



The Passion of Mademoiselle S.

From Spiegel & Grau

Download now

Read Online ➔

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau

A literary treasure: the recently discovered letters that chronicle the passionate affair of a young woman in Paris in 1928

While helping a friend clear out an old apartment in Paris, diplomat Jean-Yves Berthault came upon a leather portfolio that contained a collection of handwritten letters. After reading the first one, Berthault realized that he had stumbled upon an extraordinary correspondence—a charged and passionate epistolary love affair that brought to mind the French classics *The Story of O*, *Justine*, and *Delta of Venus*. He began to piece together clues. The letters were from Simone, a well-to-do, unmarried Parisian woman, to her younger, married lover, Charles. Written between 1928 and 1930, they tell the story of an illicit love affair that sparked a sexual awakening for both lovers. As the affair intensifies, Simone becomes obsessed with Charles, even as he begins to grow more distant. As her hunger deepens, she pushes him beyond all boundaries into dangerous and forbidden realms, in an effort to keep him enthralled. With each broken taboo, Charles submits—until their last fateful encounter.

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. is a tour de force. In language that is by turns elegant, impassioned, and surprisingly graphic, these love letters are a portrait of a sexual and psychological obsession. Berthault's notes on the period add dimension and context to the correspondence. But it is the voice of Simone—that of a sensual, vulnerable, and curiously modern woman—that comes through most vibrantly and echoes down the centuries.

Praise for *The Passion of Mademoiselle S.*

“The steamiest . . . text ever.”—*Le Parisien*

 [Download The Passion of Mademoiselle S. ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Passion of Mademoiselle S. ...pdf](#)

The Passion of Mademoiselle S.

From Spiegel & Grau

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau

A literary treasure: the recently discovered letters that chronicle the passionate affair of a young woman in Paris in 1928

While helping a friend clear out an old apartment in Paris, diplomat Jean-Yves Berthault came upon a leather portfolio that contained a collection of handwritten letters. After reading the first one, Berthault realized that he had stumbled upon an extraordinary correspondence—a charged and passionate epistolary love affair that brought to mind the French classics *The Story of O*, *Justine*, and *Delta of Venus*. He began to piece together clues. The letters were from Simone, a well-to-do, unmarried Parisian woman, to her younger, married lover, Charles. Written between 1928 and 1930, they tell the story of an illicit love affair that sparked a sexual awakening for both lovers. As the affair intensifies, Simone becomes obsessed with Charles, even as he begins to grow more distant. As her hunger deepens, she pushes him beyond all boundaries into dangerous and forbidden realms, in an effort to keep him enthralled. With each broken taboo, Charles submits—until their last fateful encounter.

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. is a tour de force. In language that is by turns elegant, impassioned, and surprisingly graphic, these love letters are a portrait of a sexual and psychological obsession. Berthault's notes on the period add dimension and context to the correspondence. But it is the voice of Simone—that of a sensual, vulnerable, and curiously modern woman—that comes through most vibrantly and echoes down the centuries.

Praise for *The Passion of Mademoiselle S.*

“The steamiest . . . text ever.”—*Le Parisien*

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #1698937 in Books
- Published on: 2016-02-09
- Released on: 2016-02-09
- Format: Deckle Edge
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.75" h x .90" w x 5.90" l, .0 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 272 pages

 [Download The Passion of Mademoiselle S. ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Passion of Mademoiselle S. ...pdf](#)

Editorial Review

Review

“The steamiest . . . text ever.”—*Le Parisien*

About the Author

Jean-Yves Berthault is a French diplomat who has worked around the world. Now retired from the foreign service, he has spent the past two years doing research and preparing these letters for publication. He lives in Paris.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Saturday, 11:30 a.m.

Forgive me, darling, if this note is too brief. I am short of time, because you know I would have plenty to say to you if only I could!

Today you will have only tender thoughts from me, only a kiss on your beloved lips and your pretty brown eyes, but I shall be by your side in spirit. And you, beloved, will you think of me? Yes, I hope so, and I do hope to have a little note from you in Monday's post.

Darling, I should like to see you one evening this week if at all possible because I so long for your touch that it will be too endless to wait until Saturday.

I want another taste of the passionate moments of our last meeting. The memory of your touch is peculiarly unsettling to me, and I want to be in your arms again feeling the wonderful sensations you give me. Loved one, I want you to love me with all the ardor of your desire, I want you to make me come furiously with your perverse couplings. Beloved darling, tell me that, like me, you want to feel my touch again, tell me also that you are happy in my arms, so very happy, and that you love me.

