

Petites Luxures

INTIMATE STORIES

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 | LANNOO

FOREWORD

It is almost two years now since I asked you to tell me stories from the fragments of your intimate lives, and several hundreds of you wrote back from all over the world to send me your memories of past mischief and adventure.

Though we were only able to select fifty of your stories for this publication, these sketches all testify to the infinite range of possibilities that exist for men and women in the matters of love and sexuality (alone, or enjoyed within a couple or a threesome, a foursome or a moresome, in a room, at the heart of nature, or at the office), but always with one thing shared in common, namely pleasure.

Some of these stories will make you smile, while others will will undoubtedly take you back to adventures of your own, but whatever happens, just let your imagination stroll and wander down the naughty pathways of desire...



TAMARA

This is the story of two girls.

Both a little shy, but also curious – and poetic. Having spent the day together, they find themselves back in the apartment of one of the girls, with a bottle of wine and some of their favourite books of poetry to share. They take it in turns to read out poems, and then, after a few glasses of wine, they initiate a game: writing the most beautiful verses onto each other's skin.

This begins, of course, with the hands, and then the arms, the back, and so on and so forth, descending ever lower and lower... Tenderly, they exchange their clothes for lines of poetry and naked skin. They then set out to read these lines, first without even touching, and then by tracing with the fingers, and finally with the tongue.

The most beautiful line of all begins at the knee of one of the girls, and ends at the break of day.

*Tamara
Budapest, Hungary*



VICTOR

I was with a girl I had met just a few days before, and we were out walking in the forest, picking mushrooms. I really liked her one hell of a lot. At first, we just went off and did our own thing, but we gradually got drawn closer together. We started out talking in platitudes and ended up lying back on a bed of moss, caressing each other in the middle of the woods.

I have never been so excited in my life, torn between desire and the terrible fear that, given the noise we were making, anyone out for a stroll might catch us in the act at any moment.

*Victor
Grenoble, France*

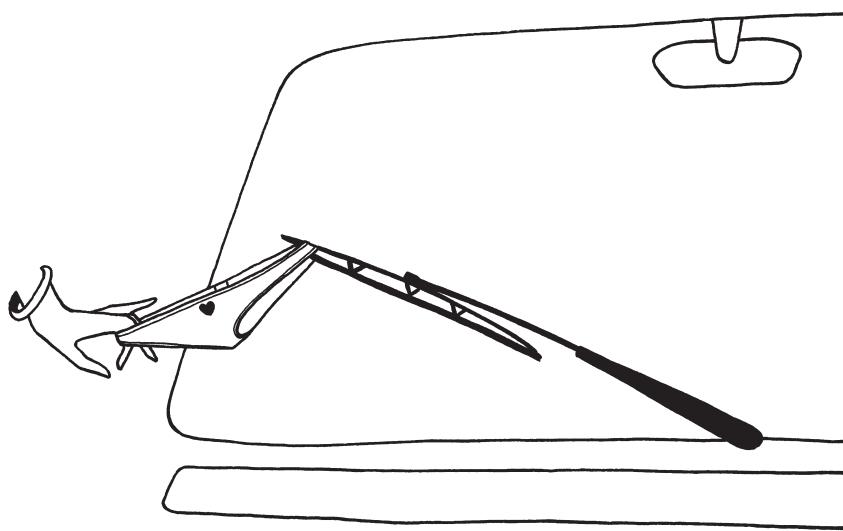


MARIANNA

Coming back from a bar late at night, my boyfriend and I were far too turned on to wait until we got home. What should have been a fifteen-minute walk took nearly an hour – we stopped to make love in an alley (spied on by a taxi!), on the bonnet of a car, and by the time I reached my front door, I was entirely naked, strutting my way down the street ahead of him.

The following morning, I retraced my steps to recover my knickers – left hanging on the windscreen wiper of the car – but someone had already removed them... Oops! That boyfriend has since sadly passed away, but it's still one of my favourite sexy memories

