights Reserved.<br /><br />©2010 Sprite. The stories linked to this online profile may not be reproduced in any manner, without the express permission of the author.**

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/paris-in-flames.aspx>

The first time I saw her was at a small Parisian bistro, walking distance from the Louvre. Le Petit Flore on Rue Croix des Petits Champs, a favorite of mine. Unpretentious and inexpensive. The day had been moody, despite being the first day of summer. It was, in fact, that moodiness which first drew me to her, the sun suddenly bursting from the clouds, illuminating her, setting her fiery mane ablaze. The sudden image of a moth fluttering too near a candle flame gave me but a moment's pause as I stopped on the sidewalk to soak in the sight of her. I have, admittedly, a thing for redheads. Perhaps it's their rarity; it was my nature, as well as my profession, to collect rare works of art on commission and what was this flame crowned goddess if not the rarest of the rare? It wasn't simply the color of her hair, a deep, and rich scarlet and hints of gold, hidden until the sun kissed her crown. She sat in profile to me, her legs tucked under her chair, her back straight and bent slightly forward, her eyes hidden by a pair of dark lensed Dior Sunglasses, giving her an air of mystery as she turned the pages of a the novel she was reading. She was dressed casually and yet, there was an air of sophistication about her. Her form fitting charcoal Yoga pants and narrow waisted blue and white stripped blouse showed off a trim figure, drawing my eye to the outline of her breasts; small, yet nicely shaped. I debated, perhaps overly long, on whether or not she wore a bra, eventually deciding that, if she did, it was made of lace, and that its intent was not to deceive, but rather enhance the shape her chest. She wore a pair of open toed heels, shiny black patent leather, showing off slender ankles and petite feet. My guess was, even in heels she'd be forced to look up were we standing eye to eye. Of course, that was true of most women. Her cheek bones where high, and she wore a hint of blush upon her cream colored cheeks. Her lipstick was cherry red, at odds with her otherwise understated look, and yet, perfect, like a splash of red upon a canvass drawing the eye. A statement, rather than an accident. In her case, it hinted as a smoldering sensuality behind her cool exterior. At least, that was my fervent hope. Not that I planned on going beyond pure admiration, having an appointment to keep. In fact, I was already in danger of tarrying overly long. Still, I kept her in my thoughts for the better part of the day, quite aware of the hint of a smile that lifted the corners of my mouth up each time she entered my mind and the hint of regret that business obligations had made

an introduction unfeasible. That night, I treated myself to a glass of '78 Château Margaux while amusing myself with less than decorous contemplation concerning the girl from the bistro, her hair fanning out over silk sheets, her cherry red lips forming a deliciously wicked smile, her sex glistening warm and wet, and her eyes full of decadence and desire. Feeling decadent myself, I retired to my bed. There, I freed my cock, stroking it slowly, her image graven behind closed eyelids, my blood pumping through my engorged cock until I rode a wave of ecstasy, spewing my sticky white cum upon my stomach and chest. Little did I suspect, as I cleaned myself before falling into a dreamless sleep, that, unable to shake her from my thoughts, this would become an evening ritual over the course of the summer. o-O-o

