

Preface

All the stories lived through by these two women, Lynn and Susanna, had been taking shape in my mind for some time before I decided to put them to paper in 2002.

The sensual life of these women is central to each story. The stories contain simple or rudimentary messages, the kind of things we often forget to notice, despite their importance in our everyday lives.

In the course of the stories, the encounters between men and women convey a positive vision of heterosexual relationships, one that respects the differences between the two sexes. The descriptions of emotions and senses play an important part.

Why did I choose to write erotic stories?

I am confronted daily by those creations of our human imagination generated by the mass-media. I have no desire to analyse the reasons for this phenomenon, but it is remarkable how many of us are able to take in violent scenes on the screen without experiencing feelings of guilt. We explain it away by assuring ourselves that it is only fiction. Yet many of these successful films do have an impact on our human condition, and many of them do focus attention on violence.

Erotic writing is often described as having a very specific kind of readership, and it is often considered taboo.

And yet, human beings have the capacity to sexualise nearly everything, and indeed each and every person for whom they experience conscious or subconscious feelings can be sexualised in this way.

Gradual liberation over recent decades has ensured that this once-forbidden subject is now more freely talked about. Despite this transformation, eroticism is still perceived by many people as somehow base. Or if they are educated, it is merely tolerated, in silence. It is notable that fantasies, so much a part of everyday lives, are rarely talked about.

We are too often unaware of this capacity for bodily expression, the one lived through by our underlying sensuality, and our capacity to experience moments of happiness and tolerance through our senses. Often, it seems, our market society tends to make us prize rationality above all else.

Lynn and Susanna each have a special friend, a confidant. Lynn is more free and easy, and also more cheerful by nature. Susanna, for her part, questions herself quite a lot, but she is aware of this.

Their ongoing emotional lives are enriched by the complementary experience of these encounters, and by their discovery of the simple pleasures of life.

Linda Adnil

The moon of the senses

Lynn contemplated the clothes in her wardrobe indecisively. What should she wear this evening?

Throughout the month of June, the days had been hot, but each day at nightfall the air cooled quickly.

Rich, a friend, had invited her for a Saturday night out. She was in need of a change of scene; her work had occupied her thoughts too much recently. She faced a daily battle at work to break down her colleagues' resistance to change.

Rich had telephoned her today, telling her that she should wear a short skirt and bring a light woollen cardigan. He was organising the evening, so she knew that above all else she should ask no questions. That would break the spell.

She had met him at a friend's party. She had been struck by his optimism, his smile, his way of dancing, his dreaminess and his whimsical spirit.

He was an attractive man of medium height, athletically built, but not excessively so. He had great charm and was very popular with the ladies, who became jealous whenever one of their number monopolized his attentions on the dancefloor. His hips swayed naturally and the salsa held no secrets for him.

Lynn had been intrigued by this boy, though she was usually not particularly drawn to his type. He exuded seductive powers. But he had a flaw, an imperfection, which shed light on his behaviour; he had an occasional stutter, which provoked some laughter around the table after a few glasses of wine. He didn't get upset and good-humouredly continued to entertain the group.

All these years of mockery, meanness and the rejection he suffered because of his speech impediment had forged his personality. He had a need to be appreciated, to be loved. He had developed his powers of seduction through dance and through the spoken word. There were very few men in his circle of acquaintances, but there were plenty of women. Married, single, all had reached a mature age. He had developed a refined taste for the arts; for theatre, literature, music and art. He had a fine mind and despite his impairment he had achieved professional success.

In the depths of his soul there was an underlying malaise. His speech impediment was the external symptom of inner scars, caused by a troubled childhood. Emotionally unstable, he got into debt through his love for a woman who had rejected him. Since then, in his moments of intimacy with girlfriends, he sought a sense of well-being, with the woman as the focus of his interest. One day he told her: men are lazy, it didn't take much effort to be receptive to a woman's tenderness, to know her intimate nature unreservedly.

Sharing occasional moments with him at this time in her life provided Lynn with a distraction, helping her to let go of her responsibilities. She would drift along pleasantly for a few hours.

Her gaze settled on a short blue cotton skirt and a short-sleeved polo-neck T-shirt. She would take a cardigan to protect herself from the cold, as he had asked.

The doorbell rang. A quick look in the mirror reflected her lightly made-up eyes. A clear regard emanated from her classical, untroubled features. She was ready to go.

— So, we're all set then!

He observed her from head to toe, punctuating his examination with an approving gaze.

Lynn put on her elegant blue high-heeled shoes. He seemed hesitant and refrained from saying anything.

She fixed her attention on his clothes. He wore sport-trousers, track-suit style, and Nike trainers. She remarked:

— We're not going to the restaurant?

— Yes, but it's a cool place. I didn't feel like squeezing myself into a pair of jeans on a hot day like today.

He drove the car. They engaged in light conversation, about the events of the week, work, the latest films.

She sensed that they would not be going out to dinner. All this mystery unsettled her, but she had complete confidence in Rich.

They approached one of the parks of the capital, which was usually very busy during the day. The woods there were the oldest in the city, situated around a lake, well-known for its deciduous trees. A small island had been constructed in the middle of the lake, connected to the

lake-shore by a wooden bridge. On this little piece of land there was a gourmet restaurant with a terrace, which was very popular at this time of year.

Lynn wondered if he intended to take her there for dinner. It would be very expensive.