*Marianna
London, England*



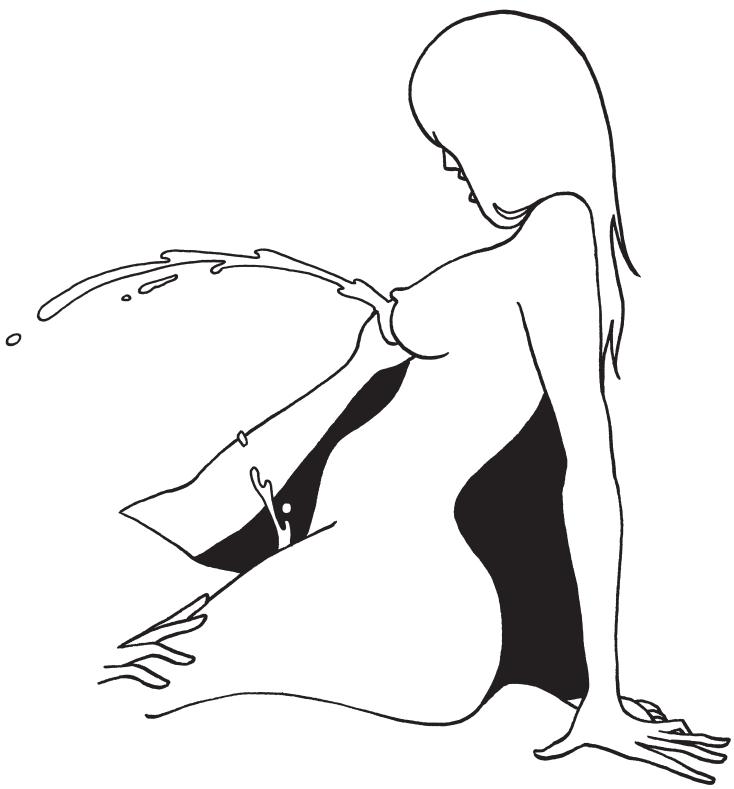
C A L A M E

My wife was breastfeeding our daughter and, engorged with milk as they were, her breasts were a hub of sensuality that just fascinated me. During one of our episodes of passionate jousting, my Amazonian lover was riding on top of me while I caressed her chest adoringly. I never tired of playing with her trembling breasts, and their highly erectile nipples...

As our pleasures merged together, my hands took an ever firmer grip on those two orbs. The vibrant nipples, the throbbing vessels... Our orgasms and our fluids were surging up together: as my semen flooded her deep inside, her milk came cascading all over my face.

Vive la diversification!

*Calame
Embrun, France*



MORGANE

Having met her that same afternoon, I invited her back to my place. She had blown my mind in a way I couldn't really understand... In the evening, when she stood behind me and took me in her arms, I was suddenly overwhelmed by a great tenderness! I had lit some candles on a dresser that had been covered by a scarf. Sat on the sofa, she settled on top of me. Face to face, without saying a word, we looked at each other for the longest time, until, at last, I accepted her kiss.

By the time I opened my eyes, the scarf on the furniture had caught fire, and huge flames were devouring the wall! She stood up, took off her T-shirt and beat the flames to smother the fire! Topless, she took me against the wall. It was the most beautiful night of my life. It's eight years now since she died, but every wall within my body is still aflame with her.

*Morgane
Nantes, France*



THOMAS

That night my device projected stars onto the ceiling, and onto your skin.

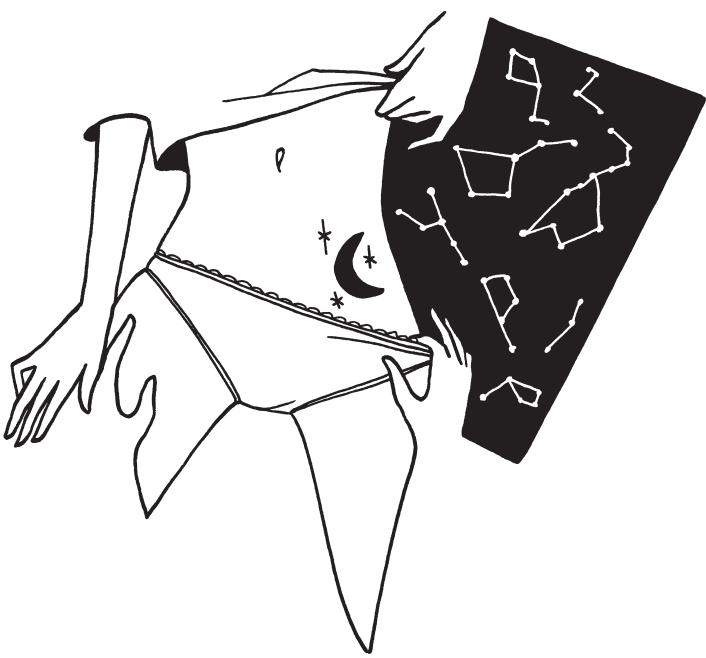
That night, beneath those stars, I made love with you as if you were the principal star in orbit around my head.

