

“A Jinx, a Journal, and a Juliette”

Jane Colt

Juliette was the sweetest, most loving, sentimental, and open-hearted girl-next-door you'd every find. Cute. Angelic. Innocent. Long blonde hair. Stunning blue eyes. Amazing smile. Exceptionally kind to kittens, puppies, and anyone in need, she lent a helping hand without a moment's hesitation. She greeted her friends so lovingly and enthusiastically—with a big hug and warm smile—they lit up as soon as they saw her approaching. They'd spread their arms wide to welcome her, and hug back just as tightly.

No one was more romantic. Her friends teased her about how old-fashioned her sense of romance was. She sent paper greeting cards—not e-cards. Even as a young child, she regularly encouraged her father to give her mother flowers and small gifts and to shower her with affection. She had a special calendar on which she marked birthdays, anniversaries, and celebrations in the lives of people she cared about.

She had a beautiful antique music box where she carefully placed mementos of important events. Meaningful greeting cards. Photos. The first flower a boy had given her.

The nightstand beside her bed held a stack of romance novels and a box of tissues. She'd cry when the hero and heroine declared their love for each other. She'd cry when they broke up. She'd cry when they worked things out and would live happily ever after. She joked with friends that she had to read real books rather than e-books because her tears would short out her reader. The truth was she simply loved the old-fashioned feel of paper.

No one believed in True Love, Romance, Happily Ever After, and Soulmates more than she did. She was even born on Valentine's Day. Valentine's Day, then, should have been the happiest, best day of every year for her. It wasn't.

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Juliette let out a deep sigh and opened up the white leather diary her mother had given her.

*I can't believe it happened again! What is this, a Valentine's Day jinx?*

*First, the day before my 'Sweet 16' Valentine's Day party, I broke my leg skiing. I spent Valentine's Day in the hospital.*

*When I was Chairperson for the Valentine's Day dance Senior year, my boyfriend thought it would be fun to sneak a flask of vodka into the event, but the Principal caught him at first swig and threw him out. I ended up behind the punch bowl the entire night envying the loving couples hugging and kissing on the dance floor while they pretended to dance.*

*My first year at college, it looked like my luck was changing. The guy I'd started dating texted me on V Day morning, "Surprise! I'm taking you to dinner." I was thrilled. I spent the day getting ready, even going so far as to buy a new dress. When he arrived to pick me up, I was so disappointed. He had on old jeans and a ripped Jayhawks hoodie. "Dinner" turned out to be drive-thru at a hamburger joint. Worse still, he discovered his wallet was empty. I ended up paying!*

*This year started off better. A more thoughtful date made reservations at the county's nicest restaurant and gave me a small bouquet of pink carnations. On our way to dinner, however, a freak storm hit the area. The Interstate was so slick, we spent four hours biting our*

*nails as we inched our way back to safety on the dangerously icy roads. Our Valentine's dinner consisted of a couple sticks of gum from my purse.*

*I can't believe it! What's the deal Aphrodite? What have I done to offend you? What do I have to do? Leave the country? Go to the romance capital of the world—Paris? OK. If that's what it will take, I'll do it!*

But would even that be enough?

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Spending her Junior year abroad in the City of Light seemed like the perfect way to break any Valentine's Day jinx. It was also a dream come true for Juliette. In addition to being an incurable romantic, she was an art history major. Paris was her idea of heaven. Hardly a day went by that she didn't swoon at least once over something quintessentially Parisian—the museums, the boulevards, the cafés, the Bateaux-Mouche meandering down the Seine, the wine, the French cuisine, the gardens, the historic buildings, the paintings, the sculptures, the fashion houses, the lingerie shops, the cute French boys.

*Especially the cute French boys.*

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"I feel like such a bad girl," she giggled, as she opened the diary excitedly for the first time since her arrival in Paris.

*I adore everything! about French boys. But the way they speak makes me weak in the knees. Everything they say sounds so sexy! I can't imagine what the gorgeous brown-eyed guy at McDonald's thought about me today. All he asked was "Voulez-vous des frites?" But it sounded so seductive! It felt like he was asking, "May I kiss you, ma chérie?" My heart raced. My body tingled. I couldn't*

*help myself. I licked my lips in anticipation. I leaned forward and stuttered excitedly. “Oui, oui, monsieur! Absolument!” When I realized what I was doing, my face got so hot I must have turned bright red.*

The scarlet in her cheeks came from a side of her personality that would have shocked anyone who thought they knew her. Simmering just below the surface, she was a scamp and a tart. She'd grown up in a very conservative town, but the idea that sex could be sinful never made sense to her.

She kept her sexy side carefully hidden. Occasionally, however, ‘Naughty Juliette’ insisted on making an appearance. During her first year at college, for example, she decided to shock her girlfriends when, during everyone’s first date with José Cuervo, they all agreed to describe how they lost their virginity.

