


**Cécile Hébel**



**Eroticism, Love,  
Swinging  
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## **1- The Reunion**

Fifteen years had passed since the explosion of the family unit, leaving nineteen-year-old Séverine to her own devices. Separated from her dear mother, whose boundless hypersexuality led her to chase after new thrills, Séverine was left to fend for herself. Mike had left France for good, yet he often thought of the moments he had secretly shared with the woman who had been his partner for several years, memories filled with the uninhibited and intense images of the swinging lifestyle they had maintained in total complicity. Most often, his thoughts returned to that wonderful young girl who, at eighteen, wanted to defy her

mother by being even more hypersexual than she was.

Thus, she had secretly taken Mike as her lover, making him the master and director of her own fantasies, unknowingly using her mother's acting talents through various scenarios.

The couple's breakup had been marked by the mother's parental alienation, as she sought at all costs to destroy the relationship her daughter wished to maintain with Mike, likely to prevent her own libertine lifestyle from reaching her daughter's ears.

However, the poor woman could not have suspected that her daughter was already aware of every sexual facet of her life, having orchestrated it through several steamy, naughty scenarios. Left

to herself, Séverine fell into the arms of the first man who came along in an unbalanced and unhealthy union where her sensual and exceptional physique was the only reason for their bond.

Mike received information from afar confirming that she moved from one partner to another, eventually leaving her with two children from two different fathers. She found herself living alone, raising her children as best she could, without a job and with no income other than what she received from social services. Mike remembered the suffering of her early childhood, marked by the separation from her biological father during her first years, a time she had recounted to him many times when they were together. Her only obsessive pleasure had been pressing her ear to her mother's bedroom door at night,

listening to and sometimes following her mother's trysts with her lovers. This was undoubtedly why she was so sexually driven when, at the age of eighteen, she arranged for Mike to become her lover. The situation was comical! Mike shared a close complicity with his partner, while sharing an even greater one with her daughter, to the point of becoming her intimate confidant.

Given her appetite and sexual capacities, Mike suspected that this aptitude would one day become detrimental to her relationships with others, as she would be unable to satisfy her needs with partners of a completely different psychological level.

During all those years, Mike had amassed a considerable fortune through his business and often dreamed of

helping her materially. Dreaming was easy, but doing so was a much more difficult and delicate task, especially when she changed partners like she changed nightgowns!

According to the latest information he received, she had decided to live a cloistered life, withdrawn into herself and seeking refuge in religious mysticism, so much so that her children had to take refuge with their respective fathers.

Mike finally succeeded in locating her and planned to contact her, despite a certain anxiety regarding the potential damage caused by her mother's attempts to dissuade her from pursuing any relationship with him. After several unanswered emails, she finally wrote back, maintaining a certain distance that

gradually faded as communication was established and they were able to talk online. While it was easy for Mike to jump back fifteen years, it was much harder for her for several reasons; her silence over so many years was mixed with a sense of shame, embarrassment, and misplaced pride over what she had become.

Mike announced his upcoming intention to come to France and visit her, an intention she agreed to, albeit with reluctance. Mike arrived at her home one morning, about a hundred kilometers from Paris. Small, few-story buildings lost in the wilderness, a gloomy and cold environment that constituted her daily life. The social context was vastly different from where he had left her to her sad fate. He rang the intercom, then went upstairs when the door opened. He

found the confidante of his life, greeted by a timid smile; her physique was unchanged, tall and sculptural and a discreet spark, masked by her dreary daily life, emanated from her large black eyes.

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## **6 - The Setup**

Over the next two or three days, many things were settled. Mike refilled the pool. With a few lingerie purchases, the house was habitable enough for them to stay.

— I got a call from the garage; your car is ready. We can pick it up tonight if you want!

— Wow, great!!!! Let's go!!!!

— We'll take a quick drive for dinner to get you used to it, then we'll head back with both cars; I'll follow you in the rental.

— Hmm, I'm going to make myself beautiful for this new adventure; it's giant...

Séverine, increasingly coquettish and sexy, prepared for this inauguration that, until now, had only existed in her dreams. They went to the garage and took possession of the vehicle. Mike left his car in the parking lot, and they both climbed into the new one. After a lap or

two around town, Mike handed her the wheel, recommending extreme caution.

— You have to be careful because this is a powerful machine. You need to go easy, especially since you haven't driven in a long time. It's an automatic, so no major driving issues.

— Hmm, I'll be able to pick up guys!

— No need; they'll pick you up without you doing a thing.

Séverine felt surprisingly at ease with the new car, admiring the interior and the monster she held in her hands.

— Fine! How about dinner to celebrate?? Mike suggested.

— Great idea! Where are we going?

— I'll let you choose!

— My beautiful car is black, uh... Let's go eat Caribbean, good idea, right?

— Suits me. There's a great place in Marly, not far, and the food is superb!

It wasn't very crowded on this weekday evening, but the atmosphere was still festive. A tall Black man came to welcome them warmly. "Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to our place; I'm José, at your service!" They took a table in a quiet corner and looked over the menu.

