

CECILE HEBELLE

**Kely,
Free Rein to
Pleasure**

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Excerpts

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.

2-Naughty hide-and-seek

Taking his ease as if he were at home, he turned on the television and fixed his choice on a film currently broadcasting that seemed relatively daring, where half-naked girls pursued by hungry men tried to hide in a castle...

The film suggested the idea of proposing a game to them in the same spirit, thus furnishing our evening. Looking at Michael's bright and greedy eyes and his mischievous air, I proposed organizing a game of hide-and-seek in our immense house, accompanied by forfeits for the loser (male or female). After drawing

lots, Michael was designated without much surprise to be the hunter. His role after counting to a hundred consisted of finding his prey in a determined time.

He began his exploration room by room, finding no one on the ground floor; nor by doing a tour of the bedrooms and bathrooms on the first floor.

Coming back down the main staircase he probably realized he had omitted visiting the cloakroom under the stairs, a dark and narrow place. During this time I was leading our guest toward a hiding place where it would be difficult for him to find us.

The place was quite narrow and conducive to a surprise, knowing that I had noticed for a long time the interest he had for me. This time we were forced

together against each other in total silence, me on my high heels and him behind my back. Without making a noise, I tried to check his level of excitement and said to him in a low voice "Oh!? I feel something behind me all hard, what is it" ...-

— I am stuck to your back and it's butted up at the level of your buttocks, they are so beautiful that it's surely a normal reaction for a man right? ...

— So let me check for myself if you want ok?

— Oh... but please I ask only for that!

— Shush! Don't make a noise, he is looking for us...

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