



*Kely,  
Rein to pleasure ...*

**II**

**CECILE HEBELLE**

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## **Excursion to the Bois de Boulogne**

Sometimes we felt the urge to wander through Paris at night, to see or observe what was happening. Our desire was often held back by the fact that driving around Paris after a certain hour meant about a one-in-three chance of being stopped for an ID check. A couple wandering near the Bois de Boulogne or the Bois de Vincennes had a three-in-five chance of being stopped for the same reasons and let's not even talk about blonde women, who had a four-in-five chance of being intercepted...

A friend of ours in the police, with whom we shared a similar experience, told us that one had to wonder nowadays

who the real deviants were: the voyeurs? the prostitutes? the clients, or the police? Groups formed within their ranks specifically to be assigned to night patrols in these zones, based on the principle that couples visiting these places at night implied a desire for sexual participation.

It was, in fact, a well-thought-out logic that allowed them to combine business with pleasure and organize true "woman hunts." If they spotted blonde hair, their logic immediately turned into a certainty.

Curiosity led us one evening, after a late dinner, to drive home via the Bois de Boulogne to see what was going on, though without any particular or premeditated intention. After stopping for a few minutes, we observed the coming and going of cars, a few couples,

and lone men, unable to imagine how the encounters actually unfolded or materialized, all within an apparently seedy atmosphere. I was intrigued by the communication codes these people used to identify each other; a number of headlight flashes like Morse code? I had no idea, but it was instructive to know. Observing the vehicles, it seemed the number of flashes corresponded to a very specific request.

We were on the edge of the woods in a very quiet area, allowing us to observe from a distance without being right in the middle of the crowd. Without seeing it coming, we were suddenly caught in the beam of an extremely powerful flashlight as two guys appeared out of nowhere and approached our vehicle. The torch had identified the "game" inside. I was dressed lightly, as always in

the evening and according to my style, but in a proper outfit legs bare as usual and my chest highlighted. One couldn't exactly claim to be in the woods at one in the morning to play marbles!

Presenting himself at the window, the officer of the law addressed us:

— Good evening, can you tell us what you are doing parked here at this hour?

— We came for a drive to see what happens in these woods as spectators; is that forbidden? I replied with a smile.

— And to be good spectators, you park your vehicle in the undergrowth? Strange!

— We are parked on a street, not in the woods, aren't we?

— Yes, well... Er... Do you know we can take you in for an ID check?

— We didn't know, but we weren't doing anything wrong!

— Well, that's what you say, but I'm not convinced, the policeman replied.

— I don't believe I've committed any offense on a public road!

Evidently, I had caught the eye of the one questioning me. He stepped away for a moment to speak with his colleague, not to discuss an infraction, but rather to adopt a strategy to have me. Even if the situation was droll, on a civic level it was unacceptable, a clear abuse of power. Thinking further, those who ventured out at this hour implied a full and unreserved acceptance of entering into a game and could not ignore it...

— They're setting us up for a scam, I said to Michael.

— Yes, and I think you are the object of the scam because we've done nothing wrong on a public road; it's just talk... In my opinion, they sized you up by your outfit, knowing that if you're in the woods at this hour, you're no little saint... They're taking the opportunity!

— On the other hand, taking on two cops in a real-life context is quite exciting... isn't it?

The policeman returned to the door and proposed a deal.

— Well, as far as I'm concerned, I don't believe you; to me, this is an outrage on a public road!

— Have I exhibited my body in any way? Shown you my breasts, for example?

— Er, no, well, not yet. Er... I mean, not to me! he said, getting flustered.

— And if I open my blouse for you now? You won't be able to say that anymore...

— Fine, okay, okay! I'll offer you a deal. Our car is parked right over there, in the path you see here... You come with us for a few minutes and we'll turn a blind eye, alright?

— Okay, let's say I finally accept your game, let's go!

— Er... Michael added, if it doesn't bother you too much, can I come along? I asked our interlocutor.

— Yes, yes! No problem, but stay discreet... the policeman replied.

We drove our car up to theirs. Michael watched me get out of our vehicle and head toward their service car. They had me sit on the front seat with my legs outside. The place was very quiet. My interlocutor unbuttoned my blouse and took my chest in his hands, vigorously massaging my breasts. I could feel he was excited like a madman.

He then freed his virility, offering it to my lips, then slid it between my breasts, which I pressed against it to hold it during my back-and-forth movements; he couldn't hold back for very long. With increasingly panting breath, he spilled between my breasts and flooded my chest. His partner, stopping his own activity beside me, then offered his erect

tool, sliding it into my mouth while steadying my head with his hands. At his request, I turned over on the seat, presenting my backside, which he uncovered by pulling my skirt up to my loins; he entered that sanctuary for just a few minutes before spilling onto my back.

The first one returned to my backside and entered the space his colleague had left open. Michael, witnessing the scene, turned to the second one and said:

— Do you find it courteous to intercept a woman in a car with a man just because she's in the woods?

— To tell you the truth, I judged Madame at first glance and knew you were looking for something; if you had refused, we would have left. It was just a

slightly forced game, but we know women love a uniform; we even have regulars who come here!... he said, laughing.

— In fact, it's almost become a role-play here at night!

— Yes, practically, that's about it; we even fight sometimes to be assigned here!

— Aren't you afraid of being caught?

— We have a colleague on patrol nearby!

