**Junior Year Abroad**

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**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 01**  
  
Jim had been looking forward to spending his junior year abroad in France since approximately the ninth grade. He had collected postage stamps as a youth, and in his opinion the best stamps (from an aesthetic standpoint) were from The Soviet Union, Japan, and France. He became a big fan of all three countries.  
  
The Soviet Union however had been communist, and once it became just Russia, the beauty of its stamps declined. The Japanese language seemed to be far outside his abilities (Japanese has characters, like Chinese, and then two other alphabets on top of that!), so he focused on the French. Once he had discovered French food, he was sold! Nothing attracts better than delicious food if you're an adolescent boy.  
  
Jim studied French with a zeal rarely found among high school students, and when he entered college he already knew he would be a French major. To please his father, however, he began in the pre-med program. "If I'm going to pay for your college education, Jim, then you're going to study something useful. Become a doctor and help people, why don't you?" his father had said. What Jim's father said was the law in his family, and you do not break the law. You just don't.  
  
It was hard to arrange being pre-med and taking junior year abroad in France, especially because organic chemistry nearly killed him. Nevertheless, Jim did it. For an oversexed 20-year-old guy (or is that redundant?), to be on such a program, was a gift from heaven, because there were three boys and fifteen girls. Of course, all the girls wanted a fling with a romantic, handsome, French man, and the guys wanted nothing more than to lay a drop dead gorgeous French woman, but neither task was as easy as getting it on with a fellow American junior year abroad student.  
  
Jim was housed with a host family, and that family had a son a year younger than him. The daughter had already left home, choosing to live with her loser boyfriend, and Jim got her room. The son was also a jerk, and Jim's dream of becoming friends with the son so that he would meet some French girls happy to go to bed with him, just didn't materialize.  
  
Instead, Jim found Marybeth, another junior year abroad student. She was a sweetheart, and the romance of being in Paris made it easy for the two of them to develop affection for each other. Marybeth was a bit of an innocent, having only had sex with one other boy, and only a few times at that. She never told Jim who the boy was, and never wanted to discuss her sex life prior to meeting Jim. Jim didn't care, he was infatuated with Marybeth.  
  
Marybeth looked exactly like Jim's dream woman. She had a pretty face, healthy hair, almond shaped eyes, and a mouth you could never get enough of. She also had all the equipment a man would want in a woman: Nicely sized boobs, just the right size for Jim's hands to envelop, child-bearing hips, a tiny waist, a flat tummy, skinny legs (she was 66 inches tall), and a pussy that got wet at the drop of a zipper.  
  
Jim and Marybeth took long walks on the walkways alongside the Seine river, often stopping to kiss. One time, Jim talked Marybeth into going out with him without wearing a bra, and he was constantly hard, watching her boobs gently bounce around with what he called "independent suspension." This also tickled Marybeth to see the effect she could have on Jim by just such a trivial sartorial modification.  
  
One night, after sunset, as the two lovebirds walked along the Seine, Jim was totally aware that once again Marybeth was without a bra. He was charmed. He asked Marybeth if she would flash her breasts to one of the bateaux mouches, the boats filled with tourists that plied the Seine, and that use floodlights to light up the gorgeous buildings that line its banks. En passant, the floodlights of the boats also lit up the two college students strolling on the walkways lining the Seine.  
  
Marybeth, unsurprisingly, was too shy. Jim kept gently pushing her, however, and Marybeth figured it might be a good way to get Jim even more interested in her. After all, he had not yet tried to, well, you know, and quite frankly, she was horny. So, she did it. Jim stood behind her, holding her with his arms around her, and she lifted her blouse to show off her gorgeous boobs to the lucky tourists (many of them Chinese) on the boats, as the floodlights lit the two lovebirds up like little Christmas trees. She didn't really "flash" the boats, since she held her blouse up, showing off her boobs, for the entire time the floodlights lit them up.  
  
Marybeth was right. Jim's affection for her doubled, at the least. After that, he tried to figure out how on earth he could find someplace to get her naked, and enjoy her body to the max. The problem was that they both lived with host families, and there was no way Marybeth could bring a lover to her bedroom with her observant Catholic host family. Maybe it might work with his host family, but it would be awkward; not a propitious first time with a girl as wonderful as Marybeth, he thought.  
  
Jim had a bit of discretionary money from his parents to use "for an emergency." He had a plan. He took Marybeth out for a French meal at a lovely little romantic restaurant he had found, plied her with good wine, and then after dinner they walked around the neighborhood until they were standing in front of one of the great hotels of Paris. He took her into it, taking her to the bar, and they both had nightcaps.  
  
"Let's stay here tonight," Jim said to Marybeth, as nonchalantly as he could.  
  
"In this hotel, you mean?" she asked. Marybeth was impressed: It was such an elegant hotel! Jim nodded. Marybeth thought for a minute. "Do you have rubbers?" she asked. Jim smiled from ear to ear. "Lots of them?" she asked, punctuating her question with a wicked smile. Jim nodded again. God, Jim loved this woman!  
  
Marybeth had been constantly thinking about that time she had flashed the two tourist boats plying the Seine. When their floodlights lit up her boobs for all the people on the boat to see, while the guide droned on about the architecture they were supposed to be looking at, Marybeth set a new record for personal arousal. The boat with the Chinese tourists politely applauded, presumably for her breasts? The boat with the American tourists cheered loudly with whistles, catcalls, and words of -- shall we say -- encouragement, and gratitude? Marybeth loved appreciating the cultural differences.  
  
Days later she was still turned on from the flashing, and she 'blamed' her near constant arousal on Jim. Now he was proposing to rent a hotel room just to have sex with her? Well, why not? She was hopelessly turned on, thanks to him, so why not let him fuck her to a climax? Being in Paris was like time-out-of-time anyway, and isn't that what collegiate people do? They have sex. Lord knows all her friends were fucking their brains out back home in Indiana. Here she was in Paris, France! Of course, she said yes to Jim's sleazy proposal, and more power to him for having the guts to make the proposal. She planned to empty his balls until he had nothing left for a week or more!  
  
How to begin? Blowjob? Cunnilingus? Fingering and kissing? Or just go straight to the main event? She'd let Jim run the show. He's the man, after all.  
  
Jim was having parallel thoughts. He couldn't believe his good luck that Marybeth agreed to the hotel room idea, just like that, and in a heartbeat. She wanted him. She actually wanted him! He had to protect himself: He was in danger of falling in love with her!  
  
After all, not only was she a sweetheart, with a sparkling personality, pretty and sexy, but her kisses invariably got him hard, and she seemed to like that. She had gone braless for him, and then she had flashed the boat due to his pressure on her. She had even flashed a second boat! Jim had a rare bird on the line here, and he was determined not to blow it. He decided to let Marybeth set the pace. Too much, too fast, and he could lose her.  
  
Jim checked them into the hotel (he had secretly made a reservation in advance, on a hope and a prayer), and they took the elevator to their room on the fourth floor, arm in arm, kissing romantically. Jim waited until they got to the room to begin undressing his prize, the lovely Marybeth, who was just as much up for this as Jim, but she would never let him know that. No, she had to play it cool, and just let Jim talk her into everything. Jim was good at that, anyway.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 02**  
  
When Marybeth saw the elegance of the hotel room Jim had rented, she was overwhelmed. She just stood still, almost in shock, as Jim kissed her neck, and began to undress her, one piece of clothing at a time.  
  
Having grown up in the small town of Flora, Indiana, she had little sophistication. Her parents had taken her to Indianapolis, when she was a child, so that she could see a real, working escalator, there not being a closer one. So, to suddenly be in a hotel room designed for the ruling class of the world left her speechless.  
  
She was, however, dimly aware that her clothes were falling away from her body, one piece of clothing after the other.  
  
Quickly, she was reduced to wearing her panties, and nothing else. She woke from her reverie and insight as to how the rich live, to turn and look at Jim. She was not ashamed of her near nudity, and she smiled at Jim. He came to her and kissed her. As they kissed, his hands roamed all over her body, and Jim's roaming, roving, calloused hands felt divine against her smooth, feminine skin.  
  
Marybeth in turn ran her hands through Jim's rich, brown hair. This really turned Jim on. The way she massaged his scalp as they kissed, and as he squeezed her ass, had both of them rising into a fever pitch. Without warning, Marybeth suddenly dropped to her knees. Jim was by now only wearing his briefs, and Marybeth quickly pulled them down.  
  
Jim's already hard cock bounced up into her face, to say hello. Marybeth smiled, and she kissed the tip of Jim's cock. Nobody had ever given Jim a blowjob before, and the prospect that Marybeth would give him one, got him deliriously excited.  
  
Even though almost every single porn video began with a blowjob, in contrast, in real life, at least for the girls Jim had scored with, all four of them, they were all grossed out by the idea of giving him a blowjob. Now with Marybeth doing it of her own volition, without Jim even hinting, well, he was blown away, so to speak!  
  
Marybeth was bluffing. She had never given a blowjob before, but Jim was special, and she wanted to impress him. She knew a few things from having listened to other girls over the years, and in particular, that the most important thing was to hide your teeth! Others were to combine your mouth and your hands, and finally to keep looking up lovingly at the eyes of the man. Last, if you can handle it psychologically, swallow.  
  
Marybeth had never even tasted cum before, but she was determined to be as good as possible and to outdo all the other girls who had given Jim blowjobs, not knowing that she was his first! She played with the head of his cock, licking it with her tongue, and then putting it into her mouth and swirling her tongue all around it. She kept eye contact with Jim, looking up at him lovingly.  
  
At the same time, Marybeth caressed Jim's balls with her right hand. Jim groaned with pleasure, and his groan excited her, since it let her know she was doing good. Her friend Tara had once told her that guys love it when you suck their balls and hum at the same time, so she did that too. Then she pumped his cock with her hand, while her mouth sucked it, going up and down his cock. Jim's groans increased.  
  
Much sooner than she thought, Jim warned her that he was going to cum. He had assumed she wouldn't want him to squirt into her mouth, but Marybeth ignored his warning, and paused for a second to tell him to cum in her mouth. Her saying that, with her innocent and gorgeous face, brought Jim over the edge, and with a huge groan he exploded, sending forceful jets of cum shooting up against Marybeth's tonsils. He shot four big squirts, and then a few little after squirts, and throughout, Marybeth held her own, maintaining a seal like a vacuum on Jim's beautiful cock.  
  
Marybeth opened her mouth to show Jim his copious cum, and then she flamboyantly swallowed. Jim was beside himself at the experience. He fell backwards onto the bed, the happiest man in Paris at that moment.  
  
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"Come over to the window and look at the view. It's gorgeous," Jim said.  
  
Marybeth had found the courtesy terrycloth robes most upscale hotels offer. She covered herself and went to the window. She agreed, the view was wonderful. Then Jim began to kiss her again, and once again, his kisses melted her and she felt wanted, desired, even loved. They were powerful feelings.  
  
As they kissed, Jim pushed the robe off Marybeth's shoulders. It began to slip down her body, held barely in place by her arms, and the belt Marybeth had tied. Marybeth was lost in the haze of lust induced by Jim's wonderful kissing, and his rough, masculine hands running all over her body. She forgot all about her potential exposure in the window.  
  
Jim turned her now naked body to face the window, and he bent her over at a 45-degree angle. Marybeth extended her arms to the sides of the huge French window, so as not to put too much pressure on the glass, as her breasts dangled slightly, seductively, from her chest. Jim then entered her from behind, and Marybeth gasped, realizing that they not only really were going to fuck, but the fuck had already begun!  
  
Jim's hard cock felt wonderful inside her! As he thrust repeatedly she was amazed at just how very good it felt. She had enjoyed a few wonderful fucks before, too. Maybe all fucks were wonderful? Somehow, she doubted that.  
  
As Jim continued to pump inside Marybeth, she began to moan. She knew men liked it when she moaned, and she always enjoyed porn videos more when the women moaned, so she figured that would please Jim, too. It might make him feel macho, you know? She really, really wanted Jim to like her!  
  
Then she realized, finally, around the tenth or fifteenth pump inside her excited cunt, that she was being fucked in full view, via the huge French window! Anyone who looked at that particular hotel window would get a full frontal of her, and also see her during her absolutely most intimate moments!  
  
There are a few ways a woman might react to such a realization. All of them flashed through Marybeth's mind in a heartbeat, but only the most bizarre one stuck with her, she realized. The realization what she was being fucked in the window of an elegant hotel, where lord knows how many anonymous strangers could see her naked body rise and fall with each of Jim's thrusts, turned her on to an extent she had never before thought possible. Almost instantly, she climaxed.  
  
Jim had just driven Marybeth to an extraordinary orgasmic release just by fucking her! He had never driven a woman to a climax with his cock before! Okay, it was not one of those mega cocks you see on porn, and maybe Marybeth has had better cocks before him, but who the fuck cares, if his cock, Jim Hastings' own cock, had made her cum like that!  
  
Jim continued to fuck Marybeth as she whimpered, having rolling orgasms, and collapsing until her boobs were squashed up against the window. Her mouth hung open and her eyes glazed over. Her legs began to crumble and she collapsed to the floor in slow motion. She lay on her back, and Jim spread her legs, climbed up onto her, and he began to fuck her missionary style.  
  
"Condom," she managed to eke out.  
  
"Next time," Jim said, he just had to continue to fuck this woman with the cunt from heaven.  
  
Suddenly Marybeth sat up bolt upright, socked Jim in the jaw, hard, and scooted out from under him. She began throwing her shoes at him.  
  
"You don't love me!" she screamed. "You're just using me, you bastard! You don't care if I get pregnant as long as you get your rocks off! Go to Hell, you bastard, I'm leaving!" Marybeth screamed.  
  
This woke Jim up and he begged her to stay. He was destroyed. He was crying as he did whatever he could to keep Marybeth's love. How could he have been so stupid?!  
  
Marybeth was dressed and halfway out the door when she took pity on Jim. She figured he had been thinking with his penis. Men do that, she knew, when they were overly aroused. And Jim was certainly overly aroused! And why was Jim so turned on? It was all due to her, wasn't it? Okay, one more chance. I'll stay this time, she said to herself.  
  
Marybeth came back in and sat on the loveseat. "Come here, lover, and tell me all about yourself. I want to know everything. We have all night. Tell me no lies and I'll fuck your brains out, but with condoms, of course!"  
  
Jim, relieved beyond belief, began to talk.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 03**  
  
Sitting together in the loveseat of the elegant French hotel, Jim began to recount his life story, and especially how he developed his love for the French language, French food, and everything French. He cleverly left out his lifelong desire to lay a French babe. Well, maybe not lifelong, but certainly ever since he was thirteen years old.  
  
"Where are you from?" Marybeth asked. It was a basic piece of information, after all. She didn't think he was from Indiana, even though their school was IU (Indiana University), but you never really know, do you?  
  
"Evanston," Jim said. Seeing Marybeth's blank look, he said, "It's a suburb of Chicago. It's on the lake." Still blank.  
  
"It's where Northwestern University is," he said. "Northwestern is in Evanston. On the lake. Lake Michigan," and finally there was recognition in Marybeth's eyes.  
  
"Does IU play them? Are they in the Big Ten?" she asked. Where was this bumpkin from, anyway?  
  
"Yes, they're in the Big Ten," Jim said.  
  
"Okay, then, how about this: Does Evanston have an escalator?" Marybeth next asked.  
  
"Are you serious?" Jim asked, and Marybeth clearly got embarrassed.  
  
To try to hide her embarrassment, Marybeth said, "Kiss me, Jim. Make love to me, and don't forget a condom," she said.  
  
"Do you like doggie style?" Jim asked, now excited again, and also immediately hard after Marybeth suggested another round of sex.  
  
"I don't know. Is that anal?" she asked.  
  
"No, it's just normal, ah..."  
  
"Fucking?" Marybeth helped out, and then giggled nervously.  
  
"Yes," Jim said. "I am just behind you while we do it."  
  
"Like two dogs, then," Marybeth said. Back home in Flora, where there's lots of farms, she had seen a variety of animals copulating, while growing up. She always thought that one of the things that made humans different was not having to fuck what Jim had just called, "Doggie style."  
  
"Yes, exactly. But we can do anal if you want," Jim said, trying to sound suave. He was actually excited that Marybeth might even be willing to do anal! Wow.  
  
Marybeth had no idea what 'doing anal' meant. She had always assumed it just meant what Jim called doggie style. Clearly, though, Jim was thinking about two different things. Obviously, anal meant her asshole, but of course Jim couldn't possibly mean that. It's just not possible there, is it? And why would Jim want to stick his cock there, where it's filthy, and dirty? Surely, he wouldn't? She shivered at the idea.  
  
"I want what you want, Jim. You choose, okay? Just don't forget a condom!" she said, and Jim could not believe his ears. He should have asked her where she was from. Was it Mars? No, of course: She was from Venus! Are there more girls there like Marybeth? Jim had no idea that Marybeth was just trying desperately to hide her ignorance, and to seem more sophisticated than she actually was.  
  
Once they were both naked again, Jim positioned the very willing Marybeth on her hands and knees on the bed, and he took her two hips in his two hands. Her brown flower was puckered tight as a drum, and her pussy was so, so very inviting, and it felt so good.... Anal could wait. He was in this with Marybeth for the long haul, right? Boy, he hoped so! Girls like Marybeth didn't grow on trees!  
  
Jim grabbed both of her hips, positioned his cock (in this position he could really see what was going on!) and he plunged right in. Marybeth gasped loudly as he shot into her, balls deep.  
  
"You feel so good inside me," Marybeth said, and she meant it, too. His cock seemed to go deeper, to touch different places in this position.  
  
As they fucked, Jim discovered that it wasn't a fluke that the first time he fucked Marybeth, he gave her an orgasm, that time they did it in the window. He gave her one a second time as they now fucked on the bed, doggie style. Marybeth collapsed on her tummy onto the bed, after her climax, but Jim hadn't cum yet.  
  
"Want to blow me, at the window, princess?" Jim asked.  
  
Still eager to please, Marybeth slid off the bed and crawled over to the window. Jim stood in the window, on full display, and Marybeth managed to kneel and take his cock into her mouth. She was a bit nervous, since Jim's cock had just been inside her, and she had never tasted her own juices. Well, there's a first time for everything, isn't there?  
  
Being naked in the window, her boobs gently bouncing as she blew him, with Jim's cock in her mouth, and where people could see everything (even if probably nobody was looking!), turned on Marybeth beyond all reason.  
  
When Jim said, "Oh, wow! There's a guy watching us from a window in the building across!" Marybeth came on the spot. It took all of her willpower to continue to blow Jim right through her orgasm. Marybeth began to realize that she was not normal. She loved being watched by strangers much, too much. She couldn't help it, though. It was just the way she was.  
  