The second time I encountered the sexy siren who haunted my evenings, I was playing tour guide to an old friend, a mate who'd lived down the street from me in during a stint in London. Times had been much leaner then, for both of us. This was his first time in Paris and, of course, he'd insisted I show him the usual tourist fare. The Tower, The Arc de Triomphe, the Basilica of Sacre-Coeur, Notre Dame, Moulin Rouge, and, of course, the museums. Not that I minded so much. I'd missed his easy going company. Our last visit, had been what I considered the piece de résistance of the tour; The Musee de Louvre. It had been a perfect day, the sun out in full force, the brilliant azure sky broken up by pillows of clouds. I was dressed casually, as was he, mindful of the heat simmering off concrete and brick. Despite the crowd it was a relief to finally be inside where the climate was carefully controlled, not for our benefit, but for the priceless works of art housed within. We were in the Salle du Manège, which housed a collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, when I caught a glimpse of scarlet floating amongst the remnants of ancient civilization, so out of place, and yet, fittingly housed amongst some of the western world's most revered art. Hopefully inconspicuous, I tracked the invisible aura of sensuality that clung to her like perfume, subtle yet drawing me in. I followed her, at first with my eyes, and then with my feet, murmuring a vague excuse to my companion about needing to use the loo. How was it that he, or anyone else for that matter, was able to resist her call I wondered as she led me into the Michelangelo Gallery, pausing to peruse Canova's Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss while I admired her discreetly. She was just as I remembered, stealing away my breath, despite standing before a masterpiece painstakingly carved from a block of marble two hundred years before she'd been born. Flames cascaded over her shoulder, framing her sculpted face. It was the face of a goddess. Aphrodite brought to life, looking at ease before the larger than life mythical figures of Cupid and Psyche. As before, her eyes were hidden behind dark lenses. She wore a quietly amused smile, the corners of perfectly painted cherry red lips turned upwards, her complexion appearing carved from marble in contrast. She wore a simple white sundress, a hint of lace at the hem and capped sleeves, the scoop neck teasingly promising, while retaining a feel of innocence, at odds with the crimson pumps she wore, showing off a perfect pair of legs from ankle to mid-thigh. I found myself wondering if her panties were red as well. She stood still, oblivious to my attentions, as well to her fellow sight-seers, seemingly lost in the scene before her. Emboldened by her inattention, I circled her, my eyes wandering over the perfect shape of her bottom, her impossibly slender waist, and breasts that had been drawn by the inspired hand of a master. It felt so intimate, observing her, mere feet separating us; she as lost in Canova's

most famous work as I was in her. "Such beauty. Almost heart breaking." She didn't turn, but I had little doubt that her words were meant for me. Had she known she was being watched, or had she just now come to that realization? Either way, I'd been caught. Taking a deep breath, I did my best to sound nonchalant; just another art lover whose attention had been drawn by a magnificence of a different kind. "Troy was set aflame for much less." She turned, her smile radiant, lowering her sunglass, her eyes as I had imagined them, cut emeralds touched by starlight. "All for the love of a woman. Was it worth it, I wonder?" I met her eyes, feeling suddenly bold, sharing a teasing smile with her, suddenly afraid of disappointing her with my sentiments. "In a word, yes. There are women who deserve nothing less." Her eyes disappeared once more, hidden behind smoky dark lenses, her blood red smile burning itself into my retinas. I watched her go, helpless to do otherwise, hypnotized by the gentle sway of her lips, undone by the sultry smile she cast over her shoulder before abandoning me to my mundane surroundings; Michelangelo and his peers greatest works of art. I spent the rest of the day in a distracted haze, remembering nothing beyond the glimpse of her emerald gaze, silently reaffirming my words; There were women who deserved nothing less than the destruction of entire civilizations. That night, I took up my ritual once again, the image of her eyes etched in my memory, her unvoiced sentiments echoing in my head; Would you have burned a city for me? That night I dreamt of Paris in flames the color of her cascading tresses o-O-o A week later I found myself in San Tropez on business, soaking in the sun and the sight of white sails standing out against blue skies and bluer waters; sigils of the truly privileged, unobtainable in their floating mansions. I knew, if I'd bothered to spy upon them, I'd be able to catch glimpses of the new royalty, those whose crowns were bought and sold on Wall Street, mercenary mistresses hanging on their every word, cocktail in hand, store bought breasts spilling out of designer swimsuits. Yes, I had become cynical, but with good reason. After all, I was one of the sharks gliding in their wake, feeding on their extravagant chum. Suddenly sickened, I turned my attention elsewhere, my eyes widening in surprise as familiar sight strolled into view. It was her, the woman whose smile had inspired a thousand ships to sail across the Aegean Sea. "Magnificent view." She spoke with familiarity, her voice redolent of honey warmed by the summer sun. I let my gaze travel the length of her, from her finely turned ankles to her swan-like neck, finally settling upon her glittering emerald orbs as I nodded in agreement. "Truly." She favored me with a sly smile as she hid her eyes once more behind dark lenses, her glasses previously settled like a crown upon her fiery mane. Today, she wore the uniform of the bourgeois with an air of irony, her smirk suggesting that she suspected I might be in on the joke. A silk orchid print caftan hung open, to reveal a matching two piece swimsuit that fit her like a second skin. Although not a connoisseur of women's fashions, I knew enough to recognize quality and taste. She wore sandals whose worth alone would feed a Greek family for a week. I felt suddenly underdressed, despite my best efforts to fit in as well. A peasant passing himself off as a prince on the playground of untouchable royalty. Still, I had a part to play, and I'd committed myself to it. "A lovely day." It was a throw away comment, covering up my sudden awareness of how out of place I felt in her company. It wasn't the trappings of wealth, mind you, not her beauty or, rather, not just her beauty. It was something indefinable, a glow that came from within, a promise, perhaps, of divinity. "May I?" My

