Parisian Exhibition

by Marina Michaels ©

This story is mostly true…

It was my lover’s idea to go to Paris. We had been there once before, back

in 2000, but at that time we were just getting to know each other. This

time would be different… over the years in between, I had become

increasingly interested in exploring my sexuality, and, encouraged by my

lover, at dressing in daring, even provocative ways…

So… springtime in the city of lights, and we decided to play a game. My

lover would pick out some clothes for me, and I would go for a stroll,

stopping in a café and an art gallery (I’ve always found them to be very

sensual places – maybe because everyone is already in observation mode… so

they’re excellent places to make a little, er, exhibition of myself…). He

might, or might not, follow me, and watch – but would not intervene unless

things got out of hand.

OK, I thought. A little tame, perhaps, but OK. That was until I saw the

‘outfit’ he’d selected… my lovely leather jacket, which comes down to just

above my knees. A red silk scarf. My gorgeous Italian leather black boots,

with just a touch of a heel. My lover charmingly refers to them as my

‘follow me, fuck me’ boots, and has dared me to… but that’s another story.

And a pair of hold-up tights, which end at the top of my thighs.

And that was it. No knickers, no bra, not even the sliver of a thong. I

would have to be careful how I sat down… Or not…

It was mid afternoon – a lazy Thursday, soft sunshine glancing off the

rooftops. We were staying just off the Place des Vosges, if you know

Paris… so I strolled out along the streets, aiming for the square…

Even though my jacket was done up right to the neck, I still felt scarily

– and deliciously – naked underneath. I could feel my nipples gently

hardening against the roughness of the leather fabric, and could feel my

hips brushing against it as I walked.

The jacket was long enough not to reveal anything as I strolled, but I

must have been oozing sensuality, as several men half-smiled at me as I

passed… Eventually I reached the cool colonnaded square, and strolled

slowly across the flagstones, aiming for a café on the corner. Once inside

its smoky sunlit bar, I took a table at the corner, ordered a coffee from

a brusque, chubby, balding waiter, and amused myself by slowly crossing my

legs, just to see how high the jacket would ride up on my thigh… It just

brushed the top of my hold-ups, showing a little lacy band where they gave

way to my bare skin. I felt scared, excited, trembling slightly with the

thrill of it.

Then suddenly something in my inside pocket vibrated… the phone! Of

course… I thought it was just the bulge of my purse in there, but Lover

had slipped the mobile in too.

“Hello?”

“Hi sweetheart – how do you feel?”

“Amazing… and nervous. Where are you?”

“Nearby”.

I scanned the bar and the street outside, but couldn’t spot him.

“You bastard! Are you watching me?”

“Only some of the time.”

I laughed aloud, and a man a couple of tables away looked up at me. I

smiled, half in apology, half in a slightly flirty way…

“Anyway”, Lover continued, “will you do something for me?!

“Sure. Lover”, I replied, and noticed out of the corner of my eye that the

man was glancing at me again… I felt a little mischievous, so added: “You

know I love doing what I’m told” – and there was the glance again.

“My favourite sex slave!”, he laughed, and added, “OK, now I want you to

just subtly catch someone’s eye. Preferably a man.”

“I already have darling”, I replied, half looking over at my voyeur…

“Great! Now, is he looking at you now?”

“Mm-hmmm.” (This is in my best throaty, drawn out, sensual voice.)

“Ok, so slowly, slowly, undo your top button.”

“O-K….”.

This was warming up nicely… I slipped my hand up to my neck, and as he

said, slowly slipped the button open, and toyed idly with the scarf. The

gesture, I was pleased to see, didn’t go unnoticed…

“Now say something provocative to me, and undo a second button.”

Warming up? Moistening up, more like… My lover knows me well enough to

guess that this was making me distinctly horny – and my nerves were slowly

vanishing behind a veil of sexiness creeping up me…

“…. Yeah, it’s warm today all right… kind of… sticky… really… no, my

leather jacket… yeah, those boots… no, I thought of wearing that dress…

no, the really flimsy cotton one. What? Yeah, it is pretty skimpy, isn’t

it?! What? Oh there are about three buttons missing – it wouldn’t have

been decent. What do you mean, ‘knowing me’?! You bad man…”

And as I said that, I glanced briefly over at my neighbour, and half

raised my eyebrows at him… then turned away slightly, clicked off the

phone, and very slowly and deliberately brought my hand up to my second

button, looked into the middle distance with a half smile on my face, and

unclasped it…absent-mindedly stroking my hand across my bare skin as I

shifted the jacket’s lapels apart a little.

