

The Song of the Sirens

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SMASHWORDS EDITION

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Chapter 1

The writer was a wanderer, a roaming scribe who changed locations like a chameleon changes its colors. Staying in the same place for too long made her writing and her life stale. She had been living in New Orleans for about a year. Having gotten bored with San Francisco, she wanted to go to another port city, and New Orleans just felt right. Port cities seem to attract exceptional people, most of them with dark pasts. Sometimes they arrive in these cities like beleaguered battleships trying to escape enemy ships. Sometimes they arrive there to re-invent themselves. The writer fell into both categories.

She had been working for a local magazine in the city for about six months. As was her custom, she wrote all day about all manner of city-friendly subjects. But, by nightfall, she often lost interest in the magazine fodder she was working on. Such was the case this Tuesday night. She rose and went to regard her image in the mirror. Looking in the glass, she thought, "still

beautiful, still a bit of a mystery around the eyes." She stroked her long raven tresses. Her skin, the color of a pale peach, looked so soft, so sensual. Her body was richly made, consisting of dangerous curves, and hips that seemed to invite others to touch her.

Tonight, she wanted to put a little gamble into the mix. She had grown bored of her usual haunts—the Old Absinthe Bar, the bookstore, the spa. She wanted something brand new, something wild. She put away her lap top, put on some lipstick, and went to the red light district.

She wore a beautiful topaz blue shirt that clung to her full breasts and revealed ample cleavage. Her white pants hugged her tight, heart-shaped ass, and her pumps gave just the right amount of bounce to her shapely body as she walked down Chartres Street and headed west toward Bourbon's intriguing inlets. It was nearly dark and the sky was almost violet. She could smell the oysters at Felix's. She heard the voices of the night's revelers singing a drunken song. She could feel in the air an electrical force that emboldened her. Suddenly, she smelled a soft, musky perfume and she turned to see a voluptuous brunette standing in front of a strip joint. The woman was wearing a nude-colored lingerie ensemble and a pair of platforms with a strap that wound up around her ankles. What was arresting about the woman was her frankness. She just stood there staring at the writer in a way that made her feel almost naked. The woman's blue eyes seemed to undress the writer. They didn't say anything to one another, but the woman opened the door to the club and motioned for the writer to come inside. Following the woman, the writer fell under the spell of the music within the club, like the sirens' cries drawing Odysseus into their exotic embrace.

Sitting down at a table, the writer looked around at the women dancing erotically for men who seemed to be in some kind of a haze. She ordered a vodka martini and watched the women with hungry eyes. This was like the bower of bliss in Spencer's "Fairie Queene." This was a place where all that mattered was pleasure. This was like an escape beyond all escapes, a place where names meant nothing. Only dollars and sex mattered there.

The first woman approached her and with heavy-lidded eyes asked the writer if she wanted a dance. The woman was like a living flesh-and-blood fantasy come to life. She wore a little white button-up blouse, a very short Catholic-school-girl's skirt, and white thigh-high stockings with black pumps. Her long blonde hair swept away from her face revealed exotic features—opiated brown eyes, long lashes, full pinkish lips. Her body was sublime. Tan all over, smelling faintly of amber, with full, ripe breasts. She said her name was Kimber.

Her smile was innocent, but her dance was not. As the music played, she looked into the writer's eyes and did not move her eye contact throughout the dance. She removed her clothes piece by piece, so slowly, but she wore very little, so the clothes were gone soon. She rocked slowly to the sound of the music. She pushed the writer's legs wide open and came in close to her, putting her breasts to the writer's lips—not touching, but so close she could feel the heat from her body. She turned and revealed her superb ass to her—full, voluptuous, soft. The writer could see the dancer's sex...open, ripe, pink. And, then, like a perfect teardrop, a strand of cum ran down the dancer's inner thigh. She turned again and rocked until the song ended. Kimber smiled, replaced her clothes, and kissed the writer on the cheek as the writer put the money in the little garter around her upper thigh and Kimber walked away.

The writer fell into a kind of sweet womb of pleasure. Dancers—blondes, brunettes, Spaniards, Italians, Asians—came to her all night and on the many nights after that when she went back.

She found new meaning there. This place, formerly unknown to her, was a wonderful parallel world where all one's senses were gratified. It was a mythical feminine world where all her illusions became real.

The writer thought, "Oh my God, I'm lost." The women, their bodies swaying naked before her, gave her all that she needed—a place to hide—somewhere between their bosoms and their groins, their asses and their thighs. She would not soon be freed from the allure of these sirens.