That night, I marked your body as much as you tortured my soul.

That night, I kissed the moon-shaped tattoo that adorns your hip so beautifully.

That night, I realised that I loved you more than astronomy.

*Thomas
Senlis, France*

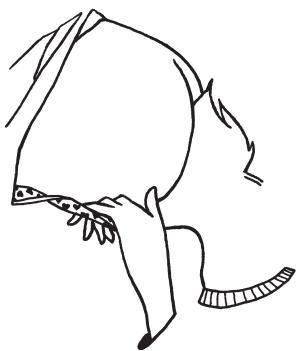


MARIANNE

It was my first time with this man that I would go on to fall madly in love with. We found ourselves in a guest room in the heart of the Cévennes. While I was admiring the view through a little bull's-eye window, he knelt down behind me, lifted my skirt, slid his tongue between my cheeks and proceeded to probe me to an orgasm.

On the one hand I was experiencing something extraordinarily intimate, and on the other I had an expanse of nature stretching out in front of me as far as the eye could see. It's a combination I'll never forget.

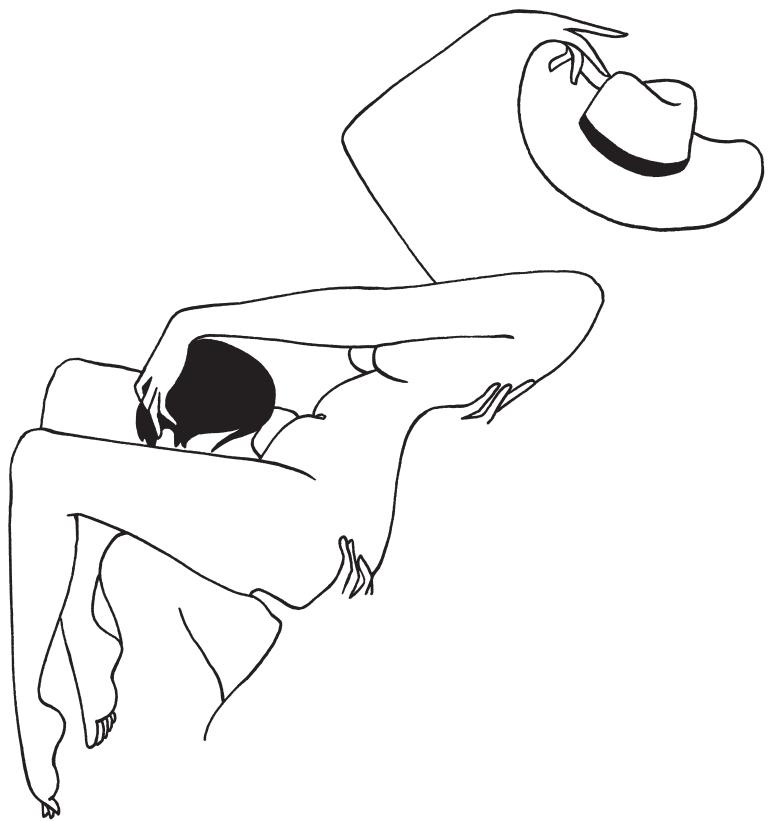
*Marianne
Aubenas, France*



CHLOÉ

One day my partner grabbed hold of me, lifted me up and sat me down, face-on, astride his broad shoulders, where he proceeded to lick me, at a height six feet up from the ground!

*Chloé
Guadeloupe*



S T A N

Seven-thirty in the evening, with the autumn sun in its descent.
We were barely back through the front door and already she was
down on her knees in front of me.

And it still gets to me, even now, when I recall
Her head moving back and forth in silhouette.

*Stan
Paris, France*



F R A N Ç O I S

We meet up in the Ardennes, after a month of separation, far away from where we live in Brittany. Taking a morning stroll in the heart of nature, we stop at a belvedere to admire the misty landscape from the cliff... Wrapped up tight in our winter clothes, desire overwhelms us. Her, leaning back against the railing overlooking a ravine. Me behind her, with my trousers around my ankles, my hands all over her hips and arse. Kisses on the neck, caresses, and thrusting from the hip.

We watch, with some satisfaction, as my sperm takes the great leap forward!

*François
Brest, France*





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