Be good, my adored lover. Keep your perverted fondling for me, keep it for me alone, I want to love you like that forever and ever.

Goodbye, my beloved little god. Till Monday I hope!

Give me your wonderful body, I want to hold it in my arms, hold it tight until I am imbued with its intoxicating smell. I am pressing my lips to yours in a deep kiss that comes from the bottom of my heart, my heart, which is filled with you, nothing but you.

All my most tender thoughts, my loved one. I love you.

Simone

My darling love,

How wonderful yesterday evening was! All that time spent close to you had aroused me, and your pneumatique was enough to intoxicate me altogether. All those passionate words were deliciously exciting, and once I was in my great big bed in the dark of my own room, I was not very well behaved. I perfumed my

whole body before slipping between those cool sheets, as if you were to come and join me there.

With my head on my pillow I conjure images of my darling little god. I run one hand slowly over my entire body, which gradually starts to quiver. My hand moves from my breasts down to my thighs, drifting briefly into the warm pelt and then sliding farther down. Under the effects of a double fondling, a boundless sense of delight steals over every inch of me. I am shivering with pleasure at this stage because I am thinking of you with all my might. When I come it is so powerful I have to restrain myself from crying out. Charles, darling Charles, yes, tomorrow I shall treat you to the enticing performance you so long to see. When I reach my devastating climax, you will take all of me so I have no time to recover, so that a second climax still stronger than the first carries me deeper into pleasure.

Tomorrow, darling beloved, we can act out all our fantasies.

I have to stop again. I do not have time to say everything I should like to say.

Till later, my loved one. I love you.

Simone

Tuesday, 31 July

My dear darling,

Thank you for your last long letter. You are a darling writing to me like that, it makes me so happy when I see the little white envelope in the box! I too would have been very sad had you not replied straightaway?..?..?I love you! My dear love, I simply cannot get away from here before Sunday evening. Believe me, my beloved, just like you I ardently long for our next tryst. Every ounce of my being is straining toward you, calling to the exquisite lover that you are, that you will always be. No, darling love, I shall never tire of you, you can be sure of that. I have been too happy in your arms and I already know what pleasure I shall feel when you take me again?..?..?I am already envisioning our next meeting. You will make me suffer cruelly, my body belongs to you and it will squirm beneath your blows, you will hear me begging for mercy?..?..?And your longing for me will be all the more violent because I shall press my skin against yours, I shall wrap all of you in my quivering thighs, my mouth will seek out your lips to bruise them with fierce kisses. My loved one, you will take me the way you like best, and our passionate embrace will transport us both to the boundless pleasure that only such embraces can bring. The most perverse of couplings, you say? What of it, darling Charles, what I want above all else is for you to be happy in my arms. So I am at your orders, my darling master! If you only knew how I long to nestle in your arms! I so want to be back beside your body, which has afforded me such ecstasies?..?..?

Darling loved one, just you wait and see how we love each other after this long separation, so close to each other but unable to be united?..?..?Oh! Why can you not be free this evening? What wonderful times we would spend together in each other's arms, in the quiet half-light of this big bedroom, pressed up against each other after the wild ecstasy that leaves us both powerless; when our violent mutual desire has transported us to supreme pinnacles of pleasure, how marvelous we shall feel, my love, resting in this big bed?..?..?We must wait till Saturday next to savor such wild embraces. I am fretting over something, darling. You see, I do wonder where we can meet once my family has returned?..?..?For I do not believe we could part so hastily, my love; you may not be able to tear yourself away from me, but neither can I turn away from your touch?..?..?we shall have to think about this problem. We can talk about it in Paris—would you mind? My love, I must go. Write me a long letter I can read before I leave here. I have not had any photographs

taken of myself, my darling.

Goodbye, darling treasure, I send you my most fervent kisses all over, everywhere. And I shall say till Monday, my loved one.

I love you helplessly, my adorable lover.

Your Simone

Friday, 11 a.m.

My darling friend,

This is also the last letter you will have from me. In two days I take the train for Paris, toward you, my love, whom I cannot wait to hold to my heart after such a long absence. You cannot imagine how I have missed you over these twenty-three days spent far from you. Many a day I was sad despite the beautiful landscape—all its charms combined left me unmoved! Were it not for your dear letters telling me you love me, allowing me to relive all our most wonderful moments, I should have been sadder still!