*I knew I shouldn’t do it, but the tequila made me so uninhibited. I closed my eyes and licked my lips. “You wouldn’t believe how long and hard Sven was.” I moaned—hungrily and sensuously. “Eight inches! God! Having this Viking’s cock—literally hard as granite—inside my hot, wet pussy was amazing!” I sighed deeply. “Here, let me show you!” Everyone got this really strange look on their faces as I reached for my bag. When I pulled out my Norwegian stone dildo, I don’t know whether they were more surprised that I lost my virginity to a sex toy, that I had named it, or that I carried it around with me.*

Then there were the scorchingly hot erotic stories she wrote in her locked, red diary carefully hidden inside her favorite teddy bear. She had a rich and adventurous fantasy life. In reality, her stories were descriptions of the items on her sexual bucket list.

In the rain. On a hotel balcony. On a train. In a small boat on a lake. Blindfolded. Tied up. Spanked. Romantically. Animalistically. On a water bed. On the 50-yard line of a football field in the middle of the night. On a bed of rose petals. In a field of daffodils on a beautifully sunny day. Under a waterfall. With a girl (even if just once). Maybe a FFM threesome, if the ‘with a girl’ thing was good. A ‘Juliette Sundae’ (chocolate sauce and whipped cream licked off by her lover). In every position described in the Kama Sutra. In a chair with her hands tied behind her and blindfolded.

Juliette’s positive attitude towards sex was actually the result of her *mother’s* diary. During Juliette’s senior year in high school, her parents went away for a week-long conference. One of her chores was to wash, fold, and put away all the towels in the house. When she collected some from her parent’s bathroom, she noticed a worn, white leather diary by the sink. Curious, she opened it and discovered it was her mother’s. The first entries dated from when her mother was about her age. She glanced at a few pages and saw that they were mainly about her love life.

She initially put it back, feeling she was invading her mother’s privacy. A day later, however, she gave into temptation. At the time, even though Juliette wasn’t ready to have sex, she was struggling with the fact that she had sex on her mind all the time. She talked to her mother about this, and her mother assured her it was all part of growing up. Juliette knew that her mother had dated a lot before she got married. Juliette thought that perhaps getting a look at how her mother navigated early relationships would help Juliette understand her own feelings.

Juliette retrieved the diary from the bathroom, opened it, started on page one, and read from start to finish.

Because her mother used a code, it wasn't immediately apparent what she and her boyfriends did. On the surface, everything sounded innocent. But it was ultimately apparent that "reading" meant hugging and fondling; "talking," kissing; "arguing," French kissing; "getting ice cream," oral sex; and "riding the roller coaster," sex. The first time she "rode the roller coaster" was with her boyfriend right before they left for college. They were headed to schools on opposite sides of the country. They had a tearful—but, apparently, passionate—goodbye. They "rode the roller coaster" until they were "too dizzy to walk."

Juliette admired how hard her mother fought to be true to herself. Her biggest challenge was dealing with the many messages she kept hearing about how 'good girls' were supposed to behave. It wasn't that her mother was sleeping around. But she felt that as long as two people genuinely cared for each other in the moment, and were honest and respectful, there was no reason not to have sex. She chronicled both good experiences and bad—joy, heartbreak, some poor judgment calls. But overall it was clear she loved men, loved sex, and wasn't ashamed to admit it.

Reading her mother's diary was enormously important in helping Juliette make peace with her sexuality. When she was finished reading, she carefully put the diary back where she'd found it. Since she never saw it again, she concluded her mother had left it out deliberately.

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Juliette's "first time" fantasy was a big part of why she'd chosen Paris for her year abroad. She wanted the romance capital of the world to be where she would first fall in love and have a passionate love affair. She wasn't naïve. She wasn't planning to meet her soulmate and marry him—especially not given her Valentine's Day jinx. But she couldn't think of a better

place to dive into the waters of love and sex for the first time. And who better to be her guide and partner than a cute French boy?

As a true romantic with a fantastic imagination, she had a detailed picture of the young man she felt destined to meet.

*When we look into each other's eyes, we'll know Fate has brought us together. It'll be like each of us finding our missing half. He'll be a painter. Curly black hair. Soulful, deep brown bedroom eyes. He'll be brooding, when he's being all 'artist-y.' The rest of the time, he'll be joyful. Cosmopolitan. VERY different from the boys on campus back in Kansas. Cute, cute, cute. SEXY! SEXY! SEXY!*

*The way he'll say my name will prove he's 'the one' ... OK, 'the one for now.' His deep voice will caress every syllable as he makes love to my name. It will be so so so so sexy! He'll make my heart explode and my body vibrate. I'll have trouble catching my breath. I'll want to pull off my panties and let him take me right then and there!!!*

“Oooo, you little tramp !!!!” she squealed out loud.

