# Unbuttoned in Paris

A collection by
Lucy Sabine



# Chapter 1
# Introduction



**To the One Reading This at Night**

They'll call this erotica. They'll call it poetry. They'll say it's fiction. It isn't.

I wrote these in hotel rooms, in half-buttoned shirts, in the pauses after orgasms and the ache of almosts. Some were letters I never sent. Others were confessions I whispered into the dark.

The lovers in these pages? Some had names. Some I only knew by the way they touched me. One was a married man. One wore perfume and regret. One tasted like revenge. They all made me feel something that burned.

This is my archive. My mouth unbuttoned. My ruin, recorded.

Welcome to what you were never supposed to hear.

# Chapter 2
# Volume 1: The Long Ache



*First Encounters & Obsession*

The bookstore on Rue des Martyrs smells of old paper and possibility. Dust motes dance in afternoon light that slants through tall windows, and the silence is the kind that makes you hold your breath. Lucy watches him from across the narrow aisle, hidden between phi-

losophy and fiction. He's beautiful in that distracted way that makes women want to solve him—dark hair falling into his eyes, fingers drumming against the spine of *Dangerous Liaisons* like he's keeping time to music only he can hear.

They don't speak. Not yet. But she imagines his mouth on her wrist, imagines the weight of his gaze when he finally looks up. This is how it begins—with silence, with a stolen glance, with the thrill of maybe hanging in the air like perfume. She doesn't know yet that he sleeps with men too, that he'll someday cry into her mouth, that this ache will write poems through her body for months to come. She only knows that her pulse has quickened, and Paris suddenly feels smaller, more dangerous, full of beautiful strangers who might just change everything.

**Letter from Montmartre Early Morning**

My darling,

I woke to the sound of pigeons and rain. Both always remind me of you — insistent, uninvited, and oddly comforting. I bought peaches from the man on Rue des Trois Frères. He wrapped them in newspaper, but one bruised anyway.

Some things travel better than others.

—L

**Poetic Musing Rue des Martyrs**

They say you can hear a memory in certain streets. On Rue des Martyrs, I heard mine say: "If you'd stayed, it wouldn't have worked. But I'd have forgiven you anyway."

**Notebook Entry Undated**

There is a specific kind of loneliness that wears perfume. It waits for no one and lingers like smoke on silk. I named it after you.

**Letter Folded Inside a Library Book**

Dearest,

I borrowed a book of Neruda poems today. The last reader underlined: "I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees."

They left a coffee ring on page 42.

I wonder if they were lonely too.

Yours in longing, L

**Poetic Musing July in Paris**

Lovers in July always think their heat is permanent. But even the Seine cools. Even the sun leaves eventually.

**Cigarette Ash on the Page**

You kissed me like you were solving a riddle. And I let you — even though I was the answer, not the question.

### Letter to the One Who Stayed Too Long

You always left things behind: your scarf, your poems, your guilt. I returned none of them. Some ghosts are better fed than exorcised.

—L

### Late Night Whisper

The man I loved most never loved me at all. But he looked at me once like I was more than his forgetting. That was enough.

Once.

### Final Page of the Journal I Left Behind

I never touched you the way I wanted to.

I wanted to drag my fingers across the space between your shoulder blades—

Not to seduce.

To remember.

I wanted to hear the sound you make when no one is watching.

Not during sex.

Just when the world is too much, and you finally let yourself be soft.

I wanted to hold you in that sound.

And I think— if I had, we would have fallen in love the way rain falls: everywhere. All at once. Without asking.

**This is not a book.**
**It's an invitation.**

# Chapter 3
# About the Author



Lucy Sabine is not quite a name, and not quite a lie. She is a whisper behind the curtain, a lipstick smudge in a stranger's bed, the line between pain and poetry. Her writing lives where longing lingers: in gallery bathrooms, stairwell trysts, letters never sent, and hotel rooms that remember more than they reveal. She believes love is a crime, and

lust is its alibi. This is her confession. Read it slowly. Or don't. She won't beg.