

A. Lilou

Unforgettable  
Desires

Design of Symbols;

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Where there is an end,  
there is also a  
beginning.

## Foreword;

The book radiates a balance between eroticism, tension, intrigues from the past and love. One moment you will read it with a smile and the next moment with a tear.

To you, the reader of this book, I recommend taking a pause at certain chapters, to fully absorb it all.

As a writer I conducted research. I talked to survivors of breast cancer and to some who are still fighting this illness. They told me their stories and for that I am grateful.

I used fragments from each story that I heard and incorporated them in this book. This could be a phrase, an event, an examination, a thought... The thing that stuck with me the most is their power and their determination to fight for their lives. What wonderful women they are!

The conversations I had with physicians, therapists and nursing staffs will always remain very interesting, touching and valuable. These people took their time to provide me with the necessary information, as well as to respond to my questions. Even though their time is so precious because of their heavy workloads.

For those who have never read any of my stories or books I need to explain something; eroticism, sex, desires, lust... all this can be part of our lives. It's a part we don't need to feel ashamed about. As long as we give it respecting ourselves and others. I write very explicitly when it comes to sex. This may seem very shocking. Don't let this be an obstacle causing you to put this book aside. Desires and lust are different for everyone and that's okay. Don't judge someone because they don't like sex. Don't judge someone because they like to be spanked. Everyone is different and everyone has different desires and obstacles.

Everyone also has a different way of living their lives and that is exactly my point in this book.

Ellie and June, the main characters in the book, have their own lifestyles, their way of living... Suddenly, one of them, is diagnosed with breast cancer. Their lives come to a halt. Their lives take a completely new turn. How do they deal with that? How will they find a way to rebuild their lives together? Will this be easy, no. Will it be a quest, yes. But they will get there, together.

A way of life is suddenly grounded to a halt by a big pause button. That button forces you to look for ways to rebuild life that feels right, with its ups and downs. It is a rediscovery, much like a teenager, discovering his own path, his own desires, his own sexuality.

Ellie and June are also on a journey of rediscovery. Where a smack on the bum once used to feel nice, this will now be replaced by tender caresses of side.

It's about searching and rediscovering... Be open to this story. I guarantee you that it will be a (re) discovery.

Love Lilou

Life is a gift.  
Open it every day  
with admiration.



## Prologue

Quietly Ellie crawled out of bed. Her feet touched the cold floor. The moonlight shone through the windows. Ellie scanned the living area and found all three of them on the lounge chair. A smile appeared on her face.

June slept peacefully with Churchill, the long haired grey beige cat on her lap. In her arms she held their latest housemate, Louis, a short-haired black kitten. They picked him up at the shelter yesterday afternoon. The new arrival and Churchill didn't get along yet.

Louis was the only one who had survived. His brothers and sisters hadn't made it. The little orphans were discovered in a plastic bag near a container. This story had hit Ellie and June pretty hard. That's why the decision to give him a home was quite easily made. Ellie shivered, thinking about how heartlessly people were capable of doing such a thing and yet... When she reminded herself of what June and herself had lived through

the past few years, she knew deep down inside that people could go far to reach their goals.

She threw the blanket, that was half on the floor, back over her wife.

“Hey, don’t go away love.” June’s hand stopped her. Ellie gave it a kiss.

‘You’re lying here so well. There is no room for me.’

‘There is always room for you,’ June said shifting. Carefully she crawled in and nestled in her wife’s arms. A tender kiss on her forehead caused her a pleasant sensation.

‘Did Churchill still growl?’

‘Yes,’ replied June in a raspy voice, as she ran a few nails across Ellie’s arm. ‘It will take a while before they get used to each other.’ The touch felt nice, causing Ellie to snuggle even more into her arms. Churchill’s ears were upright, but he made no effort to open his eyes.

‘I think I’ll go upstairs after all,’ Ellie shared a few moments later. ‘You can stay here if you want to.’ She kissed June on the cheek.

‘Wait, I’m coming with you. These two can go on without us now.’ Cautiously they crawled out of the lounge chair and Elie threw the blanket over the cats.

‘Sleep on and watch over your new friend,’ she said to Churchill and stroked his head. The cat didn’t like the idea of lying alone in the lounge chair with his new companion. He hopped off and went to lie elsewhere.

