

**In the course of her adventures In the Calyx, Charlotte rediscovers her sexual identity in a series of stimulating and sensual encounters with an array of partners and in a variety of situations. In the extract below, she steps into the kitchen, to find it a little different from her usual domestic surroundings...**

*Note this contains explicit sexual description and is for readers aged over eighteen only. The full novel In the Calyx is available via this link: <http://amzn.eu/ezPeMiA>*

The proportions suggested grand scale, but at the servants' side, invisible, no money had been wasted on architectural frill. From within came a clatter of labour, of someone working with tools, the clink of metal on metal. With the propped-open back door an invitation, I went in.

I expected to enter a dark basement, made gloomier by the contrast with the morning sun, so was surprised to walk into a light, well-proportioned space. Daylight came in through several tall windows, their panes six high and three wide, painted a fern green, parenthesised by internal shutters. Cream plaster and glazed tiles of a colour poised between white and palest green bounced back the sunshine.

Appointments were utilitarian. Right the way along an entire wall towered a waxed dresser, multiple-drawerred, five shelves up, loaded with plates and kitchenware; huge silver-plated salvers were ranged the length of its top, oval-domed and braided with decoration, substantial enough to accommodate a crouching person. A dumbwaiter on duty in one corner, half hidden by the curved sides of its housing unit. Plate racks of the same buffed, ashy wood had been hooked up over deep, white enamel sinks. Centrally positioned, a long table; constructed of oak, it gave off a capable air. At its foot, a strange piece of equipment, its purpose obscure, some manner of sink, with spouts curving into its capacious bowl, a cluster of pipes exiting.

The wide, silvery box of a stove hunkered low to the ground on tapering rectangular legs. The archaic appliance showed off an impressive series of burners, hotplates, and trapdoors, with whole sequences of buttons, knobs and levers to the front. It resembled the dashboard of a spaceship as imagined in a 1930s science fiction movie. Up against the walls were long counters of wood or metal or marble, each lending itself to a different technique of food preparation. Hung on the walls themselves, bracketed under fluted glass wall lights, racks of spoons, ladles, slices, whisks, copper moulds, pans, colanders; *batteries de cuisines* suspended in sparkling array. This kitchen was not one of cosy domesticity but organised on an industrial scale, such as one might find in a hotel or a country manor house. Come to think of it, this could have been the kitchen of the Big House.

It was deserted, but the *mise en place* suggested someone had walked out mere moments earlier. A bottle of red wine breathed uncorked. Pots were stationed to simmer on the gas rings, spoons and bowls taking their posts on the counter. In the air hung complex smells, herby and savoury, not fighting but harmonising. A sweet, plummy fragrance was pierced by a floral hint of vanilla. A singular tang cut through it all, which couldn't be anything else but chilli, conveying both scent and taste at the same time. Everything laid out waited to satisfy the appetites. This was another theatrical set, ready, I hoped, for play rather than for penance.

Stage left, a man entered. In plain chef's whites, lean and clean-shaven with a strong nose, his dancing eyes and curling mouth looked as though they wanted to break into an uncomplicated grin. And he was pleased to see me: "Madame - or maybe it is Mademoiselle? You have arrived to assist us in testing our recipes?" he asked. Wordless, I nodded, yes that was why I was there, what other reason could it be? The chef had a pronounced French

accent, I observed. Well, I would have been disappointed if he had hailed from anywhere else.

Seconds later, two colleagues followed him in, also male, also in chef's whites, long-sleeved, collarless jackets, closed double-breasted with black buttons ranged in two parallel rows down the front. My French man, whom I took to be the head chef, introduced his small team with a flourish of words and gestures: "Let me introduce my sous chef, Malak, winner of excellent reviews for his work. And this is Ole, our electrifying new chef de partie."