Nothing too obvious was on display, but my voyeur could see the very top

of the curve of my right breast…..

Just to make my point, I asked for the bill, and then leaned down,

directly opposite him, pretending to look in my bag for my purse. The

angle meant I was pretty sure he’d realise that I wasn’t wearing anything

on top under my jacket… if he looked closely enough. And I sure hoped he

did…

Two buttons open, four done up… Hmmm… I was going to enjoy this afternoon…

(To be continued!)

Parisian Exhibition Ch. 02

by Marina Michaels ©

So there I was in the café, dressed in my ‘follow me, fuck me’ boots, my

black thigh-highs, my lovely thigh-length leather jacket, and my red silk

scarf. And that’s it.

Two buttons on the jacket undone, and a slightly salivating voyeur at the

table on my left.

Time to move on. I summoned the fat greasy waiter, and asked for the bill,

noticing as I did so how his eyes drifted down to the bare skin of my

neck, the hint of the curve of my breasts…

Then I stood slowly, stretching up to run my hands through my hair as

though refreshing myself, knowing as I did so that my hapless voyeur was

watching as the jacket slowwwwly rose to the top of the thigh-highs… just

enough to give him the merest glimpse of bare thigh… and set his pulse

(and more) racing, no doubt. Turning to give him my best winning smile, I

left the café and headed out into the cool colonnades of the Place des

Vosges. Next stop: Beaubourg.

The sun was fully out as I strolled along the narrow streets, heading west

through the Marais. Walking, my jacket held my modesty, the open neck just

a little more revealing than normal, the red scarf, loosely tied and

pointing south suggestively towards my still concealed breasts. But the

sensation of walking along naked beneath the jacket sent a constant thrill

coursing through me… my breasts bare against the leather, the warm air

circulating freely down my chest, over my thighs, across my…cunt.

(I do love that word, I thought, as I wound my way past a couple of market

stalls, brushing past the shoppers… the thought of my cunt, naked beneath

the jacket… there on the streets… I even murmured the word under my breath

a couple of times, strolling past coffee drinkers at their pavement

tables… “cunt…cunt…”. One man looked up sharply – had he heard? Surely

not. Maybe he just picked up the scent of my arousal. I looked back over

my shoulder and he was still looking at me, so I winked, and walked on.)

Eventually I came to the foot of the massive multicoloured cliff face of

the Pompidou Centre, and was wondering whether to go in, when my phone

rang again… The screen showed a picture of a smiling, strong featured,

bald headed, 55 year-old man… my lover, my sexual inspiration…

“Hello darling!”

“Hi ‘Rina… I see you’ve reached Beaubourg…”

“You have been watching me, you bastard!” Laughing, despite the words…

“Of course…”

“So how am I doing?”

“Ohh, very well, very well… now – are you ready for the next step?”

“Definitely!”

“Even if it involves another button coming undone, outside, in public…?”

God, he knew how to tease and turn me on with anticipation…

“Mmmm, absolutely…!”

“Good! Now… walk over to the cafes near the Tinguey sculptures… and sit

down at a table that’s covered with a cloth, and order a beer and call me

again… But you must promise to do anything I say…”

“Of course I will! So what are you going to make me do?”

“Wait and see!” he said, and rang off.

My nipples hardened sharply against the smooth leather of the jacket, and

my cunt started to tingle and seep moisture, in a thrill of anticipation…

The café terrace was warm, kissed by sunshine. I sat in the middle of a

little cluster of white-clothed tables, some with sunshades spread. I

chose one of those, half in, half out of the shade. The sun was warming

the surface of the jacket nicely, and warming my bare skin beneath. The

waiter this time was a younger man, in his 30s, elegant, perhaps gay.

“Un demi, s’il vous plait”

“Oui madame.”

I pulled the phone out of my pocket, noticing as I did so a couple of guys

a few tables away; some sort of business meeting it looked like, each

trying to impress the other, tense, slightly awkward. And actually both

rather good looking…

The phone rang.

“Hi babe”

“Hiya. So… I’m at the café, and the table’s got a cloth. What now?”

“Is the cloth concealing your thighs?”

“Kind of.. depends how I sit…”

“Well you might want to make sure it does…”

“What do you have in mind, darling?”