expression must have mirrored the surprise I felt as she rested her hand upon the back of the chair opposite me, her slender fingers tipped by perfectly curved moons of crimson, a match for her signature cherry red lips. "Of course." I stood, allowing her to sit, somehow disguising the tremor in my hands with an off handed gesture towards the garcon, raising an eyebrow at her choice of cocktail; Cîroc grape vodka, Edmond Briottet peach liqueur and lemon juice served on the rocks with a twist or, in layman's terms, a French Tart. As for myself, I ordered my usual afternoon fare, lemonade, having no desire to find my tongue further tied nor twisted in her presence. "Business or pleasure?" She teased me with her smile, noting the drop of my gaze towards her breasts at the word 'pleasure', her perfect teeth gleaming like pearls, charming and disarming me. "A little of both. Business brings me here, but this morning is all about pleasure." "And later?" "I have matters of business to keep me occupied until quite late in the afternoon." "Then you won't mind me inviting you up to my room this evening?" My heart skipped a beat. I studied her eyes, searching for the hidden joke within their depths, finding none. Trying to play it cool, I answered with a shrug. "It depends upon your intentions, Mademoiselle." "Completely dishonorable, I assure you." "Then I would have to accept." "I'm staying at the Chateau De La Messardiere, number eighteen. Call on me at ten. I appreciate promptness." "What may I call you by?" She favored me with a slow wink, her dark red lash dipping suggestively as her smile grew wicked; an obvious promise of things to come, or so I hoped. "You may call me whatever you please. Dominique suits me as well as any other. Enjoy your day, Monsieur." I bid her farewell, pulling back her chair, giving her my hand, lifting hers to my lips. As tempting as it was, I kept myself from worshipping her dainty knuckles, merely brushing them with my farewell kiss, swallowing the lust that threatened to overcome me as her subtle scent, cinnamon, breezed past my olfactory glands. "I am undone." My whispered words went unheard. I watched her go, recalling all those nights of slowly stroking my cock, the image of her burning through my entire being, and now, this unexpected invitation, a chance to fulfill my the unquenchable desire the mere sight of her had awoken within me. "Alas, Poor Paris." I drew in a long breath, letting it out as a sigh, my sympathy upon the man responsible for the fall of Troy. Had I a city to risk, I might have done so as well. I concluded my business that afternoon, doing my best not to give in the temptation of distraction, and failing miserably, the cascade of dark flame that framed her porcelain face, the perfect bow of her cherry red lips, the shape of her breasts straining against the thin fabric of her suit, not to mention the hinted jut of her nipples, all conspiring to rob me of my faculties. Somehow, I persevered, reaching the end of the day intact, preparations for the evening already firmly set in my mind. o-O-o I arrived promptly at ten, minding her warning, a bouquet of crimson dianthus in hand, thinking it a fitting choice for a goddess. I'd taken great care to shave and groom myself, glad that I'd had the foresight to pack Dolce & Gabbana alongside my usual jeans and off the rack button down shirts. My goal tonight wasn't so much to impress, but rather, to not disappoint. I'd prepared a charming remark, but it was lost to me at the sight of her. She outshone my memory of the sunset, her hair a mass of fiery red curls, the ambient candle light in the room beyond managing to accent rather than hide, the gold highlights within her magnificent mane. "They're lovely." Her smile sent a shiver through me as she divested me of my offering, as well as my blazer, stepping aside as I

