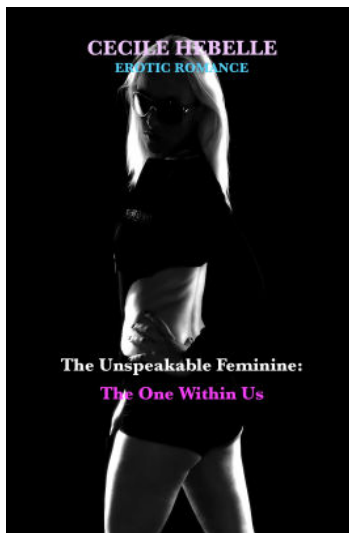


**CECILE HEBELLE**



**The Unspeakable  
Feminine : The One  
Within Us**

## Excerpt

After this interlude, we all felt a slight hunger tickling our stomachs. It was not yet too late, and our friends decided to invite us to dinner at an African restaurant in the capital that stayed open until dawn. Sabine, just like me, adored African cuisine, but I didn't just love the flavors of their food. We quickly arrived at the restaurant, leaving just enough time for Sabine to finish her blowjob in the car. Set in a subdued atmosphere with soft ambient lighting, my partner for the night started a conversation.

"So, what do you think of this little evening?" Chris asked.

"Uh... Not bad at all for a first meeting, a bit too short for my taste, but satisfying," I replied with a naughty smile.

After making our choices, the owner, who was taking care of the service at this late hour, came over to take our order. He was a tall, handsome, very friendly man who hadn't stopped eyeing me since we arrived. His gaze left no doubt about his intentions; if he could have devoured me right on the table, he would have. He took the opportunity to inform us that at this late hour, the kitchen was running on a limited menu, and the wait between courses would be quite substantial.

Chris and his friend Steve chatted amongst themselves, while Sabine and I talked on our side.

"Tell me, it looks like you've caught the owner's eye," Sabine said quietly with a sly smile.

"Hmm... I wouldn't mind having him for dessert, especially since I'm still left wanting..."

Sabine knew my tastes perfectly from having shared them, and knew my addictions to men with prominent members.

After tasting our delicious appetizer, I left the table to answer a pressing call of nature. Not finding the way, the owner came toward me and offered to guide me.

"Down here, it's in the basement, pretty gazelle! Come on, follow me," he said with a big smile.

"I'm following you, let's go..."

I was already imagining all sorts of thrilling and unpredictable situations,

causing an overflowing and undoubtedly perceptible excitement inside me. At the end of a hallway, there were two doors:

"Either you take the left door for the public restrooms, or you take the right door for the private ones," he said with a suggestive and smiling look.

"Might as well go with private, that would suit me just fine!"

I opened the right door and found myself in a clean and pretty bedroom.

"But where am I?" I asked the owner, who was following right behind me.

"Here is my bedroom, and the door opposite is the bathroom. Come, I'll show you!"

He accompanied me to the bathroom and didn't leave the room, staring at me with greedy eyes. I couldn't say anything, and certainly couldn't ask him to leave. I dropped my thong down to my ankles and, pulling up my short skirt, took a seat on the toilet lid...

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