On the edge of the woods a group of people were preparing to leave in their cars. It was ten o'clock now, and night had fallen.

He parked the car.

— Well, here we are! We're going for a walk.

She left the safety of the car with a mixture of anxiety and excitement. He took a sports-bag out of the boot.

— You have to take a bag?

— Yes, I brought a change of clothes.

Her worries disappeared and she was completely taken over by a sense of excitement. They crossed the road onto a footpath leading through the woods alongside the lake. She noticed that despite the full moon the light was dim, because there was a thin veil of clouds.

The branches of the ancient trees formed an impressive archway above the path. She stumbled on some tree-roots protruding from the dry hard earth.

— Hold me Rich. I'm afraid of the dark. It's frightening, all these shadows.

— I didn't know you were afraid of the dark. Tell me about it.

— I used to be in a Catholic Scout group. I was seven. My parents used to make me go, to make new friends. One weekend we went camping and they organised a night-time treasure-hunt. In teams, we had to look for clues in the forest, using torches. We kept bumping into obstacles. They turned out to be witches, who tried to stop us from finding the treasure. I remember one witch, one of the camp leaders, jumping out of a bush right next to me. I was terrified and ran to my leader. I didn't leave her side for the rest of the game. This experience stayed with me as a terrible memory and since then I've never ventured into a forest alone, certainly not at night.

In the meantime they continued walking along slowly. She leant on him, because she couldn't see where she was placing her feet.

— Look, Lynn, look at that majestic old oak tree on the left there. Such a hard robust trunk. It's had a long life.

He took her hand, directed her towards the oak and put down his bag. He suddenly pressed her up against the tree. Her woollen top protected her against the roughness of the bark. He looked into her eyes and sensed an animal fear. He moved in closer to her.

— Shh. Be still! It's never too late to overcome your fears. Relax, look, the trees are protecting us.

He took her face in his hands. His lips gently touched her skin. He suddenly pressed himself up against her pelvis. He gyrated his hips rhythmically. It was as if he was

inviting her to harmonise their movements, to join him in a lascivious dance.

His penis protruded from his trousers. He had a relatively thin member but it was long, and his erection gave women infinite pleasure. Its slimness allowed him to explore the little secret corners of the womb. The woman felt desired by this manhood, as hard as stone, offered naturally. Her pleasure increased, her walls invigorated by the coming and going of this phallus.

His hand slipped into her panties, his fingers finding the remembered lips. One finger edged its way into her vagina, to be joined by others, finally. She didn't know how many fingers were exploring the interior contours of her vagina. The thrusting of his penis gave her flushes of heat. She had a feeling of well-being.

He had an instrument just made to be taken in the month. It was not too cumbersome but had an uncommon capacity to remain erect, reinforcing the woman's sense of feeling desired. Thoughts and images passed through Lynn's mind. She didn't feel this was the right place to crouch down. She felt observed by the leafy trees.

Footsteps sounded and the panting of a dog. He let go of her and picked up his bag. She quickly pulled down her skirt. He started talking but she didn't catch his words.

A man of about fifty passed by, followed by his dog. He stared at them lewdly. The dog wagged his tail, demonstrating that he too knew the score.

— Come on. We'll carry on walking.

— I should have worn my other shoes, these just aren't practical here. But now I know why you wanted me to wear a short skirt and cardigan, she laughed.

He smiled and didn't respond. She sensed this experience was just beginning. She was unable to predict it in its entirety. Rich's mind worked differently from her own, so she was unable to determine his thoughts.

The path came out into the open. The trees on the left disappeared, opening up on to a grassy area, which sloped down to the lake.

— Come on. We'll go down there.

Halfway down the little slope, he surprised her by opening up his bag and taking out a straw beach-mat.

— Sit down Lynn and take a look in front of you.

Swans and ducks floated about on the lake, as if they were asleep. The scene emanated calmness and beauty, enhanced by the moonlit waters.

The water lapped with a certain regularity. She closed her eyes and listened to the wavelets breaking against the bank. The sound was less intense but the rhythm matched the movement of the waves. She settled down on the beach-mat. A light gust of wind blew against her bare legs and she had goose-pimples.

Rich suddenly took out a bottle of champagne and two champagne glasses from his bag, exclaiming:

— Hold the glasses Lynn, let's drink to happiness in this life, to small pleasures, to our loved ones.

He had chosen a quality champagne. The sound of the bottle uncorking resonated in the air. The tinkling sound of the glasses being filled seemed almost indecent in this scene of natural tranquillity. There were no more passing strollers, it was eleven o'clock already.

Lynn savoured the champagne, watching her friend from the corner of her eye. He was an exceptional man, romantic and attentive. And yet she also knew him to be impulsive, and there was a certain unpredictability to his everyday moods.

They set their glasses down in the grass.

— Look at the moon, Lynn! You have to open yourself up to the moon. Lift up your face to her. She will fill you with her calm and peaceable energy.

She listened, raised her eyes to the star. When she was a child she had often looked out at the moon from her bedroom window. She had stared out at « Mr. Moon, his face, his look ». Her mother had told her so many little stories about this « Mr. Moon ». He often played a major part in these tales.

He observed her profile and declared:

— Despite all that you have had to live through, all you have to do is look at her now and lift your face to the light. Innocent and tender, you have retained your child-like wonder for simple things. I want to tell you that I'm delighted to know you, to share these moments with you from time to time.