The Unquiet Mind of Lucile Desmoulins

by Rabbit

Summary

What Lucile fantasized about during her pregnancy. Reposted from Diaryland.

Danton thinks about it far more than Camille does, and Lucile thinks about it almost as much. She thinks about Danton's huge, rough masculinity, his peasant coarseness, and it makes her insides flutter a bit, and catch her breath a little. That that... that It might be turned on her! Could she survive it? She didn't know why she thought of her husband then, his dark, cupid's face upturned and his hair caught in Maitre Danton's huge, calloused hand. She can perfectly see in her mind the coral of Camille's flush cheek, draped over by his eyelashes, his beautiful mouth mauled by that of the provincial. She would stop the vision there, and pick up a picture book, but she cannot keep her mind on the images before her eyes. All of her vision is behind them, looking into the dark light of her husband's, the mirror-image torches of Georges-Jacques, reflecting back at each other a hundred-fold. She feels caught between them, but not in a nice way-- like being caught between a stiletto and a saber. She is pinned there for a moment, and then expelled from her own-- fantasy, as it were. All she can do is look at them. She feels she ought not look at such things, even behind her own eyes, in the privacy of her own boudoir, but it is too terrible to resist. She makes herself comfortable, settles under the weight of her pregnancy, and drapes a sheet over herself, just in case. Knees bent, her legs fall lazily apart and she slips her slim hand between her thighs into the already slick dampness there.

They have continued from where she had left them, Maitre Danton and Camille, Camille is pushed flat into the blue velour of the chaise longue, on his back, and Danton's teeth are in his neck. His hands have invaded Camille's waistcoat, cravats are abandoned, shirts and linens are becoming relics of past regimes, aristocratic airs ill befitting a true, patriotic heart. She cannot see his face, her omniscience inside of her own head is but an illusion. She sees them as if she were sitting on the floor to their left, so she is looking up into Danton's face, seeing how he looks at Camille's half-shucked body, the white of him (not so pale as Robespierre, but her mind will not
go there-- cannot, in all seriousness) and the contrast of Danton's twisted, swarthy bulk. He lifts Camille's legs both in one hand, and removes his breeches as if he were unpeeling a grape. Camille assists him in his, as best as he can, and then cries out as Danton twists him over, so that he is gripping the back rest of the chaise, looking-- not at, but past her, biting into the blue velvet. Danton has not even removed his breeches but has undone them; his manhood is proportioned to the rest of him, drawn forth from its scabbard and addressing Camille's milky posterior, or preparing to do so. Danton's fingers rake up and back Camille's slim waist, her husband's back arched and willing for the inevitable push and impalement. From her vantage, she sees the moment quite clearly, though she is shocked out of it for a moment by her head slipping back off of the pillow and banging into the headboard. She curses colorfully at the bedcurtains and re-adjusts, stirring the damp beneath her hand back into an appropriate humidity. It is not difficult.

Her mind has backed up a little. Camille is still on his back, and Danton is kneeling on the far end of the chaise, one leg tucked under him and the other planted on the floor, in its buckled shoe and culottes and hose. Danton wears culottes and buckled shoes like a gentleman-- like the barrister he is-- and it somehow seems obscene. Lucile is almost offended by those buckled shoes, which is a fine thing to think about a man when he's sitting there on the end of the sitting room chaise you were given by your mother with his trousers open and his swarthy, tyrannous cock is sprouting from them, and when your husband, splayed before him, is pulled forward by his delicious dark curls and impaled upon this very organ by the mouth. Camille's lovely mouth accepts its invasion in exactly the way that the Bastille did not, though Lucile is not convinced that he will not be just as destroyed, come the end of it. His eyes are closed and his cheeks are even more pink and hollow with their efforts, bobbing upon Danton's person, his arms wrapped around the ugly brute's haunches and his fingers digging in to the small of his back. Danton's legs have slid a little more apart, for leverage, and he is thrusting upwards into Camille's mouth like a piston in one of the new factories, his hands wrecking her husband's hair, his scarred, deformed face in an attitude of cruel ecstasy. In her mind's eye she sees him look up from Camille's dark crown and his eyes shift to her, the corners of his mouth twitch up. The Georges in her mind takes in the outline of her body beneath the sheet, the undulating bump where her fingers twist and delve at herself. She pulls up her legs and cups her breast, runs her thumb over the nipple. He winks at her, and looks back at Camille, removing her once again to the role of observer. She feels a little bit cheated-- is this not /her/ fantasy? Can she not, in her own imaginings, do what she likes with these arrogant, hasty men? Why, if she liked, she could have Fréron enter the room, enter her, while those gaping louts there puffed and sucked at each other, she could have the entire Brissotin club kneeling between her legs, and there would not be a damn thing that Georges or Camille either could do about it. She presses her fingers deeper in at the thought, her back arches. But she can hear Danton's growl in deeper pitches now, and she turns her attention back to the images of the men there, what they are doing. Danton cannot last much longer, not with Camille's hand having given up clinging and now tucked deep in the gap in Georges's trousers, caressing him with his long, pale fingers, and his tongue doing what it is to the crest of him. She can see it in all of its monstrous detail-- it is nearly ready.