entered her domain. Her suite was decorated tastefully in a style more Mediterranean than French. Exotic, at least to my tastes, and perfectly suited to her. Other than that quick impression, I gave her my full attention, or rather, she demanded it with her mere presence. I am not sure what I'd anticipated, but she'd defied even my most outrageous expectations in her choice of adornment. She wore what could only be described as a translucent silk chiton that matched the dark emerald of her eyes. A slender chain of gold links wrapped twice around her narrow waist, emphasizing her perfectly formed breasts, her cleavage displayed by the deep cut of her gown. What she wore beneath, I could only guess at. As she moved, luring me deeper into the room, her hem swept the floor, giving the illusion that her feet never touched ground. "Please, make yourself comfortable. Would you care for a drink?" I shook my head, unable to find my tongue, her beauty, both earthly and divine robbing me, temporarily I hoped, of my wits. A drink? No. All I could think of was her kiss upon my lips, her taste of her mouth, the scent of her skin, the feel of my hands upon her flesh. Her laughter was laced with delight, and her eyes twinkled with amusement as she regarded me, her chin tilted slightly to make amends for my height. "Or perhaps your appetites lie elsewhere." "I never gave you my name." It was all I could think of in the face of such unbearable beauty. With a shake of her head, she dismissed my words, giving me the impression that it was neither important nor necessary. "You watched me at the Bistro, yes?" "Yes," I admitted, a slight blush betraying my embarrassment of how I used the image of her that very evening and for the evenings to follow. "And at the Louvre, that was you as well?" "Yes." "And you dreamed of me, perhaps?" "Yes. Many times." "Good. Take off your pants. I want to see how I affect you." Slowly, I unbuttoned my trousers, carefully unzipping them, my erection straining against my black silk boxers, holding my breath, and then slowly letting it out as I saw approval in her eyes, letting them drop to the floor in a pool that covered my expensive Forzieri loafers. As much as I resented those who'd come to great wealth, I prided myself on being able to fit in among them. Business was business, after all. "And, after tonight, you will dream of me still." "Oh, yes," I whispered, lost in her gaze, barely aware of how her smile had turned feral. "I want to see you. All of you." There was an edge to her voice, the hint of command. Perhaps this was how a deity spoke to us mere mortals. I complied without fanfare, slipping out of my shoes, stepping out of my press and pleated trousers, abandoning my silk shirt and, finally, divesting myself of my boxers. I felt strangely vulnerable standing before her, a feeling I had never experienced before, especially with the fairer sex. Nervously, I stood, waiting for her direction, knowing that I'd willingly follow it, if only in hopes that she would fulfill her unspoken promise. I stood, rooted to the floor, as she brushed her gown from slender shoulders, watching as it shimmered down her torso, revealing her naked form, her dainty nipples and soft pink areola, the line of her ribcage, her smooth belly, dimpled by her navel, the thin strip of crimson curls drawing my attention to softly pouting lips, their moist and open edges catching the candle's flames. She had the look of a dancer, pliant flesh tautly covering firm muscle. The lust I'd felt for her before was nothing to what I felt now, desire pumping through my heart, my cock swelling almost painfully, the flush of heat enveloping my entire being. She moved, and I followed, mesmerized, each breath harder than the one before it to draw. Desire became need, which in turn became worship woven with ravening lust. I'd never known this feeling before, this wanting, not for