While I was fixing my clothes, I was surprised to see a third policeman from their team arrive discreetly, probably having finished his patrol nearby, calling out to his two colleagues:

— Hey, cool it guys! While I'm working, you're getting your kicks... And what about me, huh?? Addressing me:

— Good evening, Madame, sorry!

— Sorry for what? I replied laughing. Where are you from?

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## **The hunger justifies the means.**

Michael was in discussions regarding an important contract with an extremely wealthy Lebanese client living in Africa, one of the pillars of the African

economy. While he was visiting France and staying relatively far from the capital, it had been agreed, to save time, to meet at Elias's firm, with Elias inviting him to dinner. Following some mechanical problems that left us momentarily with only one vehicle, I accompanied him and then drove back down to Paris.

It was with great pleasure that Elias introduced him to his brother-in-law, the handyman who was also in charge of managing the French firm. Michael maintained a friendly relationship with Elias; his pied-à-terre adjoined the firm, and it was Elias himself who prepared the dinner.

— You are not only a formidable businessman but also a fine cook! said Michael.

— Cooking is something that relaxes me, you see; I release my stress! replied Elias.

— I share your sentiment because it is also a passion of mine.

— Tonight I'm making a dish typical of our home, with mutton and peas; you'll see, with cinnamon it's absolutely delicious! Business, eventually, holds no more pleasure, just a routine that wears you out faster than others...

His dish was indeed delicious, and we continued the discussion over a few glasses of Arak.

— You know Michael, we have a very important distribution network in Africa and the Middle East; if we come to an agreement, you and I could do great things.

— I certainly hope so and see no reason why it shouldn't happen.

Elias was a tall and handsome man, always with a smile on his lips, extremely courteous and full of humor. Michael quickly told him about the vehicle mishaps he was facing, and Elias resolved it immediately.

— Given the hour and to simplify our lives, I suggest you sleep here at my place tonight; tomorrow I have to go down to Paris and can drop you off there first thing if you want. That saves you from having to send someone to pick you up tonight!

— Well, I agree and thank you for your hospitality!

— You're welcome! And besides, talking with you is an immense wealth.

They recalled their last meeting in Abidjan and spoke generally about his business and his presence in the four corners of Africa. The next morning, detained on the phone, Jean, his brother-in-law, and Michael waited for him next to two large Rolls Royce limousines parked side by side.

"Beautiful machine!" said Michael.

— Yes! But they never last very long; he manages to break the engines!

— But how does he do it?

— He doesn't go easy on them and drives as if he were on an F1 circuit! Every year they have to be changed...

At more than 250,000 Euros a piece, it must have been expensive per kilometer

for him... He finally arrived, and we boarded, heading for Paris.

— My appointment is near Porte Maillot; would you mind dropping me there?

— Not at all, it's actually perfect for me.

— Tell me, I was thinking, if you are free tomorrow night, perhaps we could have dinner together in Paris?

— In principle, there shouldn't be a problem tomorrow...

— Perhaps you could, among your acquaintances, have two beautiful young ladies accompany us?

— Uh... I'll see what I can do, but I think it could be arranged...

— Good, let's say 8 p.m. here at the same spot.

— Ok! Thanks for this bit of the road and see you tomorrow!

Michael returned home worried. He had, so to speak, committed to this dinner and found it hard to cancel. On the other hand, satisfying his friend's desire was a further step toward solidifying his friendship, not to mention business and his interests... He was waiting for me at Porte Maillot, and I came to pick him up.

— Hi my love, so you arrived safely! How was your evening?

— Great, we get along very well, plus he cooks like a chef.

— What do we do now?

— It's still too early for lunch; let's head home!

I saw he was worried; something seemed to be bothering him, and I asked:

— You look worried, honey; am I wrong? — Well... a little, yes... I'm thinking...

— Maybe I can help?

— I don't know, it's a bit of an ambiguous situation, here it is: Elias invited me to dinner with him and his brother-in-law tomorrow night in Paris.

— Well, that's cool!

— That's not all! He asked me if I knew two girls who could accompany us to this dinner! But I don't have any girls of that type among my acquaintances; I

mean, in plain language, I don't know any call-girls I can call just like that on the fly!

— Ouch! That is indeed a problem... let me think for five minutes...

— I also answered mechanically, thinking of the professional relations between us; it was afterward that I realized the blunder!

— I might have an idea! I can already find one girl for you.

— Oh really?? You know one?

— Yes, Me!!!!

— You're joking, I hope!

— Not at all, darling; besides, I've never seen him and he doesn't know me; and

anyway, a guy is a guy; so client or not, for me there is no difference.

— What have I gotten myself into!

— But I'm thinking! I'm going to contact Lisa; she's always ready for any unusual plans; plus, we both get along great!

— Is she even free? It's not certain...

— For me, she'll do her best; let me give her a call.

A few minutes later, I came back to Michael announcing good news.

— Well, I just got her, bingo! She's free tomorrow night.

— But did you at least explain it to her?

— Yes, I gave her a very precise briefing.

She's coming with me; we'll spend the evening with the two guys, starting with a dinner and finishing at the hotel. I'd even tell you that the end of the mission excited her even more than the dinner, and to tell you the truth, me too...

— Damn, what sluts you both make...

— No, my treasure, you see, everyone gets their share; besides, from what you told me, they are physically attractive! When I take on ten guys in an evening, it's no better!

— Just a slightly different context;

— Yes, well, it fixes the situation; it amuses me and you save face. Lisa is

coming to join us here between three and four p.m. tomorrow.

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