Sous chef Malak was slim in build, his charcoal hair combed ferociously to the left, a close, precision-clipped beard on his otherwise boyish face. In contrast Ole, the brawnier chef de partie was fair with wide-spaced eyes as unfathomable and Nordic blue as a fjord.

The head chef regarded at me as though he discerned something deep inside my spirit of which I was unaware of, but which amused him. His Gallic accent was matched by a voice rich in timbre and calm in tone. Its intimate quality worked on me like a sedative, making me woozy and amenable. He stood close enough to transmit body heat, stroking light fingers along the tender insides of my forearms as he spoke, up to my inner elbows, creating tiny electric sparks up and down my skin. This effect was so entrancing that I did not catch his next question.

The chef's face creased and his eyes sparkled brighter as he broke into a spontaneous smile, and repeated: "Would you prefer to begin now?"

I gave a confused nod in response, but said, "Butí Begin what?"

"Why eating, of course!"

*Bien sûr* indeed. I let myself be seduced. He walked his fingertips to my neck and mapped down my throat to the tops of my breasts, the point where they arced out of my bra and chemise.

"So hot in here. I can tell your skin is getting warm. And also, it is such a messy placeí" He skimmed his fingers upward along my forearms, then let them follow fluttering lines upwards across my shoulders, pushing a little way into the hems around the shirt armholes. "So maybe you would feel betterí" his voice lowered to a husky breath "with fewer clothes on?"

At these words, as though a command had been uttered, the other two chefs drew close, the trio forming an approximate triangle about me, two in front on either side, one behind. With the prodigious expertise I imagine chefs must acquire with their craft, they divested me of my clothing, dexterous as peeling a peach.

They worked as a well-coordinated team. Their closeness was intense, but thanks to their skills, at no point did their hands touch me directly, nothing but the departing fabric brushed against my skin. Each garment was folded and set aside in turn upon an adjacent counter. One by one, the buttons of my blouse were sprung, succeeded by the rustle of material as it slipped from my back. My skirt zip descended with a gradual but firm glide, the falling cloth sweeping my knees; I did not even register stepping out from it. As if thanks to a magic recipe, the bra clasp was undone without the evident contact of their fingertips. My breasts were freed into cool liberation, nipples puckering as they were clinched by the air. With a sweep of their smooth palms against my thighs, my pants glided down my hips and thighs, and away.

Once they had stripped me entirely, I bathed a while in the heat of their bodies near mine, in that distinctive scent of man, multiplied by three. The small brigade took a pace away, leaving my path clear.

The head chef put the tip of one light hand to the base of my spine, enough to circle me round so I faced the kitchen table. He indicated with a courteous gesture, forearm bending down from elbow, I should take my place upon it.

Obligingly, I trod across the cool flagstones to sit on the shorter edge and pushed back, positioning my body down full length on the table. My hands moved sideways to grip the each of its longer edges, as if to prevent myself from pitching upward into the atmosphere. The texture of the wood against my shoulder blades, bottom and thigh backs was of once-rough grain worn smooth with years of use and seasoning with oil. Above me, hung a row of ridged glass light shades from the washed-out ceiling. Laid out flat, lids half closed, an intense hunger passed through me in palpitating waves. While I waited for them to take me for lunch.

“First, we will also prevent making ourselves messy.” The head chef’s voice came from close by, either with explanation or apology. I listened as the three chefs removed their own clothing, the lightest murmurs of fabric being discarded, the crackle of starched cotton. I was sorry they did not balance tall chefs’toques on their crowns; it would have been entertaining to see them wearing nothing except these classic signifiers of their profession.

The head chef came to stand over me, his scent peppery and male. I turned my head to watch his slim, olive skinned body now naked, his dark hair a cruciform across the breadth of his chest and from ribcage to groin. His penis was generous of girth over taut testicles, and his toned build suggested either cooking was more physical than I had supposed, or his job permitted enough time to hit the gym regularly.