Marybeth's second ever blowjob was just as good as her first, and once again Jim coated her tonsils with his cum. His load was less copious this time, and Marybeth began to wonder how many more times Jim would be able to cum. Little matter; even if this was the last, it was wonderful, and she was sure she had gone a long way to making Jim her serious boyfriend, at least on this continent!  
  
The two lovers arranged themselves on the bed. Marybeth got shy, suddenly, and pulled the sheet over her boobs. It was just in time, moreover, as there was a knock on the door. Jim pulled on the robe Marybeth had used earlier, and he answered the door. The robe gave him just a faint whiff of her perfume. Even her perfume was perfection itself.  
  
"Turn down service," the pretty French maid said, in heavily accented English.  
  
Jim ushered the French maid into the room, to Marybeth's horror (and secret wicked delight) at the same time. It was so wicked to be naked with just a sheet covering her, and in front of a stranger, to boot. She got turned on, yet again. At least it was a woman, but that made it all the stranger: Was she lusting for another woman? Well, why not? She had learned all about the ancient Greeks, and their sexual practices were a major part of their culture, too.  
  
OMG, Marybeth thought to herself: Could I be bisexual? She smiled at the French maid, who was staring at her boobs and not even trying to hide that she was doing so. The French maid returned her smile, and then she winked! She actually winked! Marybeth felt a little tingle, no maybe more like a shiver, down in the Grand Central Station for her erotic impulses, namely her pussy. She filed away this information as something to think about.  
  
The maid slowly gave them chocolates, as the sheet kept slipping down Marybeth's boobs. If Marybeth didn't do something about it soon, it would slip down even more and expose her boobs to the maid. Nevertheless, Marybeth did nothing, as the maid slowly and deliberately took their orders for breakfasts in their room the next morning. When the maid left, without incident, Marybeth looked down and confirmed what she had felt: Her boobs were entirely exposed.  
  
Jim had noticed that he could see Marybeth's boobs through the thin sheets, and it made his cock hard to realize the French maid doubtless could, too. When the sheets gradually, oh so gradually, slid down and completely exposed his girlfriend's boobs to the maid, with Marybeth doing nothing to stop it, he once again got turned on. He really did enjoy exposing his girlfriend to the gaze of others. What was wrong with him?  
  
Marybeth got further turned on since it had to be obvious, probably from the smell alone, but also from their states of undress, what had been going on in the room before the maid got there. It got her excited that the maid knew they had been fucking only minutes earlier in that very room!  
  
Jim sat down next to Marybeth on the bed, both of them in aroused, post-coital states.  
  
"What's your host family like?" Jim asked, trying not to discuss what had obviously just happened.  
  
"Well, they're very religious, for one thing," Marybeth said. Jim made a hand gesture that she should elaborate. "We pray before every meal, including breakfast, and before we go to sleep. They all go to church every Sunday, and sometimes other days of the week, too."  
  
"I know people like that," Jim said, nodding as he reflected on his second girlfriend. Sometimes girls who are raised like that are the wildest. Maybe that explains Marybeth?  
  
"Then there's the son, Denis," Marybeth said, with drama in her voice. "He's barely eighteen, and he's obsessed with computers. His other main interest seems to be me, or my body, to be precise. He's always trying to get peeks of me, and in particular, of my forbidden parts. You know, the parts that you've been enjoying since we entered this hotel room," she said, and she giggled.  
  
"I've taken to wearing pants, so he won't try constantly to look up my skirt to see my panties; and he's always trying to look down my blouse."  
  
"Did he ever succeed to see your panties, when you were wearing skirts?" Jim asked.  
  
"Sometimes, yes," she said, blushing and looking down at her boobs, which Jim had made sure were still exposed, once the French maid had left.  
  
"Did he ever get a good look?" Jim asked.  
  
"Sometimes, yes," she said again.  
  
"You let him, didn't you?" Jim asked.  
  
"Sometimes, yes."  
  
"Why?" he asked.  
  
"I dunno. I guess it turned me on a little, to tease him like that," she said.  
  
"What about looking down your blouse? Did he ever see your bra?" Jim. Asked.  
  
"Uh huh," she replied.  
  
"Was it your doing he saw your bra?" Jim asked. "Did you fake carelessness?"  
  
Marybeth didn't answer. She didn't know what to say.  
  
"Or is it just impossible sometimes to prevent him from getting a look?"  
  
Suddenly, she knew what Jim wanted to hear. Anyway it was the truth.  
  
"I let him," Marybeth said, in a barely audible whisper.  
  
"Hey!" she suddenly exclaimed in full voice. "Is knowing that Denis is perving over me, your very own girlfriend, turning you on?" Marybeth had suddenly noticed that Jim's cock was as hard as a rock, and erect, too, of course. She had thought he was done for the night! Jim had thought the same.  
  
Jim decided to reward honesty with honesty. "Yeah, I guess it is turning me on. Shall we do something about it?"  
  
"Want to try anal, lover boy?" Marybeth asked. This way she would find out what anal is!  
  
Wow, this girl is too good to believe. "Have you ever done it before?" Jim asked.  
  
"You'll be my first," she said. She knew how much men liked to be the first. Jim didn't know he was her first recipient of a blowjob, or the first to fuck her doggie style, or the first to make her climax with his cock. She didn't want him to know he was the first for all those things. For anal sex, in contrast, whatever it was, and it sounded deliciously dirty, she was happy to let him know he'd be the first.  
  
Jim didn't tell her she'd be his first, too, for anal sex. He knew he was supposed to have lube, but he had never thought this would happen, and besides, he didn't know the French word for lube! He got out one of his lubricated condoms. He hadn't needed them to fuck Marybeth, just normal cheap condoms were fine, since she was always amazingly wet. Maybe, though, the lubricated condoms would have enough lubrication for anal sex? He hoped so, because this was an opportunity he was not going to blow!

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 04**  
  
*Jim is amazed by Marybeth's naiveté and her submission*  
  
"Are you sure you want to try anal?" Jim asked. He was so aroused it almost hurt. He couldn't believe Marybeth herself was suggesting anal!  
  
"Well, I've never done it before, and I want you to be the first," she replied.  
  
"Well, okay, then," Jim said, not admitting that he had never done anal either! He told Marybeth to lie on her stomach, and he got a pillow to place under her groin, raising her ass in the air a bit, but enough, he felt sure.  
  
Jim lay down next to Marybeth and gently began to play with her asshole. What the fuck is he doing? Marybeth wondered. Nobody before had ever played with her asshole before, and now, what was he doing? Trying to worm his finger into her asshole? Gross! Her pussy is right there, wide open for him, why aren't his fingers going there, instead? What's wrong with Jim? Surely, he knows the difference between the two holes.  
  
"Uhhh..." Marybeth began, but she stopped. She didn't want to reveal that she didn't have a clue as to what was going on. Jim just kept right on pushing on her asshole, hoping it would open up a bit so that he could worm his finger into it. He figured two fingers might open her up enough for his cock to get inside her? His cock was thicker than two fingers, but not by that much.  
  
Mary grunted and groaned as Jim worked his finger inside her anal cavity, as her sphincter finally began to give way somewhat. She groaned as if she were in a little pain, but she most definitely did not say stop! No, she just lay there, the incarnation of the sexy goddess Jim knew - to a moral certainty - that she was.  
  
It took a good twenty minutes, but Jim had the patience of Job and the perseverance of Elizabeth Warren, and he eventually got both fingers inside that delectable girlfriend of a woman. He paused, unwrapped the lubricated condom, and slipped it on over his engorged and eager penis. Marybeth relaxed when she heard the noise of Jim's condom being opened. After that initial fight, he was being great about always remembering to use a condom.  
  
It was time. Jim pushed gently at her flower with the angry purple head of his cock. As he pushed, he gradually removed his two fingers. Marybeth did not know what the hell was going on, but she braced herself.  
  
Marybeth had a belated epiphany. "Anal" meant that Jim was going to fuck her up the ass with his cock. Holy Smokes! Did people actually do that? Given how excited Jim was when she suggested doing anal, a term she had learned from him earlier that same day, she realized two things: People did it; it was a thing. Moreover, it was rare. Jim seemed incredulous that she was willing. Maybe girls are reluctant to do it? Maybe there's a reason? Maybe she was about to find out what that reason was?  
  
Sodomy. Of course! That's what they were about to do! Anal sex is as old as the bible, and probably even older. Of course; it's what gay men do! Holy shit (so to speak) am I slow! she thought to herself. Well, gay men do it for pleasure, right? And gay men have great taste, right? I mean, they have style. Marybeth had always admired gay men. She was up for this!  
  
God, did it hurt! There was so much pressure on her! Something popped and Jim's cock was inside her. The pressure ended. It was like shitting, but in reverse? It stopped hurting. Jim's cock was just sitting there, inside her colon. Oh! Now he was pushing a little further inside. Then resting. 'Oh, I get it,' she thought. 'He's waiting until my colon opens up for him, until it adjusts.' What a sweet lover he is!  
  
He's pushed farther in. Now farther still. How long is his cock, anyway? It's still going in! He feels mammothlike huge inside me. Oh lord have mercy; how much more cock is there? Ah. His balls are touching my pussy. He must be all the way in. Good for him.  
  
He's moving it! He's pumping. OMG, he's fucking my ass! This is so weird, this is so strange, this is so, so, so, ... nice! Hey, it feels good! I'm getting turned on! Oh, those gay men! They're so smart. Shit, this is wonderful. Okay, bad choice of words.  
  
What now? His fingers are in my pussy while his cock is fucking my ass? Oh my, this feels divine! I should let him know. Why am I being so silent? Say something. Say something!  
  
"I love you," she said, as she groaned while he fucked her ass and fingered her cunt.  
  
Jim was so absorbed in fucking Marybeth up the ass, that her words almost didn't register. He couldn't talk and fuck at the same time, so he stopped pumping, and he leaned forward, kissed her ass cheek, and said, "I love you, too."  
  
Marybeth didn't climax from the ass fuck, but she marveled at how much she enjoyed it. Jim climaxed, however, and he filled up his condom with a nice load of cum. When he pulled out, finally, he rose and went to the bathroom, and flushed the condom down the toilet. When he came back into the room he found Marybeth was lying still, prone on her tummy, her ass still in the air.  
  
Jim quickly went for his iPhone and snapped a picture of her wide open, dilated ass hole, and the luscious curves of her female body. Then he went over to her and lovingly kissed each cheek of her gorgeous, well used, and now deflowered ass.  
  
Marybeth raised her head, smiled lovingly at Jim, and rolled onto her back, hiding her asshole but showing off her boobs, her pussy, and her pretty face. Jim took another picture.  
  
"Hey! Wait a minute!" she said.  
  
Uh-oh, Jim thought. She's going to have a conniption about me taking pictures of her while she's nude. He began to panic.  
  
"Let me smile. Then you can take the picture, okay?" she said.  
  
Jim smiled broadly. Boy, did he love this woman! He took about twenty pictures of her naked, in different poses, some of which Jim had to admit were obscene. The obscene pictures were, he knew, the ones he would treasure the most. Marybeth had a huge smile in every picture, even the obscene ones.  
  
"I want to remember this moment always," he said.  
  
"I want copies, okay?" she said. "Hey, let's take a selfie of both of us together!"  
  
They did. "Wait a minute; I want one of us with your cock all nice and hard," she said, and she dropped to her knees and sucked him off until he got hard. It took him quite a while to get hard, since they had already fucked for so long, and for so many times, but Marybeth would not give up, and eventually he got a damn nice erection.  
  
"That's my boy. Quick, smile!" she said, as she took around five selfies in rapid succession. "Let's get some sleep before they come with breakfast, what do you think? Want to fall asleep with your cock inside me, big boy?"  
  
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Marybeth and Jim were both in a deep sleep when the knock came on the door for breakfast in bed. Jim was dead to the world, so Marybeth forced herself out of bed. Remembering she was naked she looked for the terrycloth robe. She didn't find it, but she found her camisole and pulled it on.  
  
The camisole covered her down to her belly button, so her pussy was exposed for all to see, and the camisole was so thin that one could see her boobs right through it, especially her areolas and her nipples, but Marybeth was too dead to the world even to be aware of her exposure.  
  
She went to the door and opened it, and told the waiter to put the breakfast, which came with specially designed trays, on the bed. He did so, and then it dawned on her.  
  
"Just a minute, sir, let me find my purse to give you a tip," she said.  
  
The waiter enjoyed his wait, his eyes taking in her essential nudity, especially when she bent over to fish around in her purse for some cash. She inadvertently gave him a thousand dollar view of her pussy and her still slightly dilated asshole. When Marybeth walked towards him with a € 10 note, she saw his eyes boring holes in her body, and she finally realized how provocative she both had looked, and acted!  
  
It all may have innocent, Marybeth quickly thought, but are such acts as exposing yourself like that to a stranger ever really innocent, no matter how half asleep and dreamy headed she had been?  
  
"Forgive my attire, please," she said. "I was asleep when you knocked. Jim over there is still asleep, as you can see," and she gestured towards the bed.  
  
"Is he a sound sleeper?" the waiter asked, and suddenly Marybeth knew what he was thinking. She became consumed with fear.  
  
"You'd better go, sir. Now, please," she said, and the waiter smiled at her. He said, "Enjoy your breakfast, my lovely."  
  
Marybeth was so turned on by the entire exchange, and having inadvertently exposed herself to the waiter, that she woke Jim up with a blowjob, and next she told him of the scene with the waiter. Jim had her model, just for him, the outfit she had worn to greet the waiter. He shook his head in amazement at his exhibitionist girlfriend.  
  
Their coffee got cold as the two of them make love. It wasn't like the night before, which was sexual exploration, excitement, and titillation. No, this time, yes, they were having sex yet again, but in actuality they were making love.  
  
After both lovebirds had cum, they are their breakfast. Then Marybeth took a long, hot bath, while Jim searched through the programs on the wide screen TV, once again confirming that in France, all the good programs were on the for-pay station Canal Plus, which - of course - the hotel didn't get. He contented himself with watching CNN International.  
  
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They checked out of the hotel at the very last minute before incurring late checkout charges, and they sat in the lobby, talking, before they were each to head to their respective host families.  
  
"What are you going to do about Denis? He's going to continue to try to peep on you, you know," Jim said.  
  
By this time, Marybeth had figured out that Jim got turned on by other people seeing parts of her body that they were not supposed to see. She recalled how she had already told him about the room service waiter, and telling him that story had 'forced' another round of wonderful sex.  
  
"What would you like me to do, lover?" she said. Jim melted when she called him 'lover.'  
  
Jim told her. He told her in some detail.  
  
"Really?" she said, a bit incredulous.  
  
"Yes, if you can handle it," he said.  
  
"It might be dangerous, you know," she said. "Who knows how Denis will react!"  
  
Jim just smiled. He knew Marybeth could deal easily with Denis. he had faith in her.  
  
Marybeth smiled. She wanted to keep Jim as happy as a clam. Besides, this would be fun!  
  
"I'll do it for you, lover. You know I'll do anything for you. Denis will be thanking his lucky stars!" she said, and they kissed goodbye. Then they kissed goodbye again. A third long kiss led to Jim fondling Marybeth's ass. Finally, she pulled away from him.  
  
"When will I see you again?" she asked.  
  
"Next weekend," Jim said. They were both too busy with schoolwork during the week. Being pre-med was a real bear.  
  
"I can't wait," she said, and she blew Jim a kiss as she descended down into the metro.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 05**  
  
*Jim learns Hélène, the daughter in his host family, is a flagrant submissive*  
  
Jim went window shopping on the way home. He passed by a lingerie shop and, looking in the window, tried to imagine what Marybeth would look like wearing the same nightgown that the mannequin was wearing, with nothing on underneath. His imagination gave him an erection, so he turned away. What could be more embarrassing than getting an erection from the window of a lingerie store?  
  
He got back to the home of his host family, which he was psychologically unable to call his home, and headed straight for his room. He had a fair amount of schoolwork to do, due to all the 'lost' time fucking Marybeth's brains out at the luxury hotel. God, that was nice!  
  
The door to his room was locked, and there was a sign scrawled on it, saying, "Do Not Disturb!" He put his ear to the door and heard a woman softly moaning, and bed springs slightly creaking. He looked for Pierre, and found him in the apartment's séjour (French for living room), glued to his computer. He was watching porn, of course.  
  
"Hi, Pierre. My room seems occupied. Is your sister home?" Jim asked. Jim knew Pierre's sister Hélène had moved out, and the host family had given him her room. Apparently, she was back, for an afternoon romp with her boyfriend.  
  
"Yeah. She asked me to tell you not to disturb then. She'll be out in an hour; earlier I guess, since she's already cum," Pierre said.  
  
Jim was amused. Pierre, the younger brother of Hélène, was sharper than he thought. He must have heard her scream. He wondered if Hélène faked orgasms. Hélène was a sullen girl, who came home on Sundays for the big Sunday meal, and those Sundays when he was home and not out wandering about were the only times he had seen Hélène.  
  
Pierre was right, and Hélène and her boyfriend emerged from her room around ten minutes later. Hélène was dressed in a T shirt and a jeans skirt, and her loser boyfriend wore a hoody and dirty jeans.  
  
"You won't tell Mom that François and I were here, and that we were, ah,..." Hélène began.  
  
"Fucking? You know the price of my silence," Pierre said.  
  
"Oh, hello Jim. Sorry but your room is a bit of mess," Hélène said, and she blushed.  
  
Jim smiled. He could smell the sex. Suddenly the sullen sister Hélène looked sexy to him. He seemed unable to get sex off his mind. Hélène seemed to be waiting for something.  
  
"Uh, Jim, maybe you should check out your room?" she said, tentatively. For some reason she wanted Jim out of the way.  
  
"It's okay. I'll air it out and I'm sure it will be fine," Jim said, and Hélène blushed again.  
  
"You know the price for my silence," Pierre said again. Hélène looked at Pierre, and then nervously at Jim. Jim made it clear he was not going anywhere, as he stood near the back of the room, behind Pierre. Jim leaned against the fireplace mantle.  
  
"Just do it, Hélène, and let's get out of here," her boyfriend François said.  
  
"But Jim is here, and, and..."  
  
"Give Jim a treat, too. I guarantee you he won't mind," François said.  
  
"Yeah, if my price is going to be less valuable with François and Jim both here, I want the complete package this time," Pierre said.  
  
Hélène blushed a lovely shade of fuchsia. "You're asking for too much," Hélène said. She was nervous, bordering on terrified. She glanced at the huge French windows, none of which had curtains. Anyone could see inside the apartment, although it was difficult to do in the daytime.  
  
"It's my price. Take it or leave it," Pierre said. Jim was dying of curiosity as to what was going on.  
  
