

From "Nightshade; First Kiss."

It was raining. The smell of damp earth and rain-battered flowers rose up from the garden below to sink into the stone and steel of the large circular balcony where I stood. Alone. From behind, the sound of laughter lifted suddenly above the sensuous base pounding from hidden speakers. The women looked exquisite tonight, moist and hard in leathers, soft and feminine in silks, or dark and inviting in velvets. They could fulfill any fantasy, any decadent wish. For a price. Celeste's women. Only the very wealthy could afford them, and only the desperate—and in some cases, the desperately bored—became one of them. My sister planned it that way: an exclusive supply to meet any demand. Celeste was an enterprising woman, but I knew only too well that she was deadly. A trickster in the clothing of a benevolent.

At midnight the place already reeked of bartered sex and hashish. I hoped that she would come soon. It was getting cold and crowded. A woman stumbled out from the party, laughing at the serving girl she pulled roughly along with her. The girl seemed delicate and vulnerable with her violet dress and soft mouth. Her bare arms were bruised, but she didn't protest. This was just another game to her. Celeste paid her well enough not to fight. The woman dragged her to corner of the balcony farthest from me, barely ten feet away. She pushed up the skirts of her black dress. Before the girl could sink obediently to her knees, the woman grabbed her hair and pulled her face down into her shaved pussy.

I leaned back against the railing to watch them. The girl's pretty pink tongue worked the woman's pussy, darting over the full cunt lips and clit like a hummingbird until she could no longer hold back her moans. She guided the girl with rough pulls of her hair, grunting and gasping when her whore gave her what she paid for, making her come with a muffled shout and a thin spray of cum that caught the girl full in the face. Her eyes met mine above the servant's head and I nodded once in acknowledgement. I didn't stay to see what else she had in mind for the girl.

My legs took me inside, beyond the French doors and into the belly of the house. The room's brightness momentarily stunned the eye. Black clad women were not enough to subdue the gold tapestry and chaise lounges. Or the opulent banquet set in the middle of the room, surrounded by lightning bright silverware. Only the rooms beyond were darkly lit, staged scenes for numerous trysts or merely quiet time with your drug of choice. Celeste provided for everything.