Juliette loved her name, but she was disappointed with how all her American friends pronounced it. They would say it as three separate syllables: “Jew-lee-et,” starting with what she called an “American J.” Her French lover would know it was three mellifluous notes that merged and became a romantic tune. It began softly—like the gentle, sensual touch of a lover. Then it swept upwards and ended on a high note—*Juliette*. The sensual cadence (which she heard over and over in her head) would send shivers down her spine. Her body couldn't help itself, something deep within would ignite, and she would let out a deep, carnal moan.

*And if I still have any doubts, the way we kiss will settle the matter. The attraction will be instant and magnetic. He'll take my face in his hands and gaze into my eyes. His look of love and devotion will overwhelm me. As we kiss, warmth will spread throughout my body. The heat will quickly build. He'll wrap his arms around me, pull me against him, and run his hands through my hair. He'll kiss me more passionately, his tongue seeking out mine. I'll surrender to his (and my!) mounting desire. My heart will pound! My head will spin! My breasts swell, nipples harden, and my panties will be soaked. (Like now!!!) All I'll be able to think about is the two of us naked in bed! (Naughty Juliette!!!) I'll be filled with a passionate yearning so powerful, I'll have to force myself to break off the kiss for fear of what I'd do if we continued. But it will be a magical kiss—a sign that, in each other's arms, we're destined to experience everything from the total, loving connection of our souls to hot, sweaty, volcanic climaxes that make our bodies explode ... and then explode again! (Remember, women can do that!)*

*He won't be a virgin like me, but he won't be a player. Just a nice guy who truly loves women. He'll have enough experience with sex to know what he's doing. He'll even know my sexy side better than I do—intuitively understanding what I'm dying to try in bed but don't even realize. He'll unlock my inner tigress. Roar!!!*

*If all goes well, we will make love on Valentine's Day!!! My 21<sup>st</sup> birthday!!! ... OK, we will 'make love,' but not just that. We'll be so hot for each other we'll also F... F... (Come on there, sexy tigress. If you want to be a dirty*



*girl, you need to say it.*). [She took a deep breath.] *We'll FUCK LIKE BUNNIES all night long!!!*

She shook her head as her face turned scarlet. “You little tart,” she scolded herself. “Definitely your mother’s daughter.”

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Juliette had a wonderful time from the moment she arrived in Paris. She became especially close with one of the French girls in the dorm—Monique.

*Monique is a sweetheart. We have lots in common, but she's more 'experienced' than I am. I told her my plans about my fantasy. She couldn't be more supportive. She's taken me under her wing like an older sister.*

Monique introduced her to a number of French cuties from her class at university. Juliette’s long blonde hair and blue eyes made them think she came from the sun-kissed beaches of California, where she spent her days surfing in a bikini. She seemed a little less exotic when they discovered she called Kansas home. They were good company and decent guys, but none was a candidate for *Monsieur la premiere fois*.

Juliette *did* experience fireworks, however, when Monique introduced her to the city’s magical lingerie shops.

*We have nothing like this in Kansas! When we walked into the boutique, I felt like I was entering a temple dedicated to love! I had never seen such beautifully intricate lace. Silk so soft it caresses every curve. Exquisite satin in gorgeous pastels. The options were endless. I started looking at the regular bras and panties, but Monique couldn't resist teasing me. She let out a dramatic sigh—“Americans!” She took me by the hand and tugged me away. “That is underwear,*

*chérie. You are in Paris. You want lingerie.” She led me to another part of the shop. Teddies so light it felt like wearing nothing. Open-tip shelf bras. Barely there thongs. Thongs with pearls that go ... there? Really?... Beautiful garter belts. Corsets and bustiers, some made with a beautiful brocade. I was drooling so much over a sexy black lace bra and thong set Monique insisted on buying it for me. “And this is for you to enjoy now, chérie, not to put aside until you find your lover.” She even made me put it on right then and hand over the Jockeys I’d had on—which she promptly threw away! After we left the shop, we strutted arm in arm along the Champs-Élysées. Giggling, we swiveled our hips like a pair of sophisticated French tarts. I felt so sexy knowing what I had on underneath. It was a delicious secret.*

Monique worked hard to find just the right boy for Juliette, but none of them clicked. Knowing one place she could surely find a great *Monsieur la premiere fois*, she used some family connections and got tickets for her and Juliette to the uber-exclusive La Dernière Nuit New Year’s Eve charity ball.

*I literally gasped when she told me. I’ve drooled over the pictures in fashion magazines covering the event for years. Dashing men in tuxedos. Glamorous women in gorgeous gowns. And it’s held at the Louvre! I never imagined I’d be there myself. Monique is more a part of the Parisian social elite than I knew. She promises that there will be some good candidates.*

Monique also took charge of dressing Juliette for the event. “I know just what you should wear. It’s a black and white ball.” She pulled a fashion magazine out of her backpack and pointed to a beautiful dress. It had a silver, sequined top and a short, layered, black chiffon skirt.

“It’s the perfect combination of sexy and sophisticated. You can pair it with a white dress coat. And I know a shop that carries both. We’re going shopping tomorrow.”