‘You stubborn creature,’ Ellie laughed. She then turned around and took June’s hand to go upstairs.

Feeling serene, they snuggled close together in bed.

‘I love you.’

‘I love you love.’

‘I want you to look only at me. I do the talking. I choose the men. I decide who can touch you,’ June enumerated firmly as she turned to her spouse. ‘You don’t talk to anyone, only to me if necessary. You know what we agreed on. Blinking twice means yes and...’

‘Three times,’ Ellie interrupted her, ‘means no.’

‘Boundaries?’ June continued.

‘Green means: go on. Orange is; slow down. Red means; stop immediately.’

‘Very good,’ June nodded satisfied. ‘Are you sure you want to go on with this?’

‘Yes, definitely.’ Delighted they bent over to each other and kissed passionately.

‘Do you trust me?’ June asked before she stepped out of the car.

‘Yes Mistress, I trust you.’

‘Turn around. I have something for you.’ Ellie turned and waited anxiously. Her hands felt clammy. She was nervous about what June had in mind, but as always she trusted her fully.

For a moment, she was startled when a cold object was put around her neck.

‘Take it easy love,’ June reassured her. Ellie ran a few fingers over the object, but a hand stopped her.

‘I didn’t give you permission to do that,’ the firm voice continued. Without complaining she moved her hand away and waited for further instructions. Deep inside Ellie felt a euphoric sensation she couldn’t describe. She gave control to her Mistress and at the same time she was in control of this event. If she said *red*, it would all stop immediately. This word and that ecstatic feeling gave her control and power over what was going to take place.

Without June noticing, she peered briefly in the rear view mirror and noticed the object around her neck. It was a black leather collar adorned by two wolves who carried a golden chain in their mouths. In the centre, there was a space to connect something to it. This beautiful gift made her smile quietly.

‘It is made of real gold,’ she heard June say with determination. ‘Did you think I wouldn’t notice that you took a peek, you bad girl?’ The abrupt

action forced Ellie to look up. 'I will have to punish you for this.' She wasn't impressed and yearned dearly for a good spanking on her bare bottom.

'I cannot wait,' she lisped friskily. 'Play with me, Mistress.'

June felt an irresistible urge as she said that. She squeezed Ellie's chin hard and forced her to come closer.

'You will beg me to stop.' Their lips were only a few millimetres apart. 'You will get what a naughty girl like you deserves.' Gently she placed her lips on Ellie's and as she wanted to pull away, she bit into them. A small drop of blood emerged. June waited... until the drop was big enough to lick it up. Lustfully she swallowed the warm irony taste.

'Let's go inside before I devour you entirely.'

The host, an old friend, welcomed them warmly. He organized private parties and also owned a BDSM space, that he rented out.

Tonight Ellie and June were invited to the opening of his first swingers' club. One that, just like his playroom and parties, exudes class. There

were brandy coloured and beige couches. The walking dinner was served by charming and elegantly dressed young men and women. The dancefloor was exchanged for relaxing music, which made communication between people easier. No neon lights to set the mood. Instead the lights were bright so that people could clearly see each other. The smell of sweat and sex wasn't present here. But there were vials with spicy essential oils and scented sticks, strewn across the floor throughout the room.

In silence, Ellie and June scanned these pleasant surroundings. Their gazes needed no words; it felt like coming home.

Ellie sat down next to June on the couch. She felt a few fingers stroking her back. A pleasant sensation tingled between her legs. The other hand was entwined with hers.

'Are you okay?' She blinked twice. A charming young woman, who worked here, offered them a glass of champagne. 'Are you thirsty?' Again she blinked twice. 'I want you to stay here,' June gently said. 'I have a few things to take care of.' Hesitantly,

Ellie held her back. Under no circumstances did she want to stay behind. 'Don't worry. I won't be far,' her wife reassured her. 'If someone sit with you and starts asking question, you just signal them that you have to be quiet. Understood?' Again she blinked twice. 'And...' June added seriously, 'I'll be keeping an eye on you.' She gave a final wink and left.

In the matching lingerie set Ellie sat more comfortably on the couch. She followed June with her eyes and waited anxiously for her to return. Subtly, she fidgeted with a few of her fingers, but let her fingernails alone. June had broken her of that habit. So now Ellie had beautiful long nails. For this evening she had painted them red.

