

CECILE HEBELLE

**Kely,
Free Rein
To
Pleasure 2**

Excerpts

Excursion to the Bois de Boulogne

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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.

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