When Juliette told her parents she was staying in France for Christmas, they were seriously disappointed. They’d lobbied hard for weeks for her to return home. But she was thrilled at how her holidays were shaping up. Monique invited her to spend Christmas with her family in Aussois, a charming little town high in the French Alps. They’d return to Paris for the ball.

*Christmas with Monique was so special!!! The Alps are spectacular. Because we were so far from any city, the stars were amazing. There was even a skylight above Monique’s bed. It was so romantic. We had to sleep together because her family’s house is tiny. It was so cold Christmas Eve! Monique said the down comforter would work better and we’d get warm faster if we were naked under it. She was right!!! Girls are so soft, smooth and gentle!!! Am I still a virgin? Just kidding! Of course I am! 😊😊*

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On New Year’s Eve, Monique left early for the ball to meet some friends she hadn’t seen in months. When Juliette was ready, she took a taxi. Not surprisingly, because the city was full of revelers, the cab got stuck in a traffic jam. Realizing the Louvre was just on the other side of the river from where she was, she told the driver she’d walk across the Pont du Carrousel.

It rained earlier in the day, so she had the good sense to bring an umbrella. As she was making her way across the bridge, the rain started up again. When she stopped and opened her umbrella, a huge gust of wind yanked it out of her hand and sent it flying across the Seine. “Merde!” She struggled to hold her thin, white dress coat tight against her. But the cold rain

poured harder and harder. It soaked through her coat and the wind drove it through any opening. Within a minute, she was drenched, top to bottom. “Merde! Merde!” Spotting a cafe, she hurried for shelter. But her heel caught a hole in the sidewalk and snapped. “Merde times ten!” She hobbled along as best she should. As she reached the door, the patron exiting pushed it so hard Juliette was knocked off balance—at the very instant a passing car sped through a huge puddle.

She toppled towards the oncoming wave and the hard cobblestones, but instead of getting drenched and banged up, she landed in the strong arms of a passing stranger.

She looked up at her gallant rescuer and froze.

*OMG! OMG! OMFG!!!! Time literally stood still as I gazed at the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. Rugged, handsome face. Square jaw. Warm smile. Bedroom eyes. Black curly hair. Just the right amount of dark stubble. A diamond stud in his left ear. There he was right in front of me. A tall, drop dead gorgeous (even when drenched) dream-come-true Frenchman. Every cell of my body was on fire. I don't even know what I did next. I think I let out a sexy moan! (You tramp you!!!)*

Her protector helped her inside. He kissed her hand. “*Étienne Prevost, Mademoiselle. Enchanté.*” Smiling warmly, he looked deep into her eyes. She melted. “*Juliette Cavaliere. Merci beaucoup.*”

“What a lovely name. So musical. *Enchanté, Mademoiselle Juliette.*” He kissed her hand again.

*OMG! OMG! OMFG!!!! It turns out I am one huge slutty slut! When he said my name, it felt like liquid sex coursed through my body. My knees buckled. My heart raced. I felt this deep deep deep yearning! All I could think of was how*

*much I wanted him to grab me and ... take me on a roller coaster ride! Right then! Right there!!!*

Because she was shivering, he insisted on buying her coffee. After they ordered their drinks, he said, “*Excusez*. I will return in two minutes.” He ran out the store and, true to his word, returned in two minutes with a big bag. He pulled out a couple of large, fluffy white towels, a huge, shocking pink “*Je t’aime Paris*” sweatshirt, similarly oversized white sweat pants with “Juicy” printed on the ass, and a pair of red sneakers. “I’m sure you want to get warm and dry. *Les toilettes* is down the hall. I’m sorry about the sizes and colors,” he laughed. “I went to the tourist shop next door. It was all they had.”

Her heart fluttered, flipped, teetered, pretended to struggle (for the sake of not seeming too easy), and then surrendered. She was in love. Head over heels. Once in a lifetime. Walking on a cloud. Giddy. Foolish. Amazing. Heart filling. Heart stopping. Love, love, love.

In the rest room, she looked at herself in the mirror. She was drenched and freezing. Her hair and make-up were beyond repair. There was no way she could go to the ball. She tried to feel disappointed because she knew it hadn’t been easy for Monique to get the tickets. She really did. Honestly. But thinking about the handsome heartthrob waiting for her, she failed.

*Monique must be telepathic. I called her, explained what happened, and said with everything ruined—my dress, my hair, broken heel—there was no way I could go to the ball. I told her how disappointed I was. She paused and laughed. “Maybe it’s because my English isn’t very good, chérie, but you don’t sound disappointed. So please tell me what his name is and that he is our Monsieur la premier fois.” I could just picture the naughty smirk on her face. We both laughed.*

Juliette peeled off her wet clothes and put on her dry outfit. She was genuinely touched at how thoughtful Étienne had been. Picking up the damp ball gown, she went back out. When the gorgeous Frenchman gazed at her adoringly and her heart leapt, a ruined outfit seemed like a small price to pay for such joy.