It took a while for June to find enough candidates. Five was the number she had in mind and at the moment there were four of them. Her eyes met Ellie's frequently. It was very impressive to see her submissive wife sitting so neatly on the couch, waiting for her to return. A warm feeling washed over her for a moment, but she let her



pleasure subside; that would come later in the evening.

In the distance she noticed a man constantly watching Ellie. It wouldn't be long before he made his move... a moment later she saw him elegantly approaching the couch. From a distance, June kept an eye on the scene.

She admired how the charming man tried his best to get her wife to talk, without success. Although she could tell that Ellie was struggling and starting to fidget uncomfortably. *Time to put an end to this suffering*, June grinned triumphantly.

'Well,' Ellie recognized the dominant voice and instantly relaxed as the familiar arm was wrapped around her. 'I leave you alone for a moment and you've already got company. Who do we have here?' She didn't look up, especially as the man started to leave. Ellie lightly bit her lip so she wouldn't laugh.

'I thought... sorry. I didn't mean to.' The man didn't know how to act. June burst into laughter.

'Don't worry,' she heard June reassure the man. 'Sit back down and tell what attracted you to sit

here with my wife.' Ellie watched as the man relaxed instantly. He crossed his legs and swung his arms over the armrest of the couch.

'The elegance of her beautiful long legs,' was the first thing he replied. Blushing, she briefly glanced up and saw him smiling. 'Although, I have to admit, now that I'm closer, the freckles on her face are quite attractive too.' They spoke about her as if she wasn't sitting right there. Part of her wanted to say something, but she eventually let it go. The caress on her neck which followed reminded her that this was part of the roleplay.

'I see,' he said, as he leaned forward. 'That you also have freckles.' His tone was charming yet dominant.

'What a peculiar way to flirt with someone,' June joked and leaned forward as well. The man had an eye for details. There was also his masculine side, which felt dominant, but that had no effect on her. On the contrary, this was an asset she was more than eager to test.

'Tell me,' she didn't beat around the bush, 'do you want to fuck her?' He looked at them

uncomfortably. 'Because that's the main reason you're sitting next to her, isn't it?' She looked at him with a penetrating gaze. June sensed his discomfort as he lowered his eyes and rested his arms at his sides. His dominant side was short-lived. And she loved that. She felt powerful in the role she was playing, as well towards Ellie as towards others.

'Well,' she insisted. 'Am I wrong?'

'No, not at all. I mean...' he struggled to find his words. 'We're in a place where this is possible so...' June rested a hand on his knee.

'It's okay,' she reassured him laughing. 'You can fuck her, but only as I say.'

Ellie turned towards June and subtly squeezed a few of her fingers. She wanted to blink, but she ignored her gaze and continued talking to the man.

'You wear a condom and fuck her only from behind. No anal, kissing or licking. You leave the space once you have come.' Ellie listened and wonder with how many men she had this agreement. The idea of being fucked by several men, excited her. It had always been an hidden

desire. Now this fantasy seemed become reality. Ellie was fascinated by how her Mistress made it happen.

‘How long is your penis erect?’ she heard June ask eagerly.

‘Twenty centimetres.’ With a satisfied grin Ellie bit her lower lip peered between his legs.

‘Is this the appropriate length you want to feel inside of you?’ June stroked back a strand of hair. Delighted, she looked up and blinked twice. ‘Okay, in that case it’s time for us to go upstairs. Shall we?’



‘Kneel,’ June commanded, ‘and don’t look up until I tell you to.’ Without any discomfort Ellie knelt, her gaze fixed on the dark floor. A fine tingle of excitement coursed through her body. A hand stroked through her hair. ‘Good girl,’ the soft voice lisped. ‘Are you ready to undergo this ordeal?’ She blinked twice while June sat down cross-legged right in front of her.

‘Very good. Are you comfortable?’ Ellie spread her legs and leaned on both hands. Then she looked up and blinked twice. She saw how delighted June looked, proud and excited. The tingling sensation overwhelmed her even more.

‘Keep your eyes on me,’ June instructed in a firm voice, ‘and endure.’ In no way did Ellie feel scared, uncertain or unsafe. A calm and safe feeling prevailed, solely because she had complete trust in her Mistress and wife.

