



baci besos batchigs carole ecuer



I recall the furtive languor with which we dressed and silent as accomplices made our way down the gloomy staircase into the street. We did not dare to link arms, but our hands kept meeting involuntarily as we walked, as if they had not shaken off the spell of the afternoon and could not bear to be separated.





the 1990s, she was a model and a singer, and she was also a woman who had been in a relationship with a man who was a member of the Japanese mafia. She was a woman who had been in a relationship with a man who was a member of the Japanese mafia. She was a woman who had been in a relationship with a man who was a member of the Japanese mafia.