He held open a large plastic bag. “My aunt is a seamstress who works miracles, Mademoiselle Juliette. Please give me your things and I will take them to her.”

She felt she should say no—it was too much trouble. But accepting his offer guaranteed they would see each other again. “That’s very kind, Monsieur. And just call me Juliette.”

He smiled warmly. “You have such a beautiful name.” He paused. “*Juliette*.” He savored the sound. Her heart flipped. “And please, it’s Étienne.”

They peppered one another with questions—their enthusiasm fueled by infatuation and lust. Within a couple of hours, they held hands and confided in each other like close friends—friends who also wanted to rip off each other’s clothes.

*We talked effortlessly. He just graduated from art school. He’s a painter. But he wants to expand his creative abilities, and he’s been accepted to a prestigious program in Greece where he’ll study sculpture.*

*I’m ashamed to say I missed a lot of what he told me. I pretended it was because the café was so noisy. It really was because I got lost in his dreamy, rich, dark chocolate, bedroom eyes and, looking at his large hands, I kept wondering what it would feel like to have them roaming all over my body.*

*At the stroke of midnight, we looked at everyone around us kissing. We leaned towards each other over the small table for what I’m sure we both figured would be a polite peck. But as soon as our lips touched, the spark between us was*

*amazing. We jumped out of our chairs, grabbed each other, pressed our bodies as tightly as we could and dove into an amazingly passionate kiss. I felt such electricity flow through my body, I couldn't believe it. All I can say is OMG!!! OMG!!! OMFG!!! OMFFFG!!! It was everything I ever dreamed of!!!!!!!*

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It was a whirlwind romance. It was clear to anyone who saw them together they adored each other.

*We're both in heaven ... and hell. We're in love, but we have an expiration date. He needs to be in Athens on March 1. It's going to kill me to say goodbye to him. But maybe I can finally have a wonderful Valentine's Day. I mean Valentine's Night! 😊*

The relationship felt so right, Juliette told him what her hope was for Valentine's Day. He was touched and honored. She was candid about being on birth control. He promised he'd been tested for STIs.

*At first, the six weeks between when we met and Valentine's Night seemed like the perfect amount of time for us to get to know one another. But the chemistry between the two of us is nuclear! I ache for him constantly. How will I make it to Valentine's Day?*

Fortunately, Étienne came up with a sexy surprise when he surprised her with a one-month anniversary celebration. He took her to a romantic dinner at a lovely restaurant so that she could wear her now restored New Year's Eve outfit. He couldn't say enough about how beautiful she looked. Then they went back to his apartment.

“I have a couple of presents for you, *chérie*.” He had a naughty look in his eye. He pointed to a simple wooden chair with a red velvet cushion. “Please sit down.”

She did as asked.

“Do you trust me, Juliette?”

She furrowed her brow. “Of course, my love. But that’s an odd question to ask before giving me presents.”

“Not these,” he grinned. “First, ...” He reached into his jacket pocket, pulled out a red silk sash, and handed it to her.

“It’s beautiful.” She fingered it and rubbed it against her face. “It’s so soft. What it is? It’s too narrow for a scarf. I don’t wear ties. And, besides, you have a very naughty look on your face,” she giggled.

“OK, this is totally your decision, *chérie*. I would like to give you a ... special massage.” He blushed slightly. “And I think you will enjoy it more if we tie your hands behind the chair.”

Juliette’s heart rate ticked up and breathing deepened.

“If you think it will make the massage more *special*,” she winked, “you may do so.”

He gently tied her hands with the silk, and her breathing deepened even more.

Walking back in front of her, he pulled something from his other pocket.

“Oh Étienne, you naughty boy, you!” she said excitedly.

He quickly stuffed the black mask back into his pocket. “I am sorry, *chérie*. I got carried away. I apologize.” He walked to the back of the chair and began untying the sash.

“Étienne! What are you doing? I said you were naughty. I didn’t say you couldn’t put it on me. This is just a massage, *oui*?”

“Absolutely, *chérie*. Just a massage. With all of your clothes on.”



“So, if that’s all it is, you have my permission to proceed.”

*I have to confess. Being blindfolded and tied up were on my list and got me so turned on. And I was curious how “special” a fully clothed massage could be.*

“And one more addition. I’m going to put some noise-cancelling headphones on you, *chérie*. You won’t be able to hear anything. But if you want me to stop, just say so.”

*He was right. I couldn’t hear a thing. Combined with not being able to see anything, it was a very strange feeling. But once he began, the sensations were amazing!!! He started with what I learned later was an incredibly soft mink glove. But that wasn’t all he used!!! OMG!!! OMFFFG!!!! I have NEVER NEVER NEVER felt so much pleasure!!!*

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Étienne planned Valentine’s Night to perfection. They had dinner at a small, romantic—quintessentially Parisian—restaurant. He reserved an elegant room at the hotel across the street. Earlier that day, he checked them in, made some final secret arrangements, and dropped off a bag she’d packed.

