

Travels with Angelique

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

It was our best vacation trip ever, two weeks in Europe with Angelique. Of course being with her anywhere can't be beat.

Where do you start with Angelique? At the beginning, I guess. Her mother is a Singaporean beauty, her father a tall, elegant Swedish diplomat. Their only child is stunning. She's tall, an inch over six feet, with beautiful, clear, almond-colored skin, deep brown eyes that show her Asian heritage, long brown hair, amazing hips and long shapely legs, and a pair of tits that stop crowds. She always smells and tastes of sandalwood and jasmine. When she's in the throes of passion, she tastes so sweet, and the look of lust in her eyes and the heat radiating from her thighs could melt the Mendenhall glacier. Sometimes she purrs like a kitten; other times her cries could arouse the dead. All this and she's chosen me.

And me? I'm from more common stock; my dad a Texas-born and raised particle physicist, my mom the daughter of a Swiss bank executive. I was born in Geneva, raised there and in high-energy physics centers around the world. I'm tall, blond haired and blue eyed, and have nothing to do with physics.

Angelique is a free-lance graphics artist. You've seen her work; it's stunning, but not half as much as she is. She also does modeling work, mainly for catalogs, although she's been in a few product ads in Wired magazine that you've probably seen taped up in many a male nerd's cubicle; one company still gets requests for reprints of her ad.

I call myself a consultant -- doesn't everybody? I provide technology-based security and investigative services. I made the mistake of enlisting in the Navy out of high school. With my martial arts background I soon found myself in the Military Police, and then an instructor, training other MPs in the fine art of nasty fighting. I got out of that as soon as I could and went to college, getting my degrees. What started as a business sideline during college turned into a very profitable and fun career.

As I said, Angelique is stunning. The first time we met was definitely an impromptu affair where neither of us knew for certain which side the other was on, and in a situation strongly suggesting action first and discussion later. Suffice it to say she gave me two bruised ribs and a concussion; when I regained consciousness with her holding me and the local police

rounding up the remains of the creeps we'd tangled with, I looked into the eyes of an angel and asked her to marry me. I don't know what her answer was as I passed out again, but we've been together ever since.

Vacation Time

I'd just finished a two month long assignment which had been intense, nasty, and extremely rewarding. In spite of threats to see me chopped up and used for fish bait, I was intact, my clients were very happy, and some other folks were very unhappy and headed to extended stays in some not very nice government-run establishments. I was also in possession of an unexpected and large bonus for a job well done.

Angelique had just completed a fairly lengthy assignment as well, one that had all the hallmarks of an award winner. After a day or three screwing frantically in our San Francisco flat, we decided a change of venue was appropriate. I didn't want anything to do with the Far East for a while, so Europe it was. We contacted our friendly local travel agent, and quickly set up what hoped to be a relaxing European vacation.

Flight Time

Our first step was getting to Paris. Our travel agent likes us; we told her we wanted Air France First Class non-stop. No problem, she said with a smile.

That made check in a breeze; First Class has its own counter, separate from business and cattle class. The agent wanted to check our passports, so we handed them over, all four of them. I've got U.S. and Swiss; Angelique has U.S. and a very fancy one identifying her as a Swedish diplomatic brat. We were also dressed in European business attire, and addressed the agent, a short but cute older gal, in fluent French. We quickly had our boarding passes and were wished bon voyage.

We didn't bother with the lounge, instead making our way to the gate and spending a few minutes stretching. Even with First Class, we tend to get a little cramped on these flights. I knew I was in for an interesting flight when Angelique grabbed my shoulders for support while she did a spinal twist; I recognized that gleam in her eye, the feel of her fingers digging into my shoulders.

We boarded and exchanged pleasantries with the staff. The head steward was quite taken with Angelique; well he's male, and every male is quite taken with Angelique. I thought he was going to come in his pants when she turned on the charm and spoke to him in her wonderful resonant tones. French truly is the language of lust. Myself, I tried charming a couple of the stewards. My French is very good, but comes with a Swiss accent that's never gone away.

Thank God Air France has gone non-smoking. Neither of us likes tobacco smoke. We'd both been on Cromolyn Sodium for a few days to protect us against allergy problems. I'd used the stuff constantly while in Asia; it works. We politely declined the offer of champagne,

settling instead for sparkling water. We chatted up the staff; one short stewardess with a definitely Parisian accent was a bit cross with the head steward, who would have preferred to remain at Angelique's side answering to her every whim. He gave his underling a stern look, smiled and bowed to us, and went about his business assisting the other passengers.

