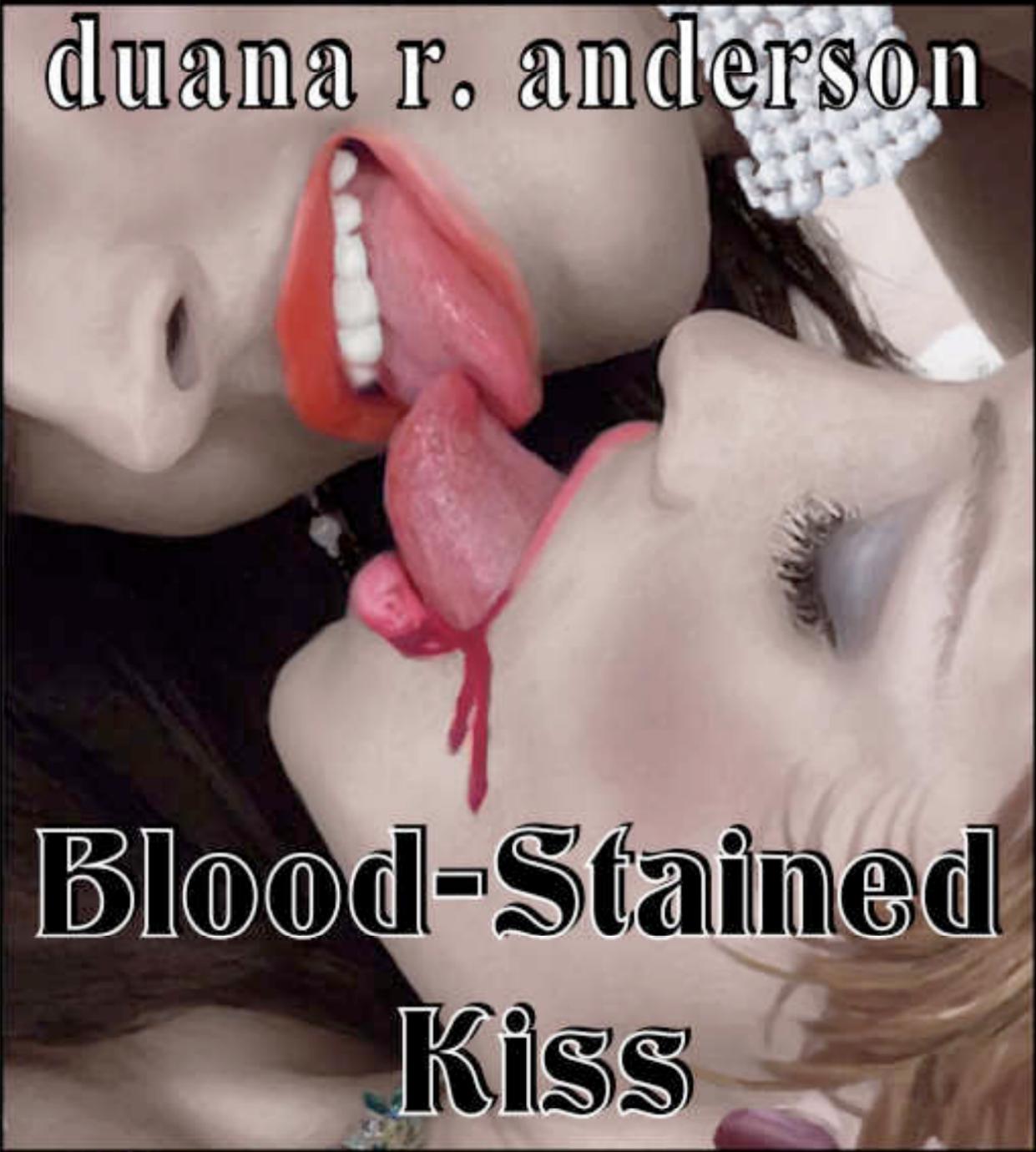


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Blood-Stained
Kiss



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Bloodstained Kiss

by

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CHAPTER ONE

Her mouth trembled.