When he led her to the room, he insisted on carrying her across the threshold, like they were newlyweds. She giggled at how sweet it was. She really did feel like his bride. When he put her down, she gasped at what she saw. The room was filled with candles and roses. There were even rose petals on the bed. Beautiful music was playing. It was the most romantic sight imaginable.

She hugged him as hard as she could. “This is perfect, Étienne. Thank you. I love you so much for doing this.” A few tears rolled down her cheeks.

Taking something out of the bag, she went into the bathroom to change. When she returned, she was wearing an exquisite long, white satin nightgown with a lace bodice and spaghetti straps. He was overwhelmed. The bulge in his black silk boxers underscored the point. “You are beautiful, *chérie*. Gorgeous. Elegant. I am the luckiest man in Paris.”

He opened the curtains in front of the French doors leading to the balcony and revealed a spectacular sight—the Eiffel Tower lit up. She gasped at the romantic view. Opening a bottle of champagne, he poured two glasses and handed Juliette hers as they stood watching the lights change.

They clinked glasses. “Happy Valentine’s Day and Happy Birthday, my darling.” He kissed her sweetly.

*It was an absolutely perfect moment. It was my dream come true. I was in Paris with the man of my dreams looking at the Eiffel Tower.*

*“You are the most special, most beautiful, most sexy girl I have ever met. I love you with all my heart. You would make me the happiest man in the world if you would let me make love to you.”*

*The devotion and desire in his face was everything I ever dreamed of. I felt exactly the same yearning for him. I was nervous, but I couldn’t wait for our bodies to be joined. I stepped back, slipped the straps of my nightgown off my shoulders, and uncovered my breasts.*

*“Absolutely beautiful, *chérie*”*

*I screwed up my courage and pushed the satin down over my hips. I’d never been naked before a man before. I couldn’t believe how comfortable I felt. He made me feel so safe.*

*“You are a work of art, ma belle.”*

*His face was filled with love and desire for me. He pulled off his boxers and his penis snapped up—pointing straight at me from its curly black nest. He was even more beautiful than Michelangelo’s ‘David.’ I’d never seen a man’s penis before (porn doesn’t count)—and I got even more aroused knowing I had made it hard. It was big. I gulped. But Monique said girls stretch, and bigger is better.*

*Standing there, I felt a new kind of hunger. I’d felt horny lots of times. This was different. It wasn’t just sex I wanted. I wanted him.*

*He took me in his arms. His stiff cock pressed against my stomach. We hugged tightly and kissed passionately. It was finally going to happen! We were going to make mad, passionate love!!! Every bit of my skin felt electric! I was trembling I was so nervous—but so excited!*

*We lay down on the bed. As our naked bodies entwined, it was wonderful to have nothing separating us. We kissed and ran our hands all over one another. My dream was that we would have hours of foreplay. So I was ecstatic when he started kissing every bit of me. My face, earlobes, neck, shoulders, breasts. Every kiss made me want him ever more. When he headed down my body, I closed my eyes and squirmed in delightful anticipation.*

Her phone rang. It was her father’s ringtone. Her eyes snapped open and she looked at the clock. “I’m sorry. I thought I turned it off. But he’s always at the hospital at this time of day doing rounds. He never calls me when he’s at the hospital. Something serious must be wrong.”

Étienne looked concerned.

She sat on the side of the bed and grabbed the phone from the nightstand. “Daddy? What’s wrong?” Her mouth went dry as she steeled herself for bad news.

“Nothing’s wrong, Pumpkin! Sorry to worry you. This is a good surprise. Your Mom and I are in Paris. We’ll see you in 10 minutes.”

The color drained from her face and her head spun. She steadied herself to keep from passing out. She was suddenly aware of being naked, her intended lover just three feet away—also naked, with a raging hard-on—with *her father* on the other end of the call. She grabbed a sheet and covered up as best as she could. She instinctively moved to the chair beside the bed and looked away from Étienne.

She prayed she heard him wrong. “What did you say?”

“We missed you so much at Christmas, we couldn’t imagine not being there for your 21<sup>st</sup> birthday,” he explained in his happy baritone. “The taxi driver says we’ll be there in 10 minutes.”

“Here? What? How?”

“That ‘Find Friends’ app is amazing. When Monique told us you were out to dinner, but she didn’t know where, I looked you up. You’re at the Duquesne Hotel Eiffel, right? We can’t wa—”

*I was so panicked, I clicked off the call. Some part of me must have thought if I hung up, I could make it go away. I never imagined I could feel so many different things within the space of a few seconds. Shame, that I was on the phone with my father as I sat there naked, getting ready to lose my virginity to a guy I had only recently met. Guilt, even though I didn’t think we were doing anything wrong. Frustration, that our plans were being torpedoed. Anger, that my parents were going to ruin my dream. Guilt (again), for being angry at them when*

*they were trying to do something nice. Anger (again), that they hadn't told me anything about their plans. Fear, that they'd find out what I'd been planning. Frustration, that after waiting for just the right guy and just the right night, I was going to have to wait still longer. And, all the while, more powerful than anything else was a desperate yearning for Étienne to just grab me and fuck the bejesus out of me.*

The phone rang again.