"Jim and François, would you mind leaving the room for a few minutes, please?" Hélène asked. "Pierre and I have a private matter to discuss."  
  
"They stay," Pierre said. Jim had to admit, Pierre dominated his sister. She was four years older than the little shit, and yet he dominated her. Hélène was afraid of Pierre, and for some reason, terrified of her mother.  
  
Hélène just stood there, facing her little brother, almost shaking in her tall, brown, leather boots.  
  
"Give it to him, Hélène. You have no choice," her boyfriend François said.  
  
"But Jim is here, too. It's too humiliating!" she said.  
  
"I won't tell anyone anything," Jim said, trying to be helpful. Everyone ignored him. Apparently, he didn't matter; it was just his presence, or lack thereof, that counted.  
  
"Okay, you win," Hélène said, and Pierre looked up from his laptop for the first time since the whole exchange began, with Hélène asking Pierre and Jim to keep secret her tryst with François.  
  
Pierre stared at Hélène with hard eyes. Jim had never seen the cruel streak in Pierre that was suddenly so apparent in his eyes, as he looked at his sister, who was scared out of her mind. François understood the dynamics, and his face just looked amused. It seemed to Jim that François was looking forward to whatever was about to happen.  
  
Slowly, Hélène began to remove her T shirt. Jim instantly realized exactly what the price was, that Pierre had demanded. Her T shirt came off revealing a boring white bra. Jim had not noticed before how nice Hélène's boobs were. He imagined they were in between a B and a C cup sized boobs, but he was no expert.  
  
Hélène next removed her boots, and her pants quickly followed suit. Then she froze. Pierre glared at her. She trembled. She was now clothed only in a bra and panties. Jim had to admit she had a mighty fine body, and ethereal, almost luminescent, skin.  
  
"Couldn't it be at least only you and me? François and - especially - Jim could wait for me in one of the bedrooms?" Hélène asked.  
  
"They stay. Continue," Pierre said. He said it in the tone of a hard man, a thug, maybe a gangster.  
  
"But..." Hélène said, freezing with fear.  
  
"It's okay, Hélène," François said. "It's nothing Jim and Pierre haven't seen before, right guys?"  
  
Since Jim wasn't completely sure what was going to happen, he just stood there. Silent.  
  
Pierre said, "Jim stinks of sex. He just laid some slut before he came home. He's seen it all. No big deal. Besides, Hélène, you have a great body. You need to show it off more. Now strip! Now."  
  
"That's the first nice thing you've ever said to me, Pierre," Hélène said. She appeared to be moved by the complimentary words of the little shit.  
  
"It wasn't nice. It's just a fact. Now strip!" Pierre ordered.  
  
Hélène seemed so thrilled that Pierre had complimented her body, that she quickly removed both her bra and slid her panties down to her ankles. Jim had anticipated that Hélène would remove her bra, but he was surprised how quickly and willingly she removed her panties, too! He would certainly have thought there would be more drama before Hélène would strip naked! He realized that normally the 'price' might be showing just her boobs, but he guessed the 'complete package' meant total nudity. It all happened so fast that Jim's skills were pushed to the limit, but he still managed to take, surreptitiously, an iPhone picture of the gorgeous site of Hélène stark naked. He could even see traces of François' cum at her pussy. Her bush was quite artistically trimmed. She looked amazingly delicious.  
  
"Turn around," Pierre said. Hélène complied. Holy shit, Jim thought, her asshole was dilated and looked like Marybeth's asshole just after they had enjoyed anal sex! Well, good for François! Apparently, he had just nailed both of her holes. Good for Hélène, too, for that matter! Jim guessed Hélène probably also gave François a blowjob, in which case he would have gotten the trifecta: all three holes.  
  
"Nice going, François. You got my sister's anal cherry. Okay, Hélène, today you get a choice. Will it be Jim, or me?" Pierre asked.  
  
"Why are you so mean to me, Pierre?" she asked.  
  
"Come on, Hélène. You know you love it. I'm being nice to you. Jim or me?" Pierre said.  
  
Jim was wondering what was going on. He wasn't sure he liked being dragged into this, but he couldn't tear himself away from the sight of Hélène's hot body. And, she was French. One of his goals had been to lay a French girl, and here was one, 22, and with a gorgeous, naked body, right in front of him. And this right after his blowout weekend with Marybeth?  
  
Jim had only seen fear and submission in Hélène's eyes, and a kind of delight in François' eyes, and nothing but sadistic domination in Pierre's eyes. He imagined his own eyes were a mixture of bewilderment and standard twenty-year-old male lust for a naked woman, standing there right in front of him.  
  
Hélène's eyes changed suddenly. The fearful submission he had seen in them flashed anger and hate. She stared at Pierre and he stared back.  
  
"I choose Jim, you asshole," she said to her brother. He just smiled. It was a smile of pure evil.  
  
Hélène walked over to me. Her face changed. She was smiling at me, and her hips swayed just a bit with her walk. She no longer looked sullen, but - what's the word? - happy, or expectant? Pierre's eyes went back to his computer. He wasn't even watching. François settled into a chair, as if to watch a show. Hélène reached Jim, and she kissed him, gently on the mouth.  
  
Jim was taken aback. Suddenly this sullen, awkward, older sister, had become a femme fatale from the movies, and she was seducing Jim with her naked body and her kisses. Jim was already hard from gazing at her body. Jim completely forgot about Marybeth and returned Hélène's kisses, wondering what might happen next.  
  
Hélène's hands went around Jim's neck as they kissed, and so Jim gave free reign to his own hands and let them roam over her back. He slipped them around to her front and fondled her boobs. When he tweaked her nipples, she groaned, just a little. He let his hands fall down to her ass, and he squeezed her ass cheeks a little, just tiny loving squeezes of her supple, fabulous ass.  
  
Jim's hands discreetly moved to the front and he began to stroke Hélène's bush. They were positioned so that François couldn't see him doing it, and Pierre wasn't even trying to see anything, once again being absorbed in his computer. Hélène did not protest but instead opened her mouth to French kiss Jim when he fondled her bush.  
  
Emboldened by her reaction, Jim's stuck a finger inside Hélène's pussy, and moved it around. Hélène's reaction was to intensify her kissing. Jim smiled through the kiss, and he began to finger fuck Hélène as they kissed. Hélène moaned softly and kept right on kissing him.  
  
In return, Hélène's hands went to Jim's cock. She discovered he was hard for her, and she gave his cock a little squeeze, right through his pants, with her body hiding her action, presumably so that her boyfriend François wouldn't see what she was up to.  
  
Jim and Hélène continued to French kiss. Jim loved the idea that he was French kissing a French woman, and in France! Not only was he French kissing a French woman, but she was naked, nue, or à poil, in French. He was fingering her, and she was squeezing his cock lovingly, right through his jeans.  
  
Something flipped in Jim, and he broke the kiss. He took her hand. He led her off to the bedroom that had been hers, and was now his, but only of course for this academic year. François jumped up. He realized if he let Jim take Hélène to his/her bedroom, his submissive little slut of a girlfriend would let him lay her. That was unacceptable. He intervened, and Hélène awoke from her sexual trance.  
  
"Kiss my boobs," she said, as François tried to pull her away.  
  
Jim complied, and Hélène groaned. "See you soon, I hope" she whispered in beautifully accented English, and she winked at him, as she let François pull her luscious, naked body away from Jim and his bed. Jim loved the accent of a French woman speaking English. He found it hopelessly sexy.  
  
Not another word was spoken as Hélène got dressed. Pierre was still glued to his laptop. François and Hélène left, without even an 'au revoir,' and suddenly it was once again only Jim and Pierre. Pierre said nothing.  
  
Finally, Jim spoke. "Pierre, what was that all about?"  
  
"My sister's a submissive slut. We enjoy our little games. She's fabulous in bed, you know. Play your cards right, and you can find out for yourself. Seduce her when François is not around. Hey, come with us to church on Sunday, why don't you?"  
  
"Thanks, Pierre, but I'm usually busy on Sundays," Jim said.  
  
"Too bad, you'll be missing out on a hot piece of ass. Church on Sundays really gets my sister's motor running, you know what I mean?" Pierre said, meaningfully. "You'd be amazed what goes on down in the crypt during Sunday mass. It's not just Hélène; sometimes it's three or four girls getting laid down there. They always finish in time for the Agnus Dei, so you have to move fast."  
  
Pierre paused for a minute, and then continued, "You could lay her this Sunday down in the crypt, if you want. It's really kinky. She has to mute her moans, but she's really hot when you do her in the crypt, especially if other girls are getting laid down there too, at the same time. This week probably Marie-France and Nicole will get laid in the crypt. I've made the arrangements. I have the keys to the crypt you see. Everyone goes through me. You really ought to come," he continued.  
  
"But I guess you have your hands and other body parts already busy with your mysterious girlfriend, am I right?"  
  
Jim just stood there, stunned. "Excuse me, please. I have to air out my room, and then get busy with my schoolwork," Jim said.  
  
"Have a good time," Pierre said, with an evil glee in his tone of voice. He knew Jim would be beating off to the photo of his sister he had secretly taken. Pierre misses nothing; of that, Jim was sure. He hoped Jim would come to mass this coming Sunday. François never went, but Pierre's sister Hélène always went. It would be fun to see Jim put it to her.  
  
Would he, or wouldn't he? If Jim decided to spend the weekend fucking the brains out of his mysterious girlfriend, Pierre couldn't blame him. He would then let Claude have his first time with his slut of sister. After all, Claude had offered him € 100 to get his turn in the crypt with Hélène. That too, would be fun to watch.  
  
Jim was back in his room, sitting at his desk. His laptop open in front of him, as he tackled all the homework due the next day. His mind kept wandering back to the image of Hélène naked, and how her kisses and her naked body felt. He continually pushed those images out of his mind in order to remember how astonishingly wonderful his time with Marybeth had been. Think of her, he kept telling himself.  
  
Jim's desk was up against the window. His twin bed was behind him, along with his closet where he stored his small amount of clothing. As he worked at his desk, remembering his fabulous times with Marybeth, and the kisses with the naked Hélène, he happened to glance over his laptop and out the window.  
  
The sun had set, and any window with its lights on appeared like a yellow, miniature TV screen. Many of those TV screens had no curtains, allowing him to look right inside the apartments in the building across the street, facing the one he was in. In return, they could see him. Big deal, who would want to look at him?  
  
He scanned the windows, just out of boredom, as he thought about Marybeth naked, and also Hélène naked. Suddenly there was movement in one of the windows. Thoughts of Marybeth and Hélène disappeared, as he took in what he saw in that window. Holy Moses, what a sight! He stared, transfixed at the sight he saw, unfolding right across the street from him. Wow.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 06**  
  
*Denis plays on Marybeth's weaknesses. Trouble ensues.*  
  
Marybeth was in a strange mood as she walked home from the subway station closest to her host family's home. She was returning home after a full thirty-six hours of decadent sex with Jim, in a luxury hotel room. Or was the right word debauched? She was dealing with the morals of that, as well as the growing recognition that she liked showing off her body. She kept remembering the look in the eyes of the room service waiter, and especially in the eyes of the pretty French maid, who gave the turn-down service.  
  
As she got closer to the building that housed her host family's apartment, however, her thoughts turned to Denis, the eighteen-year-old boy who was consistently trying to learn female anatomy by sneaking peeks at whatever little body parts he could glean from her selection of clothing. If she followed Jim's instructions, and she knew that she would, Christmas was going to come early for Denis.  
  
There was nobody home when she got there. What luck! She quickly changed out of her rumpled weekend clothes, the same ones she had worn Friday night for her date with Jim, not expecting to spend the night in a hotel. She went to the bathroom in her underwear to brush her teeth, wash her face again, and put on her make-up for the day. She also gave her hair a much-needed brushing.  
  
Returning to her bedroom, she selected a new, fresh outfit to wear. She chose boring white panties, a short skirt, a boring white bra, a boat-necked T shirt, and her most seductive perfume. She went to her computer and began to tackle her backlog of schoolwork. Half an hour later she heard Denis entering the apartment.  
  
Denis went straight to her room and knocked on her door. "Come in," she said, loudly enough for Denis to hear. He came in, smiling.  
  
"Welcome back, Marybeth. Did you have fun Friday and Saturday?" he asked. It was a banal enough question, but he put some meaning into his tone of voice. She figured he suspected why she didn't return home Friday night. If he did, then no doubt he assumed correctly, that she was having sex with Jim.  
  
"Yes, quite a bit, and thank you for asking," she replied.  
  
Denis smiled. Marybeth was sitting at her desk, and Denis came up behind her, the perfect spot to "accidentally" look down her blouse, which Marybeth had made sure billowed out from her body.  
  
"Listen, Denis. It's Saturday night. I find this bra I'm wearing uncomfortable. Do you think I can get away with going without a bra for this evening? I know your mother is very observant, and she might get the wrong idea?" Marybeth asked, using her best imitation of naiveté. Since she usually was naïve in any event, it wasn't hard for her to do.  
  
"She probably won't even notice. Go ahead," Denis replied, and he prepared to leave the room so that Marybeth could change.  
  
"Okay, good. Turn around, please," Marybeth said.  
  
Denis smiled. This girl was too much! Didn't she realize the two side walls of the room, as well as the door to the room, had mirrors on them? His sister loved to look at herself, and also it made the room seem bigger than it was. The bedrooms in the apartment were tiny.  
  
Marybeth turned her back to the window, presumably out of modesty, but had she faced the window, it would have been the only direction where Denis might not have been able to watch her change out of her bra, via the three mirrors, plus the full length mirror affixed to the back of her bedroom door. Denis' back was to her, so she removed her blouse, revealing her bra.  
  
Denis was beside himself. This gorgeous, innocent, American girl was standing behind him in only a bra, and he was watching it all via the mirrors. He had a frontal view of her and two side views. He had carefully chosen his position on where to stand so as not to block any of the images of this sexpot incarnate.  
  
"Now remember, Denis. Don't turn around until I say it's okay, you got it?" Marybeth said, trying to suppress a smile. She was enjoying her little tease.  
  
"Of course, Marybeth. Consider me a stone statue," Denis said. Denis was enjoying Marybeth's tease even more than Marybeth was, all the more so because Denis didn't even realize that it was a tease!  
  
Marybeth giggled. "You're more like a Rodin sculpture, you know. You could be one of the Bourgeois de Calais, from his famous gates, you know?"  
  
Marybeth removed her bra. She got a rush. She was exposing her boobs to Denis, and he was eating it up, via the three mirrors. She hammed it up a bit, bouncing her boobs, as if testing them. She gave each boob a little caress, and each nipple a little tweak, just to show off a bit for Denis. Finally, she put on her T shirt again, this time braless. Her freshly erect nipples poked at the T shirt.  
  
While Marybeth was bouncing her boobs and playing with her nipples behind the back of Denis, he was using the mirrors to perfectly angle his iPhone camera to capture the delectable sight of her naked boobs. He took ten pictures, having turned off the clicking sound the iPhone makes when taking pictures, to make sure he got a good one. He'd choose the best one later.  
  
"Thanks for being a good sport and not turning around, Denis," Marybeth said.  
  
"Of course," he said. If she only knew!  
  
"I should reward good behavior like that, you know?" she said.  
  
"I like rewards as much as the next guy. What did you have in mind?" he asked. Denis could not believe this!  
  
"I don't know. Would you like to see my boobs, just for a second? Or maybe you'd like a kiss?" she said. Ooh, wasn't she the little coquette, Marybeth thought to herself.  
  
"Both would be great," Denis said, not believing his luck!  
  
"You're greedy," Marybeth said, and then she giggled. "Okay, let's kiss first."  
  
Denis had kissed girls before, but only two, and both episodes didn't end well. He was unsure of himself as a result, and Marybeth sensed that. So, Marybeth took charge.  
  
"Just relax, Denis, and close your eyes," she said. She took his head gently in her two hands, and she touched her lips to his. Then she kissed him. He kissed back. It wasn't great, so she kissed him again. Still, it was pretty lame.  
  
"I've got an idea. Play with my boobs while we kiss; how's that?" she suggested. "Be gentle with my boobs, though, please."  
  
Denis muttered an embarrassed, "Okay," and they tried a third time. Denis gave exquisite caresses to Marybeth's boobs through her T shirt, and damn if his kisses didn't get better!  
  
"Much better!" Marybeth said. "Try slipping your hands under my T shirt so that you can caress my boobs directly, and I can feel the warmth of your hand."  
  
Denis thought he had died and gone to heaven, and soon his hands were having a party with Marybeth's boobs, even as his kissing improved dramatically. He almost went into shock when Marybeth took off her T shirt to give him total access to her boobs, and then she opened her mouth and basically taught Denis, a young French man, how to French kiss. She could see the huge tent in Denis' pants, and had yet another private smile.  
  
Denis had fantasized about American girls for years. They seemed so sexy, so easy, so relaxed about sex; not like the uptight teenage French girls he knew. He had heard rumors about girls getting laid in the crypt of the church, but of course he had never believed the rumors. American girls didn't have to resort to crypts: they fucked in plain sight on the beaches of Florida and California, in swimming pools while drunk or stoned at wild parties, on hayrides in Indiana, or out in the fields of high corn of Nebraska. He had seen it all on porn. Now he was kissing one of these oversexed American bimbos, and she was topless for him, and letting him play with her boobs.  
  
Denis went for Marybeth's nipples, and he did something to them that made Marybeth moan right through their kiss. He wondered how far he could go with her? He had already gone farther with her than with either of the French girls he had dated. God, he loved American girls!  
  
"I'm home!" came the call of his mother, and instantly Denis and Marybeth stopped kissing, and Marybeth pulled her T shirt back on. She checked her hair, gave it a quick brush, and Denis went to greet his mother. Marybeth re-applied her lipstick and she followed a few minutes later. She felt she had done her good turn for the week, if not the month. She figured the latent hostility Denis seemed always to have had for her would now be gone. Boys are so easy!  
  
Marybeth was already a day ahead of Jim's schedule. Denis' Mom certainly noticed Marybeth was braless, but she felt it wasn't her place to say anything. After all, Marybeth was twenty-years-old, well over the age of consent, be it 16, or even 18. Plus, she was Marybeth's host mother, not her actual mother. The girl could do as she liked, and dress as she liked, as long as she was pious under her own roof, and Marybeth certainly was.  
  
The next day Marybeth went braless again. It was Sunday, and Denis was impressed that Marybeth had the balls to go to mass braless. This time she wore her Sunday best, a white blouse that buttoned, and a nice, A-line black skirt. It was the type of blouse where one could see the bra straps through the blouse, and since there weren't any, the close observer would know she was braless.  
  
