

Juliette's Journals

Jane Colt

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Jane Colt

Juliette's Journals

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A first love in Paris chronicled in two diaries -- one chaste, in white, the other naughty, in red!

Juliette spends her junior year in Paris, hoping to experience her first love in the City of Romance. In one of her journals, she chronicles her journey. In the other, the aspiring writer pens saucy stories, using details from her first experiences with romance as a point of departure. The young French artist Juliette meets is a dream come true.

One girl. Two journals. One love story. Seven naughty tales. Virgin Juliette Connor searching for her "*Monsieur la premiere fois.*" Aspiring erotic romance author "*Genevieve du Lac*" is finding her voice as a writer. If all goes well, it will be the perfect twenty-first birthday present -- fantasies finally becoming real. Everything will be perfect! Won't it?

Chapter One

February 15

It was so thoughtful of my parents to drive up from Cleveland to take me to a birthday dinner last night. And Mom giving me this journal as a present for turning twenty is just perfect. She has one just like it, and I love that. The cover is so pretty. Beautiful wildflowers. The rainbow of colors -- red, yellow, white, blue, purple -- feels so spring-like. Perfect given the cold, snowy weather we're having.

What should the topic of my first entry be?

I am so happy being at Ohio State. My first two years have been amazingly better than high school.

I feel guilty writing that because I do miss my friends from home. But now I've been able to lose my high school nickname -- "Cupid's Angel."

The "Cupid" part wasn't completely off target. I have an old-fashioned sense of romance. That's Mom's fault. She named me Juliette because I was born on Valentine's Day. Of course, I'm going to be a romantic.

I send paper greeting cards -- not e-cards. I'm always encouraging Dad to shower Mom with flowers and small gifts. I have a special calendar on which I mark birthdays, anniversaries, and celebrations in the lives of people I love. And I also have a beautiful antique music box where I carefully place mementos of important events. Meaningful greeting cards. Photos. The first flower from a boy. And I suppose I can't pretend that stack of romance novels doesn't exist. OK, same goes for the box of tissues -- for when the hero and heroine declare their love for each other, when they break up, when they work things out and live happily ever after. My friends tease me by saying I have to read paperback books rather than e-books because my tears would short out my tablet.

But as far as "Angel" goes, it was really embarrassing to be the school's "goody two shoes." It didn't help that I taught Sunday school, volunteered at a pet rescue center each weekend, and have that "Iowa farm girl" look -- long blonde hair, blue eyes,

peaches and cream complexion. Between all of that and being painfully shy, everyone assumed I was a “good girl” not interested in dating. Maybe now that I’m twenty, I can get up the courage to express the *other* me.

Which Juliette is that? The one who furtively drools over all the hot studs around me. The one with a secret collection of hot romance novels, erotica, and sex toys hidden in a locked suitcase in the far corner of my closet.

OK... the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth... I mean the Juliette who’s still a virgin, but who’s a total Harlequin Ho on the inside. I so much want to be one of the characters in those books. Desperately in love with a sexy hunk who adores me -- and ravishes me every chance he gets.

I’m horny all the time but afraid to do something about it. I can’t take my eyes off couples making out. Watching their passion makes me ache. Hearing couples go at it in the dorm makes me crazy -- especially when it’s in the middle of the day. I get so jealous.

But don’t get me wrong. It’s not just about sex. I’m bursting to be with a guy I’m madly in love with.

OK, OK... the rest of the truth. (I’m taking a deep breath. I’m letting it out... I’m screwing up my courage to be honest... I’m about to admit my naughtiest secret... Here it comes... OK. OK... I’m just stalling.) I even think about... girls. (You can’t see it, but I’m blushing like crazy. I need to say that so if anyone else ever reads this they won’t think I’m a total trollop.) Not the same way I think about guys. I *crave* guys. Girls, I’m more *curious* about. But I can’t keep myself from looking at girls in the locker room. Girls are so beautiful. That’s OK, isn’t it? What’s wrong with appreciating beauty?

Quick. Change the subject. I should describe one of my romance novel fantasies.

* * *

The Governess

I am the shy governess taking a walk with the handsome, widowed Lord of the manor, whom I’m desperately in love with. He is a wonderful man. Kind. Devoted to his children. Thoughtful. Generous. Tall. Strong. A beautiful, tousled mane of black hair.