In time with his bicep, the one nearest to me, a tattoo pulsed, a sepia line drawing of a curly-haired young man, reclining, a cloak thrown aside to reveal his own bared chest. “Saint Lawrence,” the head chef’s smile broke from just below the surface as he saw me studying the homoerotic design, touching the tattoo with his fingertip. “Patron saint of cooks. And he is my comrade because my name is Laurence also.” Here he shrugged and added, “But he was grilled to death, poor guy. A martyr.”

Laurence - the sinful one, not the sainted version - produced a damp cloth and cleaned off my feet. The cool abrasion of the cloth on my tender skin sent a hum right through me. He proceeded to run a calculating hand from my shoulder to knees and back, as if checking the quality of fresh produce. With a grunt of authorisation, Chef Laurence appeared content. “So, now we will start,” he announced. “We have three simple courses for testing today.”

Off to my right side, from the corners of my eyes, head facing forward, I just about spied the profiles of the other chefs, Malak and Ole, hard at work as they paddled and beat and poured. Herby aromas deepened as though the succulent green plants had been snapped and picked moments earlier. All three approached bearing spoons and miniature brushes, fragrant substances held unseen in white china bowls.

The first touches to my skin were tantalising. Soft bristles licked up the soles of my feet, from heels to toes. This was ticklish, causing an involuntary scrunch of my feet against the assault. With cooled spoons, a viscose substance, in consistency between a liquid and a smooth paste, was drawn in long lines down my arms, from the tender portions of the upper arms right along to the wrists. They focussed on my nipples, painting each with a thin, aromatic mix. Brushes circled my areolas, an assortment of feathery, downy, and coarse, sweeping upward against the verges of the starched central papillae, wielded with all the nimbleness and sensitivity of a miniaturist, followed by a stippling of pointillist detail onto the canvas of my ribcage.

More brush tips were applied, several at once onto discrete places of my skin, washed across, dabbed and daubed, drawn in waves down my legs until the fluids flowed between my thighs. They seeped on a gelatinous sauce, spreading it in graduated undulations across my tummy. Another chilled jus was swirled in curlicues and spirals around my breasts. Herbs and spices were underscored by an umami base note, almost hallucinogenic in intensity ó wild mushroom, I thought, but õSea vegetable,ö said Chef Laurence.

Laurence instructed his two juniors as they worked: õDrizzle a little more along here. More dots touched along her ribs, keeping your hand steadyí . Next a trickle onto her thighs, but slow... Slower. *Doucement*.ö Hearing him speak aloud what they planned to do to me was almost arousing as the physical contact. Combinations of warm and cold teased at my skin, my flesh and muscles alternately flexed and eased in response.

Only once every exposed part of me was anointed did the chefs stand away to admire their refined presentation, maintaining their positions by my shoulders and beside my hip. Three pairs of eyes ranged along my body, feet, legs, thighs, stomach, breasts. The chefs were eating, as they say, with their eyes. I was garnished ready for them to dine upon me.

Simultaneously, with leisurely deliberation, they bent towards me as a united troop. Once again, the brigade of chefs started at my feet. Broadened tongues pressed against my soles, licking along the sensitive outer foot edge in a rerun of the earlier brushing on of the dressings, but yet more elating in effect. Swirling tongues dipped into the arch of my foot, and in quick sequence came a resolute stroke up each toepad. Mouths enclosed and tugged on each separate toe in turn, a tide of warm tongues eddying around the circumference of each digit, darting into the interstices between, leaving me to float in a bubbling cosmos of pleasure. My feet alone were being attended to, but my entire body quivered in bliss.

The brigade grazed at an unhurried pace, shifting to encompass all of my body, licking up the various sauces and dressings from all over my bared skin. Delicate, cat-like winding into the tender spaces behind my knees, the next moment skimming up my outer thighs, and the next questing into the aching inner flesh. They flickered streaks down my lower stomach and dipped in and out of my deep navel. They were gourmets, calling each of their senses to the fore. Taste naturally, but also smell, touch, and sight. Sound, too, enhanced the eating experience, here of succulent sip and suck. Their tongues voyaged along and inside me, sampling the sweetness of fluid from my labia with the tips and lapping the salt of my sweat with the sides of the tongue in a tasting menu of *amuses bouche*. Culinary-lingus, perhaps?