If that same close observer were to check out the front and the sides, said observer could verify that yes, indeed, Marybeth had boobs, and quite nice ones, at that. He could also verify that she had areolas and nipples, if he looked closely. As it turns out, there were a lot of close observers that day at church, since all of Denis' friends decided suddenly they just had to go to mass, to their parents' surprise and delight.  
  
The parents of Denis' friends had assumed that their sons suddenly deciding to go to church, and one specific church at that, had something to do with a girl. They didn't realize that they were both correct and were wrong, at the same time. They had assumed their son had a crush on a girl who went to church, not lust for an American sexpot their son hadn't even yet met!  
  
Ah, the power of social networking. The boys all went, of course, to check out the American sexpot who was staying with Denis' family. They had all seen the short video of Marybeth bouncing her boobs that Denis had posted on his private Facebook page, while at the same time suggesting they come to the Eglise St. Médard that very Sunday.  
  
Marybeth realized that she was under the microscope by a plethora of boys, all almost exactly Denis' age. They were all checking her out, and in particular her boobs, right through her blouse. Any girl would have noticed that kind of attention. Subtlety was not the strong point of these boys.  
  
Marybeth figured, correctly, that Denis had gotten the word out. She knew she should be angry, but in fact it turned her on to have all these young hormone-fueled boys lusting after her body. She sat, facing straight ahead, and made sure her blouse billowed out whenever she had to kneel.  
  
Marybeth decided to unbutton the top button of her blouse. Give the guys a better chance to look down her blouse, right? She did it while kneeling. Denis saw her doing it, but nobody else did, and certainly not the host mother, Madame Brémaud! The next time she knelt, she undid a second button, and she figured Denis didn't see her do it that time. Neither, of course, did Madame Brémaud.  
  
When the service was over, Denis said to his mother that Marybeth had agreed to hang out with him for a bit, and to meet some of his friends. This was news to Marybeth, and quite frankly it made her a little nervous. She felt, however, that she could trust Denis, so she just meekly followed him and the boys for a 'stroll in the park.'  
  
The cluster of boys led her to a small glade where they were sheltered from prying eyes. The boys sort of automatically surrounded Marybeth. Her anxiety was increasing. There was Denis as well as seven of his closest friends surrounding her. The boys could see the fear in Marybeth's eyes, and for a few of them, it turned them on. Nothing aroused these boys more than a vulnerable woman with fear in her eyes.  
  
As it turned out, three of the boys seized the role of ringleaders. They were natural leaders, it seemed. One of them, the alpha male Roger, said to Marybeth, "Open your blouse, woman."  
  
Marybeth did the opposite, and she nervously clutched her blouse together. She was panicked. What she gladly gave away to Denis as a childish game was now being demanded by a gang of boys, and who knew what else they'd want? Could any of these boys be rapists, given the right circumstances? She was pretty sure Roger and a couple of the others could happily rape her, right there, right then; but not in front of Denis. It was key to keep Denis there.  
  
She had learned in school, in the history of her own country, how a large group of likeable, good, God-fearing people, could turn into a blood-thirsty mob and lynch and mutilate an often innocent man. She had seen pictures of well-dressed white ladies, with their children, smiling and gossiping, while an innocent black man died of suffocation, hanging from a rope tied to the branch of a majestic oak tree. It was the mob mentality. It transformed people's personalities.  
  
Could eight boys, one of them Denis, constitute such a mob? If so, she was in real danger of being raped, or even gang raped! Marybeth was not scared; no, she was terrified!  
  
"I said, open your blouse. We want to see the goodies. Denis saw them, and now it's our turn!" Roger said. His tone of voice was nasty, threatening. There were so many boys! None of them, not even Denis, came to her aid. Marybeth looked at Denis imploringly. He avoided her eyes, pretending to be distracted by a bird flying by.  
  
Suddenly, one boy spoke. There was a touch of humanity in one of the boys! "Look Roger, you're obviously scaring the girl. If she doesn't want to show us her tits, she doesn't have to. You don't force a girl," he said. Marybeth learned later his name was Roland.  
  
"There's a better way," Denis said, finally shamed by Roland. He was ashamed it had been Roland, and not himself, to have been the one to speak up against Roger's implication of using force with Marybeth. "Get her turned on. Kiss her, be nice to her, and then she'll do what you want," he said.  
  
Marybeth couldn't believe this. Is that what he thought? Who were these morons? "Go on, Roland, you start," Denis said. Did Denis realize, somehow, that Marybeth had submissive tendencies? How could he know that? Or was he just playing for time? Steering the one semi-decent man in her direction?  
  
Roland approached Marybeth. Marybeth began to back up. Her back ran into a tree, and instantly, it seemed, Roland had Marybeth in his arms. She wasn't going anywhere. Roland began to kiss her, and unlike Denis, Roland knew how to kiss. A hush fell over the boys as Roland and the American girl kissed. Oh my, this boy can kiss! Marybeth thought, as she felt her blouse being unbuttoned, slowly, one button at a time. Oh shit, Denis' strategy is working!  
  
Roland kept kissing her and she felt her blouse being pushed off her shoulders, then gently pulled off her arms (other boys were helping to undress her) and soon she was topless in the park, while Roland was still kissing her.  
  
Suddenly she was passed off to Roger who, to Marybeth's surprise, also kissed well. Roger had impressed Marybeth as a scary misogynist, but he surely could kiss well! He was the oldest of the group, maybe a year or two older than Marybeth. Twenty-one or twenty-two? Maybe even twenty-three? Something like that.  
  
Roger played with her boobs as he kissed her and then Marybeth did something amazingly stupid. In her defense, it wasn't intentional, it just popped out. She moaned with pleasure. Between the sensuous kisses and the fabulous boob caresses, she was putty in Roger's strong hands.  
  
Marybeth forgot about the seven boys watching intently. Her world had shrunken just to Roger, and his kisses, and his marvelously talented hands, which were driving her arousal up to a feverish pitch.  
  
Marybeth did not feel her skirt get unsnapped, nor did she notice it become unzipped. She was too lost in her boobs being exposed and caressed, and those damn wonderful kisses, which she was getting relentlessly. She noticed, however, when her skirt dropped to the ground, pooling at her feet. She was now wearing only her good Sunday shoes and her good Sunday panties. She began to panic. She had once again become aware of the boys staring at her.  
  
Roger's arms were amazingly strong, holding her in place, as his two henchmen quickly pulled her panties down, revealing not only her bare boobs, but now her pussy and in fact her entire naked body to the eight boys. Roger's fingers quickly and unerringly went to Marybeth's snatch, and they discovered she was wet and ready.  
  
"The slut is turned on!" Roger announced to the crowd. "Anyone mind if I take her first?"  
  
Roland once again spoke up. "You can't unless she says it's okay. Otherwise it's rape. I won't let you!"  
  
"Is it okay if I fuck you, Marybeth?" Roger asked, as he fingered her expertly.  
  
Marybeth couldn't even speak. She was too terrified, and too turned on.  
  
"You know Latin, slut? Qui tacet consentire," Roger said, and Marybeth groaned as Roger's finger found her g-spot.  
  
"You can't fuck me," Marybeth managed to whisper. A whisper was all she could get out.  
  
Roger pretended not to hear her refusal.  
  
"I can't hear you, slut. Did you say I could fuck you?" Roger said, as his finger relentlessly destroyed Marybeth. His finger had found her g-spot, and she had become putty in his hands. All of her sexual submission tendencies were firing on all cylinders. She could barely think, let alone speak.  
  
"No!" she suddenly yelled, in full voice, and it so surprised the boys that they all backed up, away from the tight little circle they had formed around their victim.  
  
Roger continued with his finger, and to her everlasting shame, Marybeth, always quick to orgasm, had a climax which was obvious to even the densest of the eight boys. Roger just continued; not only could Marybeth not speak, but all these boys were watching her naked body gently convulse in its orgasmic release.  
  
Marybeth's knees buckled, and her legs betrayed her, refusing to support her standing any longer. She dropped to the ground. She was lying on the ground, quivering, trying to stop shaking due to her mega orgasm. The fact that all these guys were watching her, just made it more intense!  
  
Marybeth suddenly realized how vulnerable she was. She was naked, lying on the ground, trying to recover from her orgasm, when Roger dropped to the ground, right on top of her, his torso between her legs. He had his pants down and his hard cock out! How on earth was she going to escape from this? Was she going to be gang-raped? She hadn't prayed during mass, but she surely did pray now!  
  
Roger's two henchmen were holding her hands above her head. Roger was smiling the smile a cat must get when he knows the mouse is his. Roger was playing with his victim, making the cat metaphor all the more apt. His hard cock was at her entrance. Marybeth screamed for help. It was a blood curdling scream, and it was loud. She screamed out "Help! Someone help me! Help, rape!" and that was all she got out before her panties were stuffed into her mouth. She realized she had screamed in English, instead of in French. Damn!  
  
Suddenly all the boys were gone, except for Roger, trying to get his cock inside her, and Marybeth trying to scream "No!", and trying to get out from under him. Her hands were suddenly free, and that was a lifesaver, as she pushed and socked and did everything she could.

A big man, lying on top of a small woman, with his hard cock at her entrance, was not propitious for the good fortune of the unfortunate Marybeth. Unable to kick Roger in the groin, or even to hurt him with her pathetic blows, Marybeth went for his eyes, and she got fingers in both of Roger's eyes. Now it was Roger's turn to scream, and he instinctively rose off of her.  
  
At one point, just before Marybeth had gone for his eyes, Roger had gotten his cock inside her. Roger couldn't believe how wet she was, and how wonderful it felt for his cock to be inside this gorgeous American wench. He began to pump his cock inside her, as Marybeth screamed at him, hit him, and then broke down crying, and then went for his eyes. God, she had felt fine! Roger thought to himself, as he had very briefly raped her. She was the finest girl he had ever had!  
  
Two strong hands lifted Roger off the screaming and crying Marybeth, probably inadvertently saving his vision, and those same hands sucker punched Roger right in the solar plexus. He folded up only to get a knee into his chin, and then he was out cold on the ground.  
  
The man collected Marybeth's panties, blouse and skirt, and handed them to her, and Marybeth quickly put them on. She knew the man had gotten a good look. He was smiling, but trying to hide his delight at seeing the naked, and freshly raped Marybeth. "I can't find your bra," he said, sympathetically.  
  
"Thank you, thank you, thank you. There were eight of them!" Marybeth managed to say.  
  
"I know, I saw the scoundrels scatter. That one on the ground is Roger. He's a menace. Stay away from him," the man said.  
  
No shit, Sherlock, Marybeth thought to herself, silently. The man walked Marybeth back home. It seemed he was a good friend, a good friend with benefits, as it turned out, of the host mother, Madame Brémaud. Marybeth knew Madame Brémaud was a widow. Good for her that she had a lover.  
  
Marybeth went straight to her room. She couldn't face anyone in her shame, and she surely didn't want anything more to do with Denis! That son-of-a-bitch bastard, Denis! She'd have to request a change of host mothers. That was typically hard to arrange, but the son trying to arrange her rape and even gang-rape should convince the college authorities, she should think! She idly wondered to herself if that man had not moved in to rescue her, would Denis have raped her, too? It was quite damning to her image of Denis that she could not answer her own question.  
  
She locked her room door and cried. Madame Brémaud knocked softly and asked if she could come in, but Marybeth couldn't stop crying to answer her. After a few hours she calmed down, and then she just lay in her bed, thinking. She couldn't help herself; she replayed the events of the day in her mind. She remembered how turned on she had been, and she decided, strangely she thought, that the best way to recover and change the scenery in her mind of Roger on top of her, raping her, was to masturbate.  
  
She lay on her bed, wearing only a T shirt, and gently, delicately, began to tease herself. She always began her masturbatory sessions that way. She played with her boobs and her nipples for a short while, and then her hands migrated south to eros central. She teased the edges of her labia, and then rubbed the outside of her cunt ever so gently.  
  
She tried to focus on her wonderful memories of her thirty-six hours of debauchery with Jim, but the events of the day, first the eight boys seeing her boobs, and then all of them seeing her stark naked, and just a bit later watching her orgasm, while naked and being fingered, were super-hot memories for our little exhibitionist, and they just shoved the memories of her recent time with Jim right out of her brain.  
  
Inevitably, though, the memory of Roger's brief rape pushed away the other memories and destroyed it all. She felt a wave of nausea, accompanied by waves of guilt, because much as she fought the rape, she knew, deep down, that Roger's hard cock inside her, with those seven boys watching, was hugely erotic for her.  
  
The guilt of having enjoyed being raped was something she seemed unable to cope with. She ended up crying, even sobbing, alone in her bedroom, with the personification of evil, that poor excuse for a human being Denis, right next door, sharing a wall of her bedroom.  
  
Nevertheless, despite it all, she continued to attempt to get herself sexually aroused. She truly hoped it would force the memories of the horrors of the day away. It had always worked for her before. When she was upset over something, a good self-induced orgasm seemed to cure her blues.  
  
Little by little she felt herself getting wetter, just not enough. Periodically she would gently insert a finger to see if she was wet enough yet. She never seemed to be. It had never before been this hard to get wet, but then, she had never before been raped!  
  
At the same time Marybeth was trying to get herself off, Denis was watching her on his computer screen. He had four views to choose from, having strategically placed the Bluetooth-enabled hidden cameras himself. He couldn't believe how sexy Marybeth was, and he couldn't get Roger raping her out of his active consciousness.  
  
In opposition to Marybeth herself, however, Denis found, as he relived the rape, it to be the most erotic experience he had ever had. His friends had filled his Facebook page with their own recollections of the sex between Marybeth and Roger (none of them referred to it as rape), and one of the guys, Michel, had set up a private web page to post their cell phone pictures.  
  
Michel had included a rating system to choose the best ones. Michel had another site to upload the videos of the sex that they had each taken. The boys were more excited than they had ever been: they had seen a seduction and rendering naked of an American girl, and seen her orgasm, and they had seen Roger fuck her! How do you beat that?  
  
For Denis himself, however, none of this could compare to being able to watch, live, Marybeth playing with herself in the room right next to his own. Denis tried to time his inevitable ejaculation to Marybeth's self-induced orgasm, but she was taking forever! He wondered if she'd let him help her get off?  
  
Marybeth couldn't get herself off. She figured it had to be the psychological scar of the rape. She got out her giant dildo, that she called Arnold (after Arnold Schwarzenegger), and wondered if she were wet enough to let Arnold in? As it turned out, she wasn't. She had to face facts: She was raped, and now she was frigid. How would her new boyfriend Jim respond to this? She figured he might decide to kill Denis. She hated violence, but if he wanted to kill Denis, she was fine with it.  
  
There was a soft knock at her door. Marybeth was naked, but she went to the door and whispered, "Yes?" She figured, correctly, that Madame Brémaud, the host mother, knew what happened, since her lover doubtless had told her. Madame Brémaud was going to try to console her. She didn't want that.  
  
Marybeth was shocked it was Denis at the door! "Can I come in? I want to help," he said.  
  
"Just a minute," Marybeth said. She quickly found her nightgown to hide her nudity, even if Denis had already seen everything, even Roger raping her earlier in the day!  
  
Marybeth, thinking quickly, let Denis into her room. She knew she could control Denis. She couldn't control a mob of eight boys, but she could control Denis. The two of them talked a long time, and Marybeth often broke down crying, and Denis consoled her, hugging her tightly, and stroking her head.  
  
At one point, Marybeth confessed she feared the rape had rendered her frigid. She was disconsolate, and completely surprised when Denis kissed her. To her shock and surprise, she kissed him back. After a while, her nightgown was off, and she was naked, lying on her back as the two of them kissed.  
  
Denis' head gradually moved down her body, kissing her neck, her upper chest, then each boob, giving each nipple a gentle little suckle. His kisses then progressed, slowly, further down her body, ending up at her belly button. Marybeth just lay there passively as it happened. Later, reflecting on it all, she realized she must have been in shock, or in some kind of emotional overload.  
  
Denis spread Marybeth's legs apart. He took a quick look at her pussy, trying to commit it to memory. To his credit, he did not stop his actions to take a picture. He then began to lick her pussy. This woke Marybeth up! Nobody had ever licked her pussy before! She had seen it done in porn (as had Denis, which was why he was doing it), but no lover, not that there had been that many, had ever done it before.  
  
Nothing like a good bout of cunnilingus to rouse a girl back to consciousness, she thought, as she lay back and enjoyed her first ever licking down there.  
  
Denis was not talented, since he was completely ignorant of what he was doing. He was just imitating what he had seen in porn videos. Call it beginner's luck, if you will, but even in his ignorance, Denis' tongue was having an effect, and Marybeth was getting turned on. Simply by accident, Denis' tongue licked Marybeth's clitoris, and BAM, her arousal jumped up thirty feet!  
  
Denis saw her reaction, and he kept his tongue at her clit, and Marybeth could not help herself, she began to moan. She moaned softly, because she had just enough awareness that she didn't want Madame Brémaud to hear. Denis inserted a finger, too, all the while still licking Marybeth's clit. Marybeth moaned louder.  
  
Denis did not have Roger's talent with his finger, but combined with his tongue, it was more than enough, and suddenly Marybeth began to quake and shiver as if she were having an epileptic attack, and she pushed Denis' head away from her. Denis' didn't know what to do! Did she need a doctor? What was happening? It ended before Denis did anything, though, and Marybeth whispered, "Kiss me."  
  
Denis, with his torso between her legs, moved his head up to kiss Marybeth. As he did so, his painfully hard cock moved up close to Marybeth's entrance to paradise, although Denis was focused only on kissing Marybeth. They kissed, and as they kissed, Marybeth felt Denis' long, thick cock push against her upper thigh.  
  
Marybeth lost herself in a haze of emotions, on a day of extreme emotions, on a weekend of intense emotions, and she wrapped her legs around Denis' ass, and maneuvered her body until Denis' cock slipped inside her. She groaned in pleasure to feel his big cock, the biggest she had ever had, fill up her love canal.  
  
"Fuck me, Denis," she whispered. "Give me your love," she said.  
  
Denis had no love to give her, but he gave her his lust, and he fucked her for all he was worth. It was his first time with a girl, and it was beyond wonderful. Since he had already jacked off three times over the memories of her that very day, he was able to last, even though it was his first time. He was able to last quite a long time, in fact, and from a purely technical standpoint, it was the best fuck Marybeth had ever had.  
  
Marybeth had an orgasm from heaven while Denis fucked her to smithereens, and again when Denis exploded inside her, shooting his spunk deep inside her. He was the first guy to fuck her without wearing a condom, and feeling the squirt of his spunk inside her, Marybeth felt was the most erotic imaginable thing in the world.  
  