Dark brown eyes. A small scar on his cheek. It's rumored to have come from a duel prompted by a salacious remark a cad made about the Master's virtuous wife.

He still hasn't gotten over the tragic death of his wife in a riding accident three years ago. He places fresh flowers on her grave every week. When he returns from the cemetery, he always makes some comment to the gardener about how he must be allergic to something there. But we all know his eyes are red from crying the whole time he's there. I'm heartbroken at the sadness he still carries but pretends to have put behind him. I would do anything to bring even the smallest amount of joy to his life.

His Lordship and I are out walking as I report on his children's progress with their lessons. We are so intent in the conversation that we don't notice how dark the sky has gotten. It takes a fierce wind and the first drops of rain to get our attention. We're too far away from the manor house to get there in time. It immediately starts to pour, and we're drenched within seconds.

We manage to make it to an old stone cottage on the estate, where the Master finds blankets for each of us. He starts a fire, and we huddle on a wooden bench in front of it. Our bodies have never been this close together. His aroma is intoxicating -- rich, dark, masculine. It makes me think of being deep in the forest. I close my eyes and picture him shirtless chopping down a tree for firewood. He wields an axe commandingly, making nature bend to his will. His hard chest glistens from the perspiration. Picturing him that way makes my head spin from excitement.

Despite being wet and cold, being this close to him makes me feel warm deep inside. It also makes me ache for him the way I do when I'm in my bed wondering what it would be like to be *with* him. I know it's wrong. I try to stop imagining us together, but I can't stop myself. It makes me feel so warm and wonderful.

His Lordship has always made a point of keeping our relationship formal and appropriate. But I've sensed that he struggles as much as I do with a powerful, passionate attraction because I've sometimes caught him looking at me the way a man eyes a woman he hungers for. His dark expression unsettles me. It kindles a yearning deep inside I know should be ashamed of. I cannot pretend I don't desire him, but when

I look back with the same longing, he immediately turns away.

I am at war with myself about wanting to tell him that my heart bursts with love for him -- and my body burns with need. But if a virginal governess made such a confession, he would feel compelled to dismiss me. One of the reasons he hired me after his wife's death is that my father is vicar of the local parish. The Master would be shocked to discover that a supposedly pious virgin burned with such sinful desires. He couldn't allow such a wanton strumpet to be around his children.

I am in agony being so close to him. I'm trembling from my struggle to restrain myself.

The lightning flashes, the thunder cracks, the sky darkens even more, and the rain pounds down. It's as though nature knows the wicked yearning in our hearts and is keeping us trapped together until we yield and fall into sin. My impulse to surrender to the temptation is so great, I must do something to stop myself. I stand up so abruptly it startles him.

"My lord, in the science lessons I have been giving your children recently, we have been studying the harmful effects of cold on the body." I'm short of breath from my desire. I fear my voice is already betraying me. "Your clothes are so drenched, the longer you remain in them, the more likely you will become ill. It is critical for the welfare of all who live on your estate that you do not get sick. I will step back into the rain so you can disrobe and let the fire's heat warm you."

When I head for the door, he grabs my wrist. At the same instant that his large, warm hand makes contact with my cold flesh, a deafening clap of thunder explodes. A bolt of lightning cracks and flashes. I feel as though the bolt has struck me and set my body on fire. My heart races. My breathing deepens. A deliciously forbidden liquid heat races from my center to the rest of my body. The way my heart aches and my body burns for my beloved is excruciating.

His gaze into my eyes is powerful and disarming. It speaks of deep concern -- and love? "Miss Goodbody, you must forgive my forwardness at touching you, but I cannot allow you to get sick. The storm is unabating. We must be sensible." Clearly nervous, he

pauses and takes a deep breath. "You have my word as a gentleman that I would never do anything to compromise your honor. For the sake of our health, however, I propose that we both disrobe, wrap ourselves in our blankets, and stand by the fire with our backs to each other until the storm passes."

The very thought that we would be virtually naked in one another's presence makes my heart race even more. My head spins, and I steady myself against the cold stone wall. I feel my face growing warm and cannot deny the sinful nature of my desires. Deep inside, I want... (No. It is wrong even to think that.) I force myself to match the mature way he is approaching the situation. "That is a sensible plan, my Lord. It makes no sense for either of us to become ill. You are a gentleman. I accept your assurances."