At that moment, the waiter brought the beer, and I had to fumble in my

pocket for a couple of euros. Needless to say the action slid the jacket

above the tops of my thigh-highs. The waiter saw, and gave a half smile.

Indulgent, almost complicit. Definitely gay, I thought, but playful with

it.

“I want you to undo the bottom button on the jacket”, my lover continued.

“And then, slide your hand between your thighs, stroke your skin, rub the

folds of your cunt lips…”

God, it was hard not to give a little squeal of excitement as he breathed

these sensual orders into my ear…

“…let your fingers stroke your clitoris, dip them into your cunt…. You’ll

do that?”

“Mmmm, yess… definitely!”

“And all the while, sip your beer, and look around you…and if anyone

catches your eye, smile at them, and carry on stroking…”

This was going to be fun… I clicked off the phone, slid it back into my

pocket, and slid my hand down to my lap, sliding my thighs apart as I did

so. Then undid the bottom button, and, by shifting my bum a little, let

the jacket slide apart across my thighs. I glanced down. There was a

sliver of a gap between the edge of the cloth and the jacket…enough to see

the creamy flesh of my upper thighs, just where it met the crease of my

groin. I tentatively moved my chair in a little, so I was more concealed.

Then my fingers got to work… stroking at first gently, then more

insistently, dipping into my already moist pussy, and rubbing up over my

lips to tease my clit…

Little frissons of pleasure jolted through me. I was amazed how freely I

was doing this… I had to resist the temptation to lean back, spread my

legs, throw my head back and moan… Instead, I sat at a slight angle to the

table, stroking away, sipping my beer, my face occasionally twitching,

eyes half-closing, lips opening, as the tiny waves of excitement flowed

through me. Idly glancing over at the businessmen, and noticing one or the

other of them looking back at me… once, then twice.. then a longer,

slightly quizzical gaze… And all the while, I kept touching myself,

gently, teasingly, making little circle motions with my fingertips…

At a café table, in broad daylight, under a warm sun in the heart of

Paris. Fingerfucking my cunt while looking at men. Mmmmmmmm……!

To be continued!

Parisian Exhibition Ch. 03

by Marina Michaels ©

After the fun in the cafés (see Parisian Exhibitions Parts 1 and 2), it

was time to play a different game – a wilder, more wicked one…

It was a warm, almost hot afternoon, and lover and I had had our lunch in

a little place off the rue St Antoine. Now he had a particularly juicy

little game in mind… and I had a couple of glasses of full red wine in my

blood, and a rather sexy little sundress on my body.

I still have this dress. It’s black, with little white flowers on, and –

of course – little buttons, all the way down the front, from the low-ish

scoop of its neck, to the hem half way down my thighs. Around the middle,

I had a red cotton scarf, rolled up and tied at the side, making a nice

sexy little belt – something to clip my mobile to, which was essential

given my lack of pockets.

On my feet, little canvas pumps; beneath the sole of my right foot, a

couple of 100 franc notes (this was a couple of years back, just before

the entry of the blessed euro…).

Oh and boys, boys… for those of you obsessed by four inch heels, trust me:

it’s no fun strolling sexily through the summertime streets if your feet

are killing you.

Anyway, the whole shebang was all perfectly decent… if you want to be

decent.

So… while my lover walked discreetly behind me, I headed north through the

sexy city streets, till I came to rue St Denis. Those of you who know

Paris will know that this street has a certain… reputation. One that is

best represented today by the lines of sex shops, selling everything from

DVDs and videos to those tacky little scraps of lingerie and dildos that

are supposed to pass for sex aids.

Today, I was my own sex toy; my mobile the only prop I needed. I slowed as

I reached the stretch with all the video stores, strolling as though in

thought. I sat at a café table and ordered an espresso, sipping it slowly,

and, almost absentmindedly, slipping open the top two and bottom buttons

of my dress. I hadn’t really meant to do that, but the wine and the

atmosphere of this horny little street was having its effect. As were the

frequent looks of the two young Arab guys at the next table.

I looked down. The curve of my breasts was nicely on show… nothing

indecent, mind, but already I must have had the air of a woman who enjoyed

revealing a little of her… charms. Naturally, I was naked beneath the

flimsy material of the dress.

After a while, with many a sideways glance, the two young Algerians left,

and their place was quickly taken by a couple, about my age, the man

rather boyish looking and quite cute in a 40-something way, the woman very

pretty, dark hair, and lovely grey eyes. She also seemed to have dressed

to please, in a mini-sarong skirt and an elegant lacy crop top.