Do you want me to talk to you of our love? There are no words, however eloquent, to express all the passion, all the fire, all the madness contained within those two words: “our love.” We share such beautiful times together, we taste such ecstasies that it would be ill-advised even to attempt to describe them! What more can I tell you, my dear love, other than I feel I must be dreaming when I think of everything that makes up “our love.” You have allowed me to experience unforgettable sensations, you and all your perversity have managed to wake in me goodness knows what secret instincts that now make me long for new, still more perverted and powerful pleasures. You are a master in the very delicate art of lovemaking and I too am so happy, so happy that I have managed to secure you.

I imagined nothing during this absence, nothing, I simply remembered. And I know that when our bodies are together again, when your skin comes close to mine, such a shudder of desire will steal through me that it will dictate every possible excess to me! Yes, I love you with an absolute love, I love you with my heart but also and especially with my senses, with my flesh, and I want all of you, do you hear, dear love. I do not want any secret recesses of your body to escape my touch and my kisses! It is a madness that suddenly grips me when I have you, here, quite naked and so beautiful in my arms. Oh, beloved darling, let me do it, let me stroke you all over, everywhere. I want to kiss all of you so wildly, your smooth white skin, these firm thighs, this stomach and this adorable chest where my blazing cheek seeks out cooler skin. If you want to experience devastating sensations, talk, dictate, and I shall obey. Happy, so happy to hear you groaning with desire and pleasure.

While my heart flutters with delicious agitation, I am here waiting for your first embrace. You will make me suffer, you say. So be it, but tell me you will be happy in my arms, that I shall hear your cry of victory, your male cry, when you have me in your arms, battered, beaten, exhausted!

I belong to you, my beloved lover, with all the might of flesh intoxicated by your brutal ministrations?..?..?As you know, I accept your fierce passions in advance if they can unite us all the more completely. I too have tasted the most voluptuously intense sensations in your arms. I have climaxed with all my might under your blows and brutalities. Mostly I have climaxed from your skilled possession of me. I want to experience such climaxes again, the likes of which I have never known in the ordinary coupling, which leaves me cold and numb. I never want to experience it with you, do you hear? Because I know we

would both be disappointed. And it would lower us to the level of ordinary lovers while we currently glide through forbidden planes, we are lawless, depraved, passionate; all things that make up "our love."

Alas, dear darling love, I cannot free myself of my duties to savor exquisite moments in your arms! It is as impossible for me as it is for you. I have to go to the office at eight in the morning, as soon as my train arrives. We shall have to wait till Saturday, and be very patient, my loved one! But if you were kind you could pass by the office for five minutes to see me, or you could telephone so that at least I could hear your voice!

I must leave you, I shall quickly take this letter to the letter box. Goodbye, darling love. I am holding you in the wildest embrace!

Your Simone

Saturday, 9:30 a.m.

My dear love,

I would rather bring a smile to your face. I would rather be wrong but, on the other hand, what wonderful peace and quiet after such a day!

So you were utterly happy in my arms, and my embraces were not a disappointment. I am so thrilled, my loved one, because you know that first and foremost I want to please you.

I may have succeeded in giving you a delirious climax, but, believe me, mine left me powerless and quite drained of strength. The severe spanking you gave me has prepared me for the ordeal ahead. Step by step, I am climbing to ever crueler heights and one day, very soon I hope, I shall reach a place where you can at last achieve the perverse sensations you seek.

Yes, my darling treasure, you did suck me well. Oh, the deep-seated raptures that flood through me when you use your tongue and lips, and passionately kiss my excited little button! These wonderful ministrations that you manage to sustain for so long are what I anticipate most eagerly, for they are the apotheosis of all the passionate attention you lavish on me. But in your arms I am always happy. I take pleasure nestling my head on your shoulder, and you wrap your arms around me so sweetly, pressing my skin to yours, that I wish I could spend hours like that, watching you sleep.

Darling Charles, I cannot write at greater length this morning for, alas, there are far too many things to stop me doing so, but I want you to know how very much you mean to me and how dearly I love all the things you do to me, even the cruellest.

Next time we meet I want to prove to you that I truly am prepared to suffer to make you happy, as that is your wish.