Half an hour or so into the flight Angelique got up and took our in flight bag out of the overhead bin. She leaned over to me and whispered, "Help me change?" She punctuated her request with warm breath and a little bit of tongue in the ear. My pulse took a jump and I turned to her and said, "Of course darling."

We had sweats to wear during the eleven hour flight. We found the large (for an aircraft) restroom, the one with the kiddie changing table, unoccupied. It was cramped with both of us, but nice.

We undressed, putting our travel clothes on the hangers we'd brought and getting into our sweats, and one thing lead to another.... Pretty soon Angelique was leaning forward as much as the space would allow, and I was inside her entering from the rear. Her hands were on the metal sink, her back flexed, and she was pushing me into the opposite wall, wiggling her luscious bottom. I had one hand underneath her top and bra on a breast, massaging gently the way she loves, and the other on her pleasure button, our sweat pants down around our knees.

Just as we were getting to the home stretch, and I thought being fairly quiet about it as well, we got an incessant rapping on the door, and the sounds of a female yapping at us in clipped high-pitched Parisian tones. Angelique sighed and gave me one more push and a wiggle, saying, "*Un moment...*" We disengaged and she kissed me, pulling up her panties and pants, straightening herself up. More incessant rapping and yapping accosted us from outside. Angelique sighed again, smiling. I saw the toilet and remembered Tom's first rule of travel -- go when you can -- so I took a seat. She gave me a kiss on the head and stepped out, closing the door behind her, taking our bag.

Over the hiss of the air conditioning and the dull roar of the engines I heard more yapping, catching a few words from the stew, wanting to know what the hell was going on in there. Then I heard Angelique, her voice at least an octave lower than her accuser, in slow dramatic tones ripping this gal a new orifice. I caught words such as "voyeur" and some really wonderful phrases about someone poking their ratlike Parisian snout into the lives of first class passengers. I chuckled, knowing from the description who our accuser was.

A new voice entered, that of the head steward. Some yapping, fast and furious, interrupted by Angelique's low tones once again, opining on the lack of social skills and the poor hospitality provided by Parisians. The steward's voice came in again, his tones conciliatory. I heard someone stomp off -- a hard thing to do, considering if it was the gal I thought it was, she could only weigh about a hundred pounds.

Silence finally, so I completed my business. I was about to wash my hands when I thought better of it. I raised my right hand and smelled the fingers -- the incredible scent of Angelique. She'd taken our bag with her; I had the hangers with our clothes. I stepped outside

and was met by our steward. He gave me a knowing smile and I handed him our clothing, asking if he could possibly store these until we needed them again. He said of course, and gave me an inquiring glance, shifting his eyes and head towards our seat, then to the loo behind me. I put two fingers of my right hand under his nose. He took a sniff, then closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. He opened his eyes with a broad smile and a sigh. "*C'est magnifique! Bon chance!*" We laughed together and I returned to my seat. I sat down and gave Angelique a kiss on the cheek. She gave me a squeeze on the leg and a smile, then returned to her magazine.

We received cool but professional service from the one steward, who preferred to serve the other side of the First Class cabin; the gal on our side, and of course our steward, were practically laughing, and very helpful.

I was standing in the vestibule between First Class and Business stretching a few hours later when I was greeted by one of the flight deck officers, our Captain in fact. We exchanged pleasantries in French and he handed me a folder. I opened it to find a nicely printed certificate, complete with the Air France logo and the signatures of the flight crew and our chief steward, and our names in a large and flourished script announcing to all that we were members of the Mile High club. I laughed and shook his hand; our steward had appeared and was smiling. I thanked them both and told them I wasn't sure if I could accept this, as we'd been very close but not quite completed our Mile... We all had a good laugh at that. I got the typical French congratulatory hugs and kisses from them, then walked back to our seat to introduce our Captain to Angelique.

She looked up at us and smiled, then turned on the charm. I helped her to her feet, introducing our Captain and telling her he had bestowed a great honor on us, showing her the certificate. She didn't blush, but held her head proud. She thanked him and allowed him to kiss her hand. This was followed by the traditional hug and kiss on each cheek. Gee, he seemed to take more time with her than with me...

