



*Kely,  
Free rein to pleasure ...*

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**CECILE HEBELLE**

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## **1- The beginnings of obsession**

What man, what woman, or what day has not dreamed of encountering the materialization and the frenzy of their fantasies in perfect and intimate complicity ... What couple has not dreamed one day of reaching such a level, surpassing that of harmony, a symbiosis born between two beings fusing two spirits into one, far exceeding the purely sexual act since it is an intimate and profound communion of the spirit.

This state provokes a perfect communication between these beings, erasing all censorship, in a total freedom where all hidden secrets are revealed, shared, and blended toward a fusional

blossoming. My childhood was not all rosy and I was subjected to the authority of a brutal father, who did not hesitate to use his belt to correct me, asking me to lower my panties before the leather strap came snapping down and reddening the tender skin of my buttocks.

The sensation was certainly very painful but little by little provoked in me a form of excitement from the submission he imposed on me. My increasingly rebellious and vindictive attitude forced me to have to lower my panties more and more often and taste the buckle of his belt.

Despite these setbacks, nature offered me its most beautiful gifts to become a young adult of one meter seventy with blonde hair, endowed with a physique that I regularly maintained at the gym,

making me a doll offering the flexibility of rubber as much as muscular firmness. I appreciated the gaze and attention of men toward my physique and the provocation it naturally exuded, always dressed in a way to allow a glimpse of my legs and the curves of my body.

I wanted to be discreet but alluring, predators constantly circling around me. I loved in men, feeling with each adventure, their bodies, their hands, their tongues, their penises always throbbing and hard.

These sexual adventures after the act partially relieved me, but always remained without a tomorrow. I was probably unconsciously searching for a lover in the image of my father, capable of bringing me what my consciousness and my body demanded. Traumas during

childhood alas accompany us throughout life and remain perfectly invisible. On the occasion of a business meeting, I was introduced to a young businessman in his thirties, dark-haired with the physique of an Apollo.

His gaze, constantly undressing me with his eyes, made me melt. The following day, I burst in front of him for the first time dressed in a tight miniskirt made of fine red wool, a black blouse contrasting with my blonde hair.

I let my arch appear from the height of my one meter seventy, placing my rounded backside in evidence; the whole being highlighted by a discreet but suggestive makeup. Conversing with the secretary sitting on the corner of her desk with legs uncovered, I told her the twists and turns of one of my last

adventures so that she would be sufficiently audible.

He could therefore deduce the state of my household as not being at its best, since after a modeling session I had just spent the last night at a hotel in the company of one of my friends and lovers.

Given my attitude, he guessed in me a woman probably in full boil and sexually dissatisfied but ideologically very open. We hit it off and led purely professional relations leading us mutually step by step toward a better acquaintance.

Despite the time we spent together, we remained for a few months both in our place, finding each other more and more often, sharing long discussions over a coffee in a Parisian bistro until late hours

of the night. I told him of my setbacks, the birth of my little girl resulting from a previous union, the disagreement with my new partner... Each of us was likely looking for something in the other, an invisible part of our being locked away in its secret garden...

Finally, we decided to spend a weekend together in a castle in the Paris region; his good manners required him to rent two rooms, one for my five-year-old daughter and me if necessary, the other for him if celibacy during this weekend had to be imposed, which I did not wish at all. The place situated in the middle of nature was ideal to evacuate the worries and tensions of daily life, just as it was paradisiacal for this child who could wander on the back of ponies as she pleased, granting me a bit of freedom. Closing this day, we dined within the

castle walls by candlelight. The little girl, exhausted with fatigue from her day, had fallen asleep on a bench and I suggested taking her back to her room and putting her to bed.

According to my dearest wish, I joined him. Waiting for me in the hallway of the room, he took me by the waist and pressed me against his body while kissing me tenderly, our two tongues mutually searching between our lips. I unbuttoned his shirt while kissing his torso and nibbling his nipples, descending very slowly to finish on my knees at belt height while he caressed my hair.

I was terribly excited when my lips came into contact with the zip of his fly, blocked by the pressure exerted by his erection. I was already fantasizing about

what seemed to be there and did not delay in discovering it.

After some effort, I dropped his pants and released the wonderful jewel from its case. I had never yet seen a member of such prominence; without waiting, I let my tongue flirt around it before letting myself be taken, distending my muscles by the size of the beast. While beginning my back-and-forth movements, I was already fantasizing about the idea of playing with him as I saw fit.

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### **3-The glory hole**

We had developed a few habits of going out to certain clubs where the owners became true friends; I loved indulging in the proposed games and the unexpected. We always took a tour to scout for guys who interested me or whom I interested. It was relatively easy since they followed in my footsteps.

The owners were always very happy to welcome me, knowing that thanks to my presence the atmosphere would be there. After spotting who was following me, I would head to the small "Glory hole" booth, being certain to systematically find them in the holes behind the partition. I noted the presence of a man of color, physically not bad at all, who had come to expose his finery. They were among my favorites, and a pretty,

well-built blonde was also one of their preferences; salivating, I remarked to Michael:

— Did you see this one, how enormous it is!? I like them like that...

— It's a large size; besides, I saw him pass by earlier, he's not bad!

The idea of taking care of such objects excited me to the highest degree, without omitting the fact that later I would undoubtedly have the chance to satisfy more than just my mouth! It was in my hand, starting to take its original shape and harden. I wondered at what point the progression would stop, at the risk of no longer even being able to introduce it anywhere!

Another was waiting for my good services and my benevolence, but

everything in its own time! I already had to deal with the first one. While I was teasing him, Michael approached, asking me discreetly:

— Well now, you seem to really like this one ...

— Humm, I love it, just a few difficulties getting it in my mouth, my hand has trouble getting all the way around it ...

It was truly impressive, but given the pleasure it could certainly provide me afterward, I was ready to make the effort to conquer and defeat it. Besides, I might as well accelerate and bring the next step closer, knowing that two other pleasant phalluses, although of more humble sizes, were waiting for me.

I quickened the pace, feeling it become boiling hot, and felt my hand fill under the pressure of a power washer. After requesting tissues, I finally took care of the other two, applying my suction effect as best as possible, while for more ease, I took the precaution of entrusting my top to Michael.

Conscientiously and relentlessly, I led my tools toward the ultimate outcome, a situation in which I could have applied a mineral salt mask to my chest... I set off in search of my big and beautiful first one, whom I did not find.

No doubt he had been satisfied with what I offered him and left the premises. It was frustrating for me: to desire and not to have, a situation I very rarely knew. Two guys about 35 years old, very funny, cornered me in another room

while I was observing a young woman busy on her knees with a handsome stranger. She was visibly sweet, very sexy and sensual, and found me right next to her. Occupied with her left hand, I felt her right hand caress my calf, then move up under my skirt while caressing my thigh and resting on my thong.

I caressed her beautiful, long, and silky blonde hair as a sign of acquiescence, then felt her finger skillfully slip under the edge of my underwear, quickly reaching my emotional point. It then wandered between my lips and I felt it enter, provoking an intense heat within me.

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