

SYLVIA LOWRY

Paris April in
Paris



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April in Paris

The Erotic Travels of April Jones,
Vol. 1

Sylvia Lowry

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Paris Sizzles

I love Paris when it sizzles.

It was actually a mild evening in spring, but that line from the old Cole Porter song was in my head as I walked down the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris on the first weekend of April 1959. Regardless of season, the City of Lights did seem to radiate something distinctly erotic. I first imagined that love was in the air, but then the cliché of romance in the City of Lights, implanted in my naive American mind, vanished: Jazz echoed from La Bar Vert, Truffault's *400 Blows* was showing at L'Odeon, a fog of cigarette smoke emerged from the cafes and clubs, and voices cried out in a feverish chorus of pure, joyful lust. I could feel an unmistakable aura of sexual abandon.

I knew the date because it was inscribed on a telegram from Buffy Dunlap and a group of college acquaintances who had intended to visit me, or at least requested my presence at the Café L'Orange that day. The telegram was signed with the inane conclusion "Dear April, I hope all is swell," but I was eager to avoid all clean-cut memories of repressed middle America: tailfins, poodle skirts, glee clubs, bobby socks, the cloistered world of Wilton College, and the inanities of Wilbur Springs, Iowa. I tossed the offending message in a dustbin in front of St. Sulpice.

On this evening, I had a much more important mission and maternally hugged the manuscript of my novel as I walked to a party at the apartment of publisher Pierre Fournier. As I walked along the Left Bank quai, I contemplated the inscrutable waters of the Seine as I passed the dramatic contours of Notre Dame, now ascending under stark illumination, then navigating the

grand Boulevard Saint Michel as I contemplated a row of cheap dress shops, steel roll doors covering their facades, the flamboyant realm of the modern surrendering to a medieval calm as I passed the ruins of Gallo-Roman baths and their promises of ancient decadence. And then, like the journey's end from a feverish dream, I had arrived at Fournier's magnificent apartment with its teeming, baroque façade.

He greeted me with enthusiasm at the door.

"*Bonsoir, Mademoiselle Jones! Quel plaisir!* Hurry inside! *Tout de suite!*" Pierre supported himself on his magnificently carved doorway, leaning forward to kiss me chivalrously on both cheeks before leading me into the crowd beyond. "The street is dead...living dead, maybe. But here we have life!" I scanned the multitude of guests uneasily, lost in a crescendo of voices as a Johnny Halliday record played in the background.

"You're younger than I imagined, Mr. Fournier." He appeared to be in his early 30s with an appealing layer of light stubble; I furtively admired his jacket, an enigmatic shade of brown decorated with impish pinstripes, as I shook his hand.

"And you are as American as I anticipated, Ms. Jones. So radiant, so eager to conquer the old world with the energies of the new, glowing with excitement and ambition."

"'Conquer,' perhaps, is the right word." I smiled. "It *is* the space age, Mr. Fournier. If my country can launch a satellite into space, who knows what other mischief we're capable of."

A *serveur* passed with a tray of drinks and Pierre retrieved two, insistently handing one to me. "Come, let us discuss this manuscript of yours. When I receive a letter from my colleague Jacques Delange it interests me, even if he has decided to teach at Wilton College in the conformist heart of America." He gestured towards his library, and I seated myself on a green velvet chaise as I contemplated the surrounding bookshelves. Pierre sat across from me in an inquisitorial posture. "You were Jacques' student?"

"Yes. His student and more, if I may be so indecent..." I smiled capriciously, allowing my silence to communicate a dirty

inference. "Jacques encouraged me to write the novel and also got me my current job at *Franco-American* magazine." I removed the papers from my purse and handed them to Fournier, sipping my wine apprehensively as he surveyed the cover the manuscript. "I write puff pieces on Paris for American philistines for a living."

"But this novel is your real work? 'The Triumph of Eros.' A very naughty subject for such a clean-cut American girl. It is erotic fiction, as the title suggests?"

"Yes." I smiled. "Unashamedly."

"Of course." He opened the manuscript. "Yes - I am looking for this type of material. He read intently for several minutes as I gazed towards the ceiling, clenching my fists in anxiety; it was one of those intensely elongated, purgatorial moments when a writer awaits a connoisseur's verdict on her labors.

He finally looked up and smiled. "And are you writing more?"

"Well, I've begun a volume of sexual confessions. Non-fiction, from my personal experience. But it's a...work in progress."

"I'm impressed." He took the bound manuscript and placed it on a nearby table. "Your fiction is exceptional, and I love the idea that you are writing these...confessions. I sincerely believe that an author of the erotic must be an adventurer in life as well on the page, Ms. Jones. But are they completely unashamed like Rousseau's *Confessions*?"

"Yes. I omit no detail when I'm describing a first-class fuck, if I may be so indelicate."

"Of course. I encourage indelicacy. Picasso himself says, 'Where it is chaste, it is not art.'" Fournier seated himself beside me. "But if I am to publish, I like to know my authors well. Very well. How can you convince me of your commitment to this project?"

"I'm perfectly capable of expressing my dedication." I shook my hair capriciously. "But perhaps a mutual demonstration is required."

"Oui?"

"I'm a little travel-weary and my shoulder require a little massage, *s'il vous plaît*. Let's consider that an expression of mutual

trust.” I arched my back, and without delay his hands emerged over the crest of my shoulders, inspiring me to capriciously lean over to suck on two errant fingers, which trembled in nervous response as I salivated over their length, imagining the contours of a surrogate cock. My skin trembled delectably as I leaned towards his ear.

I murmured, “Let’s be clear...seduction is a mutual enterprise.”

“*Oui?*” is voice trembled half-intrigued, half-cowed by my intrepid thoughts.

“With mutual benefits.” I winked. “It means that you obey my suggestions as well...”

“*Maintenant, quoi?*”

“I’d like to suggest that you take off your clothes, Mr. Fournier.” In issuing the command, my voice was hoarse and trembling, but I commanded an immediate response. In the quiet and ominous darkness of the library, the sounds of festivity in the background, I watched him pull off his shirt, jacket and trousers in rapid succession. During this hurried and wordless performance, a beautiful and lyrical interlude, I could see his cock swelling as he liberated it from his briefs, the shaft pulsing with ardent arousal.

“*Bonjour.* I’m delighted with what I see.” I surveyed the sublime organ before turning back to Fournier; my tone was gentle, but resolute. “Now put your hand on that nice French cock and play with it.” He obeyed, and encircled his shaft gently with his hand, mildly hesitant at first, and then more steadfast as he began to masturbate with greater fervor, increasing his cadence as his scrotum tightened convulsively. “Very nice work. Think of my fine American ass while you do that.”

“*Une question,* April...” He looked down, endearingly subservient.

I laughed, but my tone was gentle and conspiratorial. “Who needs questions? Let’s focus on your cock. Jack it off while you look at me.” I smiled in reassurance. “It fucking turns me on to watch.” I’d always relished the sight of a man masturbating, the thrill of seeing a cock stroked into shuddering fullness, the shaft