Chapter 2

The writer's world had become dominated by her obsession with the women of New Orleans' red light district, but, in particular, the women of Club Baisez-Moi. She spent her days counting the minutes until she was free from her work as a respectable magazine writer. All she could think of was getting into the dark, hidden space of the club and watching the naked bodies of the anonymous women floating before her in their erotic dance.

She was an addict now. Nothing else in her world mattered. Like a junky, from the time she awoke each morning, she awaited her encounter with the drug. She ached for the music, the alcohol, the rush when she saw naked flesh on display at Baisez-Moi. To her, that feeling was like smooth opium inhaled deeply and tantalizing her with a feeling akin to honey in the veins. Soft, tickling, deep, and profound--teasing and satisfying her senses. She took her money out of the bank every evening and went to get her fix. The women of the club knew her well after weeks of her consistent arrival there at exactly 8 p.m. every night. She always arrived alone, ordered a vodka martini, and waited. It never took long for one of them to come to her and ask if she wanted a dance. But, she did not say "yes" to just anyone.

Over time, she became selective about which woman she would allow to dance for her. She was not satisfied with skinny little girl-children who had no sense of eroticism. She only wanted women who were extremely voluptuous--crackling with sexual heat in the crevices of their bodies. She wanted women who were experienced, seductive, and, most of all, capable of communicating through dance what other women could not communicate with words or straightforward sexual deeds. She wanted the ones who could heal her sadness and fill her aching need with dance, shadow, movement. She wanted something uniquely created in the invisible space between night and day in the dark alcoves of Baisez-Moi.

Her favorite dancer was a tall, exquisite brunette named "Fantasy." She had seen her one night across the crowded room. She stood out from all the other dancers because she did not flirt with anyone or try to "sell" herself. On the contrary, she was quite alone and very cold. But, her face, her body, her soulful brown eyes . . .were anything but cold. She radiated heat, sex, sin, provocation. She was the definition of a siren. Her allure was like a song, and the writer heard it clearly while the men in the club seemed not to hear it at all. Fantasy's beauty was an advertisement in itself. It needed no publicizing.

The writer gave one of the waitresses a \$20 and asked her to get Fantasy for her. As the waitress went over to her, she saw the statuesque brunette look at her and nod. She began walking toward the writer, and it was as though everything went into slow motion. The writer watched her walk, her long dark hair falling around her face, her large breasts showing through the pale pink of her low-cut shirt, and bobbing up and down. Her perfect, full ass swinging with each step. Her face, so profoundly beautiful. She was elegant, sophisticated, symmetrical. Her

lips were perfectly full, and she licked them in a casual way that was somehow intoxicating. This was the answer to the writer's prayers. Not an answer that came later, in the afterlife, but here and now in living color. She was fire, flood, and famine, alpha, omega. She would be her ruin.

"Hi, My name is Fantasy. And you are?"

The writer heard her words and was startled back into the moment. "I'm Monica," the writer said.

"Well, Monica, are you ready to go to heaven?," Fantasy asked with a cunning smile.

The writer said, "Yes, I think I am."

With that, Fantasy took the writer by the hand and led her up a hidden stairway at the back of the club. At the top of the stairs were four rooms with curtains over the entrances. Fantasy pushed the curtain of Room 1 aside and led the writer in. They ordered some champagne and strawberries and stared at each other for a few moments, which, to the writer, felt like hours.

The strawberries and champagne arrived, and Fantasy closed the curtain. She looked at the writer, now seated on the sofa, with heady sensuality in her eyes and stood before the writer as the music played in the background--an intoxicating bass rhythm permeating the air. She began moving her body to the sound and watching the writer, taking her in.

Slowly, Fantasy touched her own breasts and her nipples became hard and erect, showing through the silk material of her top. Her beautiful hands with nails like white pearls went to the bottom of her top and pulled it over her head. She casually threw the top aside on the floor and stood before the writer naked from the waist up. All that remained was her black mini-skirt and her platform pumps. The writer gasped audibly as she saw Fantasy stand before her, staring back at her, stroking her breasts, and then casting her head back and closing her voluminous brown eyes, and swaying her body before her. This was more erotic, more intimate than sex, the writer thought to herself. Everything was all liquid and slow and hot and real and sublime. She couldn't think clearly. She was on fire.