They smiled at me, I smiled back, ordered another espresso, glanced

through a copy of Liberation that someone had left on the next table...

The woman had crossed her legs, and her skirt slid up her lovely slim

thigh (envious? Moi?!). I found myself doing the same, then, realising

that the hem of my dress hadn’t risen as high as hers, reaching down and

slipping open a second button. I realised just after I’d done so that this

would free the dress rather more than I’d intended, but since I was

feeling distinctly frisky by this stage, I decided to let it ride…

literally. So after sitting with my legs more or less together for a

while, I slowly crossed one over the other, facing away from the couple,

so presenting them – and anyone else watching - with a thigh bared

indecently, deliciously high… All while I pretended to be reading the

paper…

I could feel them glancing at me, could imagine the waiter glancing down,

his eyes widening as he caught sight of my skin… I wished I’d worn my dark

glasses, so that I could spy on them, spying on me. As it was, I carried

on reading, or rather running my gaze over the words without remotely

taking them in, and once or twice allowing one hand to brush down across

my thigh.

I was almost shivering with excitement, and actually rather relieved when

they left, and I smiled at the waiter and asked for the bill, knowing that

he was also enjoying the view down the front of my slightly gaping dress

as I slipped him one of the notes from my shoe…

Then the phone rang… my lover, as expected.

His ‘instructions’ caused little tremors of pleasure to course through me.

I knew what to expect… I was to go into one of the nearby sex shops, and

browse thru the videos and DVDs, focusing on those with an exhibitionist

theme… He’d checked a couple of shops out already, and knew two which were

particularly well stocked in that area. He would be close in case of

trouble, but not obviously with me… And I was clearly dressed for the

occasion.

The first shop was larger than I expected – bigger on the inside than the

outside, with three or four lines of shelves running down and across a big

L-shaped room. There were perhaps seven or eight browsers there, all male,

and one couple. I walked in slowly, trying to control my breathing, moving

slowly along the shelves, getting a feel of the place, and of the way the

titles were organised…

Those men who saw me glanced at me with slight double-takes, and one

turned to watch me as I walked along the shelves… I was keenly aware of my

nakedness under my dress, and of the open buttons. As yet they didn’t

reveal much, but anyone looking closely might have thought I was dressed a

little racily for a woman alone in such a place. I saw the exhibitionist

section – titled ‘exhibitionisme et voyeurisme’ – at the far end, so

wandered up there. No one else was in that section, so I had a moment’s

pause to catch my breath, facing away from most of the shop, but still

visible.

I started to examine some of the titles…aware as I did so how when I

leaned forward, the dress would fall away from my breasts a little… The

covers alone were a feast of erotic imagery… a woman in a restaurant, her

open jacket revealing her naked breasts (that one was wittily entitled

‘Brasserie sans brassiere’!)… a girl who could be no more than 18,

beautiful, with short dark hair, strolling through a park in a dress not

unlike mine – but with tiny thin shoulder straps, and far more exposed -

on the back cover she was sitting on a bench licking an ice cream, with a

man old enough to be her father sat next to her, his arm draped round her

bare shoulder, her dress unbuttoned far enough to see the curve of her

breasts quite clearly… That was called Nicole s’amuse…

I looked down at my own dress, now seeming inappropriately modest compared

to hers, looked across at the shop, and seeing no-one looking, undid a

third button. That was better… My breasts were now clearly visible, albeit

the nipples were still just covered…

I looked up. A man was walking slowly towards the shelves I was looking

at. About 50, greying hair, not bad looking. And looking at me… I gave him

a half smile, then turned back to the shelves. I picked out another video,

and pretended to study it, having half turned to face him, leaning on the

shelving. The video was called Marie s’expose…with the ‘s’ex’ picked out

in big red letters. The cover showed a woman in just a coat and boots… the

coat wide open, her full oval breasts and shaven cunt bared to the world,

standing facing two men by some shelves in a corner of a shop… a sex shop.

I licked my dry lips, staring at the picture, turning the video over

slowly to study the back cover, while all the while aware of the stranger

gazing down at me. This could be very interesting…

TO BE CONTINUED!

Parisian Exhibition Ch. 04

by Marina Michaels ©

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So, there I was in the video store, three buttons on my sundress undone,

looking at the video, and aware of the man beside me...