Limp and sighing I lay, pinned to the table yet gliding in sheer, continuous delight. Their mouths trickled over my rib cage, working upward to circle each breast, dilating around and round, and contracting inward again. Tongues flitted at and teased around my hard nipples, stroking up the aromatic sauces as they passed. My eyes were full shut, too languorous and heavy to keep open. The chefs' exquisite attentions made me sigh aloud, my cheeks growing wildly flushed. Degree by rousing degree, my body quickened from mild stirring to overpowering stimulation.

After the last trace of sauce and dressing had been licked up, my flesh left glowing with arousal, the chefs again retreated. A pause before hands brushed over the front of my legs, widening my thighs, shifting them apart so that each foot pointed at the two lower corners of the table. Another hand made its flowing way to my vulva, stroking my cleft from front to back, then returning. Fingers glided along my engorged and dewy inner lips, tracing upwards until they found my clitoris. Multiple fingertips stroked and encircled with practised whispers, until the loud moans from my opening and closing mouth begged for their attentions to progress, frantic to have one of the chefs enter me, õPlease, yes, please take me.

I need it. Now. I bowed upward. Deep inside, my muscles expanded and tightened in an echo of my vocal entreaty.

Hands raised my legs and my body was drawn downward until my buttocks lay at the extreme table edge. Within skilful moments, they turned me over so that I lay stomach downwards, legs outward. Two of them held onto my arms to secure me whilst the third, Laurence the head chef no less, grasped my ankles to wrap my legs around his waist, letting me feel the skin-on-skin reality of him between my spread limbs. His hands smoothed their way over my swollen, slippery entrance, checking I was primed and ready. Laurence did not keep me waiting as his thick cock pushed up inside me from behind. As he thrust, Malak and Ole held my knees wide. Laurence's solid member felt huge, filling me up as he drove in deeper. This, I supposed, was the meat course. Well hung it was too. And I was getting thoroughly, deliciously, forked.

In counterbalance to the refinement of the appetiser, the flavours of the main dish were pungent. With vigorous, almost brutal efficiency, the head chef thrust and pounded, stretching me to the limits. By gripping with my calves, I kept a tight hold, locking us together, tightening me up inside, so I could experience each single push up to the limit. I groaned and cried out as Laurence pounded his way out and in, picking up the tempo, elevating me to a fevered and powerful climax. When he came, it was with a forceful cry that resembled triumph. I picked up his man sweat as he pulled out of me, leaving a trail of a different warm fluid seeping down my thigh.

As his skin pared away from mine, the relative cool of the air sopped up my own perspiration. Before I descended from dazed heights, with muscular ease they flipped me over again onto my back. They stretched me out by the shoulders until I lay extended onto the table once more. Spread like a beached sea creature, I was still breathing audibly, tendrils of hair clinging to my cheek.

A warm damp cloth was passed over me, a few sweeping wipes across face, torso and legs, taking away some of the clamminess, and serving further to cool and sensitise my skin.

They permitted me some minutes of recovery. Around me, unseen, came sounds of further preparations: wood on metal, metal on china, china on glass. In secret, I smirked to myself, imagining their impressive male equipment hanging so close to the low-set stove burners. A health and safety hazard if ever there was one.

A warm sweet smell wafted towards me: the intense aroma of chocolate. It couldn't be anything else. After moving across to the head-end of the table, Malak, the dark, skinny-hipped sous chef inserted a finger into my mouth, covered in velvety melted chocolate. I lapped this off his hand, tasting thick, creamy liquid that held a deep note of complexity, cinnamon and vanilla.