Then, Fantasy moved toward her. She bowed down in front of her on her knees, facing her. The writer felt the dancer's gesture in her very blood. She knew then that Fantasy wanted her. The dancer said, "I have never done 'this' in the club before. But, I want to with you." She asked the writer if it was all right. The writer, barely able to speak, said that it was. Then, Fantasy took her beautiful hands and opened the writer's legs and inched her way in between them. No words were exchanged as Fantasy took the writer's face in her hands, pulling her close to her lips, and when their mouths touched, it was like the first taste of wine after an eternity in the desert. The lips were softer than the skin of a child, and their tongues danced together as Fantasy's body began pressing against hers. There was such passion, such heat, such fierce animal need rising up in the writer. Something inside her broke loose at that moment and she became like a woman possessed by another entity. Fantasy sensed her urgency and stood up, kicking off her shoes. The writer, still fully dressed, and drenched with sweat, stood up, cupping Fantasy's ass in her hands, pulling her to her. Their breasts were pressed hotly against each others' and they kissed wildly. The writer ran her hands hungrily over Fantasy's body and her kisses became hotter, more urgent, more demanding. She ripped Fantasy's skirt off and ran her fingers along the perfect pink line of her cunt, so wet, dripping with sex, full of yearning, full of everything she

wanted. She took her fingers and put them in her mouth, tasting them fully. Her cum tasted as sweet as maple syrup. It was profoundly delicious. They stood there with their bodies moving together. The writer said, "I have to have you now."

Fantasy stopped for a moment, looked into the writer's eyes, and pushed the writer back down on the sofa. She sat on the writer's lap with her legs apart facing her. She took the writer's fingers and thrust them back into her throbbing cunt. She gasped, rotated on her fingers, rode her hand up and down. The writer became overwhelmed with desire. She pushed her fingers in and out of Fantasy's hot pussy. The cum was running down her fingers. Fantasy's beautiful mane of chocolate brown hair was everywhere. They kissed deeply, fiercely, as Fantasy rode her. Then, suddenly, the dancer shook all over. Her cunt contracted hard and fast, and she came in a flood with a deep, animal moan. Limp as a beautiful rag-doll, she collapsed. They stayed like that for awhile. The writer listened to the soft heavy breathing of her woman-doll. They kissed softly now and the writer helped the dancer put her clothes back on.

The champagne sat on the table unopened and the strawberries were untouched. Yet, the writer was full, completely full, utterly satisfied (at least for now). She knew that she was experiencing something in the present tense, not in a dream, but now, something more real than she had ever imagined. She had gone into a realm where others feared to tread. She was lost. She was found.

Chapter 3

Nothing came close to the feelings created for the writer by the women of Baisez-Moi. She had developed a taste for all things decadent, hyper-sexual, marginal. It went beyond the fact that the women there were beautiful; that was a given. It was something more than that. There was a drug-laced allure in their eyes, a little opiated, Asiatic perhaps. She craved it, yearned for it night and day. She had lost all perspective in the world outside the club. In her mind, there was a new hunger.

Have you ever noticed that the look on the face of someone filled with desire looks a lot like hunger? The writer had seen a movie once about modern cannibals. In the film, there was a beautiful dark-haired woman-cannibal who, one day, starving to death for flesh, looked out of her room with hunger at a boy. He mistook the look for sexual desire and broke down the door to get to her. Once inside, she devoured him, literally. Somehow, that's how the relationship between she and the erotic dancers had become, metaphorically speaking. She devoured them with her eyes, sought them out from a place of deep, animal hunger. Touching them was one thing, but looking at them was what really satisfied her longing.

Always wanting to up the stakes a bit, the writer began wearing a strap-on under her clothes before going into the club. This excited her beyond expression, giving her a feeling of power and seduction. One night, whilst sitting wearing her hidden toy, she was enjoying a dance and a young woman approached her. She was not a dancer; she was a cocktail waitress at the club. Her name was Tamara. She was small, Italian, dark-skinned, with rich brown hair and almond-shaped eyes. Her body was voluptuous, but perfectly fit. She was sublime. She sat down beside the writer, offering her a vodka martini on the house, which the writer gladly accepted.

Tamara introduced herself, enjoying a much-needed break with the writer, sipping a White Russian. As they drank, they began to talk. Tamara told the writer she had been watching her for

weeks. "You fascinate me," she said. "You come in here by yourself, surrounded by all these men, enjoying private dances and going up to the upper deck with some of the most gorgeous strippers in here. I don't think you understand how unique you are."

The writer demurred with, "Oh well, I'm not sure I'm unique. I expect I come in here for much the same reason as the men."

Tamara replied, "Yes. But, you ARE a woman, and that is different. In all my time working here, I have never seen another woman come in here alone and enjoy herself the way you do, without doubt or compunction....It's erotic to me, just watching the hunger in your eyes."

