

Cécile Hébel

**Behind
Desire's
Bars**

Excerpts

1 - Forewarned is Forearmed

Passionate and hungry for adventure, Estelle, a stunning, slender, 26-year-old blonde, had launched a modeling career that kept her traveling frequently across Europe. A few years earlier, to support herself and pursue her goals, she took on various odd jobs. At the age of 21, she was hired as a temporary clerk in the accounting department of a small company.

In need of a bank loan, she had to provide sufficient proof of income. It was then that she had the fraudulent idea of using the company's documents to create a fictitious financial profile, meeting the lender's criteria. Her application was approved, and she received a check ten days later, allowing her to fund her travels and lead the life

she craved. Naturally flighty and hypersexual, she multiplied her romantic flings and frequently moved house. Over time, she neglected to forward her mail and changed banks as often as she changed addresses.

Though she honored her first few installments, she eventually came to believe she was exempt from her financial obligations. Three years later, while pursuing her modeling career and returning from a trip to Tunisia, Estelle was stopped during a routine check by border police.

Stunned and feeling entirely innocent, she first thought it was a mistake. Taken to an office, a police officer explained the reason for her detention:

— You have been sentenced by the criminal court to ten months in prison for fraud and breach of trust.

In a split second, Estelle lost her cool and panicked, tears welling in her eyes.

— But I don't want to go to prison! I acted recklessly, but I'm not a criminal! she cried out.

— Rest assured, Mademoiselle, I am not going to take you there, the officer replied with a faint smile. You failed to appear at the hearing, and courts often hand down heavy sentences to encourage defendants to show up.

— Oh my God, thank you for telling me. I'm so relieved!

— Yes, but be very careful, the officer warned her. You will be summoned

again, and this time, do not forget to appear.

2- Steps into the Abyss

Upon her return from Dubai, as she landed at Nice airport, she was once again detained by the border police, under far more serious circumstances this time. She was notified of a ten-month mandatory prison sentence following an iterative default judgment from the initial proceedings.

3 - Forbidden Desires

When night fell, each returned to her bed, sliding into rough sheets. Estelle kept her eyes open in the silence of the night, reflecting on everything she had just been through. She perceived a slight, repetitive movement of a sheet rubbing against something, a friction whose

rhythm was gradually accelerating. She quickly realized that Sophia was touching herself, catching her increasingly ragged breathing.

— Sophia? Are you awake? Estelle asked in a languid voice.

— Hmmm... No... I'm thinking about my new cellmate, her eyes, her body, her lips...

4 - Prison Mischief

Sophia explained that depending on her "kindness," she could discreetly benefit from perks, like showers outside of regulation hours. The key was for everything to happen as discreetly as possible, for both the staff and the inmate.

Sophia began telling her about the little secrets of the floor. She mentioned a guard nicknamed "The Wasp," an attractive woman in her forties often assigned to the showers, who had very specific affinities for certain inmates, her moods shifting between sensuality and sadism. No one complained; the flaws of the staff, both male and female, provided a daily life that broke the monotony.

—With my high libido, maybe that's the way to find some relief! Estelle said, amused.

— If they find that out, you'll be disturbed day and night! Sophia laughed heartily.

—To tell you the truth, I've almost never spent a night alone...

She explained her lifestyle, marked by her ease in only committing to a man for a single night and an insatiable sexual appetite bordering on addiction. Sophia continued her briefing on the other staff members. She mentioned "Bambou," a young man from Martinique who was very devoted to serving the pretty women day and night, and "Pétard," a handsome boy, superbly well-endowed and always ready to be of service.

Sophia shared some of her experiences during her detention, always under the cloak of utmost discretion, usually under the pretext of taking a shower in the evening after lights out, when no one else was in the corridors. Their conversations were rich with secrets about their intimate histories, touching on the powerful fantasies born of their condition as prisoners.

That evening, during the meal distribution, they noticed Bambou coming on for his night shift. He returned quickly after lockup to their cell, delighted to find Sophia with a new cellmate so sexy and sensual.

— Well, Sophia, I'm sure you won't be bored with her! he said ironically.

— We get along very well indeed, Sophia retorted.

Bambou fantasized on the spot, imagining himself with these two charming creatures, and did not hide it.

— If I don't see you before then, I wish you a good night!

Given his hint, Sophia followed her instinct and warned Estelle of a possible surprise:

5 – When the Uniform Makes the Exception

Around 11:30 p.m., the door opened noiselessly, Brutus signaling them to follow him. He closed the door and they headed silently toward the shower room. The space was divided into two parts, a collective room separating each shower with a plastic curtain, and another section containing only two stalls. It was with a great smile that they took off their clothes to find themselves both under the same shower.

They soaped each other while embracing, their hands sliding over their silky skin, occasionally casting a naughty and desire-filled eye on the two half-naked men, only dressed in their shirts, admiring their sculptural physical beauty. Sophia, looking at her predators,

knelt down and placed her tongue between Estelle's lips.

The two men, at the sight of the spectacle, did not remain indifferent,

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