Olive-skinned Laurence presented me with a new sweetie, bitter chocolate, this time concealing tiny, exploding fragments of crystallised stem ginger that cut through the cocoa richness. Ole, the Nordic young chef de partie returned bearing another sauce held to his smooth, pale straw of his chest. Yet more dense, almost acrid, it had a low note of chilli that prickled at my tongue and lips.

Above my nude body, the chefs prepared to plate up again, dipping into fresh china pots, raising glossy coated spoons up into the air above. Warm chocolate came drizzling down over my compliant flesh. They had painted on the first course with care, whorled, and applied it onto me with great artistry, but dessert was allowed to rain and run at hazard onto my nakedness, warming wherever it touched.

Bitter, dark, milk, and white chocolate oozed, seeped, and mingled. A prickle of the chilli chocolate dashed at my sensitized nipples. Chocolate-laden cream was spooned and dragged onto my stomach so that it trailed down my inner thighs. A stream of white trickled down my stomach and lay pooled in my naval.

Once I had been spattered, dappled and drizzled the extent of my body, they added precise dashes of a desiccated substance and scattered on tiny leaves: "Powdered freeze-dried blueberries with ground tiger nuts and also micro basil," Laurence explained.

The chocolate was left a couple of minutes to start setting. Laurence scooped a hand through the air to convey the scent to his nose, nodding in approval. I stirred in anticipation, enjoying the warming sensations before the chefs resumed their tasting of me.

They took up pieces of ripe fruits and drew them through the rich sauces: glossy strawberries, clustered jewels of raspberries, slices of sleek mango. The cool flesh of the fruits contrasted with the warm chocolate as they played on my skin. Malak pushed a slippery slice of mango between my lips, dripping with molten white chocolate. As I licked at it, he ran a finger around my mouth to catch the liquefied white residue and presented it for me to suck off.

Blue-eyed Ole selected a halved passion fruit and squeezed the seeds from its wrinkled purple shell onto my tongue. "This was picked fresh in Aragon yesterday morning," he murmured, palpating the fruit little by little with his hand, until I had swallowed down the tart and exotic pulp in its entirety.

As a team, they lowered their heads over my body, and I received another mass incursion. With no discernible system, they ate up their dessert, mouths running along random places, rougher than they had been with the starter course. Firm licks, tenacious sucks, and the ridge of nibbling teeth were everywhere on me, unsystematic and distracting. My culinary Casanovas embark on a Cooksøtour up, across, down, converged on my sensitive breasts and thighs and vulva, and then moved outward to resume again.

Inside and out, I felt myself surging, a gradual pulse gathered in my vagina that spread, emulating the recurrent ripples of a glossy fluid. My climax built away from my core right through me until I floated on transcendental waves of pleasure. These were different sensations to the direct, vigorous orgasm the Chef Laurence had brought me to with his determined cock. Gripped in their power, I called out in hoarse incredulity. My body undulated of its own accord in stirrings and sighs, rolling my hips forward.

As I came down afterwards, I had energy to do nothing but lie there, draped and completed on the table. No bit of me had gone untouched as I tingled and glowed in the aftershock.

I could not have moved for anything, limbs suspended with languor. Chef Laurence sauntered over to me, a slim bottle of apricot *pálinka* hooked in one hand. "This is the Head Chef's privilege," he said, pouring a precise measure of the liqueur into my navel. "Eau de vie. Served at correct room temperature, naturally." Laurence nibbled around my stomach in a contracting circle, then lapped up the clear brandy. He drew the last remaining drops of liquid outward with his tongue tip, down to the edge of my pubic mound and back. On drifting up to my face, he touched my lips with his in a gesture that was not quite a kiss, and which held the savour of sugary fruit. He rewarded me with a departing white grin, then disappeared from my line of sight, leaving behind an evaporating trail on my belly, from tummy button to pubis.