Somewhat shyly, the writer told her, "I'm sure I am of no particular interest really. You are no doubt bored with your work and I'm just a little out of the ordinary run of the mill."

"No," Tamara said. "You are quite unique. I have always wanted to be with a woman, and there is just something about you that makes me, well, want you."

The writer paused at that and looked into Tamara's eyes. She knew she was quite serious from the look of her. Tamara smiled, a long, soft, sexy smile. The writer felt the waitress's hand on her inner thigh, moving upward slightly, pausing and letting her fingers rest there. The writer did not take her eyes off Tamara. Their mutual gaze was intoxicating, and that hand stayed on her thigh.

In the background, a soft soul song was playing with a heavy bass beat. The dancers were moving round the room, the men drinking and paying for their views. The music played on....

Back to life Back to reality Back to the here and now, yeah

Show me how Decide what you want from me Tell me, maybe I could be there for you....

However do you want me However do you need me However do you want me However do you need me.....

The writer's growing excitement began as a soft pulsing flood of feeling inside her stomach, moving down toward her groin. She felt herself grow wet. Tamara's eyes never left hers.

The writer could see hunger growing in Tamara, and she was ravenous now for her, for her sweet sex, for her trickling joy on her fingers, on her thighs, on her face. She wanted her badly now. She knew Tamara wanted her too. They finished their drinks quietly. The unspoken words were choking them both to death. The want, the need, the desire. The slow, aching need was growing in them.

Tamara asked the writer, "Can I go home with you?"

The writer signaled in the affirmative with a nod of the head and a smile, heavy-laden with desire. Tamara's shift was ending, and they both swiftly went to the door of the club. The manager's balked at Tamara wanting to leave with the writer because it was forbidden for the girls to leave the club with customers. Tamara said she didn't care, and they walked together toward the writer's flat just off of Chartres Street.

As they entered the writer's apartment, Tamara grasped the writer's black velvet shirt front and yanked it so hard that the buttons came off, exposing the writer's beautiful breasts, so pale the skin, like a white peach, with full pink nipples, hardened with desire. Tamara's hands grabbed rabidly at the writer's breasts, tugging them, squeezing them, then sucking them hard.

The writer's head fell back; she moaned softly, running her tongue over her own feverish lips as Tamara devoured her breasts. The writer yanked Tamara's hair and pulled her up to face her. She kissed her with such ferocity that Tamara nearly fell backward. But, she was her equal in every way. Their desire perfectly matched. They kissed as though these were the last kisses they would ever bestow on another person.

The writer yanked at Tamara's white clinging t-shirt, and ripped it in half as she tore it off her. She fiercely tore Tamara's bra off and grabbed her tits, perky little gold nuggets in her hands. Loving them, she held them, touched them tenderly, then she began licking them, and they fell together onto the floor in a beautiful pool of desire.

The writer pulled her skin-tight Levi's off to expose the strap-on to the cocktail waitress. Tamara was excited by this, and she demonstrated it by immediately going down to the writer's crotch. She grabbed the strap-on with both hands and looked up at the writer. She said, "This is what you want, isn't it?" With that, she took the head of the cock into her mouth all the way down the shaft and sucked it hard enough to produce little puckish sounds that sent a thrill through the writer's very bones, her very blood.

After sucking her for a long, long time, Tamara pushed the writer down on her back. She stood up, removing what was left of her clothes, and straddled the writer's make-believe cock. Taking the head of the strap-on, she took the very tip, and rubbed it around and around the outer edge of her throbbing pussy. Tamara's face took on the look of a greedy animal about to satisfy her needs. She sighed, moaned loudly, and then rammed herself with the cock. She rode it hard and fast, her pussy making a slurping noise, and the sound of flesh on rubber was heady. She then slowed her rhythm. The writer reached around to Tamara's asshole and probed it softly with her fingers. It was wet. The writer inserted a finger. This provoked Tamara to no end, and she said, "More, more! Please more!" The writer inserted another finger and began pressing it in and out of her tiny hole. The pressure mounted, and Tamara jerked hard and frantic on the dildo, coming with a wild, outrageous scream, as the writer laid back and watched her body quake.

The writer was filled with pleasure, overwhelmed by a feeling of bliss. Tamara and she took a long, hot wordless bath together, and the writer loaned her some clothes to get home in. They kissed good-night. The writer returned to her room, picking up her pen, sitting down at the table with her notebook, and began to write.

The sirens' cries echo in her mind still and these are the tales left behind.