We each walk to opposite corners of the cottage to undress. We return wrapped in our blankets, stand in front of the fire, and face away from each other. To take my mind off my ever stronger, sinful desires, I try to remember anything from the Bible. All I can recall is from the Song of Solomon, "*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth.*" I moan silently.

As my skin dries and warms, the roughness of the brown blanket makes me think of the stubble of my Lord's beard rubbing against my body's most sensitive parts. In a moment of weakness, I give in to temptation and pull the blanket closer to me so the coarseness of the cloth teases my sensitive breasts. I gulp as my nipples harden. Pleasure -- and guilt -- wash over me. I squeeze my eyes closed even more tightly and command myself to pray. But I cannot think of any prayers. I am conscious only of my heart pounding against my chest so hard I fear my Master can hear it.

A deafening clap of thunder shakes the cottage and throws me off-balance. With a shriek, I look for anything to grab to stop my fall, and I let go of my blanket. Hearing my cry, the Master turns around and reaches for me. He, too, loses his blanket. He grabs my arm to steady me. We are both naked.

We are paralyzed in the moment. I am in awe of his firm body, especially his stiff cock pressing against my stomach. Of course, as a proper maiden, I have never seen an aroused penis before. However, whenever I get together with my two saucy married

sisters, they make a point of swapping stories about their bedroom adventures with their husbands. They delight in seeing how red my face will get as I listen to their lascivious exploits. They take particular care in comparing the size, shape, texture, color, firmness -- even taste -- of their husbands' cocks and the sublime pleasures they receive when they are taken. So I fully understand what it means that my Master's shaft has become so hard in my presence. His dark red, veined cock points right at me out of its black, wavy nest. I can't take my eyes off it. To a virgin like myself, it is terrifying and beautiful at the same time.

We look at each other with a new honesty. Not as Master and governess, but as a man and a woman. We both yearn desperately for the same thing -- that he should take me. Here. Now. My body is screaming for him to forget that he is a gentleman and to possess me with his beautiful stiff cock. Passionately. Roughly. My conscience disappeared with my clothes.

I have never seen a naked man before. His body is magnificent. Hard. Muscular. Confident. My eyes are drawn to his hard shaft as though to a magnet. Even though the storm continues to rage and the cold wind makes its way into the cottage, I'm increasingly warm.

His dark brown eyes are on fire. The way they hungrily appraise my naked flesh causes gooseflesh to erupt over every part of my body. "I must have you, Miss Goodbody." His voice is deep and commanding. I have never heard it like this before. It is the growl of a hungry beast determined to take his mate. But I can see he is also trying to stop himself from ravishing me.

I am frightened but exhilarated, not knowing what he will do. My heart thumps rapidly against my chest. My breathing is fast and deep. I can resist the desperate hunger no longer. I embrace the fires of Hell out of love for this man. "Take me, my lord. I am yours to command." The voice emanating from my mouth is so full of sinful desire, I don't recognize it as my own. I no longer know who I truly am. I let down my long dark hair. I run my hands over my white breasts and hard pink nipples. I separate my legs shamelessly. "Take whatever you want. I am powerless to stop you."

Just as shamelessly, my Master drinks in the sight of every inch of my body.

I welcome his gaze. When he focuses on the dark patch between my legs, my nipples harden, and I grow moist between my legs. This is a new sensation for me. It is unsettling and welcome at the same time.

His face grows darker and more menacing. He strokes his hard red cock as though it's a weapon he's preparing to use against his prey. I am nothing more than naked flesh he will feast on in order to sate his hunger.

He takes a step toward me but pauses. I am terrified and confused. Am I afraid of what he is going to do to me, or that he will find the strength to stop himself? My panic turns into lust, which takes my hand, puts it between my legs and strokes my moist lips with my fingers. I am no longer a virtuous governess. I am a brazen harlot and proud of being so. My Master will never look at me the same way again. He may take his pleasure with me once and then throw me out of the household. He may denounce me to my father, who will disown me. I don't care. I am consumed with desire. I will die if I don't feel his hard shaft deep inside me. Even being with this man only once will be worth it. I stroke my engorged lower lips again.