— Did you see that guy, how handsome and built he is? Séverine said, astonished.

— You're scaring me, because every time we go somewhere, something always happens...

— No! But he is super handsome and has such charm!

— True, I'll agree with you that.

They placed their order, with José constantly ogling her like crazy. She was dressed in a short skirt and a very light white voile blouse, in short, always clothes appropriate for a "violation." They started their Creole appetizers while Séverine looked for the restrooms.

— Excuse me, Mr. José, where are the restrooms?

— In the basement near the kitchen!

— Thank you!

— Well, I'll be right back, Séverine said.

— I'm not worried; you won't go far here! Mike replied ironically.

At the bottom of the stairs, she crossed paths with José, who pointed out the restroom door and added: "You, little gazelle, when I see you, I devour you with my eyes." He burst out laughing and disappeared into the kitchen. Upon her return, Séverine couldn't help but tell Mike what had happened in the basement.

— It's crazy for him to say that to me like that, don't you think?

— It's instinct guiding him while looking at you. And besides, your style

isn't very discreet; you're more the tease than the nun.

— But isn't that what you love about me?

— Definitely, yes...

They discussed their projects throughout the meal—there was much to talk about! After enjoying themselves, José came to offer them dessert, and they exchanged a few words.

— Are you from around here? José asked.

— Let's say not too far, at least in the Yvelines.

— I'll offer you a little house rum, José said with a wide smile.

— That's kind, thank you! Séverine replied, her eyes bright with eagerness.

— But Madame, you seem so joyful tonight! José said, amused.

— Uh, Mademoiselle... I'm celebrating my new car! she said with a big smile.

— What!?! Well, you're lucky! Mine broke down yesterday, and I have to take the train or a taxi, and at night, it's not cheap! José replied.

— But where are you going, is it far? Mike asked him.

— I'm at the far end of the department, a good fifty kilometers away, pfff... José said. Excuse me, I have to go down, I'll be back.

— Can you believe that? That's really far! Séverine said.

— Yes, and what's more, it's only about ten kilometers from our place!

— Maybe we could offer to drop him off?? Séverine suggested. He's super nice too...

— You decide; it's your car, my dear!

José came back up, finishing serving his last two customers, and returned to their table.

— Coming back to those car stories, yesterday I had my head waiter who lived not far, but today is his day off, pfff...

— You're about ten kilometers from our place; maybe we could drop you off? Séverine proposed.

— If you did that, you would really be doing me a massive service! You can't imagine, José replied.

— How soon can you leave? Mike asked.

— Just enough time for you to drink another little rum. I've brought them dessert; I just have to ring them up. The cook handles the closing.

— Okay, we'll wait for you! Séverine confirmed.

Sipping their rum, Mike thought about the drive back.

— To keep it simple, I'll take the rental car and follow you.

— Okay, so he goes with me, right?

— Well, that seems the most intelligent and, above all, the most practical.

The three of them stepped out of the restaurant and headed to the car.

— Holy cow! What a machine, José said, surprised.

— It's her new car, Mike retorted. Séverine had to drop Mike off at the garage so he could pick up the second vehicle, and then they followed each other gently.

— We can use the familiar 'tu' if it doesn't bother you? Séverine suggested.

— On the contrary, it's better! What's your name?

— Séverine!

— You have quite a car, I must say! What do you do for a living, little gazelle?

Séverine felt very at ease because it was the first time she was chauffeuring a guy without putting Mike in an awkward position by his presence.

— I'm currently creating a club.

— A club? What kind of activity?

— A club for little gazelles in heat, she said, laughing.

— No, you're joking? José replied, bursting into laughter.

— No, it's true! I'm not joking! — Mind you, between us, physically you certainly have the style!

— What style? A little gazelle in heat?

— Yes, one in the middle of a fire, it shows! And Mike, who is he?

— He's my best friend, my confidant, and my partner.

— When I saw you tonight, and now in the car looking at those long legs, you really make me melt!

— That's why there's a bulge in your jogging pants, isn't it, you naughty boy! she retorted, laughing.

— It's very possible, yes. And what do you do in this club?

— I welcome the members, I smile, I let myself be fondled, I exhibit myself, sometimes getting fucked like a total... well, I exhibit myself, it's a lot of work, you know!

— Hmmmm, can I touch your breasts?

— They're right there on display, aren't they? And can I touch too? she said.

— Please! We're on the highway, we've got nothing to fear.

— I'm driving slowly, we have all the time!

José rummaged through her blouse, freeing her breasts, while Séverine released the beast from his jogging pants, and what a beast! While she held the steering wheel with her left hand, she

masturbated him slowly with her right; she had never seen one so large since she visited a club with Mike when she was nineteen.

— You excite me beyond belief; you make me hard as a fool!

— It's true you have a beautiful cock; I really want to celebrate it...

— Make a little room between your thighs so I can slide my hand in, little gazelle!

— You're very handy with your fingers! Hmm, I love that...

— You don't need to brake; you can leave your legs wide open, yes... like that!

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