Full and lush. The inside of a plum, its bloody flesh forever bruised.

It begged to be kissed. To be devoured.

How I wanted to rape it with my tongue, leaving her breathless. Screaming for more. I wanted to kiss her lips until the blue chill of death painted them with frost. I longed to ravish them. To silence them.

God forgive me, but I craved her more than you can know.

Darkly.

And, ever so deeply.

* * * *

A humid breeze drifted in through the French doors, heavy with the aroma of dark earth and sweet-rotting blossoms. Gossamer drapes whispered, above which the sound of crystal rang out in waterfalls of liquid glass. Musical laughter floated through hushed conversation, polite nods and synthetic smiles.

My gaze traveled over the labyrinth of warm flesh, flesh alive and ripe for the picking. The room swelled and breathed, moving in silent rhythms, a shadow moving from dark to darkness.

Her name was Amarithe. She stood alone in the crowd, her posture casual, as she surveyed “Saturn Devouring His Children” by Goya. One hip bent, the curve of her back gracefully arching. Her brows knit in concentration as she tilted a glass of red wine toward her beautiful lips.

I held my breath, waiting for those lips to find animation and part, allowing the sanguine fluid to stain them with a rose-petaled kiss. I could not help but wonder what they would feel like beneath my own, struggling for her last breath. Or what they would taste like as her life stilled within her heart.

Such wicked thoughts.

How lovely she would look in death, like pale dreaming sleep, those perfect lips fading to match the frosty shade of her skin.

I drew a labored breath, trying to still the beat of my heart. I imagined I could smell her sex beneath the scent of cloves she wore, smell her lingering dampness and raw musk. I wondered too what those lips looked like, how they tasted, if they were as full and welcoming as those containing her smile. My sex ached in response.

I studied her features from a distance as she walked indifferently through the crowd, her

fingertips brushing displays of morbid art: silver locket with woven human hair or Daguerreotype death portraits of infant children; mourning veils of Italian black lace; shrunken heads with real human hair and teeth; a collection of Weegie photographs framed beside his press camera.

Amarithe passed a gilded sarcophagi with lapus-lapus before exiting through the glass sliding doors leading out to the balcony. I watched her from the threshold, her back to me as she gazed out over the gardens upon a shrine of monstrous statues from ancient Pompeii. The volcanic ash had preserved the exact shape of the victim's bodies at the moment of death.

It seemed she shuddered at the sight of them, those monuments of death, frozen in the act of agony, twisted and contorted, their screams silenced, preserving them for all time. The back of her dress hung low, revealing smooth pale skin tinted blue under the moonlight, like shadows cast upon snow or flotsam limbs in the cool depths of an underwater graveyard, like a newly dead corpse, perhaps—so clean and cold and beautiful.

My eyes traveled up the curve of her spine to a bared shoulder where burnished curls spilled free along her slender neck. How delicate. How easy to crush.

A rush of breath hissed between my teeth.

Suddenly, she turned, as if she had felt my presence all along, watching her. I stood frozen, as still as the statues gracing my lawn, sure at that moment she knew my hidden intentions. Her eyes were a deep melancholy, glistening like filaments of amber, framed by delicate lashes.

Our eyes locked, and I saw desire there in those deep autumn pools—the desire to know, to understand. A fearless desire to venture past the mundane of the living, to step off the edge into the uncharted waters of obscurity. A look I had witnessed in my own eyes, many years before, when I had been only a student. *A student of death.*

She smiled, a soft, sad smile, her eyes wet and deep, the edges of her full mouth curving slightly. My gaze wandered once again to those lips, and I shuddered oh-so-deeply so every nerve in my body awoke.

My servant Anna interrupted my thoughts with a subtle gesture, then whispered in my ear. Reluctantly, I broke my gaze as I turned away and strolled into the centre of the large drawing room. Amarithe's eyes followed my steps.