Her period was due in a few days, so she wasn't too worried that Denis had just made her pregnant. Nevertheless, she knew it was time to go on birth control pills. Between Jim and now Denis, (not to mention Roger, and please don't!) she desperately needed some protection! In the meantime, she enjoyed the afterglow of a great fuck, and she loved the feel of Denis' masculine body lying on top of her.  
  
Once Denis had returned to his room, in a bit of shock from unexpectedly having laid his first woman, Marybeth lay in bed, lost in thought. She knew she wouldn't be able to resist having sex with Denis again; it had just been too good, and fuck it all, they lived in the same apartment!  
  
Now she had to balance Jim and Denis, and then there was Eric, back home in Indiana. What kind of girl has three lovers at the same time? Well, there was Amy, of course, but wasn't she known as 'The Slut of Bloomington?' Move over, Amy. You've got competition, Marybeth thought to herself, and then she giggled.  
  
As she lay in bed thinking, Marybeth realized that the real issue was: How was she going to tell Jim about everything that had happened today? Maybe it was best to sanitize what happened? If she didn't sanitize it, how would Jim respond? How did she want him to respond? Four good questions, and she had zero answers.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 07**

*Marybeth and Jim are seduced into group sex, and more.*  
  
It was unexpected, but both Jim and Marybeth wanted it. Jim had to cut his evening class, but the two lovebirds met for a date Wednesday evening. Marybeth was racked with guilt, because she had let Denis fuck her for three nights in a row, and this was the same guy who put her in a position to be raped, to boot. She was so ashamed. She had decided not to tell Jim any of it.  
  
Well, she did tell Jim about how she had teased Denis about her boobs, but none of the consequences of that tease. Jim had asked Marybeth to wear a dress on their date, and to bring a bra and panties in her purse, but not to wear them. She wondered what he had planned for them, exactly?  
  
Somehow, she suspected she was going to lose the dress at some point; maybe she'd be naked for the bateaux mouches, as they plied the Seine? She had already flashed her boobs at the boats on an earlier date, aa their floodlights lit up the banks, so the tourists could see all the historical sites, and pretty buildings. She knew, however, total nudity was too outrageous, even for Jim! She'd do it if Jim wanted her to do it, she knew that, but she dearly hoped that was not what he had planned.  
  
Jim took her out to dinner, and Marybeth still didn't have a clue as to what Jim had in mind for their date. The food was once again delicious, and the wine went down smoothly. Marybeth knew that Jim thought a drunk Marybeth was easier to bend to his will than was a sober one, but she herself wasn't so sure. To put it simply: She was his, to do with as he pleased. Just the thought of that turned her on!  
  
After dinner they took a walk, as they often did. Paris was so beautiful at night. They walked, arm in arm, stopping every so often to kiss. Jim enjoyed playing with her boobs as they kissed; another benefit of her not wearing a bra!  
  
Jim had taken her to a romantic little restaurant near Les Invalides, the old military school that housed Napoleon's tomb. There was a huge grassy park, leading up to the river, and alongside the park were trees, busy losing their leaves in preparation for winter, and the occasional park bench. Overlooking the park were lines of elegant French apartments, filled with rich people, but almost no apartments had their lights on. Those that did had their blinds down. The rich like their privacy. God knows why, Jim thought: They're not that interesting!  
  
They walked along the side of the park, along a walkway dimly lit by a succession of lamp posts. Paris was one of the first of the world's major cities to systematically install lampposts. The French used gas lamps in the mid nineteenth century and became known as the City of Lights. The lights were of course now electric, and Jim imagined they were probably even LED. France had a strong ecological spirit.  
  
Jim stopped at the perfect park bench. It was free of autumn's fallen leaves, and it was under a street lamp. He sat down. Marybeth sat down next to him and they kissed. Jim pushed down his pants and his briefs, and his erect cock sprung up and said hello to Marybeth. She began to stroke it lovingly.  
  
So, this is what Jim's plan had been, Marybeth thought to herself. He wants a hand job on a Parisian park bench. Great idea! She was wrong, however, as Jim told her to stand up. Puzzled, of course she complied. Then he told her to remove her dress, as he sat there with his hard cock pointing up the sky.  
  
Was he serious? She had no underwear on. If she removed her dress she'd be naked! She'd be naked on a park bench, in full view of the seven story apartment buildings lining the side of the park, and under a street lamp no less! "Really? You want me naked, exposed to the world?"  
  
"Yes. Nobody's about," Jim said.  
  
Marybeth felt a rush. The very outrageousness of Jim's idea turned her on. This was hotter than hell! God, she loved Jim's mind; she loved the way he thought! Could she do it? Could she become naked in public, just because Jim had ordered it? Hadn't she, though, already been naked in public when she had been surrounded by the eight boys after church on Sunday? She had indeed, and she had climaxed when it happened, too. Of course, that ended in a rape, and was not an especially promising precedent.  
  
"Come on, my love. I want to see your gorgeous, naked body. You'll get a reward," Jim said.  
  
"Unzip me?" she asked Jim, turning around so that her back faced him.  
  
Jim stood and pulled her zipper down slowly. He slipped his hands into her dress around to her boobs, and fondled them tenderly, tweaking her nipples. Marybeth groaned with pleasure. He pushed her dress off her shoulders and helped it to fall off her arms and down to her generous, child-bearing hips. Maybe someday those hips would help her give birth to his child?  
  
Marybeth's top half of her body was now naked, at the edge of the park, with hundreds of apartment windows potentially having a very nice view of her luscious breasts. Jim helped the rest of her dress fall to the ground and Marybeth shivered in fear at her blatant exposure.  
  
Only part of Marybeth's shiver was due to the fear caused by her public nudity. The other half of the shiver was due to the sudden rush of adrenalin, due to being extraordinarily aroused, again due to her public nudity. The cool air circulating around her most private parts was a constant reminder of her exposure. Luckily nobody was around. She didn't want to get arrested for indecent exposure in a foreign country, or in any country, for that matter!  
  
"Bend over and kiss me, gorgeous," Jim said. Of course, Marybeth complied, and she bent over to kiss Jim, knowing she was exhibiting her ass and her pussy as she did so. She felt like an out-of-control female orangutan, flashing her bright red hindquarters. The two lovebirds kissed a long time, and the kisses, combined with her obvious and blatant exposure, sent Marybeth's arousal level skyrocketing.  
  
Finally, Jim broke the kiss, turned Marybeth around, and told her to sit on his lap. He didn't need to explain, and as Marybeth gently lowered herself onto Jim's lap, Jim arranged for his cock to slip effortlessly into her vagina. Marybeth knew this was his plan, since he had carefully put a rubber onto his cock.  
  
Jim bounced Marybeth on his cock as the two of them made love on that park bench. Marybeth faced outward, so if anyone happened to look out of their window at the park bench, they would see her pearl white skin reflect the light of the street lamp, while her boobs bouncing gently, and her face contorted in sexual pleasure as she bounced on Jim's cock.  
  
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Marybeth had forgotten just how wonderful it felt to have Jim's cock inside her. It had only been four days, but in those four days Roger had briefly been inside her, and Denis with his magnificent cock had fucked her Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights. Tuesday night he had spent the night in her bed, and he woke her up to fuck her at 4AM, and then he fucked her a third time just before breakfast. Marybeth had felt powerless to resist him.  
  
Now Marybeth was fucking Jim, naked and on a park bench, no less, only thirteen hours after Denis had fucked her for forty-five minutes as her wake-up fuck this morning. Thank God the apartment had a bidet, or she would have had to rush off to class stinking of Denis' cum. The French seemed to understand how women could get filled with spunk at awkward times; why else would they love bidets so much?  
  
Denis' fucks had been so good! His cock touched her in places that seemed to go right to her soul, especially when he did her doggie style. She enjoyed Jim's fucks more, though, because with Denis it was just sex - great sex, yes - but it was just sex. With Jim, it was sex as an expression of love. Jim got her - he knew what she needed, and how to give it to her. They had so much in common, too. She loved talking to Jim, as they done, at length, over dinner.  
  
Now she was naked, on the street on a park bench in Paris, France, and she was fucking the man she loved. Or, better, a man she loved. Best not to use the definite article when she loves two different men. She loved Eric, too, but he was an ocean away, in Indiana. Jim was right here, and he was inside her, pumping away, as these very thoughts raced through her mind.  
  
Jim too had a guilty conscience. He, after all, had let Pierre's control over his super-submissive sister work out so that Pierre arranged it for him to fuck the daylights out of Hélène.  
  
Jim had refused to fuck Hélène in the church's crypt as Pierre had suggested initially, but he agreed to enjoy her body to the max one afternoon when Pierre's Mom, the host mother, had been at work. He had to skip two classes to do it, but boy, was it worth it! She was a fantastic fuck, and he got lucky as she returned for a replay the very next afternoon. Hélène got as wet as Marybeth did, and while Marybeth loved having sex with Jim, Hélène seemed to crave it. It was that extraordinary need Hélène had, that made her irresistible to Jim, in every sense of the word.  
  
While Marybeth was thinking of her liaisons with Denis, and Jim was thinking of his romps with Hélène, the two of them were nevertheless wildly fucking each other. Marybeth had apparently forgotten their extraordinary exposure, since the thrill of fucking naked outdoors, even if it was in the middle of one of the major cities of the world, got her motor running in extremis.  
  
A French couple, in their early thirties and out for an evening stroll, heard Marybeth's moans. It's hard, at times, to know if a moan comes from pleasure, or from pain. The woman worried some poor girl was in distress, and hurried toward the sound. The man figured it was exactly what it turned out to be, and walked briskly, while removing his cell phone and putting it into video mode.  
  
His partner returned, giggling softly, and whispered to him "deux amants jeunes," loosely translated as "young love." She assured her partner they hadn't noticed her.  
  
"They're kind of busy, you see, and lost in what they're doing," she said.  
  
The man snuck up to take a peek. He was pleasantly shocked to see the woman totally naked, and he was frozen in lust as he watched her body, and her boobs, gently bounce up and down. He was mesmerized by what was, in fact, a beautiful sight, that he almost forgot to start the video and aim the cell phone camera. Luckily for him, but not so much for Jim and Marybeth, he remembered.  
  
"You never do those things with me anymore," the woman named Juliette said to Marc, her husband. As she said it, she handed him her panties, and winked. Juliette led Marc to the other end of the average sized park bench, pushed him down, and fished out his cock. Marc had a big cock, but it was soft. "Watch our neighbors," she whispered, while she took his cock in her mouth.  
  
It was the first time ever that Juliette, usually as prudish in public as they come, had put Marc's cock in her mouth! Marc went into a state of shock. His brain was in overload as he watched the naked sexpot Marybeth bounce on her partner's cock, moaning loudly, while Juliette sucked his cock to life, literally in seconds.  
  
In an even bigger shock, Juliette - now without panties as she had given them earlier to Marc - climbed up on Marc and grabbing hold of his hard, erect and slippery cock, placed it right inside the hole he knew and loved so well. It was Juliette's turn to bounce. She of course was still fully clothed, after all, since they were not young and reckless tourists, no, they lived twenty meters away from that very spot, which was in full view of their neighbors, some of whom they knew quite well; intimately, even.  
  
When it was all done, and everyone had cum, Marybeth put her dress back on. The two couples introduced themselves, and Juliette asked if they would like to come up to their apartment, perhaps for a nightcap? Marybeth began to make the totally correct excuses, when Jim touched her hand, stopping her, and said, "We'd love to."  
  
Jim thought this was his chance to see how the rich, and obviously decadent, French bourgeois people lived. Marybeth, however, was more circumspect. She had seen how Juliette had looked at her boyfriend Jim, and more importantly how Marc, who had just seen her naked and fucking, ('fucking naked' she thought to herself and silently giggled at her own pun) looked at her. She seemed to sense what the couple would propose, and she knew Jim did not. He was like an innocent, being led to the slaughter. It could get awkward.  
  
The building had a gorgeous lobby, made of inlaid marble, with statues of naked women in the ancient Greek style. A groggy concierge welcomed them, and she gave a double take at Marybeth, and both Marybeth and Jim surmised she had seen them fucking on the bench. Marybeth blushed a bit; after all this probably Portuguese woman had seen her both naked, and fucking, too.  
  
They took the elevator to the fifth floor, and our lovebirds were amazed at how elegant the apartment was. It was filled with a large number of African masks and sculptures that, it turned out, Marc had collected during his many trips to Mali and other former French colonies in Africa. Besides Mali, he had spent a lot of time in Senegal and Côte d'Ivoire, known to Americans as the Ivory Coast. He went there on business, of course, but while there he would prowl the galleries in the big cites looking for the truly well-done wooden sculptures, so typical of the civilizations there.  
  
The art was fascinating and lent a rather exotic allure to the apartment. Juliette opened the shutters to show their guests the view. She pointed out the park bench. "That's where we met you," she said, discreetly not mentioning the details of how they met.  
  
Marc got out five different cognacs, and the four of them compared all five. By the time they finished, both Marybeth and Jim were plastered. It was then that Juliette complimented Marybeth, for the third time, on her dress.  
  
"You know, it looks like it might fit me, too. Would you mind terribly if I tried it on?" she asked.  
  
"Do you have a robe or something I could wear and then I'll go to a bedroom and take it off for you, if you like," Marybeth said, slurring her words, just a bit.  
  
"Of course. Or, you could just take it off now. I'm afraid we've already seen your gorgeous body, Marybeth," Juliette said. She pronounced Marybeth's name as if it were French: Marie-Bessth, and this tickled the fancy of Jim. A sexy French woman speaking English with her thick accent always turned him on. He had also seen her fucking, in public on a bench right outside her apartment building. His mind was reeling.  
  
Jim was surprised when his lover, Marybeth, removed her dress, right there, in front of the three of them, and became naked except for her shoes. Then he saw that Juliette, too, was stripping down to her underwear as well. Jesus Christ Almighty, what a body Juliette has, Jim thought to himself. Marc was sitting in his armchair, smiling, and having a second round of cognac, from bottle number three.  
  
Jim said, "Marybeth's dress will look even better on you if you wear it naked."  
  
Juliette look at him, smiling since she knew this was just a ploy. "You really think so?"  
  
"Yes," Jim said. "Marc?"  
  
"I agree. I saw how it looked on Marybeth, and to do it justice you should be naked underneath it," Marc said to his wife.  
  
"Even my panties?" she asked, and Jim thought she was just teasing them at this point.  
  
"Yes," Marybeth, Jim, and Marc all said at the same time. So, Juliette joined Marybeth and the two women were naked.  
  
"How about a photo?" Marc proposed.  
  
The women agreed, and stood next to each other, smiling and naked, as both Marc and Jim snapped photos.  
  
"You know what I'd love?" Marc said. "It would mean a lot to me."  
  
Silence ensued. Finally, Marybeth said, tentatively, "What would that be, Marc?"  
  
"Well, my sweet woman, if it's okay with you and with Jim and with of course Juliette, I'd love a picture of Jim with his cock deep inside the pussy of my wife," Marc said.  
  
Marybeth inhaled air sharply, making a gasp, and Jim just stood there, wide-eyed, in shock. Marybeth knew Jim was too stunned to speak, so she took over. "Jim and I have not discussed yet how we'd feel about each of us making love with other people, in this case I guess it would be something like swapping, if you will. At least, that's what this would be called in America. I don't know how Jim would feel about you and me getting it on. Jim, but - and Marybeth turned to Jim to say this - I'm okay with you enjoying Juliette. She does look hot as hell, and also irresistible, you know."  
  
Everyone stared at Marybeth. Jim was clearly in shock.  
  
Marybeth, drunk though she was, had thought fast. Jim did not know yet about her boyfriend Eric back in Indiana. He also didn't know about her affair, or whatever it was, with Denis, her apartment mate. She was fucking Denis every day, sometimes twice or even three times a day. Denis could not get enough of her sweet pussy, and Marybeth had - apparently - not yet learned how to say no. Christ, she almost didn't say no when Roger raped her!  
  
Marybeth felt, that if Jim got some extra pussy in full view of her, he wouldn't be able to be too self-righteous and condescending if he ever learned about her and Denis, which she strongly hoped he never did! She knew, eventually, she would have to tell both Eric and Jim about the other, but while Eric was far away in Indiana, that could wait. Denis was the more immediate problem.  
  
Jim, at the same time, was wondering what the fuck was wrong with Marybeth? Was she actually giving him permission to fuck this amazing French woman, to fulfill his age-old dream of fucking a French woman? Okay, he had already done that, with Pierre's sister Hélène, and she was mighty fine, but wasn't that kind of an arranged fuck? Pierre dominated Hélène and basically ordered her to fuck Jim. It was fabulous fucking a slut like Hélène, but for some reason, this would be different.  
  
Still, Jim thought - why he didn't know - that this must be a trap. If he fucked Juliette, and he really, really, wanted to fuck her, could he lose the respect, and more importantly the love, of Marybeth? It wouldn't be worth it!  
  
Marc was the first to speak. He said, "Speaking for myself, although I suspect both Jim and Juliette agree, you, my dear Marybeth, also look hot as hell, and irresistible."  
  
Marybeth blushed, and remembering she was nude, she covered her tits and her pussy with her arms and hands. OMG, she thought, Marc wants to fuck me! This complicates things. Well, Jim has tried about everything else already; would he want to see me get fucked, too? She had to admit, the idea of fucking Marc appealed to her. It appealed to her a lot!  
  
"Jim and I need to talk," Marybeth said.  
  
"Go ahead," Juliette said.  
  
"In private," Marybeth said. Juliette smirked, as if there was no such thing as privacy, but she pulled Marc up out of his armchair and they disappeared to another room, where they both donned headphones to listen to the conversation of Jim and Marybeth. They had bugged their own apartment!  
  
"How would you feel about me fucking another guy? In particular Marc, tonight, right in front of you?" Marybeth asked. "I ask, because I know you're kinky, Jim: You like it when people see me naked, and you like it when people see us fuck. When Juliette and Marc saw us fucking on that bench just now, your cock got bigger and harder, so don't deny it! I figure the next step is you watching another guy fuck me. Am I right? Is that what you want?"

Jim just looked at her.  
  
Marybeth continued. "It's a tough call. Most men, even men who expose their women like you do, don't really want them to fuck someone else. They want their woman all to themselves. Is that the case with you? Because if it is, we've got to get the hell out of here!" Marybeth said.  
  
"What do you want?" Jim asked.  
  
"You know what I want. I want to make you happy, and to keep you happy. I love sex, you know that, and I'm a flagrant exhibitionist, you know that, too. But I'm not a slut, and I hope you know that, as well," although Marybeth felt guilt saying that last bit, given her recent behavior with Denis, and her memory of Roger raping her.  
  
"So you'll fuck Marc, here, right in front of me, if I say it's okay?" Jim asked.  
  
