

**CECILE HEBELLE**



**Behind Desire's  
Bars**

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## **6 – Services and Favors**

Shortly after and before the meal distribution, an unknown female guard came to open their door, signaling Estelle to follow her.

— Where are we going? Estelle asked.

— Management asks to see you.

Estelle crossed endless quarters, stairs, and landings that looked less and less like those of a prison. She entered a pretty waiting room, still escorted by the guard. A few moments later, a door opened, and she recognized the director, all smiles. He led her into his office, dismissing the guard from waiting. He asked her to sit down; his office was in a sixty-four style within a decoration completely different from the one existing in the buildings! A second,

slightly smaller desk was set up in the same room but unoccupied.

— I asked to see you given the professional skills you mentioned, and knowing that for me, you are not a prisoner in every sense of the term.

— How could I be of use to you?

— You are capable of typing a letter, I suppose?

— I suppose so! she said, laughing.

— Ok, show me what you can do, sit at the desk next to me, open the computer, and type a text that I am going to dictate to you.

After a few minutes, the director dictated a letter to her, which she typed as fast as

he dictated it. He asked her to print it and handed it to him.

— Not even a single mistake! he said, smiling.

— Well, that seems normal to me, doesn't it?

— Well, let me explain; I had a secretary who left us for family reasons. They sent me another one with the IQ of a mussel. When she typed, she used two fingers with two mistakes per word!

— So if it interests you, I could set up a special program for you, allowing you to work here by my side and benefit from a regime that could be called a preferential regime.

— As far as I am concerned, it is a yes right away! she said with a wide smile.

He explained the main administrative tasks to be fulfilled as well as what he expected from her. They talked for a long time about subjects concerning prison life and private life, often bursting out laughing as if they had known each other well for years.

— Oh damn!! I made you miss your dinner! he said, sorry.

— It is nothing, do not worry about that!

— Oh, but it does worry me! he said.

There was a door in his office equipped with an electronic code lock. Intrigued, she asked him what that door was for.

— This door is an access exclusively reserved for me leading to my official apartment, I alone have the combination and the key!

— It is extraordinary, we are in the middle of science fiction!

— You want to see? Really?

— Oh yes! I am very curious!

After a few short manipulations, he opened the door and they walked down a long white corridor to another door that he opened with another key.

— There, you see with your own eyes! he said, laughing. It was a beautiful apartment, spacious and luxuriously furnished, with every comfort.

— This is where I spend most of my time, where I even take my meals!

— Incredible!

— By the way, come with me into the kitchen, I am going to give you something to eat!

— You are too kind!

— On the other hand, I am sorry, I unfortunately only have frozen lasagna left to offer you.

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## **7 – The Taste for Night Risk**

She approached him with a slow and enticing pace, Jean-Pierre, distinguishing her firm breasts under her blouse, took them in his hands while unbuttoning it, then took her in his arms, kissing her

passionately. Estelle slid along his body, unfastened his pants, releasing his erect manhood which she took delicately between her lips, moving back and forth very gently, letting her agile tongue voluptuously swirl around his glans.

— Hmm, what experience you have!

— I love men, it is normal for a hypersexual!

— I believe I am just like you...

— Hmmm, we might get along very well then...

Jean-Pierre could take no more, those lips sliding along his shaft led him to the edge of explosion, he seized her head uttering a muffled cry and spread his elixir in her mouth, Estelle continuing her pumping. He took her hand and led

her into the bedroom. She pushed him onto the bed and came to impale herself on him, swaying in a slow, rhythmic back-and-forth movement, savoring every second. Jean-Pierre rolled her firm nipples between his fingers while nibbling them between his lips.

— Hmmm, you are a woman who likes to offer herself to men, I love it!

— I also like naughty women together, it is good!

— It is one of my fantasies!

— Hum, a little swinger, eh!? They let their fantasies pour out, triggering a burning fire between them, amplifying Estelle's undulations on his shaft. She took it in hand and introduced it between her buttocks, sinking down on it.

— You drive me crazy, I imagine men around you in a Gang Bang taking you in every way...

— Hmmm... I love being taken by several, without taboos, just being an object of pleasure...

Jean-Pierre clenched his hands on her breasts, both exploding in the joy of their orgasm. A passionate kiss sealed the moment, each savoring the shared happiness. Although Estelle had a very special pass, although the prison staff was aware, she could not spend the night outside her cell without attracting the attention of the guards, she had to go back. She dined quickly with Jean-Pierre then dressed in a more traditional outfit before leaving him. On her return, she told her latest adventure to her friend

Sophia, always more and more appalled by what she heard.

The two girls noted that since Estelle's assignment to the general management, the night rounds stopped lighting up the cell at each passage, under the very probable motive that the personnel appointed by the director should benefit from a deep sleep.

— I think that soon we will be able to share a real bed! said Estelle, doubled over with laughter.

— With you, I am no longer surprised by anything!

— Despite the current calm at night, I should, for security reasons, put a decoy in my bed, to make it look like I am there. Do you see the idea?

— I'll take care of it tomorrow, I have what is needed!

— I miss you so much right now...

— I also find the time long!

The two girls embraced, kissing each other tenderly. Sophia lay on her bed with her legs apart, offering her fleece to Estelle. Estelle took very special care to erect her clitoris while she fisted her deeply until the final orgasm. Estelle set to work knowing that several letters had to be prepared then sent during the day. Jean-Pierre, opening his secret door, appeared in the office and kissed her.

— How are you today?

— Great, I slept like a baby, Jean-Pierre replied amused.

— And you, did you sleep well?

— A fabulous night, yes!

— Since they received instructions from me to no longer turn on the lights in the middle of the night, it helps!

— I thought so... it was you!

Jean-Pierre was happy as a lark, talking about one thing and another, wandering alone with his thoughts. Suddenly, he took his phone and reserved a table for two guests the same evening.

— Well!? Monsieur is preparing a little lovers' dinner tonight? she said, laughing.

— Ah yes! It has been a long time since that happened to me! he said proudly. It

is a small, discreet restaurant in a pedestrian street.

— Yes well, you don't have to tell me everything!

— Hmm, I am certain you will like it!

— What!?! Excuse me?

— Yes! I think you are going to love it.

The fact of having removed the night checks was not a pure coincidence. Jean-Pierre knew that with these night checks ceasing, Estelle could be everywhere and nowhere. At the end of the day, she entered the apartment to put on city clothes, blending into the anonymity of the evening.

— What do we do now? she said, still very intrigued. They crossed the

apartment to find themselves facing another "secret" door located near the kitchen.

— The use of this service door is exclusively reserved for me, allowing me to take my car, to come and go outside the checks and video surveillance.

— Wow! It is giant!

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