Someone entered the room. Before she could even think about who it might be, Ellie felt someone grab her by the hips and, without any

foreplay, shove something into her vagina. A cry escaped her. Eyes opened wide, as she was firmly taken. Leaning on her hands, she found it hard to keep her balance, but her eyes never left June's. She stared back at her in a vain manner and seemed to enjoy this spectacle. Ellie had no idea who or what was fucking her. A man, a dildo, a woman with a strapon... it didn't matter anyway. The combination of the stimuli, the gaze and the control over this situation caused an incredible sensation deep inside her.

The movements slowed and she was disappointed, that it was soon coming to an end. Briefly she saw her Mistress gave signal that the next one could come forward.

'What did you think?' June said smugly. 'That it was already over?' Ellie didn't blink, but smiled instead.

For a moment she startled when the next candidate stroked her vulva with something rock hard, only to thrust it into her all at once. Ellie pressed her lips together. This one was thicker than the first one, but it did not felt unpleasant. A sigh escaped her several times.

Unfortunately, the performance didn't last very long.

The third one came and did like the others before. It required energy, just like the strain in her hands and knees. Her throat felt dry from the sighing. Ellie thought June will leave it at that, but nothing could be further from the truth.

The fourth person kneeled between her legs and was about to enter her.

'Green, orange or red?' June asked resolutely. Ellie seemed to hesitated. The tingling in her hands began to become annoying. Her knees also hurt from rubbing against the floor.

'Well?' her Mistress's voice urged her. 'Answer me?' She ground her teeth. Despite the pain and discomfort, the overwhelming urge to continue was very present. An ecstatic feeling that transcended the physical.

'Green.'

'Go ahead, fuck her.' Ellie felt the stranger penetrate her.

'You like this, don't you?' The serious gaze did not leave her for a moment. Ellie moaned softly; she couldn't deny that this felt good. 'So good,' June

continued teasing her, 'that you are about to come, isn't it?' An intense tingling flared up, but she knew that during such moments, an orgasm was only allowed if her Mistress permitted it. She blinked twice. The tip of June's tongue licked her cheek.

'What would you think if I lent a hand?' June challenged her. 'let this young man continue to fuck you while I stroke your clitoris with my finger.' Ellie felt that the tingling sensation between her legs became harder to control. She blinked twice, hoping her Mistress would do what she had said.

'Patience is a virtue,' June grinned decisively and leaned back. 'Maybe you should wait a little longer for this reward.' Ellie submitted further to the action without protest. She enjoyed the arousal and the challenge. Deep down she knew that her submission would be rewarded.

When, she had no idea.

With the fifth person, Ellie saw June lean forward in delight and smile.

'With this one you are allowed to come.' She felt his rough hands grab her hips. Effortlessly, he



shoved his erection deep inside her. In her opinion, he seemed to have a very long penis.

‘Oh yessss,’ Ellie blurted out groaning. It was the first time, since the beginning of this evening, that she said something. Ellie saw June raise an eyebrow and tilt her head. A moment of disappointment washed over her, since she had not obeyed. This meant she wouldn’t receive a reward.

‘Young man, I hope your endurance is strong, for this may take a while.’ Disappointed Ellie stared at the floor. ‘Look at me.’ A finger lifted her chin. The blue eyes of her Mistress sparkled with pure lust. ‘Show me how worthy you are and don’t come before I had my orgasm.’ June pushed Ellie’s head between her legs. It smelled like sweat and arousal.

Delighted, she pushed the panties aside and tasted moisture. All this made it even harder to control her own orgasm, but she licked, remained silent and looked at her Mistress, who was enjoying this. The man pumped a little slower. She momentarily forgot the pain in her knees and the numbness in her hands.

Red spots appeared on June’s neck. Then she knew she would come at any moment. She licked

faster as the man started to pump more hastily. *Just a moment longer and...* June grabbed her by the hair and pushed her face deeper between her legs.

‘Oh fuck...’ Excess fluid flowed from her Mistress’s vulva and Ellie licked it tastefully. Now it was her turn to come, as June had commanded. Pleading, Ellie looked at her Mistress to be sure.

‘Go ahead my love,’ June huffed satisfied. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the sensations she felt. The caressing of her clitoris that followed sent her into a state of ecstasy. Ellie bit her lip as she felt the orgasm shudder through her body. Sighing and moaning, she looked at June, who gazed back with satisfaction.