"That's not enough. You have to say you want me to fuck him. I'm guessing you want to see me get fucked by another guy. Am I right, or not?" she asked.  
  
"I honestly don't know," Jim said, as he wondered if having Marybeth fuck Marc could somehow get him out of the hole he had dug for himself by fucking that temptress of the devil, and totally fabulous fuck, his first and so far, only French conquest, the lovely and sexy Hélène?  
  
"If you don't know, that means you want me to, but are too afraid to say it. Say it, and I'll do it. I'll fuck Marc for you. Hell, I'd even fuck Juliette for you if you asked me to. You know I'll do anything for you, Jim. I love you," Marybeth said.  
  
"I love you, too. Let's get out of here, before those two gorgeous French people seduce us into doing something that will hurt our love," Jim said, totally surprising Marybeth with his words.  
  
As she heard Jim speak those words, Marybeth realized she really did want to fuck Marc, right here in this gorgeous French apartment, surrounded by all these African fertility statues. She had seen similar ones at the Dapper Museum in Paris. Moreover, she wanted Jim to watch! She was beginning to realize she might just be even more sexually perverted than Jim was!  
  
"Are you sure?" Marybeth said, batting her eyelashes and softly stroking her slit. It was already wet in anticipation. "You'd get to fuck Juliette, you know," she said, as she tweaked her nipple with her other hand.  
  
They both looked at each other. They knew. In the other room Juliette and Marc each removed their headphones. "They each have guilty consciences. They've each been fooling around behind the others' backs," Juliette said, quietly to Marc.  
  
"We can use this," Marc said.  
  
"No need. They've decided," Juliette said. Marc nodded, and they both re-entered the room, now both naked, and Marc with a huge erection. He looked like an African fertility god, was Marybeth's first thought. Thank goodness she had gone on the pill!  
  
"We decided you can watch Jim fuck your wife," Marybeth said to Marc, but really she was saying it to Jim.  
  
"Excellent! I'll film it, too. This will be Juliette's first time with another man," he lied. "I'll record it for posterity."  
  
"I'm quite nervous," Juliette lied. "Jim, you take charge."  
  
"Marybeth, come sit over here on the armchair with me, while we watch," Marc said, his erection sticking straight up at the ceiling.  
  
"I'll just stand next to you," Marybeth said, knowing what would happen if she sat on Marc's lap, with both of them naked, and him having such a mammoth erection, and all.  
  
Jim went to Juliette and she lay her down on the couch. He spread her legs and enjoyed looking at her French pussy. Her bush was expertly trimmed. He had never before seen such a perfectly trimmed bush. It was trimmed into the shape of a heart, and it looked much sexier than pussies that were shaved or waxed clean.  
  
He went to kiss Juliette. "I've never kissed a man other than Marc," Juliette lied, and feigned being nervous. She was a good actress, and she may have fooled Jim, but she was not fooling Marybeth.  
  
Even Jim figured Juliette had lied, but he didn't know. He kissed her delicately, and she returned the delicate kiss beautifully. It was as if she were made of fine porcelain, very fragile, easy to break. Jim had to be delicate. Juliette sat up, and the two of them sat on the couch, gently kissing. Marybeth had never seen Jim's erection be any bigger, and she got jealous.  
  
Just as Marybeth's jealousy was mounting, Marc put down his expensive camera and lovingly stroked Marybeth's ass. Her ass was perfectly positioned for such a stroke, given she was standing next to the armchair in which Marc was relaxing. Marc sipped some more cognac as he softly stroked Marybeth's ass, and as the two of them watched their naked partners kiss.  
  
Marc's gentle strokes of Marybeth's naked ass were so subtle, so loving if you will, that they relaxed her to the point where she could just enjoy watching Jim and Juliette neck. Jim was taking it to the next level, as he pushed apart Juliette's thighs, exposing her pussy to six hungry eyes. Jim stroked Juliette's pussy with a finger of his left hand, while his right hand fed his lips a little more cognac. This is the good life, Jim thought.  
  
Juliette and Jim continued kissing as Juliette's thighs parted more widely and Jim put down his cognac to devote his full attention to fingering Juliette's pussy. Marybeth saw Juliette's breathing subtly change, and she knew from personal experience what that meant! As she watched, however, Marc's hand that had been stroking her ass had now moved between her thighs, and he was gently pushing them apart. She had to change her stance.  
  
Marc's hands slowly, ever so slowly, moved up Marybeth's thighs, and Marybeth knew exactly what their final destination was. She envisioned the map she had seen on the airplane when she came over to France, showing the route it was taking, and where it was at any given time, and where its 'final destination' actually was.  
  
Just as Marc's fingers finally reached her pussy, and the wait had been exhilarating, once again confirming that anticipation was a huge component of sexual pleasure, Marybeth saw Juliette bend over and engulf her lover Jim's cock inside her mouth.  
  
Marybeth suddenly felt intensely jealous, as she saw Jim's face contort in extreme pleasure. At the same time, however, Marc's fingers (yes fingers: two of them!) entered her pussy and she groaned loudly, and saw the jealousy now reflected on Jim's face.  
  
Juliette pumped Jim's cock a few times inside her mouth and then popped it out, loudly declaring, even as Marc frantically finger fucked the rapidly succumbing Marybeth, "My goodness but your cock tastes good, Jim. It's a fabulous combination of your salty sperm together with Marybeth's leftover sweet juices. No Chinese restaurant has ever equaled this taste of sweet and sour together! I'll bet Marybeth's cunt is full of your sperm and her juices. I need to go to the source! Marc, help me out here."  
  
To her consternation, Marc's wonderful fingers left Marybeth's pussy and he rose from his chair. "Sit down, my lovely," Marc said gesturing to the overstuffed armchair he had just been sitting in. He gently pushed the ever-compliant Marybeth into his chair, and he spread her legs. He spread them wide, revealing to both Juliette and Jim just how soaking wet and inflamed her pink pussy was.  
  
Juliette crawled over to Marybeth and her head quickly shot into the space between Marybeth's legs. She began eating Marybeth out, and with every lick Marybeth groaned. This was too intense. Juliette began to stick her finger inside too, and shoveling whatever residual cum that Marybeth's cunt had not yet absorbed, into her hungry mouth.  
  
"Oh my sweet honey, you taste divine! The consistency of a good Hollandaise but the taste is like no other food in the world. Only the best Chinese chefs have ever come close. Oh, those Chinese!" Juliette said, and she returned to licking with the occasional sucking of Marybeth's sweet pussy. Marybeth felt she was in danger of losing her mind, it felt so divinely good!  
  
Jim, abandoned, was simply sitting on the couch watching the girl-on-girl action, realizing that maybe his lover was bisexual? Marc went up to him, and said, "Get up, Jim. Come with me," and he led over to the two women, both of them lost in pleasure. He pulled Juliette's ass up into the air, pushed Jim to his knees, aiming his cock at Juliette's pussy, which was itself nice and wet in anticipation.  
  
"Go for it, son," Marc said. Jim looked at him. Was he really telling him to fuck his wife, even while she ate out his own lover? Marc gave a slight nod of his head, and that was all Jim needed. He plunged his cock into yet another woman's pussy, his third of the week, and his second that very day. He was beyond thrilled.  
  
Juliette was now his second French woman conquest, and she wasn't just some submissive slut controlled by her evil younger brother, no; she was a bourgeois 30-something French sexpot in the classic mold. She had a pretty face, perfect hair, a thin but shapely body and small - but not too small - breasts. She was his imagination of the perfect French woman; she looked just like those French movie starlets he had always admired, and yes, lusted for. And now he, Jim Hastings, had his cock inside one! He was actually living his dream. Her was fucking his dream!  
  
"Fuck her rough, Jim; she likes that," Marc said, while he reached for his video camera. He took a short video of Jim's cocks going in and out, in and out, in and out of his wife's willing pussy, as Juliette began to moan out her appreciation. Once Juliette began to moan, Marybeth opened her eyes and saw Jim fucking Juliette. She actually could deal with that more easily than when Juliette was blowing him. Marybeth relaxed and re-closed her eyes, enjoying the extraordinary amount of serotines rambling around in her brain. She too began to moan.  
  
The two women were moaning in thirds. Marybeth's high voice blended perfectly with Juliette's alto. It was as if Simon and Garfunkel of olden days were now reincarnated as two women, being sexually pleasured, and moaning together.  
  
Marc decided he couldn't wait any longer. He moved Juliette away from Marybeth's pussy, and she fell onto her back on the floor. Jim mounted her in a flash. Marc pulled Marybeth up from his armchair and sat himself down, pulling her down too, and right onto his cock. "Oh!" Marybeth cried out. She had not expected that!  
  
Marybeth ran with it, however, and immediately started bouncing up and down on Marc's cock. Marc had grabbed one of the African fertility statues, a wooden one with a huge, oversized cock. The cock shone smooth from years of use. He held it up to Marybeth's mouth and whispered to her, "Suck it, you sexy woman."  
  
Marybeth was shocked. This was completely unexpected. "It's a fertility rite," Marc said. "You suck it while I fuck you." They were already fucking as Marybeth kept bouncing up and down on Marc's spectacular cock, and Marybeth kept staring at the African fertility god, with his huge, oversized cock. She tentatively licked the tip, and something flipped in her brain.  
  
Marc began to fuck her harder as she licked it, and when she finally took the giant cock inside her mouth, Marc filled her up with his spunk, groaning loudly as he did so. At the same time, Marybeth had a mega orgasm to the point where she almost lost consciousness. She kept the African statue in her mouth, and kept sucking and sucking and sucking it as Marc shot load after load after load of his spunk deep inside her precious cunt.  
  
Marybeth slumped into Marc, her back against his chest. His arms want around her, holding her there possessively, as he played with her boobs. They quietly, serenely, watched Jim pummel poor Juliette's pussy into oblivion, as he fucked her as hard as he could, over and over again. Jim grunted with each powerful thrust, and Juliette moaned out her appreciation, in her serene alto voice. Both Jim and Juliette were covered in sweat, and Juliette kept rocking, with each powerful thrust Jim gave her.  
  
Marybeth had never seen sex the likes of which was unfolding before her, and with her very own lover Jim, too. She wasn't jealous, she was too weak from her orgasm from heaven for any other emotions, but she was curious: she wanted Jim to fuck here like that! In the meantime, she had Marc's cock happily still inside her. He had unloaded inside her; wasn't he supposed to be shrinking? Eric, Jim, and Denis all shrank after they had cum. Was Marc different? Or was it all the doings of those African fertility sculptures?  
  
Juliette stayed naked, but she made them all a Grog au Rhum. They certainly didn't need more alcohol, Marybeth thought to herself, but Juliette was such the consummate hostess she couldn't deny her. "It's to keep you warm during this chilly weather," she said.  
  
A while later, while they are all relaxing and sipping their Grogs, Marc proposed going to the hot tub. Juliette agreed enthusiastically.  
  
"You have a hot tub?" Jim asked, clearly incredulous. Nothing was surprising Marybeth anymore.  
  
"Our building has one. We all share it. It's on the roof. Since it's not raining or snowing or anything, we should all go up!" he said.  
  
"Do you have a bathing suit I could borrow?" Marybeth asked Juliette.  
  
"Oh, silly girl. You must be naked in the hot tub. Building rules. It's more sanitary, you know," Juliette replied.  
  
After some discussion, and mild complaints from Marybeth, but none from Jim, the four of them got in the elevator and went to the top floor, taking the stairs to the roof. "I love the way Marybeth's boobs bounce as she climbs stairs," Jim said, "Don't you, Marc?"  
  
"I love everything about your girlfriend," he said. Marybeth blushed. Marc turned on the bubbles, and they all got into the spacious hot tub. Jim put his arms around Marybeth possessively. He was getting tired of sharing his lover. True, he had gotten to lay a bonafide French MILF, but enough was enough.  
  
That was when the two Dominiques joined them in the hot tub. Neither of Jim nor Marybeth was expecting more people in the hot tub! Dominque Chevalley sat next to Juliette, and the other Dominique (Dominque Bertrand) sat next to Marybeth. Almost immediately Dominque Chevalley began to kiss Juliette. Dominque Bertrand asked if he could please kiss Marybeth? He was already playing with her right tit under the cover of the water. Marybeth looked at Jim, as if to see if he wanted her to comply. Dominque's hand on her boob was getting her interested.  
  
"I guess a kiss won't hurt," Jim recklessly said. Soon Juliette was getting hot heavy with Dominique and Marybeth was getting aroused by the other Dominique. Marc could see that Jim was getting upset.  
  
"Come on, Marybeth and Jim. I want to show you both our full African art collection," he said. "We'll leave Juliette to entertain the two Dominiques."  
  
Jim led the two innocent Americans down to his special room full of African erotic art. As they dried themselves, they watched the two Dominiques pleasure themselves with Juliette's charms. Then a bit later, as they descended the stairs, they heard Juliette's sexual moans coming from the rooftop hot tub.  
  
Both Marybeth and Jim, exhausted from the activities of an amazing evening, were totally played out, and not at all prepared for what Marc had planned for them. Walking into Marc's African art room was like walking into a Tiki room at Disneyworld, but make that an R rated, no, perhaps an X rated, Tiki room.  
  
"What's your favorite statue, Marybeth? Look them over carefully. You too, Jim," Marc said.  
  
The statues were amazing. This had to be the foremost collection of African erotic art in the world, Marybeth thought, and she was into African art. She had seen the small collection in the Indianapolis Museum of Fine art, and on a quick trip to New York, she had seen Rockefeller's collection, too, at the Metropolitan Museum. In Paris, she had seen the Dapper Museum, and the Oceania Musée du Quai Branly. Those collections had lots of fabulous African art, but only the odd piece was of a sexual nature. Marc's collection was nothing but sex!  
  
The room had soft, seductive lighting. There was a faint smell in the art, as if the air were infused with an aphrodisiac. Maybe it was? Both Marybeth and Jim began to feel sexual tingles. After all the sex they had experienced today, for Marybeth beginning with her morning fuck with Denis, they both couldn't believe they were once again feeling aroused.  
  
Marc kept touching Marybeth. The three of them were still naked. He'd point out an African goddess with huge breasts, and he'd say to Jim, "Size is overrated, don't you think? Marybeth has lovely boobs, don't you think?" as he caressed both or her boobs. Neither him doing this nor Marybeth's eager welcome of his touches were lost on Jim. This was all so surreal.  
  
As they saw more and more of the erotica, Marc's hands got bolder and bolder with Marybeth. It became clear to the three of them that Marybeth would soon be at her submissive peak, ready to do whatever, with whomever. Whatever the two men wanted of her, she was ready to do.  
  
Jim felt they were saved by the appearance of the equally naked Juliette with the two Dominiques in tow. Jim never understood how it happened, but before long Marybeth and the two Dominiques had wandered off into a room that closed up once they were inside, and he was left alone with Juliette and Marc.  
  
Juliette began kissing Jim, and soon a chair appeared, and Jim was sitting on it, with his erect cock pointing straight up to the ceiling, and with Juliette sucking it for all she was with. "Fuck me again, won't you Jim?"  
  
Jim rose, and Marc promptly sat down. His cock disappeared into Juliette's mouth as she wiggled her ass at Jim. Jim took the hint and plunged right in. It was then, as he fucked her, that he heard soft moans coming through the door that could only be coming from Marybeth. Was she now fucking the two Dominques, too? Was this the same Marybeth he loved and thought he knew?  
  
He couldn't think about it for too long, he needed to concentrate upon destroying this sexpot of a MILF who was his match, if ever there was one. She didn't miss a single suck of her husband's cock no matter how hard he fucked her!  
  
Long after they had all three cum, they could still hear Marybeth's moans coming from the room behind the closed door. They went to look and Jim will never forget the sight he saw. Marybeth had the cock of an African fertility statue in her mouth, while she was blindfolded and tied down to a couch. She had a cock in her cunt and one in her ass. She was writhing, literally writhing, around on that very couch.  
  
She was sweating as the two men fucked her two holes, and as she moaned though the African statue's oversized penis in her mouth. As they watched, she climaxed, shivering like an epileptic, and, apparently for the first time ever, she squirted! Well, well, well. Live and learn, thought Jim. Maybe Marybeth, his naïve, innocent girl from Flora, Indiana, was more woman than he could handle!  
  
One thing he knew, though: He was surely going to try!  
  
After the two Dominique's had emptied their balls inside his lover, and she had recovered enough to get dressed, Jim asked Marc if he could call a taxi for him? The ride back to their host families was silent. The taxi took Marybeth to her place, first.  
  
"Uh, Jim...after tonight, are you still willing to see me?" Marybeth tentatively asked. She realized just how much she loved Jim.  
  
"Yes, maybe we should meet tomorrow to talk," Jim said.  
  
"Let's meet tomorrow, but let's not talk," Marybeth said.  
  
"Okay. Tomorrow then," and the two lovebirds kissed goodbye. Jim tasted the cum of the two Dominques on Marybeth's lips; she tasted the juices of Juliette on Jim's. Marybeth giggled nervously, and Jim just smiled. They kissed again, and then the taxi took Jim back to his host family's home. It was 4AM.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 08**

*The Confessions of Marybeth and Jim*  
  
The next day after the amazing blowout they had in the park adjoining Les Invalides, Marybeth and Jim had a hell of a lot to discuss. In fact, they had so much to discuss they said almost nothing at all. Jim. began, once they were installed outside at a café.  
  
"I suggest we remember everything about last night until we went into that apartment building with Marc and Juliette. Everything that happened in there, just didn't happen, okay?" Jim said. He could see the relief in Marybeth's eyes.  
  
"There's something else I need to tell you, Jim. Let me preface it by saying I love you, and I don't want to lose you by being dishonest, and that's why I'm telling you, okay?" she said.  
  
Jim braced himself. "Okay," he said.  
  
"You know Denis, the son in my host family, the one you wanted me to tease?" she asked.  
  
Where, oh where, is this going? "Yes," Jim said.  
  
"Well, the teasing quickly spiraled out of control. Denis visits me in my bed every single night. Sometimes he even spends the night. I just can't seem to say no to him," she said. She cleverly didn't mention that he had the biggest, thickest, longest cock she had ever seen.  
  
That threw Jim for a loop! He looked to be in shock. Perhaps it was because he actually was in shock.  
  
"Before you explode, there's more," she said.  
  
"More?" Jim said, even more incredulous.  
  
"Yes. I have a fiancé back in Indiana. He's at IU, with us. His name is Eric. He's coming over here to visit me. He's never seen Paris before, or for that matter, been anywhere in Europe," she said.  
  
"You lost me, after the word fiancé. You're engaged to be married, and you've been engaged the whole time we've been together here in Paris?" Jim asked.  
  
Marybeth looked at her feet and very quietly said, "Yes."  
  