Lucile, however, is not. It is time for a shift.

Danton thrusts Camille backwards with both hands and a snarl, her pretty lawyer grinning as he crashes against the back of the chaise longue.

"This time..." Danton wastes no time in flipping Camille onto his belly, pulling him backwards onto him, and entering him with a wanton thrust that nearly catapults him over the backrest. Camille clings to it with a crow, his eyelashes fluttering as demurely as a maid, savouring the violation, to all appearances. She has seen this expression on his face before, but it seems more appropriate somehow, in this context. Georges's hands are everywhere upon Camille's naked chest, below his naked waist, he scoots up to brace Camille against the backrest and wraps a hand about him, as if he were caressing himself, or brandishing an ivory pike against a horde of
Austrians. The simile seems a bit ridiculous to her, and she giggles, though she is out of the picture now, they cannot hear her. Besides, Danton’s violence, initially barely constrained, is now implacable, and once more Camille is bent over the backrest, clinging on for dear life, his hair tumbling in his face and his lips parted, endearments and encouragement tumbling forth from them without the slightest trace of stutter (not that, when she imagined Camille, he ever stuttered). If anything, the speech impediment had transferred itself to Georges-Jacques, who seemed incapable of finishing a whole word as he thrust and grunted into Camille, finally giving up, gripping him by the shoulders with one hand and by the hair with the other, and locking his mouth onto the back of Camille’s neck.

Like a dog, Lucile thought, observing her husband gasp, his eyelids flutter, his fingernails threaten to gash long rents in the plush velvet, Danton fucks like a wild dog. Or it seemed like he ought to, she could not imagine him fucking any other way. How would he fuck her, when it came to that? If it came to that? Would he scruff her like he was scruffing Camille in her head and bear her breasts up against the nearest solid object until he finished? Would he be careful of the child in her womb, or would he simply take her from behind and avoid any fuss? Would he toy with her until she came, or would he simply...

She gasped and clenched her thighs tighter about her active hand, flung the other one above her head, caught a gilt cherub by the toe. In the improbable way things happened in one’s imagination, Camille had managed to twist upon Georges’s shaft and tear his neck free of the teeth, and fasten his mouth onto that terrible maw, kissing Georges with a desperate frenzy, arms tossed ardent about his neck. Somehow, he managed to get entirely around, so that Georges was pressed between his legs as if Camille were a woman, and so lovely he was unclothed that only his cock, bobbing against Danton’s belly, spoiled the illusion. Lucile bit her lip and bucked a little, so that the sheet slid entirely free of her breasts. What if one of them were to come in now? It was so rare anyone got any privacy... Jeanette might come in, but there was nothing untoward in that. Suppose it were Gabrielle...

She released the cherub, pressed her knuckle to her mouth and bit hard.

She wished she had hands like Danton’s so that she could seize Camille’s head back by his hair with that kind of force. What would it be like, to be so strong as that? She wanted, for a moment, to feel Camille so utterly dominated by her as that, pinned beneath her implacable body, unable to fight her. She wished she possessed the cock she imagined Danton possessed, that she could impale Camille upon it and drive him madly into the pillows, against the wall... Georges-Jacques was kissing her husband’s face, his mouth, his hair, his neck, his shoulders. Camille was doing the same, and he came, incredibly, before Georges-Jacques did, and fell crying against his great chest.

It only took three or four more savage thrusts past that for Danton to come to crisis as well, spilling the whole of his shot within Camille in a series of spasms even more brutal than the ordinary (if it could be called that) tenor of his lovemaking (if it could be called /that/). She had not been able to hold them off entirely, but it had been long enough-- as the last of Danton seeped from him and he lay, spent upon Camille’s chest, her husband stroking his powdered hair and murmuring gently, she too came, and none to gently either. She pushed two fingers into her mouth even as she jerked the corresponding two against her clit, her hips and her unborn child bucking fervently into nothing at all-- a sheet and the pretty pictures behind her eyes. She moaned-- she didn’t know what she moaned, not a name, certainly-- around her fingers, and rode the crest for as long as it would let her. O’, if only someone would come in! Danton, Gabrielle, Louise Robert, her husband, Fabre... even Robespierre, yes, at this point, even if Maximilien were to enter, she would be glad of it! Yes!

The moment passed however, as all such do, and it is possible that she was more relieved than sad that the door remained firmly shut, her privacy intact. Possible, but unlikely, and it was with this certain empty regret gnawing within her that she tugged up the sheet over the sweat cooling on her
skin, and drifted off into a sleep destined to be anything but dreamless.

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