The man came shortly after her. Without saying a word he left the room. Ellie just barely caught a glimpse of the young man. It was the same one who had sat with her. A furtive smile appeared.

‘Did you like it?’

‘Yes,’ Ellie slipped a foot into the black pump. ‘It was really good... and fun.’ Those last words were followed by a blink. She tied her hair into ponytail

with a rubber band. 'Did people watch us?' it seemed quite exciting to her to know if there had been any curious spectators.

'We had some viewers,' June furrowed her brow. 'A lot, in fact.'

'How many?'

'I didn't count them. After all, I had to focus on you, not on the audience. What matters is that we enjoyed ourselves?'

'Definitely, I really enjoyed it,' Ellie blushed. 'Did you?' June nodded as well and moved closer.

'Come on, let's go have a shower. After that we can have a drink and then head home. Okay?' Ellie agreed and followed. An uneasy feeling in her chest suddenly overwhelmed her. It had been bothering her for some time now.

'Wait a moment.' She rubbed the spot with her hand.

'What's wrong? Are you in pain?'

'It's all right. It is gone already.'

'Sure?'

'Yes, I think it's from all the intense sensations of the past few hours. Once we're home we can take it easier.'

'Mmmhh,' June groaned, laughing. 'That's what you think.'

Trust your own  
strength and accept  
help.



The clicking of the pen put June into a trance. She tapped to the rhythm she controlled. Hank, who sat across from her, didn't seem to be bothered by it. He continued listing reasons why they had to fire Sacha, a model who had been working for the fashion house for several years.

'During the last photo shoot, she attacked the photographer and told him he didn't know anything about his profession, even though the man has been in the business for more than fifteen years. He wasn't amused when he called me to mention this. He even threatened...' Hank paused for a moment and directed his gaze to the ceiling. As if he had carefully consider how to phrase it. 'That if this is our models 'new attitude, he no longer wants to work with us.' June raised an eyebrow. Losing a partnership didn't take well with her. Situations like these led to bad publicity and she tried to avoid that.

For a while, Hank had taken over from her, and despite his efforts to both run the company and doing his designing, the combination of both

seemed to much for him. As a result, the fashion house's name lost some of its value in the fashion world. Now that June was back, they divided the tasks. In doing so, she too could focus a bit more on designing again.

'What do you think?' Hank asked. 'Do I give her a call to come over, or do you?' June hesitated. The pen continued tapping on the glass table. 'She's had plenty of opportunities,' he continued. 'The other models are fed up with how Sacha looks down on them. She constantly bullies them. Both Ellie and I have confronted her several times, unsuccessfully though. Now she seems to be not only arrogant towards them, but also towards people we work with. This seems to be one step too far.' June stopped tapping the pen and placed it next to her smartphone.

'You're right,' she agreed, 'but first I want to discuss it with Ellie. I want to know what she thinks about it.'

'Fine,' Hank nodded. 'After all, she's the one who works with them most of the time.' Hank started to get up from the table. 'Shall we make a decision after the weekend.'

‘Good idea,’ June answered. She tapped on the screen of her phone. It was past four thirty. ‘I have to go. Please take a look at the design for the jumpsuit I made. It seems like a good idea to finish it with some lace at the waist, unless you have a better idea.’

‘I’ll take a look,’ he said, rubbing his goatee. ‘Though it doesn’t sound like a bad idea. See you on Monday.’ June gathered her things and waved briefly.

‘Hi love,’ she called Ellie from the car, ‘I’ll be there in ten minutes.’ June heard murmurings and laughter.

‘That’s fine,’ she heard her say. ‘I’ll freshen up in the restroom and then I’ll come outside.’

‘Great, I’ll drive up to that square. See you there?’

‘Okay. See you.’ June drove away with a sense of satisfaction. It was late October and the days were shorting. June watched the sun set behind the horizon. She looked to her left, the leaves on some of the trees were gradually changing colours. June loved autumn as much as she loved spring. Nature



displayed a pure beauty through its colours. As an artistic designer, these were the sources of inspiration for her creations.

In the distance, Ellie was shifting from one foot to the other. She looked cold. June wasn't surprised when she saw her wife was wearing, a bright summer dress.