"Anything else?" Jim asked. He was still in shock.  
  
"Well, there's the rape. I didn't want to tell you about it. The rapist is now out of the hospital," she said.  
  
"What???"  
  
"Uh, it's a long story. The rapist is Roger Le Gall. He's under arrest for assault. The concussion was minor, but he has some serious damage to his eyes," Marybeth said, quite calmly.  
  
"When were you raped?" Jim asked.  
  
"About a week ago. The rape was short lived. I'm still dealing with it. My problem is, I enjoyed it. I feel so ashamed! I didn't give him the concussion, but I'm the one who damaged his eyes. Denis set me up to be raped," she said.  
  
"Denis set you up to be raped, and you're fucking him every night anyway?" Jim asked.  
  
"I know it sounds strange, but..." Marybeth said, and then she stopped. She knew she couldn't explain everything. Hell, she couldn't explain anything!  
  
"Marybeth, you're very fucked up," Jim said.  
  
"I know," Marybeth said quietly. She was so full of shame.  
  
"Does your fiancé..., what's his name?"  
  
"Eric. Eric Stevens."  
  
"Does he know about me?" Jim asked.  
  
"God, no!" she said. "Well, maybe he suspects."  
  
"Why does he suspect?" Jim asked.  
  
"Well, you know some of those obscene pictures you took of me, that night in the fancy hotel? By the way, that's still the best night of my life, you know," Marybeth said.  
  
"Yes?" Jim asked.  
  
"Well, I sent them to Eric, and he loved them, but then he began to ask who took them, and why I was in the fancy hotel," she said.  
  
"I told them my friend Jim took the pictures, but I didn't elaborate," she said. "I guess I kind of let him believe that you're good with a camera --- which you are, anyway -- and that you took them so that I could send them to Eric."  
  
"He'd have to be an idiot not to figure out you were sleeping with me," Jim said.  
  
"He's very trusting. It's part of his charm," Marybeth said.  
  
"You mean, he's an idiot," Jim said.  
  
"Well, there is that," she said, and she giggled.  
  
"Does he know about Denis fucking you every night?" Jim asked.  
  
"Of course, he doesn't. I've told nobody, except you, just now. Denis, though, likes to brag. He's trying to blackmail me," she said.  
  
"How so?" Jim asked.  
  
"He wants me to suck and fuck his friend Pierre. If I don't, he'll tell you how he fucks me every night," she said.  
  
"Why would I believe him?" Jim asked.  
  
"Because he secretly wired his sister's room, the room I'm using during my stay here, for video and sound. He's blackmailing her, since she cheated a few times on her boyfriend, and now he wants to blackmail me, too," she said. "You wouldn't believe the videos he has of his sister. She's quite acrobatic in bed, you might say."  
  
"Wait a minute. Is his friend Pierre named Pierre Landemain?" Jim asked.  
  
"Yes. Do you know him?" Marybeth replied.  
  
"He's the son in my host family. He's blackmailing his sister too. Part of the blackmail is that he forced her to fuck me," Jim said.  
  
"I guess he didn't have to force you to fuck her, though, did he?" Marybeth said, with an edge in her voice.  
  
"Look who's talking," Jim said.  
  
"Touché," Marybeth said.  
  
They paused for a while. Jim ordered two more coffees.  
  
"I still love you, Jim," Marybeth said. "More than I can say."  
  
"You have a strange way of showing it. Anyway what about Eric?" Jim asked.  
  
"I still love him, too. I think. I don't know. I've known Eric since we were babies," she said.  
  
"How long have you been fucking him?" Jim asked.  
  
"That's personal," she said.  
  
"Marybeth, consider who you're talking to!" Jim said, a bit exasperated.  
  
"Right. Well you know how over-sexed I am," she said.  
  
"Yes, I guess I'm qualified to know that. Anyway, for how long?" he asked.  
  
"Six or seven years, I guess," she said.  
  
"You're twenty, right?" Jim asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Jesus," he said. "Do you fuck him often?"  
  
"Yes, but of course not when he's an ocean apart!" she said.  
  
"When does Eric arrive?" Jim asked.  
  
"Tomorrow morning, around 11AM. He's staying at a cheap hotel in the Montparnasse area. Do you want to meet him?" Marybeth asked.  
  
"No."  
  
"He'll be here for a week, plus the two weekends at either end," she said.  
  
Jim was silent.  
  
"I'd like to keep seeing you while he's here. I mean, if you're willing?" she asked.  
  
"What about Denis?" Jim asked.  
  
"I've got a plan for Denis. He has to stop, ah, being intimate with me, or I'll tell Roger he was the one who pulled Roger off me and gave him a concussion. Roger will then beat the crap out of him, and there's a lot of crap in that salaud," she said.  
  
"Okay, so let's say you're done with Denis. You're going to keep secretly seeing me, and all that implies, right under your fiancé's nose?" Jim asked.  
  
"It won't be the first time I've done that," Marybeth whispered.  
  
"Back in Indiana?" Jim asked.  
  
"Yep. One guy in high school, and I was balancing two guys in college, behind sweet Eric's back," she said.  
  
"I'm beginning to feel sorry for Eric," Jim said. "You're quite a piece of work, Marybeth. All that and you give off this innocent, naïve vibe?"  
  
"Don't feel sorry for Eric. He does okay," she said.  
  
"What do you mean?" Jim asked.  
  
"Eric's been seeing Sally since the day after I left for France. And by seeing her, you know what I mean, right? My friend Ellen has sent me lots of pictures of them together, and she even sneaked one of Eric fucking Sally at a bar," Marybeth said.  
  
"Are you jealous?" Jim asked.  
  
"Of course, I am! Nobody's ever fucked me at a bar!" Marybeth said, a bit too loud. A couple of other patrons of the café kind of looked at us.  
  
Jim shook his head. He was in love with woman? "Eric's cheating gives you the perfect excuse to dump him," Jim said.  
  
"Why would I do that?" she asked.  
  
"Because you love me," Jim said.  
  
"I do love you, Jim. I love you more than I can say; but we've been together for what -- two months? Eric and I have a lifetime of history together. And Jim, do you really love me? Even after you've seen me in action at Marc and Juliette's, and even though I've been fucking Denis every night? Do you, Jim? Would you ask me to give up the love of my life for you? Can you commit to me like that, knowing what a lying, cheating slut I am?" Marybeth said.  
  
"You know you love me, Marybeth. The rest is just sex. I'll give you this week with Eric, and then you decide, okay?" Jim said.  
  
"Don't do this, Jim. I'll pick Eric, I have no choice," she said.  
  
"There's always a choice," Jim said.  
  
"You don't understand," Marybeth said.  
  
"Tell me, then."  
  
"Eric is my relation," she said.  
  
"You relation?" Jim was truly surprised.  
  
"Well, a bit more, actually. How shall I put this? He's actually my half-brother, a year older than me. We didn't know, until I was eighteen, and Eric was nineteen. You see? He's family! I can't just walk away," she said. "My father knocked up most of the young wives on our block, back home in Flora. Women find him irresistible for some reason. I don't get it, myself. My father waited until I was eighteen to tell me that Eric was my brother. It was too late; we were already hopelessly in love."  
  
"So you see, I can't just dump Eric," she added.  
  
"Yes, you can," Jim said. "In fact, it's a good idea. It's illegal to marry your brother in Indiana."  
  
"It is? I can really dump him? Just like that?"  
  
"It happens all the time," Jim said.  
  
"It does?"  
  
"Yes. Now repeat after me. I, Marybeth Davis, will have one glorious week with Eric, and with me on the side, and without Denis, and then I'll tell Eric it's over, and he should go back to Sally or Susie, or Ellen, or whoever he's fucking back home in Indiana. Say it" Jim said.  
  
Marybeth said it.  
  
"Remember, no more Denis," Jim said.  
  
Marybeth nodded.  
  
"Now tonight I'm taking you to a club. Wear something short, and show a lot of boob, okay?" Jim said.  
  
"I love you, Jim," Marybeth said.  
  
"I'm a fool, but I love you, too. Pick you up at eight. We'll go to dinner, then to the club. Remember, short skirt, and show lots of boob. I want you to look like the slut you are, okay?" Jim said.  
  
Marybeth just smiled. "See you at eight," she said. "Oh, one more thing, just so you know: Sally is also my half-sister, and the half-sister of Eric, too. I'm not sure they know it, though."  
  
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Marybeth did her best to look gorgeous. She modeled the outfits for Denis, and asked him to choose the sexiest, or the sluttiest, whichever it was. He was drooling, but he finally decided. He told her one special outfit was both at once: The sexiest, and also the sluttiest.  
  
Denis was frustrated he could not fuck her while she was changing clothes. She had explained everything to him, and she had told him the sex between them was over. She had suggested instead he find his own girlfriend, or, failing that, maybe arrange with Pierre to fuck his slut of a sister?  
  
"With all I've taught you, Denis, and with your huge cock, once you get a girl into bed she'll be loath to leave you. You just have to lose your misogynist ways, and replace your hatred of women with love of them. Then the girls will flock to you. Trust me on this," Marybeth said.  
  
Marybeth undressed to her panties and went to the bathroom to put on her make-up. She had never tried to look slutty before, so she was a bit at a loss, but she figured a smoky eye would be effective. Denis kept coming into the bathroom to check out the near naked Marybeth and she had to keep shooing him away.  
  
Denis instead went into her room and logged into her computer. He had stolen her password a few weeks ago. Marybeth was such a sweet, trusting, stupid innocent of a girl: She had written her password on a post-it so she wouldn't forget it. Denis had found the post-it.  
  
Denis looked at her browser history, and he figured out where Jim was taking her that night. Dressed the way she was planning to dress, she'd get one hell of a lot of attention! He logged out of her computer just in time, as Marybeth returned to her room to find Denis sniffing her panties and bras from her lingerie drawer. She giggled at the sight, and then she shooed him out of her room, once again telling him to find his own girl.  
  
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Jim was pissed. He was mad at himself: He should have realized you don't take a girl dressed as Marybeth was, to such a nice restaurant. Every single man there couldn't take his eyes off Marybeth. Her skirt was so short, and in addition slit, that when she sat everyone could see her entire legs, up to and including her panties. Her blouse had such deep cleavage that her nipples were barely hidden from open view, and if she leaned forward, anyone and everyone could see her nipples.  
  
Jim was hard throughout dinner. He was convinced that every man at the restaurant could pass a quiz on the color of Marybeth's panties (they were lavender). Instead of being embarrassed by her outrageous outfit, so inappropriate for such a high-class restaurant, Marybeth was eating up all the attention she got. This was, after all, her last night out with Jim before her fiancé Eric was going to arrive. Eric would never be caught dead with Marybeth looking like this. For him, it was inconceivable.  
  
After dinner, Jim took Marybeth to a café. It was too early to go to the club. He noticed Marybeth looked shocked, and he followed her eyes to another table where a young French guy sat, in the company of a sexy blonde, whom he was fairly sure was American.  
  
"What's going on?" Jim asked Marybeth.  
  
"At that table over there, the young guy with the dazzling blonde?" Marybeth indicated.  
  
"Yes, what about them?" he asked.  
  
"That's Denis, and with him is Sally, my half-sister. By the way, she doesn't know she's my half-sister, unless her mother told her, and I'm sure her mother has told nobody," Marybeth said.  
  
"She looks just like you!" Jim remarked.  
  
"Yes, a lot of kids around my age in Flora look like me. You know why, too, right?" Marybeth said.  
  
"Someday, I'll have to visit Flora," Jim said.  
  
"Don't worry, Jim. You will. I plan to keep you, in which case you'll meet my parents. Watch out for my Mom, when you do," she said.  
  
"A sexy MILF?"  
  
"Uh-huh," Marybeth said. "I suspect she's already slept with Eric, although I'm sure not much sleeping was involved."  
  
"Does she know Eric is your half-brother?" Jim asked.  
  
"Nobody knows any of that, except my Dad, me, and now you," Marybeth said. "Why the fuck is Sally here in Paris? And why is she with Denis? And why here, and why now?"  
  
"Good questions. Someone knows too much. My money is on Denis," Jim said.  
  
"I've never told him anything," Marybeth said, kind of in high dudgeon. "All I've done is bleep him," she said, and didn't add the words "a lot." After all, she was talking to her lover Jim!  
  
"Is your computer password protected?" Jim asked.  
  
"Of course, it is! Oh, shit, of course," she said. "Denis must have found my password."  
  
"You wrote it down?? Are you nuts?" Jim said.  
  
"I was worried I'd forget it," she said.  
  
"Assume Denis knows everything on your computer. Assume he's read your email, all your texts, you Facebook private pages, everything. Probably he has copies of the sexy pictures we've taken. My guess is he has the pictures and videos Marc and Juliette took, and he's sent them to Sally, and he's making trouble for you with your fiancé Eric. He probably invited Sally here, based on that," Jim said.  
  
"Sally and Denis seem to be getting along," Marybeth said, noticing how Sally was giggling and smiling at every little thing Denis said. He was all starry-eyed, looking at her. Marybeth did have to admit that her half-sister, who was a year younger than she, was in fact pretty. She was very pretty, especially when her long blonde hair bounced around, as it did just then. Marybeth was feeling jealous. Was she jealous of Sally due to Eric, or due to Denis, or due to both, or simply because Sally was so pretty and sexy? She just didn't know.  
  
"Did you hear what I just said?" Jim asked.  
  
"Uh, no," Marybeth said. Jim gave up. He'd talk to her later.  
  
"We should go say hello. I've known Sally all my life. Come on, I'll introduce you," Marybeth said.  
  
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Sally had thanked Marybeth for all of her emails and Facebook posts, none of which she had sent. She began to realize just what Denis had done.  
  
"Is it true what you wrote about Denis and his huge cock and how good he is in bed? When he invited me to Paris, telling me you raved about me to him, I decided to come. Your Dad lent me the money!" Sally said, rather breathlessly. "Eric is coming tomorrow, but obviously you know that! Your friend Jim is a hunk! Are you two, uh,...a couple? What about Eric? He arrives tomorrow, but of course you know that, don't you?"  
  
Marybeth, as usual with Sally, had trouble getting even a word in.  
  
"It's great to see you, Sally" Marybeth finally managed to squeeze in when Sally paused to breathe, and they hugged. They didn't kiss, because that whole Lesbian experimentation thing Sally's freshman year, and Marybeth's sophomore year in college, didn't work out that well. They tried, they had given it the old "college try," but they had to face facts: they liked sex with men much too much.  
  
Marybeth didn't know what to do. She felt it was too awkward to tell her that Denis had hacked her computer and sent her all those things, pretending he was her. Fact on the ground: Sally was here, in Paris, and interested in Denis. She'd have a good time, since Denis had become quite good in bed, due to Marybeth's careful tutelage. One wild card handled.  
  
Then there was the issue of Sally cheating with her fiancé behind her back. Girlfriends aren't supposed to do that to each other! On the hand, as Jim had pointed out, this gave her the perfect, and classic, excuse to break the engagement. That reminds her: She has to dig out the ring Eric gave her and be wearing it when he arrives in the morrow!  
  
The whole thing was going to be rather delicate, and test her talents, but right now she had better get back to the boys. She wondered what Jim and Denis had been discussing? What did they have in common? Oh yeah: they both had me, and my naked, willing, and eager body in common. Shit.  
  
How do I get myself in these messes? Marybeth thought.  
  
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There was, of course, no point in trying to talk at the nightclub. The music was so loud, you didn't so much hear it, as you felt it. It vibrated right into your head, into your skull, and bounced around in there. After around an hour Marybeth's ears were ringing, but she was dancing a lot with Sally while the men watched, and Sally and Marybeth were grinding their asses, and channeling their fleeting days as two lesbians. It was tremendous fun.  
  
As the two women danced, Sally playfully pulled at Marybeth's top, and Sally managed to spill out Marybeth's boobs. Marybeth couldn't decide if she did it on purpose or not, but she mentally shrugged and went with the flow. However, after seeing the evil smile on Sally's face, she managed to unsnap and unzip Sally's skirt, and before long it was on the floor. Good thing that Sally was wearing nice panties. She always did like panties that glowed in the dark, Marybeth had remembered, and Sally looked stunning in her luminescent panties! The two of them made quite a sight to see!  
  
Two random men began dancing with the two women. A good-looking French guy danced with Marybeth, and used every occasion to feel up her boobs, while Marybeth pretended to ignore it, and just smiled. An Arab hunk, probably an Algerian, latched onto Sally with her glow-in-the-dark panties. When the men grabbed the women and began kissing them and thoroughly feeling them up, Jim and Denis were no longer amused, and they rode to the rescue.

The six of them (Jim and Denis, Marybeth and Sally, and the two mashers) all went to a corner and tried to talk. Before long Jim and Masher #1 were both kissing Marybeth, while Denis and Masher #2 were both kissing Sally. The girls' heads were spinning.  
  
Marybeth wasn't sure who removed her panties, but she was sure it wasn't her! Jim had his cock out, and so did Masher #1. She saw Jim toss a coin. Masher #1 apparently won, and he took Marybeth in his arms and kissed her, while he molested her boobs. Marybeth responded with passion, but nevertheless she was surprised -- no, shocked -- when somehow, with both of them standing in the corner, Masher #1 pushed her up against the nightclub's wall, and managed to get his cock inside her! She was being fucked by a total stranger! Jim was looking on, smiling.  
  
The feelings Marybeth had were intense. This was a new level of sluttiness she had never even imagined, let alone foreseen! Why was she letting it happen? She had no idea, but she was so turned on, and it felt so good, she decided to run with it. His thrusts were so powerful she felt his cock lifting her onto her toes with each upward thrust. It was so delicious!  
  
She happened to see Sally pushed against the wall next to her, and Sally too was being fucked! The Arab was watching; it was Denis fucking Sally with his huge dick, using all the little tricks Marybeth had taught him. Judging by Sally's face of shock, horror, and extraordinary pleasure, Denis was a success. Marybeth wouldn't be at all surprised if Denis ended up making Sally his sex slave.  
  
That was the last thought Marybeth had before her orgasm crushed her, and she collapsed to the floor. Jim rushed over to help her up before she got trampled, and Masher #1 jerked himself to completion, squirting over Marybeth's boobs. Sally was in a similar state.  
  
Jim and Denis escorted the two women out of the club. Marybeth was topless and had lost her panties, and Sally was bottomless. They were high as kites and giggling up a storm. Jim had given them perhaps a bit too much of the drug he had slipped into their drinks.  
  
"You want Marybeth for one last time?" he said to Denis. "I'd like to tap Sally's ass."  
  