“We must have gotten cut off, Pumpkin. Anyway, we'll be right there. Are you in the restaurant or in the bar?”

She made herself calm down and took a deep breath. “The bar.”

“The bar it is.” Then her mother chimed in excitedly from the background, “Can't wait to see you, Sweetie!”

Her mother's voice set off a second wave of shame, anger, guilt, frustration anger, guilt, fear, frustration, and panic. She closed her eyes and struggled to get control. Her face tightened. She hyperventilated.

Étienne's face showed deep concern. “Something terrible has happened, *chérie*, non? You look like you've seen a ghost.”

“I'll explain everything later. Please just do as I ask.”

“Of course. What's wrong?”

“My parents just arrived in Paris. They're on their way *here*. They think we came here to have dinner. We need to get dressed and meet them in the bar *now*. They can't know what we were really doing. OK?” Tears of frustration welled up in her eyes. She wiped them away,

looked down and clenched her fists. “I’m so ... so ... so ... Everything was perfect. It was—”  
Tears rolled down her cheeks.

He sat beside her, put his finger under her chin and gently turned her towards him. He wiped away the tears. “Look at me, Juliette. I love you and will do anything for you. So, do not worry about your parents. Get dressed. I’ll call Jean at the bar and have him make sure there’s a table for the four of us.”

*Étienne couldn’t have been more gracious to my parents. They were obviously interested in who he was, so when he got up to refill our drinks, I told them he was “a friend” who had found out it was my birthday and insisted on taking me to dinner. Dad was clueless, but my mother clearly suspected Étienne wasn’t just a friend. And there was a moment when I’m sure disappointment flashed on her face. Disappointment with me? With herself for having interrupted a special night I was having with Étienne? For not having treated me like an adult and given me fair warning she and Dad were arriving?*

*Étienne was especially good about keeping me from freaking out when my parents described their plans. They would be in Paris for the next three weeks and wanted to spend lots of time with me. But the worst news was that they were leaving the day after Étienne was heading for Greece! We’d have no chance for our night of passion! 😞😞😞*

*I wanted to cry! Seeing that, Étienne suggested we all go to the lounge on the hotel’s top floor to look at the Eiffel Tower. He made sure we ended up in separate elevators. “Juliette. I love you. I promise we will have our special night.*

*Trust me.” There was so much love in his eyes, I believed him. It was the only way I kept it together.*

The next three weeks were agony. Juliette’s days were split between classes, homework, squeezing in moments with Étienne, and time with her parents. No matter what rendezvous Étienne tried to plan, it got thwarted. He got them tickets for a day-long trip to Versailles; the bus wouldn’t start. A similar trip to Mont St Michel got cancelled because of a bad winter storm.

The night before he left, she was overwhelmed with despair. She spent half the night crying into her pillow. In the morning, she told her parents she had to meet with a professor, but went to the train station for a tearful goodbye. Heartbroken, they both sobbed. “I promise, *chérie*. We will still have our night. I love you.”

She nodded through her tears. “*Oui*, my love.” But she knew otherwise.

*He’s gone. It’s done. Fantasies don’t come true. It’s time to grow up, Juliette.*

\*

Monique put her bag in the rack in the compartment. “That was close. But we made it. Venice here we come! One last break before exams!”

Juliette slumped in the seat and looked out the window with a dazed expression as the train zipped through the beautiful countryside. Ever since Étienne left, she felt numb. She was on the train only because Monique had twisted her arm.

Once they arrived, Monique shepherded them towards the pension they had reservations at. Suddenly, she stopped mid-stride and let out a squeal. “Oooo, the Danielli! That’s the romantic hotel from a bunch of movies I’ve seen. I need to look inside.”

Juliette shrugged. She trudged behind her friend as they entered the remarkable, marble-walled lobby.

A voice from behind her asked, “May I take your bag, Signorina?” She didn’t even bother to turn around. She gave a glum response. “No. We’re just taking a look.”

“I don’t think so,” the voice replied. “I have your key.” The porter had obviously mistaken her for someone else. It didn’t matter. Juliette shrugged again, and slowly started turning around to tell the porter, again, that he was mistaken.

At first, she thought her heart and eyes were playing a trick on her. It couldn’t be.

But it was.

There he was. Étienne, with his arms wide open—and holding a room key.

She dropped her bag and threw herself into his embrace. The two of them burst into tears.

Everybody in the lobby clapped and cheered. Monique wiped her eyes, her face beaming with a knowing smile.