Delving into me with your eager tongue, bruising my buttocks with your impatient fingers, you were just as I remembered you when I was all alone back then. It really was with you that I was reunited, my dear darling lover. Did I pleasure you sweetly enough? Was it what you secretly wanted or were you disappointed? I do believe I felt a thrill of pleasure deep inside you when my tongue ventured softly, softly between the beautiful buttocks you offered up to me. Your cock strained and pulsated as my attentions grew more insistent.

And if you like the perverse ministrations I gave you, I shall always be happy to lavish them on you just as ardently. Yes, it really was exquisite feeling that impressive member while the whip strokes rained down on me. But next time, because you must never take me in a normal, ordinary coupling, I hope you will agree we should try that other way, and we can invent unexpected positions.

Oh no, we are still a long way from the limits of our fantasies. Till later, my dear darling. When can we make love to each other again, my dear darling?

With a gentle hug and frantic kisses on your lips and eyes.

Your Simone

Darling love,

You shall drive me quite mad, do you hear, quite mad with desire and pleasure. I did not receive your pneumatique till this morning. I found it when I arrived at the office. It only arrived at half past seven yesterday evening when I had been waiting for it with such wild impatience!

I was violently overwhelmed with thoughts of you last night in the warmth of this great bed that witnessed our first couplings. I found the place where you lay your body, I conjured you in my mind, so glorious in your masculine nakedness. I closed my eyes, the better to relive our every touch, and I was filled with furious longing for you, my darling love. My whole maddened, fevered body contorted, and I made the ecstasy of it last until my desire was simply too strong. And then slowly, softly, savoring every ounce of the boundless pleasure escalating inside me, I managed to create the illusion I was in your arms and it was your tongue stroking me lovingly. I had the wildest of climaxes but, alas, the truth was that I was alone and you were so close to me, barely a few yards away, but you had another woman beside you, and were perhaps fondling her at that very moment! Then I wept with longing, I called to you softly, softly, your darling name stirring shivers of pleasure that kept me awake for a long time on my solitary bed!

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Jack Cluck:

The book The Passion of Mademoiselle S. give you a sense of feeling enjoy for your spare time. You may use to make your capable a lot more increase. Book can being your best friend when you getting anxiety or having big problem along with your subject. If you can make reading a book The Passion of Mademoiselle S. being your habit, you can get a lot more advantages, like add your capable, increase your knowledge about a few or all subjects. You can know everything if you like wide open and read a book The Passion of Mademoiselle S.. Kinds of book are a lot of. It means that, science book or encyclopedia or other individuals. So , how do you think about this guide?

Daryl Biddle:

Hey guys, do you wants to finds a new book to learn? May be the book with the headline The Passion of Mademoiselle S. suitable to you? Typically the book was written by well known writer in this era. The particular book untitled The Passion of Mademoiselle S.is a single of several books that everyone read now.

This specific book was inspired lots of people in the world. When you read this reserve you will enter the new dimension that you ever know before. The author explained their idea in the simple way, consequently all of people can easily to know the core of this e-book. This book will give you a wide range of information about this world now. To help you to see the represented of the world in this particular book.

Kristen Wright:

As we know that book is important thing to add our knowledge for everything. By a publication we can know everything we really wish for. A book is a set of written, printed, illustrated as well as blank sheet. Every year has been exactly added. This book *The Passion of Mademoiselle S.* was filled concerning science. Spend your spare time to add your knowledge about your scientific research competence. Some people has distinct feel when they reading some sort of book. If you know how big benefit from a book, you can really feel enjoy to read a guide. In the modern era like now, many ways to get book that you wanted.

Susan Douglas:

E-book is one of source of knowledge. We can add our know-how from it. Not only for students but also native or citizen will need book to know the upgrade information of year to year. As we know those publications have many advantages. Beside all of us add our knowledge, may also bring us to around the world. With the book *The Passion of Mademoiselle S.* we can acquire more advantage. Don't one to be creative people? Being creative person must love to read a book. Only choose the best book that ideal with your aim. Don't possibly be doubt to change your life with that book *The Passion of Mademoiselle S.*. You can more desirable than now.

Download and Read Online *The Passion of Mademoiselle S.* From Spiegel & Grau #H631YSRQTGU

Read The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau for online ebook

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau books to read online.

Online The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau ebook PDF download

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau Doc

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau Mobipocket

The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau EPub

H631YSRQTGU: The Passion of Mademoiselle S. From Spiegel & Grau