The two men switched, while the women giggled through the fucks, and Marybeth, as always, came quickly and easily. Sally, as was her style, took much longer to climax, but Jim, the master, got her there. He got himself there, too, and happily emptied his balls inside Sally. Only later did he wonder if she had protection? In the meantime, Denis enjoyed to the max his last fuck of Marybeth. It was his first time having sloppy seconds.  
  
Denis, Jim, Sally, and Marybeth all wondered what would happen when Eric arrived in the morrow. Jim flagged a taxi and took everyone home. Denis snuck into the stoned and drunk Marybeth's room once they were home, and he enjoyed her body yet again. Marybeth was too wasted to push Denis away. One more time wouldn't hurt, right?  
  
Jim and Sally each went home and immediately fell asleep. Eric listened to his Bose headphones on the airplane over to Paris, not even suspecting the clusterfuck he would find there. Ignorance is bliss, at least for a while.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 09**

*Eric arrives in Paris to claim his fiancé. Marybeth takes revenge.*  
  
Eric hadn't been able to sleep that much on the airplane. He had watched two movies, and drank a bit too much wine. He had trouble getting comfortable, since being two inches over six feet, his knees touched the back of the seat in front of him, which was in a constant state of 'reclined.' He was thrilled, actually, to be able to stand (kind of, his head had to be bent over due to the low ceiling above his middle seat), once the seat belt sign had come off, upon landing and arriving at the gate.  
  
He followed the mob to immigration. The gruff French policewoman ran his passport through the computer, found nothing suspicious, stamped it, and waved him through. He saw a john en route to the baggage claim, and stopped in for a minute to relieve himself. He looked at himself in the mirror, and ran a hand through his blonde hair. His cold blue eyes looked bloodshot. He was going to be seeing Marybeth, the love of his life, the woman he'd loved since he turned 13, and he looked like shit.  
  
Maybe she wouldn't notice? Yeah, right. Well, she'd be horny as hell, she always was, and now it had been three months without her daily dose of sex, so she'd be all over him and not give a f\*\*k about whether or not be looked his best, right?  
  
This being a French airport, there was a bottle of male cologne in the airport bathroom, so he splashed a bit around his unshaven face. He left the john and continued on to the baggage area. The one advantage of living in an era of terrorism, is that every checked bag has to match a passenger on the plane, before clearance to take-off is given. So even though Eric's bag was one of the last to make its way to the luggage carousel, Eric was not worried.  
  
This was it: Showtime! He was sure Marybeth would be out there, just beyond the opaque glass walled barrier, waiting for him with open arms. His cock began to stir at just the thought of seeing her again. He had loved the pictures she had sent him, especially the obscene ones, though their very existence, and the fact that some guy named Jim had taken them, made him wonder about just how faithful Marybeth had been to him? But then, he had gotten plenty of action on the side with their mutual friend from childhood, Sally Parker. God, Sally is hot! A smile crossed his face as he thought of her.  
  
Eric was fairly sure of himself. He knew he was classically handsome. He was smart in school and always got good grades. He was an accomplished musician and was second chair trumpet in the orchestra, and IU was a school that was known for its music. He was tall, and naturally muscular.  
  
His only faults, were that he had a small cock, and he was totally shy when it came to nudity and sex. Whenever he and Marybeth (or for that matter, Sally) made love, it had to be pitch dark. Not even his lovers could see his cock. They could feel it, yes; they could play with it, yes; they could spread their legs for it, yes! They just couldn't look at it.  
  
Well, Marybeth had never complained. She loved him as he was. Sally also seemed to crave his body, small cock and all. She too was shy, so in many ways she was his perfect match. Too bad his heart and soul belonged to Marybeth. Although Sally....? Well, what the hell, he was here for Marybeth, and such thoughts could wait until after Paris!  
  
Eric wondered what Marybeth would be wearing. He was sure it would be sexy; after all, it had been three months! He hoped she'd come with him to his hotel. She had found him a bargain, in some area called Montparnasse, wherever that is. Strange name for a neighborhood, actually. He had looked it up, and it meant Mt. Parnassus, a Greek mountain that, legend has it, was home to poetry and music. Well, that's nice, but did he really want to stay on a mountain within Paris?  
  
He exited the secure zone. There was a horde of people waiting to greet their loved ones. Where was Marybeth? He scanned the people. There! In the back! There she was, holding up a large sign, made with poster board, on which she had scrawled, "ERIC!!!!!" in huge letters, via a permanent ink felt tip pen. Eric's unshaven face broke into a huge smile. He quickly pulled his carry-on and suitcase towards that sexy woman, the one he planned to spend his life with.  
  
Something was wrong. Who was the blonde beauty standing next to Marybeth, smiling from ear to ear? She was a dead ringer for Sally, his Sally, the woman he had been cheating with. How bizarre that Sally's doppelganger was standing next to Marybeth? And were they talking and giggling with each other? Was she actually Sally? Was this real, or did Delta Airlines slip him some LSD or something?  
  
No, it was real. His two lovers, friends since birth it seemed, were standing side by side, giggling up a storm. Was this his punishment for cheating on Marybeth? Her engagement ring was twinkling in the fluorescent lights of the airport arrival hall. He smiled when he saw it on her finger. She still loved him, didn't she?  
  
Who knows what Sally told her, or why on earth she was here, but one thing he knew for certain: Marybeth still loved him, and she had been loyal, even if his flesh had been weak. Although those pictures...? Pish, posh. Marybeth had explained them. Her friend Jim was good with a camera. He did have to admit the pictures were amazing.  
  
Eric got hard instantly, whenever he looked at one of those pictures. He had shown some of them to the guy sitting next to him on the airplane, and he had gotten hard, too. Oh, goodness! There he was, in the arrival hall, looking at his smiling, innocent fiancé. He knew, he just knew, that random guy who had sat next to him was there, close by in the arrival hall. He was looking at Marybeth, his Marybeth. Was he imagining her naked, her pussy wide open, perhaps using, in his mind, the picture with her hairbrush sticking out of her pussy? Yes, he had to be picturing his innocent little fiancé like that, in the picture she had trustingly sent to him, "for his eyes only."  
  
Marybeth rushed up to him, tossing aside her huge sign, and hugged him and kissed him all over his face. It was obvious to Eric Marybeth had not worn a bra. He could just barely see her nipples and areolas right through her blouse!  
  
Ah, that's what he wanted! He needed to feel her body against his, to bathe in her sweet kisses, to wallow in her smell...Then, to his alarm, Marybeth pushed him aside, and Sally rushed up to him, and hugged him and French kissed him until his erection was ready to burst out of his pants! How could Sally do this, right in front of Marybeth? Why did Marybeth herself push him into Sally's arms? What the f\*\*k was going on, anyway?  
  
The three of them got into a taxi, and Marybeth, using her perfect French, instructed the driver, as they drove the long journey, fighting traffic, from Charles de Gaulle airport to the Montparnasse district of Paris, and then down a maze of small streets, until the taxi stopped in front of a run-down, dirty looking hotel, that said, "Tout Confort," and advertised toilets in every room! It had a two-star rating displayed, but Eric didn't know what the f\*\*k that meant.  
  
The three of them took Eric to his room on the first floor (second floor, American). There was no elevator so they hiked up a flight of stairs. As soon as they were in the room, before Eric even managed to close the door, the two women were stripping off their clothes. Eric again entered a state of shock.  
  
"Who do you want first, my love?" Marybeth said.  
  
Eric was unable to speak.  
  
Sally was undressing Eric as he stared at the curvy, luscious body of his gorgeous fiancé, and once Eric was naked, Marybeth pushed him onto the bed, his small cock sticking straight up, and she proceeded to give him a blowjob. It was the first blowjob Marybeth had ever given him! Sally had given him plenty, but Marybeth? Never before!  
  
Finally, Eric could speak, as Marybeth bobbed her head lovingly on his cock. "When? How did you learn?"  
  
"The Internet, lover. It's not really hard to do, you know. I've been practicing for you, my love," Marybeth said.  
  
"Practicing? What? How? You mean with a dildo or something?" Eric asked, as Marybeth continued to lovingly suck his cock.  
  
"No, silly. I've been practicing with my friends Jim and Denis mostly, but also with Marc, and the two Dominiques," Marybeth said. "They've all been very nice about it, given how I was just learning and all."  
  
"Uh...what?" Eric asked, as it begun to sink in what Marybeth was telling him.  
  
"Yeah. I think I'm better in bed now, too, but you can see if you agree later. I mean, Sally gets you next. It's only fair, you know," Marybeth said. "Don't let him cum, Sally. I want Eric to cum in my mouth; I've never tasted his cum. I want to compare it to Jim's, to Denis', to Marc's, and of course to the two Dominiques'!"  
  
"That's okay, Marybeth. Eric tends to cum suddenly, so maybe you should finish him. I'll enjoy him later. You know me; I'm a patient girl," Sally said.  
  
"What's going on?" Eric said. "Is this some elaborate joke?"  
  
"Maybe," Marybeth said, and she took his cock back inside her mouth. No deep throat was necessary (a good thing, because Marybeth couldn't do that yet). The entire cock fit easily inside her mouth. Eric exploded only a couple of minutes later.  
  
Marybeth smiled. She had a mouthful of cum. She went to Sally, and the two naked women kissed, open mouthed, as Marybeth used her tongue to push some of Eric's cum over to Sally's mouth. Then the two women dramatically swallowed the cum together. Marybeth pinched Sally's nipples, and Sally said, "Game on, girl!"  
  
Eric was in shock. He sat there in stunned disbelief, as Marybeth and Sally performed some girl-on-girl action right beside him. Marybeth came long before Sally did, but eventually Eric got to watch both women climax.  
  
Marybeth looked over at Eric. He was still soft. He always had needed a long recovery time. She would have thought the sight of her and Sally getting it on would have been enough, but Eric was still soft.  
  
"Go get the boys, why don't you?" Marybeth said to Sally. Sally, still naked and with a very wet pussy that Marybeth had just extensively slobbered over, got up and left the room. She left the room stark naked, with her pussy inflamed. Was this really the shy Sally, who only makes love in the dark, like him? What's happening, a very confused Eric thought.  
  
Minutes later Sally returned with two naked men, leading each of them by the cock: To wit, Sally had one of her small, delicate, feminine hands encompassing Jim's cock, and not quite making it all the way around Denis' huge monster cock.  
  
"Much better!" Marybeth said. "Now we don't have to wait for Eric. Hey Eric, we're here to please you. Which man do you want to fuck me? The other can fuck Sally. Or do you want to see me get double teamed? It would have to be Jim in my ass, though; Denis is too big."  
  
Sally said, "Don't you think we should introduce the men?" and as Sally spoke she was fondling the cocks of the two men lovingly, with her delicate hands. She began to kiss Denis.  
  
"Of course! How rude of me. Jim, this is Eric," she said, as Sally jerked Jim's cock expertly. "And Denis, this is Eric," she said, and Denis stopped kissing Sally as Sally dropped to her knees to suck him off. "Denis doesn't speak English," Marybeth said, and she spoke something to Denis, knowing Eric would understand nothing. Foreign languages are not much taught in Indiana.  
  
Denis did in fact speak English of course, but Marybeth didn't want Eric to know that, just then. Anyway, his English was pretty damn bad.  
  
"Eric, you haven't answered. Hell, I can't wait anymore. Sally is blowing Denis, so Jim, do you want to make love with me?" Marybeth asked, batting her eyelashes, and bouncing her boobs seductively.  
  
"It will be my pleasure," Jim said, and he placed Marybeth on her hands and knees. He grabbed her succulent hips, gave her pussy a symbolic tickle with his middle finger, smelled his finger, and said, "Perfect. Just perfect."  
  
Jim's cock was not even close to the size of the very well-endowed Denis, but compared to the suddenly very insecure Eric, it looked positively huge! Jim then plunged his whole, entire schlong, balls deep inside the willing and eager Marybeth, in one big thrust. Marybeth sighed out, "Oh, yeah. That's the way, big boy. Oh, yeah."  
  
As Jim fucked Marybeth enthusiastically Marybeth moaned out a storm, occasionally breaking her moans to say things like, "Oh yeah, just like that. Oh lover, you're so good! So very good! Give it to me! Give it to me hard! Oh yeah, just like that! Oh, oh, OH!" and she climaxed. The climax hadn't been planned as part of her performance, but it completely undid the hapless Eric. He fell apart.  
  
Jim kept pumping until he unloaded a generous donation of cum into Marybeth's unprotected womb. Why wasn't Jim wearing a rubbber, Eric wondered. She had always made him wear one. Am I in the twilight zone, or something? He wondered. He felt like crying.  
  
Marybeth was worried she and Sally had overdone it. She could tell Eric was uncomprehending, and that his male ego was shattered. "Sally, it's time for Hélène, okay?"  
  
Sally and Marybeth had Hélène stored in the extra bedroom from which Sally had earlier fetched Denis and Jim. Sally went and fetched Hélène. Marybeth had received permission from Jim to let Denis give her one last fuck. It would be the nail in the coffin of Eric, her cheating fiancé. As Sally returned with Hélène, she jumped on the bed, right next to Marybeth. Denis mounted Marybeth while Sally sucked off Jim until he was hard, and then he mounted Sally.  
  
While Eric watched his two lovers betray him with two men, Hélène spoke softly with Eric. Her French accent was thick, and hopelessly sexy as she spoke to him. Eric finally understood she was asking him to undress her. Really? He tentatively pulled at her T shirt, and Hélène obediently raised her arms. The T shirt went up and over her head. She hadn't been wearing a bra.  
  
Sally stopped sucking Jim for an instant, and said to Eric, "We thought, since you're in Paris and all, you might like to sample a French sexpot. They don't get any better than Hélène, at least according to Jim, here. Have a good time, lover boy. I've got to get Jim hard. I haven't fucked him since yesterday, and boy is he good!"  
  
By the time Sally finished talking and had Jim's cock back in her mouth, Hélène was reduced to her panties. "I don't suck. I just fuck," she said. "Pussy, ass, both holes are okay. You're small, so my ass should be okay. Your choice, Air-eek."  
  
Jim just stared at the naked French girl. She was gorgeous, she was French, and she wanted him. Why? Had she been paid to seduce him? Was she a prostitute or something? If she was, she was the most magnificent prostitute in the known world! And did it matter, anyway? This was his big chance to fuck a French woman!  
  
Eric, or if you prefer, Air-eek, almost blew it. "Who are you?" he asked.  
  
"Hélène," she said. "And you're Air-eek, right?"  
  
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Afterwards, when it was all done and the room stank of sex, and everyone was satiated, Marybeth took Eric out to a café and bought him a stiff Calvados. Even though it was cold, they sat outside with the smokers, because Marybeth still had so much cum inside her from both Jim and Denis, that she was worried she smelled of the stuff. The only man who hadn't cum inside her was, of course, Eric. He was bought off with the always beautiful and always willing, it seemed, Hélène.  
  
"Eric, it's over between us. I'm sorry you had to come to Paris to find out, but that's the way it is. You've been cheating on me with Sally, and she says there's others too; I've been cheating on you primarily with Jim, but also Denis, and a few others, too," Marybeth said.  
  
Eric just sat there. He slowly drank some Calvados. "This is good stuff," he said. "What is it?"  
  
"It's Calvados. Apple brandy. Eric, did you hear what I just said?" Marybeth asked.  
  
"Does that mean I can't fuck you this visit? Why is Sally here? Who and what is Hélène?" Eric asked.  
  
"Yes, we can fuck, to put it crudely, as you just did, but only with the proviso that it's over between us. Denis tricked Sally into coming, and now they're enjoying getting it on. Hélène is, quite simply, a gift from the gods for horny men. She's a beautiful, French slut," Marybeth said.  
  
"I've missed you so much, Marybeth. Why do you want to break up with me?" Eric asked. "We both cheated, okay, but we can get beyond that. There's something else, too, isn't there?"  
  
"Yes, two things. I love Jim. Yes, I love you, too, but there comes a time when a girl has to choose. I'm not the girl you think I am. The second thing is more complicated," she said.  
  
"What's the second thing?"  
  
"Finish your Calvados first. I'm ordering you another. Or would you rather have Scotch whisky?" Marybeth said.  
  
Eric finished his Calvados, and the Scotch whisky was on the table, his hand around the glass. "Well?" he said.  
  
"I'm your sister," Marybeth said.  
  
"No, you're not. Don't be silly," he said.  
  
"My Dad knocked up your Mom. Your Dad doesn't know, and your Mom never told you, I guess. It's not important who your biological father is, anyway; the man who raised you is your Dad. But when we started fucking, my Dad told me that you are my brother. We do look a lot alike, you know, considering you're a boy, and all. You look exactly like my Dad; have you never noticed?" Marybeth said.  
  
Eric drank his Scotch in one long gulp. "You're not kidding?"  
  
"Alas, no, I'm not," she said.  
  
"We've been committing incest? You knew?" he asked.  
  
"I thought it was hot. Okay, maybe I was wrong. I still think it's hot, but not for a long-term relationship. We could never have kids together, for example. There's just no future for us, Eric," Marybeth said.  
  
"And there is one, with you and Jim?" he asked.  
  
"Maybe, I don't know. I do love him, and I think he loves me, but he's as strange as I am, so I just don't know. I do know, however, that it can't work with us," Marybeth said.  
  
"Is it because I have a small cock?" Eric said, putting it all out there.  
  
"Jesus, Eric, no! Haven't you been listening to me? Your cock is fine! Don't you remember all those orgasms you gave me, every single day?" Marybeth said, her frustration bubbling over.  
  
"You were faking those," Eric said.  
  
"I most certainly was not!" Marybeth lied. "And even if I had been, which I wasn't, wouldn't that prove how much I loved you, faking an orgasm constantly just to make you feel all macho?" she asked.  
  
"How about tonight?" Eric asked.  
  
"Tonight?"  
  
"Want to fake an orgasm with me tonight?" he specified.  
  
"You'll have jet lag, Eric. How about tomorrow night?" she said.  
  
"You have a date with Jim tonight, don't you?" he asked.  
  
"Well, yes. But tomorrow night, I'm all yours. Just like in Indiana. We'll make love, cuddle, and sleep together, okay?"  
  
"Is that the best I'll get? Not until tomorrow? You're my fiancé!" Eric said.  
  
"About that. Here you go," Marybeth said, and she handed Eric back his ring. "Want to fuck now, before you get too tired?" she offered, to soften the blow.  
  
"Will you fake an orgasm for me?" Eric asked.  
  
Marybeth sighed. "No, you'll give me one, you fool," she lied. She remembered how she once thought pity fucks were kinky. Try to go there, she told herself. One more fuck with this moron won't hurt. Then she can go out with her real love, Jim.  
  
"Your place, or mine?" Marybeth asked, and Eric smiled for the first time since his arrival in the City of Light.

**Junior Year Abroad Pt. 10**