*It was a set up. Once Étienne made his plan, he swore Monique to secrecy and made her promise to get me to Venice.*

*He’d even told the staff at the hotel, so everybody was waiting. They all cheered when we kissed. When we came up for air, Monique hugged me and said, “If you leave that room at any point in the next three days, I’ll kill you!”*

*And then Étienne and I were alone and ... OMG! It felt like a fairy tale—OK, a very naughty fairy tale. ‘Cinderella finally gets laid!’ Étienne didn’t want to wait for the elevator, so he threw me over his shoulder and carried me up the three flights of stairs to our amazingly romantic room. It had a spectacular view—which we barely noticed—and*



At this point in the diary, some pages have been torn out.

*Over dinner that night, he proposed!!!! Down on one knee, beautiful diamond ring!!!! I accepted, of course. We couldn't imagine a life without each other. We'd figure out career stuff and everything else later. We wanted to get married immediately, but that was too complicated to do in Italy. We decided to go to Athens.*

*As soon as Étienne had arrived there from Paris, he went to the ancient Temple of Aphrodite and pleaded with the goddess to help us find a way to be together for the rest of our lives. It only seemed appropriate, then, to exchange private vows there and have formal weddings later both in Paris and the States.*

The ink color changed. It was still sapphire, but brighter. The writing was more recent.

*So, Sweetie, if you've gotten this far, you've obviously read my diary that you 'stumbled' across. I figured you were old enough to know the whole story about how your father and I met and fell in love. That also explains why he and I go to Athens every Valentine's Day for a quick, romantic getaway. We had so many obstacles to overcome—our parents, the two of us finishing school, where'd we live, .... When every problem got solved easily, we became convinced it was the goddess's doing. We go back to thank her. That's also why you're named Aphrodite.*

*P.S. Sorry about the missing pages. I'm sure you understand.*

Juliette closed the book and capped her pen. She went to the linen closet and hid the diary (very poorly) among the towels. Returning to her bedroom, she finished packing. Sitting back at her desk, she opened the drawer and took out the missing pages. Even now, years later, she couldn't help but blush and cry every time she read them.

*a big beautiful bed. The brilliantly white sheets were covered with rose petals. I couldn't believe he'd thought to do this again. He plopped me onto the feather-soft mattress and the two of us scrambled to take off our clothes. He couldn't take his eyes off me as I undressed. There was such joy (and raw, passionate desire) in his face as he eyed my naked body. I was giddy with excitement and deliriously happy. "You are beautiful, chérie."*

*He joined me in bed and took me in his arms. "Je t'aime, Juliette. I love you now and forever. You are everything to me."*

*I was so happy, I cried. "I love you too." We kissed and melted into each other.*

*It felt like we'd done this hundreds of times. This is how we were supposed to be. Naked. Giving every part of ourselves each other. Our hearts. Our bodies.*

*We kissed passionately. Our tongues merged, fought, danced. We pressed hard against each other. We didn't even want air separating us. We rolled around on the bed looking to kiss and caress every part of each other's naked flesh.*

*Étienne's rasping breath, hungry moans—and the sexy way he said my name—were the most exciting sounds I'd ever heard.*

*He leaned back and looked at me—his hard, veined cock twitching. His face was filled with a raw, primitive, even painful hunger. Every part of his body was tensed. He was a ravenously hungry panther ready to pounce. He was a caveman who wanted me so much he could no longer control himself. I never imagined I could have such a powerful effect on a man. It was wonderful!*

*I knew at that moment we belonged together forever. I could not live without this man. And my desperate ache for him was so great, I couldn't go another second with our bodies being apart.*

*“Take me, Étienne. Please. Now.”*

*I opened my legs and in an instant we were joined. I was so wet he had no trouble penetrating me. The beautiful, warm hard penis of the man I adored—and who adored me—filled me up. I surrendered to the passion and gave every part of myself to him. OMG!!! OMG!!! OMFFG!!!! It was so many things at the same time—primitive, spiritual, sexy, beautiful, loving, animalistic—it's impossible to describe. I felt taken. Possessed. An emptiness in my heart finally healed. I needed him even deeper. I wrapped my legs around him and squeezed. We moaned loudly. We couldn't control ourselves. He was deliciously merciless as he pounded into me. Each desperate, forceful thrust pushed us towards the precipice—then rocketed us over it. His cock swelled, twitched, and he jetted into me.*

*“JULIETTE! MON DIEU!”*

*OMG!!! OMG!!! OMFFG!!!! My head exploded with pleasure!!! My body shook!!! “OH ÉTIENNE! OH MY GOD!” It was so intense, I burst into tears.*

*When we caught our breath, we just looked at each other, kissed, and smiled. We didn't move. We wanted the moment to last forever. Of course, it wasn't too long before we ... OK. Will finish this later. Étienne just drew a bubble bath. We're going to soak ... and (I hope) ... 😊*