



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 a lot of friends and a lot of love. She was a woman who was always there for her friends and her family, and she was a woman who was always there for her fans. She was a woman who was always there for everyone, and she was a woman who was always there for the world.