One of the stewardesses brought us two glasses of champagne. She was smiling impishly; I recognized her first name from her small badge as one of the crew signatures on our Certificate of Honor. We drank a toast to Air France.

We napped a bit during the flight, sharing a blanket and leaning together, but not doing much else. For a few moments I was sorry I'd packed her butterfly vibrator in the big suitcase and not brought it with us in the cabin. But it had caused such an incident the last time I'd done that, on JAL, that she had insisted on packing it.

On that flight to Tokyo I'd put it in my carry on bag; she was still mid-period and I knew it would help her relax. The twits at the security gate were dumfounded, demanding to know what it was. I finally held it up for all to see and said in a very loud and clear voice, "In flight entertainment," as I turned it on. The very corpulent woman interrogating us blushed and told us to move along.

About an hour out of Paris we changed clothes again. One of the stewardesses brought them, the taller cutie that had signed our certificate and brought the champagne. I caught an icy

stare from across the cabin, and handed Angelique's clothes to her, suggesting, in a tone of voice that I was sure our across-the-aisle accuser could hear, that she change first, but to let me know if she needed any help. Angelique stood, took her clothing, and gave me a kiss on the cheek, smiling across the aisle to a slightly fuming stew. As I was handed my clothing, the gal who brought them suggested in a growling voice that she'd be more than happy to help me change. I kissed the back of her hand, nibbling a knuckle lightly, thanking her for her offer but suggesting I'd rather live through the flight... She smiled and gave me a steamy sigh... As I walked past her to an unoccupied restroom I felt a hand squeeze my ass.

CDG and Champs Elysees

Airports are airports around the world; best to get in and out as quickly as possible. We won our game of luggage roulette; all our bags arrived and seemed intact. Our European dress and passports got us quickly through formalities and on our way. We were spending two nights in Paris before a ten-day barge trip on the Loire, then a few more nights in Paris.

Our first two nights were at the Marriott right on the Champs Elysees. You might decry this as typical American tourist faire, but what the hell mate, it was free, full breakfast included. When we returned from the barge trip we'd be in a *tres chic* place in the Latin Quarter, around \$350 a night, definitely not free.

We caught a cab from the airport to the hotel. As we stepped forward in the cab queue, a business-looking type tried to cut in front of us, making the mistake of thinking it would be easier to cut in front on Angelique's side. She saw him coming and stepped forward and a little to the side, stopping his forward motion with a quick and hard elbow in his ribs, at the same time announcing our destination with a smile and a singsong voice to the guy running the cab queue. The clown she'd cut off muttered something, and she whirled on him and delivered a series of epithets that would make a dock worker blush. I was afraid she was going to whack him; I've seen her break bones for less. He cowered and backed off, to the shock and amusement of the others in queue. My wonderful Angelique turned back to the cabby now standing in front of us and very politely informed him these were our bags with an air of incredible innocence. I laughed and helped load them in the back of the cab while she was helped into the cab. The cabby gave me raised eyebrows and shook his head as we set the bags, and was chuckling as he got in the front seat.

We had a fairly uneventful ride, chatting with the cabby about the weather (very nice this week, it had been raining and cold the weeks prior), rude Parisians and road construction around the Pepherique, our travel plans, and the other pleasantries of life. We gave him a reasonable tip; he gave me his card, looking at Angelique all the time, letting us know he was at our service should we need anything.

Looking around the boulevard, I knew this stay was going to cost me money; the hotel is practically next door to the Guerlain perfume shop. Oh well, that's what bonuses are for. We checked in and a few minutes later were in our room, heads still buzzing from the trip and jet lag.

Another of Tom's travel trips: an orgasm is one of the best ways to help reset your biological clock. I'm very glad our luggage accompanied us up to the room; neither of us would have been able to wait for it to arrive. The door barely clicked shut behind the bellhop and we were madly shedding clothing, wrestling each other to the bed. We kissed and embraced, running our hands hungrily over each other. I started kissing my way down her stomach, wanting to go down on her, but she cried, "No -- in me, now!"

I accepted her invitation graciously, plunging into her warmth, feeling her legs lock around mine, now kissing each other with our entire bodies as we moved rhythmically together. I got one hand to the back of her neck and squeezed gently as she held my ass; she moaned through our still coupled lips and shook beneath me; she'd been closer than I thought.