anything nor anyone. Had I taken up her offer of a drink, I'd have wondered if, perhaps, I'd been drugged, so powerful was her spell upon me. She turned, settling upon the edge of the mattress. The bed was a monstrous affair, four carved posts leading up to a canopy, sheer curtains drawn back, upon each perimeter. She parted her thighs, her back straight, her face turned up, her clever smile parting to reveal the delicate tip of her tongue, letting it glide over her impossibly red lips, until they glistened like rubies, watching as I knelt before her, my hands settling upon her knees, spreading her open even wider, as hunger washed through me. She shifted closer, sitting upon the very edge of the mattress, her ass dimpling the quilt, leaning back on her arms, her hands spread upon the covers, awaiting her tribute. My first kiss was reverent, my lips brushing through her baby soft down, inhaling her scent. It was no surprise that she smelled of cinnamon. She sighed longingly in response, and I felt her unfold, until she lay prone on the bed, her arms stretching over her head, as I sought to prove my worth, the tip of my tongue navigating between her petaled folds, my first taste of her mysteries invigorating. I felt her shiver against me, her thighs trembling as they closed, squeezing against my cheeks, and then opening again, as I parted her pink tinged lips with my curled tongue, scooping up her nectar, aware of the way her spine curved, her belly rose, her ribs pulsed with each quickened breath. Another moan, this time punctuated by a quick gasp as my lips circled her swollen nub, my tongue paying homage, flickering like a damselfly's wings across the surface and then circling, like a cat teasing a mouse. Her legs lifted, her thighs settling over my shoulders, her heels pressing into my flanks, drumming softly as I found a pleasurable place, finally settling to either side of my spine as my rhythmic tongue taught her to dance for me. "Mmm." The sound of encouragement. Taking my cue I pushed my tongue within her fertile canal, exploring her, taking her lead as her hips rolled forwards and backwards, fucking herself with the spear of my tongue. "Look at me." Catching my breath, I rose up, still on my knees, my back straightening. She watched me as I did her, noting the hint of something uncivilized in the depths of her eyes, something wild and untamed. "Come with me." Without explanation, she sat up, her fingers tangling in my hair, holding me in place while she withdrew from under me, her cherry red lips forming a ring, one I could easily imagine as a haven for my pulsing cock. "Come!" Once again, this time an urgent demand. I took her outstretched hand, marveling at the strength in her fingers as she pulled me to my feet, propelling me in her wake, towards the door. The hotel she'd chosen overlooked Pampelone Beach. Unabashedly she pulled me after her, the night cloaking us in shadow, her laughter sounding dangerous, and yet, I never hesitated in my footsteps, somehow aware that, if I faltered, I would regret it until the end of my days. Starlight glistened on the water as we came to a halt, the warm sand beneath our soles. I could hear the quiet waves of the ocean rolling up onto the shore, and out again, lured by the influence of the moon which, I noticed with some surprise, was full as she let go my hand and trotted towards the water, and then paused, turning towards me. The moonlight illuminated her, washing over her pale flesh, turning her hair to smoldering flame. "Helen," I breathed, my gaze flickering towards the horizon, searching for the Greek navy, chuckling at the ridiculousness of that thought. Still, I dared not look over my shoulder, afraid that San Tropez would be no more. Instead, the walls of Troy would stand, tall and proud as they overlooked the beach. "Come, make love to me." All thoughts, all fear,

all doubts fled as her words brushed past my ears. I growled, feeling suddenly free, running naked on the beach, the stars teasing me in the heavens above. If she was the incarnation of a goddess, then I was her Hero. I felt the warm breeze caress me, its tropical fingers teasing at my dark locks, kissing my bare flesh. I smiled, watching as she turned once more, skipping gracefully across the sand, flesh turned alabaster, her mane spread out behind her like a beacon, her playful giggle full of seductive innocence. I followed, her words drawing me after her, intending to fulfill her wish and make love to her. I caught her at the water's edge, laughing at her delighted squeal, my fingers clamped gently around her wrist as I drew her to me, surprising her as I picked her up in my arms, holding her against my bare chest, her arms wrapping behind my neck. She felt as light as a feather. Our kiss, at first, was playful, tender almost. And then, it became something else, the heat of her lips goading me, passion turning me fierce and full of desperate need. She'd wanted me to make love to her, or so she'd said. As I gazed into her eyes, I saw the truth. What she really wanted was for me to fuck her. I splashed along the quiet edge of the surf, bearing her in my arms, only dropping to my knees when I'd reached dry sand. There I laid her down upon her back, trapping her beneath me, fingers curled around her slender wrists as I stared into her eyes, seeing only a desire that matched mine within their emerald depths. She was already wet, her cunt willing. Raising my hips, I positioned the helmeted head of my Hero's cock between her parted folds and took her, sinking my sword deep within her, feeling her walls gripping me tightly as she threw back her head and let out a cry worthy of an Amazon. Again I filled her, and again, each time rising, withdrawing, teasing her with thoughts of abandonment, her legs wrapping around mine, her heels digging into my calves. Again, I struck, her cries turning to gasping moans. The cry of the siren, the song of the Sybil; Great fire from the heavens will come down; seas, fountains and rivers, all will burn. As Troy burned at the hands of the Greeks, and as I burned, lust setting me aflame, the tips of her fiery red hair like embers, the breeze lifting, making them dance against my bare chest as I plunged my cock deeper and deeper, swallowing her cries with savage kisses, our mouths one, our tongues warring, my body slick with her sweat, my face slick with her spit, my cock gloriously slick with her... She climaxed, and I, like a good soldier, followed, feeling my cock twitch inside of her, my balls swelling as I wrenched myself from her pulsating canal, covering her heaving belly and breasts with my cum, leaving trails of pearly white ropes against her pale skin. Collapsing against her, I felt the sting of the salt air against my flesh, chuckling soundlessly as I realized what had happened. In her passion, she'd raked my shoulders with her nails, leaving furrows of angry red in their wake. How it was that I hadn't noticed, I cannot say. I punished her with a kiss. It wasn't tender. I felt myself growing hard again as I beheld her. Her hair lay plastered to her cheeks, and her cherry red lips had curved into a wanton, satisfied, yet still eager, smile. "You want more?" It came out as a guttural growl, and I heard her shiver under me. "Oui." It was all I needed to hear. Roughing grabbing her hips, I rolled her over, barely giving her enough time to get her hands beneath her before I took her from behind, filling her drenched cunt, my hands clamped around her waist as she writhed upon the end of my spear until I withdrew, her forlorn moan speaking volumes. My lip curling, I pressed the head of my cock to the tight pucker of her ass, pressing gently against her, noting how she'd stopped breathing, how everything seemed to be