"Take me. Fill me," I plead.

Letting out a primal groan, he grabs me and pushes me onto the rough rock floor in front of the fire. He wraps his hands in my long hair and kisses me passionately. He squeezes my breasts hard, then sucks on them and bites my stiff nipples. I scream in delight. He spreads my legs, then pins my arms above my head against the rough floor.

With a mighty thrust, he plunges his cock into me. I cry out loudly as my maidenhead gives way and my opening stretches to accept his large shaft. But the pain is quickly replaced by the joy of being claimed and owned by this magnificent man. I yield every part of myself to him -- heart, body, soul -- even if it means I will burn for eternity.

He pounds into me mercilessly, and I luxuriate at the sensation of being impaled and overpowered by this man on top of me. We are no longer separate bodies. Being fused together is intoxicating. With each stroke of his cock, sinful pleasure surges throughout my hungry flesh. Being his prisoner -- being powerless to resist him -- is

intoxicating.

Our primitive coupling is everything forbidden I have dreamed about. It is raw, passionate, fucking, not the gentle, sensitive lovemaking of schoolgirl novels. I wrap my arms and legs around him and pull us even closer together. I need every bit of my naked body against his. I need him as deep inside me as I can get it. Every time he thrusts into me, we grunt and groan. We are covered in sweat. Our hunger for each other is insatiable. Our faces are distorted in a cycle of desperate hunger, satisfaction, and yearning again. Our mouths attack each other. We suck each other's tongues with a fury of someone dying of thirst. My back is raw and scratched from being pressed against the rock floor. When he thrusts hard into me, I scream -- but from pleasure, not pain.

I am powerless, but ecstatic. Yielding to my lover lets pleasure of a sort I never even imagined course through me. I am shocked at how readily I embrace delights I believed led directly to the gates of Hell my entire life. But more than anything, I am terrified of what will happen if this man stops fucking me. I will be so empty I will disappear.

His furious pounding sends my body somewhere it's never been before. I have absolutely no control over myself. I close my eyes and hold on to him as hard as I can. Each stroke of his stiff cock lifts me higher... and higher... and higher...

I feel like I am thrown over a cliff. As I fall, ecstasy of the sort I never knew existed penetrates every crevice of my body, heart, mind and soul. My body bucks, shudders and shakes. I shriek in delight. The pleasure is so unbearable, I begin to cry. My lover's cock swells and twitches. He pushes even deeper into me, and I feel like I am going to burst. With a wild roar, he explodes inside me. His hot liquid surges inside me and

* * *

[The ink is now a different color.]

Sorry about that. I got so turned on I had to take a break and... well... you know... It was hard to be quiet, but I held a pillow over my face. I'm really glad I don't have a roommate to worry about.

But holy shit. (Sorry, Mom.) Where did all that come from? How much of that

would I really like? Touching myself in front of a guy? Being pinned to the floor by him? Rough, animalistic fucking? How much of a bad girl do I actually want to be? Maybe more than I thought. I don't want think about that right now.

As far as the story goes, let's just say that our couple lives happily ever after. As soon as they scramble back into their clothes, the Master confesses his love and proposes. The carnal couple pretends the governess is a virgin when they marry. Not surprisingly, they often return to the cottage and fuck like bunnies.

I think that's enough honesty for my first entry. Like I was saying, I'm a real Harlequin Ho. Fortunately, I have a class I need to get to. (Whew!)

* * *

April 23

I finally picked my major. Yay! Creative writing. My parents always say, "Follow your dream," and this is mine. In honor of my decision, I bought a second journal for my stories. I didn't feel right using the white journal my mother gave me for the kind of tales I've started writing. Does the sensual *red leather* cover tell you anything? Yup, my dream is to be a best-selling erotic romance writer.

I realized that one way to deal with obsessing about sex was writing up my fantasies. So, why not make a career out of it?

I couldn't tell my advisor that, of course. When she asked me what kind of writing I had in mind, I said, "Fiction. I'll start with short stories. If I'm successful with those, I'll try to work up to a novel."

She nodded approvingly. "That's a sensible way to master the craft. Which genre?"