A circle widened around me as I waited graciously for the chatter to die down.

The tabloids gossiped for months about my new acquisition: a suicide-coffin created by performance artist Sappho. It had been her final act. And, although I did not have her lifeless corpse to fill the deep recesses of the coffin itself, I did have the bloodstained satin pillow, upon which she had laid her dying head. One of my most prized possessions.

Tonight my expansive manse crawled with the curious and the morbid. Journalists, art critics, celebrities, museum curators, and private collectors such as myself. Like me they had come to glimpse death, to touch it if only for a moment. But, unlike me, they didn't want to admit it.

Except for Amarithe.

CHAPTER TWO

“Welcome.” I kept my voice intentionally low so many had to strain to hear. “Thank you for joining me here tonight, for the unveiling of a very special treasure, Sappho’s ‘Bloodstained Kiss.’ Please join me in the antechamber.”

Silence followed me as I walked out into the main hall and down the corridor, my sandals clicking a hollow sound on the marble floor. I traveled past a curling staircase spiralling up into the darkness. Candlelight from carefully shaded sconces flickered, drawing shadows on the wall.

At the end of the hall stood a massive oak door barring entrance into the antechamber. I paused a moment before it, simply for effect, aware of those waiting behind me, eager to see the unveiling. The knob turned silently beneath my grasp, and the door slid open with a quiet *swooosh*. An audible intake of breath moved the still air.

The room lay before us, vague and vast, the distant walls papered in golden filigree upon plush red velvet, resembling gilded mehndi designs upon flushed flesh. Lit by candles ensconced in tall wrought iron holders, the room flickered in a chiaroscuro play of light and shadow. At the far end of the room, a dark coffin rested on a sacrificial altar. A soundtrack of voices whispered the rosary in Spanish as the underlying rhythm of a heartbeat drifted in through the ether of a ghostly realm.

At once the death shroud took on the freak-show curiosity of paparazzi vultures snapping at scraps of violent death. A sea of bodies washed into the room, and it became at once unbearable, smothering me like a black tide. My head swam with dizziness, my heart pounding, my skin cold and clammy. Vertigo twirled below me.

Anna rescued me, sweeping me away from the crowd, leaving my curator, Lillian, to appease the spectators.

Before I left the room, however, I saw her once again, the girl with the beautiful mouth, moving through the penumbræ of bodies like a phantom swaying, slowly materializing within the shimmer of dancing candlelight that tinted her hair a vibrant red.

A pale angel crowned in bloody curls, I thought, holding onto the image for a moment, as if to catalogue it away in my memory for all time.

CHAPTER THREE

The manse had quieted. Long ago the engines of limos died away, taking their decadent occupants with them. I now stood in the hallway, my naked feet against the cold marble floor, dressed in a pale, gauzy dressing gown, staring in through the doors that opened into the antechamber.

There she stood. Amarithe.

Shimmering like a sunset upon still water as the light from so many candles danced in her auburn hair. She stood before the dark coffin, lost somewhere in the depths of her own thoughts. The candlelight radiated through her frail dress to reveal the gentle curve of her hips, the slight indent where her thighs met her muscular calves.

A quiver of expectation washed through me as I stepped into the room. I felt slightly drunk. The room swelled, still as a tomb, filled only by the hushed chant of the rosary whispering through the walls.

I studied Amarithe for a moment as she stood with her back to me, long ginger tresses spilling down her back, naked but for slender spaghetti straps slightly indenting her flesh.

She turned, her eyes probing, questioning. She did not speak, although her full mouth parted as if preparing to articulate words.

My bare feet moved quietly across the red carpet, thick plush oozing between my toes and feeling sinful against the soles of my feet. I stopped before her and regarded her openly.

"You should have left." The deep, sombre, huskiness in my voice sounded strange to my ears.

Her eyes flashed silver and her nostrils flared.

"Now how could I..." a small pink tongue flicked out to wet those succulent lips, "turn down such a long-awaited invitation?"