We moved together holding each other, then she rolled me to my back and sat up on top of me, grinding away with her head tossed back. I reached up and caressed her nipples, then moved one hand into her trimmed but curly thatch. She became more agitated and louder as I found her button; the way she was wound up, I knew she needed to come again, and would, quickly.

I was very close as well, and the way she was grinding around on me wasn't helping matters. She started moaning again, and I pinched a nipple, sending her over the edge. She collapsed forward and I took the other nipple in my mouth. She put a hand around the back of my neck, pulling me to her, and sending me over the edge.

It took us a while to drift back to the real world, such as it was, still buzzing a bit from jet lag. It was still early afternoon, so we decided to go out walking and find a place to get a light snack. It would be an early night to bed for us, with some sleep....

The Game of Bump and Toss

Ah, the streets of Paris; the shops, the cafes, the people... The cigarette smoke, the dog shit, the gypsies... We walked along the Champs Elysees toward the Arch, checking out possible places to eat, going into the occasional *tres chic* (and *tres expensive*) shop. Angelique was checking out clothes; I waited outside, leaning up against the building, watching the world go by.

Something piqued my attention -- a very cute and buxom gypsy girl in a very colorful and attention-getting outfit. The male part of me was intrigued, but the professional side was saying something besides the fact that there are things running around these days that modern antibiotics can't cure. I let my gaze drift around and picked up the other two; the colorful bait and the two drab cohorts. I saw an exchange of glances and spotted their probable mark -- the game was set.

The game of bump and toss is played with very bad odds against the mark -- the victim -- at least three to one. Let's focus on the players. You have to pay close attention -- when the game is played well, it goes very smoothly, and very fast. First was the bait, in this case a cutie probably in her early twenties, showing an amazingly provocative amount of very nice tit and ass, if you ignored the probable viral and/or bacterial content. Then there was the hook, a youngish looking man, a little behind her and behind the mark. Ahead of them both was the bag

man, in this case another young woman, dressed as was the hook in drab clothing that blended in with the crowds remarkably well.

The mark, who looked to be an Italian tourist in his early thirties, had definitely taken the bait and was following her, focused on her swaying and jiggling charms and oblivious to the world around him. The bag man gave the signal, a slight tip of the head, and the game was on, too fast for me to do anything. Barging on a game such as this is not advised; one or more of them were probably carrying razors, and I didn't like the odds. With more warning I would have walked up and asked the mark for a cigarette or some such, spoiling their timing.

The bait suddenly stopped mid stride, bending over to pick up something from the sidewalk. Whether it was real or not was immaterial. The mark, following too close behind, ran into her, making good solid contact with her attractive and distractive bottom. As he did, he was bumped from behind and his wallet deftly removed by the hook, who handed it off to the bag man as she walked back past the other three, putting the take in her bag. The hook peeled off to the other side swearing at the damn tourist, and the bait popped up and yelled obscenities at the mark to keep his filthy hands off her. The mark looked up confused and embarrassed; the bait walked away with a haughty look on her face. The mark didn't know what happened. Elapsed time less than three seconds -- very well played indeed. The mark looked around with a silly smile, shrugged his shoulders, undoubtedly thinking about that soft bottom, and walked off.

I was still chuckling when Angelique rejoined me -- she was looking, but not buying. She asked what was so funny, so I told her of the very well played game, describing the players so we could watch out for them. She snarled a bit and shook her head; we walked along. We walked down to the Arch du Triumph, watching the eternal traffic chaos from a safe distance. We used the underground to cross to the other side, proceeding back along the other side of the boulevard.

Dinner

We decided to have a bite to eat at a small cafe pretty much across from the hotel. It was still early, so we were able to get a table on the edge of the place, still under the canopy. That gave us some fresh air and respite from the smoke. We perused the menus, ordering onion soup for each and an appetizer to share, bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine. We were sitting waiting when Angelique got a funny look on her face, moved slightly, then got up and said, "I'll be right back." She walked off presumably to the ladies' room.

I watched life go by on the boulevard, sipping my wine, eating some bread. After a few minutes, I saw another gypsy gal approach. We'd seen her before, down around the Arch. When we'd seen her there, she was standing proud and happy, smiling, talking, and laughing with friends. Now she was hunched over in begging mode, one side of her face in a semi grimace, tip of her tongue poking out the side of her mouth, head tipped to the side, hand outstretched and shaking slightly as she approached. It looked as if she'd put ashes on her skin, giving her a gray pallor.