I looked back at the video – Marie S'Expose... the image of the woman,

naked apart from her coat, there in the sex shop... Art imitating my

life...

The man picked out a video himself... it was Nicole s'amuse – the one with

the young 18 year old girl, half naked in the park with the old man... He

looked at it, studied the picture on the cover, while I tried to control

my breathing... I could feel a moisture start to seep around the lips of

my cunt... I was very turned on, scared, excited, reckless, nervous, all

at once...

He looked up, smiled: "Elle et tres jolie, hein?"

"Oui, vraiment."

(Now I know what you think: I'm showing off. Well, I'm sorry but I do

speak French – up to a point – and this conversation really happened in

French... But I appreciate that many of my readers might not, so for your

benefit, I'll write it up in english... a gesture to mes amis americains

qui croient, malheureursement, que les francais sont les singes qui se

rendent et qui mangent du fromage.)

"She's very pretty, eh?"

"Yes, certainly is."

"Like you."

"Oh well.... She's much younger than me."

"Yes. Very young..."

"I know! I have a daughter her age..." (I don't why I said that, but it

was worth it for the look on his face...)

"Oh really... does she take after her mother?"

"Oh no", I replied, "she's far more reckless..."

God, what was I saying? I decided I needed to break the contact just for a

second, but I also knew I wanted to go further with this man... with his

curious smile and slightly laughing eyes...

I replaced the video slowly, letting my finger carress its spine as I slid

it back into place, and strolled around the corner of the shelves... this

led into a sort of short L-shaped section, hidden from the rest of the

shop. No-one could see me here... My heart started beating ridiculously

fast.

I looked around; the man hadn't followed... I took a breath, and undid the

fourth button on my dress. That left just two done up. Now I had crossed

the rubicon; the dress fell clear of my breasts; they were bared to anyone

who looked; nipples, shamelessly hard, included. Of course, I could still

pull it closed – if I wanted to...

I picked out another video: it was Nicole again! This time sitting on a

park bench in some secluded garden; several photos showed her naked apart

from a short white pvc raincoat, open wide, and a pair of suede boots...

in one she was sat between two men who looked like old tramps, one of them

drinking from some grubby bottle, the other leering at her... in another

photo, she'd thrown a leg across one of the tramp's thighs, and was

leaning across to let the other man put the bottle to her lips... my god,

she looked so wild, totally at ease with her near-nakedness. There was

something deliciously perverse about the contrast between her teenager's

fresh sensuality and the slightly grubby, scruffy strangers (?) on either

side of her...

In the final photo on the video, she was leaning back against the man with

the bottle, who was pouring some of its contents (cider? Thunderbird

wine?) into her open mouth; it was splashing down her chin and onto her

small, perky little breasts... the other tramp was pressing his palm

against her crotch. My god! I really wanted to watch this...!

A shadow crossed the corner of my eye: I looked up; there was the man

again.

"Ah, there you are."

"Yes, here I am..." Smiling now.

He stood close to me, not touching, looking at me. I felt I could trust

him.

"You look beautiful."

"Thankyou."

"Your breasts are bare."

"Yes, I know."

I smiled again, and then turned around, facing away from him. No one else

was in sight.... It was now or never. I reached round and swiftly undid

the two remaining buttons on my dress. I could feel him close behind me,

but still not touching...

"I want to see you", he said.

"I want you to see me", I replied, then, very slowly I walked away from

him, around the corner... it was a dead end – just an emergency exit.

I could feel him follow.... Could feel his breath.... I lifted my

shoulders so that the dress, very slowly.... slid off them... And then,

like a soft snowfall, fell away to the floor. I was stark naked, apart

from my pumps, in a secluded corner of a sex shop. I turned round, pressed

myself into his body, and we kissed, briefly, urgently, quietly,

passionately...

He pulled away, looked at me in awe and admiration – god I could just

drink in that lustful gaze for ever! Then the mood broke, I realised just

how insanely vulnerable I was, grabbed my dress and hurriedly put it back

on, buttoning it up to the point of decency. He smiled; I smiled back....

We kissed again, more sedately....

"I'm Jean-Luc."

"Marina."

"Very pleased to meet you, Marina."

"You also..."

Shaking our heads at the madness of it all.... Then...

"You know that video you were looking at?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to watch it with me, here, in one of the booths?"

"Mmm..... maybe....!"

To be continued!