Le Cafe De'Lamour

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A married man is unable to fulfill on his sexual desires at home, so he must engage in his fantasies elsewhere.

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Le CafÃ© de Lâ amour

When I entered Le Cafe de L'amour on Â a cold Saturday night, I had left my wedding ring at home. Â I brushed off the snow from the bottom of my shoes, I shook Jean Pierreâ s slimy warm hands and then I sat down with one of the girls.

Â The girl was interesting to watch. She stroked her hair and fidgeted with her fingernails. She repositioned her body. She stretched out her neck and urged her shoulders back consciously aware of the specific action that would press out her chest.

"Hi, how are you?" I asked, nervously.Â

Â She smiled coyly and looked over at Jean Pierre for reassurance. She shrugged her shoulders.

â Would you care for a casual drink?â I asked.Â

She nodded her head in approval and grazed the side of her bottom lip with her front teeth.

Â â Monsieur,â Jean Pierre said, pouring us Â two glasses of red wine. Â

She held the glass close to her nose. She closd her eyes only the way a French woman could, and took a sip. She looked at me and exhaled in delight.Â

Lust's most valued employee had completed her sinful task, as I felt the effects within minutes.Â

â What is your name, monsieur?â She asked.Â

I hesitated to respond.Â

"Call me anything, you'd like. " I remarked.Â

â Dear, dear, dear. Was she a tough woman? A Â warrior in bed?â she asked, showing me her arm muscles.

Â I felt a bead of sweat trickle down my forehead as I took a sip of wine.

â And you? What are you like in bed?â I asked.

Â She tilted her head and looked up at the ceiling. â I- I do not know. But I do not worry, I could tell that you are quite good."

"How so?"

"Well, it is obvious. The way you talk, the way you walk. You are a very strong and bold man, monsieur."

I stared out through the window into the dark, snowy night. Enthusiastically, I placed the bottle of wine next to her and pulled my seat close.Â Our legs lightly touched.

Â She readjusted her dress by pulling it down over her knees. I used my hand to explore underneath the table and found her naked thigh. It was soft and smooth. She didn't pulled back. I stared into her eyes and she looked into mine, but more powerfully. Â I Â cautiously Â trailed my hand further up her leg. She reached for my hand and Â directed it further up her leg, edging her inner thigh. Â I couldnâ t help but surrender to her touch.

She signaled for the waiter.Â â Cheque please.â

The girl and I left Le Cafe de L'amour hand in hand, and I did not once think about the ring I had left at home.Â

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