

Title: Une vie française. (My Life in Paris)

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Fandom: Original, Historical

Summary: Nobleman Jérôme Sautier tells Madame Constance about his life in Paris and reveals when and why he crossed the borderline forever. Early 19th century setting.

Disclaimer: This story is fiction.

Written in 2007

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by Anna Belle

I did not answer immediately when Madame Constance asked me what I felt addicted to in life, what I felt addicted to in Paris. My life in Paris appeared to be the very usual life of a very usual nobleman. What did I feel addicted to? No suitable answer came to my mind. My life had never been in any way a common life. And never had I been a common nobleman.

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I had come to Paris in 1807, without hope and expectations for the future. My life had been a failure, a tragic misguided waste. I hardly noticed the beauty of this splendid town. For years I had longed to see this place. Paris. When I had spoken of Paris, I had spoken of liberty and independence, of progress and improvement. Of an open mind. Of a new age. Now I had finally realized that I had been mistaken. Bold thoughts. Enthusiastic thoughts. Immature. Thoughts of a madman.

I winced at these thoughts. Madame Constance watched me curiously. "A slight headache," I said lightly and gave her a smile. My thoughts went back to a time when I had felt perfectly happy. Genuine truth or mere self-deception? Who would ever understand the pain I was still feeling...

I looked at Madame Constance with darkened eyes. "Well, first, I think Paris is a good place to forget about worries." And leave behind your life, I added to myself. Constance raised an eyebrow.

This city, by no means, was a place of progress and advancement. It was a place of folly and silly amusements. At one of these parties I had met Madame Constance, a noble woman with an almost fatal addiction to curiosity and inquisitiveness. Soon I was her favourite and finally she became a very good friend of mine.

Again I met her eyes. She smiled encouragingly.

Well, what was I addicted to in Paris? The social gatherings that took place in Paris every day and night? No, I did not take interest in these places of exalted gossip and idle talk and their constant visitors. In the beginning I had merely felt bothered by their questions. Later I felt bored. Now I amused myself with their pride and vanity. It was a game with rules, and I stuck

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