As she approached our table I laughed and cried, “Bravo!” I suggested a little more palsy in the hand, and maybe drag the left foot a bit as she moved. Her eyes flicked up to look behind me, but I didn’t buy it, my eyes never left her. I knew she could sweep the table clean in a flash if I took my eyes off her. I felt a hand on my shoulder but didn’t turn; Angelique sat down beside me again. Our beggar was still in front of us, hand outstretched; she had confidence. I asked Angelique, “Remember her from near the Arch? Doesn’t she do well? What do you think -- a little more palsy, maybe drag a foot a bit, twitch the eyes? The touch of gray on the tongue is nice.”

Angelique hmpfed and basically told her to scat, using the tone and language you’d use with an animal. Our beggar girl hissed something and started to make a rude gesture with her hand. Angelique barked something very guttural as she made a very strange and intricate gesture with her own hand, and reached out to cuff our accoster. To my surprise, the girl turned slightly pale and left very quickly.

I gave Angelique a questioning look. She gave me her pure and innocent smile.

“Romany?” I asked. Her utterance had that raspy character to it.

She gave me her Angelic-First-Communion look. I laughed out loud; the last time I’d seen that look had been in Hong Kong, her response to a police officer inquiring as to how a particular thug had been rendered unconscious and somewhat damaged. She wasn’t going to tell, and I wasn’t going to press the issue. Later I’d press other things, but for now...

Our soup and crab cakes arrived; they looked quite tasty. “*Bon appetit*,” I told her, raising my glass.

We took our time; by custom we could stay there until closing. But we wouldn’t last that long. We finished the baguette, had dessert, and Angelique had coffee. The place started to fill up, and fill up with smokers. We paid and headed back to the hotel.

Luckily for me, the Guerlain perfume shop had closed ten minutes before; my credit card was safe at least until morning. We returned to our room and got out the bottle of cognac we’d brought. I poured for us, then showered. It felt great to shower, getting rid of the travel miles. I dried off and was joined in the bathroom by Angelique. I was naked, she was wearing a hotel terrycloth robe. We hugged and kissed, but she ushered me out of the bathroom as I started getting my hands under the robe and on her skin. “Wait for me,” she said.

I sighed and went over by the bed, plopping down on the floor to stretch. It felt good to loosen up after all those hours.

Angelique took her time, but she’s worth it. She exited the bathroom looking refreshed and beautiful, her hair flowing and luscious again. As I moved closer I could smell her perfume and her scent. She lay down on the bed, putting a hand towel on the pillow next to her.

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I moved over on my knees, pulling her legs over the edge of the bed and placing them over my shoulders. I could feel the warmth radiating from her, and smell her delicious scent and the perfume she'd added. She sighed as I kissed my way up her thighs.

I reached her center and adored her, taking my time, feeling her cross her ankles on my back. Neither of us were going anywhere for a while. I may enjoy Crème Brulee, but even the best pales in comparison to the taste of Angelique fresh from the shower.

After a while she pushed my head weakly away, releasing me from between her thighs. I moved back and let her legs drop to one side, turning her to her stomach on the bed. She sighed contentedly, then moaned as I slid into her from behind.

The airplane had been good, but this was heaven. I spread my legs, straddling her, lifting her slightly as I pushed into her. I held her waist and plunged in and out, letting my eyes close, my head drop. I felt her move to get one of her hands underneath her; I picked up her hips a bit, but other than that, sorry darling, you're on your own. I held off the inevitable for as long as I could; she started moaning and shaking, then moved her hand back to mine holding me, and I pumped into her. She wiggled as I filled her; I held her waist, trying to push in deeper and deeper, feeling her push back against me. Finally I collapsed on to her back, kissing her skin, smelling her hair. As I started slipping out she handed me the towel; I placed it between her legs, wiped myself a bit, and crawled up into bed.

I collapsed on my back, eyes closed, still breathing fast. I soon had a pair of warm lips on mine. After we kissed, she said, "Welcome to Paris, darling. Thank you for bringing me." She curled up at my side; I put an arm around her and went to sleep.

I awoke early, too early. I visited the bathroom and returned to bed, curling up near her and holding her close, kissing her hair. I awoke slightly some time later; light was sneaking in through the curtains. I felt her get out of bed, then return a few minutes later.

Le Chanterelle *

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Travels with Angelique
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>