standing still beneath the starlit summer sky. “Is this what you wanted, ‘Dominique’? To be fucked in the ass?” “Oui.” Her voice was as soft as the waves, softer even, drowned out as they gently lapped at the sandy beach, yet loud enough. I pushed forward, unsurprised as she did the same, pushing back against me, welcoming my cock into her tight hole, controlling the rhythm, grunting with each stroke, her strong muscles almost pushing me out each time, her ring tightening around the swollen head of my cock, capturing it, unwilling to let me be free of her. I fit inside her like a puzzle piece, still slick with her cum, moans of pleasure pulled from deep within me as she milked me, the sight of her cock filled ass spurring me on, driving myself deeper with each stroke. “Oh, God!” She cried out as well, wordlessly, as I filled her to my utmost, filling her with my hot seed then, pulling out of her, my cock dripping, my cum leaking out of her ass and coating the insides of her quivering thighs.

“Please?” she whimpered, no longer the goddess, but a woman in desperate need of an orgasm. I didn’t hesitate. After all, I wasn’t done, either. I’d gone soft, spending myself twice in a short time. I thought of the first time I’d seen her, the sun turning her hair into a halo of flames, of the shape of her breasts, of the way her yoga pants clung to her like a second skin... She let out a gasp, her arms collapsing, her cheek pressed against the sandy beach as I entered her, a pair of fingers in her tight, juicy cunt, twisting and turning in their quest for the magical, mythical g-spot, my tongue in her cum filled ass. I’d never tasted my own spunk before, but I didn’t let that stop me, lapping at her crack, pushing behind her loosening ring, my tongue pointed and hard, my fingers curved, probing deeper and deeper until... She climaxed in silence, too overcome to even cry out, waves and waves of pleasure rippling through her, threatening to shake her apart until, finally, she could stand it no more. “Please... stop.” She whimpered, and I, obedient once more, obeyed the command of the goddess.

We lay there on the beach, limbs wrapped around each other, the cooling summer night still pleasant, the heat of our bodies enough to make us comfortable, teasing each other with fingertips and mouths, content to watch the stars travel slowly in the night sky, pausing in our vigil twice more, our lovemaking tender rather than frenzied, sneaking back to her room before the sky lightened once more where we filled the bathtub with bubbles and she rode me one last time, laughing deliriously as I struck my head against the tiled wall moments after filling her cunt with my cum once more. o-O-o I never saw her again after that night, nor had I expected to. After all, I’d had nothing to go on but a whimsically given name. It was just as well. After all, I was all too aware of what obsession could do to a man. It would bring him to ruin. Witness the fall of Troy. In time, my memories faded. I forgot that she smelled like cinnamon, that she tasted like tangerines, the way her lips shone like rubies in the starlight, how her hair shone like a halo of flames when kissed by the sun.... I soon forgot the glow of her skin beneath the moonlight, and the way her arms tightened around my shoulders as I held her in my arms. Most importantly, I forgot the untamed wilderness in her eyes, and the sensuous delight of her laughter as she frolicked at the seas edge, and how she demanded I make love to her on the beach, under the summer sky of San Tropez and how, long after I’d fucked her in the ass, she’d wrapped her cherry red lips around my quickly rejuvenating cock and sucked it clean until I filled her mouth with my spew and then watched as it dribbled from the corners of her perfectly shaped lips and fell to her breasts like a slow summer rain. Nor do I dread going to sleep at night, knowing that my



dreams will likely be of her, standing amidst the flames as Paris burns beneath a clear blue summer sky.