

CECILE HEBELLE

The
Devil's
Kiss

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1. An Unexpected Encounter

Carl, a 35-year-old high-ranking Interpol official based in Lyon, worked in close collaboration with his wife Sarah on highly sensitive cases. The couple tackled secret criminal organizations that exerted their influence in the shadows through an invisible global network. Carl was French, while Sarah, of Australian origin, had lived in France since her youth.

For several years, the couple had taken a very close interest in lodges and various related occult sects, which brought together members from diverse professional backgrounds: notables, doctors, lawyers, judges, police officers, and even simple employees.

One evening, Sarah left the Principality of Andorra by motorcycle to reach Ampuria in Spain, taking a winding road through the mountains. Unfortunately, her motorcycle accidentally left the road and plunged a hundred meters into the ravine, leaving her no chance of survival.

Distraught by this tragedy, Carl, devastated, remained convalescent during a full sabbatical year, trying to rebuild himself after the brutal loss of his wife and partner. Sarah, although she was an experienced rider, was not immune to an accident on such a dangerous road.

The investigation concluded it was a road accident following a skid of her large-displacement bike in a curve. However, knowing that their many joint

investigations into several secret lodges could expose them to great dangers, Carl remained skeptical about the real causes of this accident.

Excerpt 2

An expression as extraordinary as it was strange escaped from Marion's eyes when she mentioned the tragic disappearance of her parents in Australia, victims of a fuel leak on their boat, while as a very young flight attendant she was on a flight between Sydney and Perth.

The rest of the evening unfolded in a captivating exchange of their life stories, their dreams, and their reflections on the world. The hours passed, punctuated by laughter and confidences, creating a budding bond and a deep intellectual

connection. As the night progressed and the city lights brightened, a realization became clear: this encounter marked the beginning of a potential relationship, far beyond a simple dinner.

Carl invited Marion to his place for a last drink, his mind filled with the mysteries and the quiet strength she radiated. Their paths had crossed, and the promise of a sequel hung in the night air. She soon found herself on the sofa half-undressed, sharing their fiery desires.

Carl discovered her flawless physique, her long muscular legs, the shapely forms of her chest and hips; he was spellbound under her charm. He kissed her lightly before they both engaged in a subtle game of tongues, covering her body with kisses from head to toe. They explored their mutual knowledge of the

Kama Sutra for part of the night before they both fell asleep peacefully.

After a few weeks, Carl invited her to move in with him, while Marion, as a crew member, had just started a new position with the national airline. Marion was feeling some new sexual desires and wished to initiate him into libertinism, a field he had only rarely known in the past.

2. Espionage and Libertinism

They went to a club she knew, a popular place frequented by a handpicked clientele. The establishment was arranged with lounges and alcoves, allowing those who desired it to isolate themselves or, on the contrary, to show themselves off.

Marion was dressed in a short silver sequined dress, cut away at the sides, which enhanced the curve of her shape on her high heels. They went to visit the corners in the shadows where couples were clinging to each other. Marion stood upright, observing the antics of a couple surrounded by several men. She fixed Carl with her piercing eyes, a sensual and mischievous smile on her lips while hands explored the curves of her body, stopping on her chest. A man raised her silver dress and passed his hand between her thighs; Marion, through the expression in her eyes, felt a burning desire. Another hand came to uncover her chest, offering her breasts to those who hurried to fondle them.

She was leaned slightly forward when a man penetrated her with his virility, Marion finding herself taken doggy

style. Carl watched the scene with excitement, memorizing every image; he discovered a small star-shaped scar on the outside of her thigh that he had not yet noticed.

Marion was then lying on a table, Carl seeing nothing more than her legs in the air. While Marion was very busy, a very attractive woman pressed against him, taking him by the shoulders and kissed him deeply in a kiss that would not end, while Carl caressed her rump. Suddenly he said to her:

— But I just recognized you! You are Myriam!

— Yes! It's me, don't make a noise, you are being watched, that's all.

— But who are you?

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