"I don't know yet, Professor," I lied. But I crossed my fingers on both hands in case fibbing to the woman who holds your academic fate in her hands is a special sin. Can you imagine what she would have said if I told her the truth?

I've even chosen my pen name already and reserved it for a website once I begin publishing. Choosing it was easy. My favorite romantic lovers are Guinevere and

Lancelot. In my version of the tale, however, the couple escaped to France, had children and lived happily ever after. My fantasy is that I'm one of their descendants. So "du Lac" was the obvious surname. "Genevieve" struck me as more melodic than "Guinevere." On the first page of my scarlet journal, I proudly wrote, "The Erotic Tales of Genevieve du Lac."

I know. I know. A virgin who's never done more than back-seat groping and a little dry humping in high school may not have the right experience to be a Kinky Kathy. (Sinning Sarah? Lusty Lucy? Promiscuous Penelope? Randy Ruthie?) But I'm not going to rush things. I'll lose my virginity only to someone I'm in love with. It will have to be one of the most romantic nights of my life -- and very, very sexy. So, my First Love will be both the *luckiest* man on the planet -- and, when I get done with him, the *exhausted-est*. (That's actually a word, isn't it?) He doesn't have to be the man I'll marry. But he will have to be as much in love with me as I am with him.

In the meantime, my naughty books and sex toys will have to keep me satisfied. And as far as my writing goes, I'll just have to rely on my imagination to make up for what I lack in real-life sweating between the sheets. I bet I can take a detail from ordinary life and turn it into a sexy scene in my scarlet journal.

Note to self: Be on the lookout for said details.

* * *

April 25

Amazing news! I just got off the phone with my parents, and they're letting me do next year in the world's most romantic city -- Paris. They don't like that I'll be so far away. But when I told them how important it was to me, they said OK. They made me promise to return for the holidays.

The City of Light will be a dream come true. The museums, the cute French boys, the boulevards, the cafés, the cute French boys, the boats meandering down the Seine, the wine, the French cuisine, the cute French boys, the gardens, the historic buildings, the paintings, the cute French boys, the sculptures, the fashion houses, and the cute

French boys.

Did I mention the cute French boys? OK, when I begged my parents to let me go to Paris maybe I forgot to mention that my "first time" fantasy was a big part of my plans. I want the romance capital of the world to be where I first fall in love and have a passionate love affair. I can't think of a better place to dive into the waters of love and sex for the first time. And who better to be my guide and partner than a cute, sexy, makes my heart go pitter-patter, gorgeous, dark, romantic, great-kissing French boy?

I already know what he'll be like because I keep seeing him in my dreams. 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 here in Ohio. Cute, cute, cute. *Sexy! Sexy! Sexy!* 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. It will be love at first sight.

The way he'll say my name will prove he's "the one." OK, at least "the one for now." His deep voice will caress every syllable as he makes love to my name. It will be *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 let him pull off my panties and take me right then and there. (Oooo, you little tramp!)

I love my name, but I'm disappointed with how all my friends pronounce it. They say it as three separate syllables: "Jew-lee-et" starting with an "American J." My French lover will know it's three mellifluous notes that merge and become a romantic tune. It begins softly -- like the gentle, sensual touch of a lover. Then it sweeps upward and ends on a high note -- *Juliette*. The sensual cadence (which I hear over and over in my head) sends shivers down my spine.

My body won't be able to help itself. Something deep inside will ignite. I'll let out a deep, carnal moan -- and I'll know.

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. 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 twenty-first birthday. OK, we will "make love," but not just that. We'll be so hot for each other we'll also fuck like bunnies all night long.

Jane Colt

Originally from the East Coast, Jane is married and has returned to Massachusetts after living in California for a while. She's written a few nonfiction books in connection with her current job, and has decided to transition to erotic romance as her next career.

Jane writes fun, upbeat stories. No dark, brooding, broken, tortured guys who need fixing. Just great, handsome, smart, sexy, "real men" whose only weakness is being unable to resist the women she pairs them with. She especially wants her heroines to be as sexy and passionate as they desire. She likes her heroes to be their equal -- sexy, devoted, and romantic. No matter what, you can count on the fact that her couples end up in love and having great sex! OK, maybe they have the sex first!

Jane at Changeling: changelingpress.com/jane-colt-a-232