'You seem to have forgotten this morning that summer has been over for some time,' she says casually. 'Didn't think to bring a jacket, did you?'

'I forgot,' pressed Ellie her lips against her cheek.

'What? The jacket or that summer is over?' June asked confused.

'Both,' her wife laughed, rubbing her hands together to get warm.

'You're a piece of work!' June rolled her eyes. 'Come here so I can warm you.' She took off her jacket and draped it over Ellie's shoulders. 'Better?' Satisfied, her wife snuggled into the warmth of the jacket.

'Much better.' Gratefully she gave June a big smooch.

‘How did things work out with the new model?’ June asked after a while. ‘Didn’t he feel too uncomfortable?’

‘he was a bit nervous at first, but I quickly put him at ease and the things went quite smoothly. He felt especially uncomfortable at first because the photographer and a few others were starting at him,’ she heard Ellie explain. ‘So I stood by him and asked the others to turn around. That allowed him to remove his robe without feeling watched.’ Satisfied, June nodded. ‘After I asked him if he was ready, they turned around again and the photographer immediately started shooting.’

‘Well done,’ she softly squeezed between Ellie’s thighs. ‘I’m proud of you,’ she glanced over briefly and saw her blushing. ‘You don’t need to be so modest. What you do with the models is really impressive. Not everyone is able to guide people in this trade. Let alone those with disabilities, scars, deformities, or missing limbs. No love, you’re doing an amazing job, bravo.’ She felt Ellie place her hand on hers and gently squeeze it.

‘I couldn’t do this without you by my side.’ The tender kiss on her cheek gave June a very pleasant

feeling inside. 'How was your day?' Ellie changed the subject. 'Did you manage to finish your design?'

'Yes, I did,' she replied happily. 'Hank is going to take a look at it this weekend, but I'm quite optimistic that he'll like it.'

'Are you going to use it for the presentation in February?'

'I think so.' June braked, allowing a few people to cross the street. 'Hank and I also talked about something else.' She paused for a moment, knowing that Ellie found it very hard to speak her mind when it came to letting someone go. Although Hank and she were in charge of the company and they had tough decisions to make. Still, she felt her wife's opinion was very important. 'Hank got a call about Sasha's last photoshoot. Apparently things did not quite go as they should have,' June continued, keeping her eyes on the road. 'Worse still. The shoot wasn't finished because Sacha felt the need to point out that the man didn't know anything about photography, even though he's been in the business for years. She apparently left in a foul mood.'

‘Oh dear, that definitely doesn’t sound well. Especially since I confronted her just a week ago about addressing the way she expresses herself. Sacha sometimes comes across as very self-absorbed and that isn’t well received by everyone. What can we do about it?’

‘I’m afraid she’s had enough opportunities and this was her last one.’ June heard the heavy sigh. In an instant, she caught Ellie fidgeting with her fingers. ‘Don’t love,’ she slipped the hand into hers. ‘Don’t fidget and most of all, don’t feel guilty. It is what it is and it seems to me that Sacha’s had plenty of opportunities to pull herself together. This is the best way to make it clear to her, don’t you think?’ June turned the steering wheel to the left. Within minutes, they had arrived at their destination.

She glanced to the side for a moment and saw Ellie rubbing her left breast.

‘Do’s it bothering you again?’

‘Yes, the tense feeling is still there,’ she complained irritably. ‘It doesn’t hurt, but still it’s an

annoying sensation. Some times it's simply worse.' June gave her a worried look.

'When was the gynaecologist's appointment again?'

'Not until next Friday.' That wasn't until another week.

'If it doesn't feel okay I think you should call the GP to see if he can help you to get an earlier appointment with the gynaecologist.'

'I think I can wait that long and if not, you'll just have to give me another nice breast massage.' Ellie flattered her. 'After our visit to the swingers club last week, I really enjoyed how you pampered me afterwards with that delicious massage.' June curled her lips and couldn't deny that it was nice, both the moment in the club where she had randomly chosen men to fuck her wife, as well as afterwards when she had pampered Ellie with a full body massage, with a happy ending.

'That sounds hard to refuse,' she said excitedly. 'Let us first have something to eat together and then afterwards, when we get back home, I'll pamper you extensively, breast massage included.'

'Mmm, I can't wait.'