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It must come have as a bit of a shock. Sitting there clutching a baguette or a box of chocolate eclairs, and suddenly, there's some bloke, bollock naked, with his cock swinging to the gentle sway of the trains rhythmic beat. Actually there was no swinging. I was trussed up in cellophane with my sweating skin chaffing against a dark blue wooden door. No room for manoeuvre. As the cloth was dropped, there was a gradual turning of heads, breaths sucked in, a Gallic shrug or two no doubt, and a peal of laughter that made my whole skin flush. Phones pointed and clicked. A little boy, with dark brown choirboy hair, a blazer and coal black eyes, caught my gaze. He smiled or sneered, left his mother's side, started moving towards me. He stopped a foot or so before me, his eyes rising from my ankles until they peered right in to mine. Then they fell and he started shouting

- Je peux voir son zizi. Je peux voir son zizi. Je peux voir son zizi

Laughter. The whole carriage erupted as this six-year-old boy delighted in the exposure

I wanted to shout out for my friends but the material they'd stuffed my mouth with was held there by the tightness of the cling film. My mouth stilled and soggy. Friends? They were nowhere to be seen. I'd been abandoned naked on the Paris Metro. My first time in this city and I was going to be arrested for indecent exposure on the underground. The laughter continued rippling through the carriage, some pointing, a little more laughter and then... It stopped. Everyone went back to doing what they were doing before my revelation. Papers and conversations picked up. It was like I wasn't there. The boy turned occasionally, pointed at my genitals and said something to himself. For everyone else I'd vanished. I closed my eyes pretending that none of us were there

Tony's face pressed up against mine. His nose nudging at my sheer cheek

- Next stop's ours Danny boy. Shat o lay.

Laughter

- Chatelet. Chatelet (*Automated voice*)

*Continues*