"Really? Is it me whom you wished to meet, or did you hope to find death within these walls?" I whispered.

"I do admit to having a morbid curiosity for a woman who surrounds herself with death. I hoped by talking to you in person I might unravel the enigma."

"Enigma?"

"Why, yes you... and all this..." she swung around in a circle, throwing her arms out in feigned drama, "and the mysteries of life, of death..."

"Of death..." I echoed. "Hmmm... But, there is only one way to learn about death, my dear. It is a delicacy which must be fully tasted to be appreciated."

"You toy with me." She laughed; brilliant teeth gleamed behind soft lips. "But, perhaps that is exactly what I seek."

Amarithe placed her hand on my arm and held it there, the heat from her skin burning me deeply. Then she turned and pulled me toward the coffin, until we both stood over it.

"How horrible..." she whispered, yet her voice held such longing. Her fingertips grazed across the brownish dried bloodstain upon the white satin of the pillow, a slight pout on her lips. She turned to gaze toward me. "...and yet, so utterly beautiful."

Her breath smelled sweet, and I imagined again how sweet her lips would taste.

"I've been wanting to meet you for a very long time," she breathed. A secretive Mona Lisa smile raised the corner of those enchanting lips. Her voice flowed smooth as milk and honey over my senses. I watched her mouth form the words, the supple shaping of vowels, the soft vertical creases indenting their fullness, the wetness glistening and begging to be kissed away.

God, what a mouth. I could not draw my eyes away. So voluptuous. I felt as if I were staring at the secret threshold of her sex, violating her with my gaze.

She smiled seductively, her eyes glittering with mischief. God, if she only knew.

She leaned forward, her breasts crushing into mine. I inhaled her scent of cloves, closer now, enveloping me. My hands roamed over her hips, up her arms, across her supple back. Her skin was soft as silk. The warmth of her body melted against mine.

"In Hinduism, the procession to the place of cremation is led by a man carrying a firebrand," she whispered into my ear. "The mourners walk around the funeral bier, at which point the widow throws herself onto the burning pyre of her husband as an act of sacrificial mourning. Can you imagine the passion that would drive one to such a desperate act? Oh, to be burned by such heat!"

I could feel her mouth moving against my ear, so hot the words themselves scalded me. The soft lush fullness burnished my skin, sending volcanic shivers through me. I could have fallen in love with her then. So sweet. So innocent. Begging for death.

She pressed her hands against my breasts and moulded them like clay. My nipples grew hard against the palm of her hands. She spread wet hot kisses over my neck, upon my temple, across my brow.

I pulled her against me fiercely, pressing my lips to her wonderful mouth. The plush flesh surpassed everything I imagined and more. So velvety soft and pliable, opening to my kiss, my probing tongue entering her, tasting her fully.

My God, what a mouth!

I lost myself in the sensation of her lips against mine, our kiss deepening, sensual and sweet. My hand embraced the back of her head, my fingers curling in her hair as I pulled her closer. My mouth bruised, swelling as I drowned in her kiss.

The sensation of her body, so lush and sensual, hot as hell, filling the cold void burning like ice inside of me. She ground her pussy against my thigh and I could feel the dampness, the heat of her sex branding my flesh. I pushed her back into the coffin and I beheld her for a moment, archiving the image of her against the bloodstained pillow, her eyes gleaming, her limbs soft and limply extended.

I ripped open the front of her dress and exposed her supple breasts. She merely stared up at me, her eyes glossy with lust, her mouth parted, oh-so-lovely and pink inside. My hand grasped her breast hard, blood-red fingernails denting their full soft flesh, the pink areola of a nipple puckering with pleasure. For a moment I forgot her lips completely as my head bend down to capture her swollen nipple between my teeth.

I bit softly, then sucked it into the depths of my mouth. She stretched and moaned beneath me, pulling my hand down to the heat of her sex that lay buried beneath the slight, moist fabric

of her dress. Her thighs opened, and she thrust herself up against my hand, inviting me to violate her slick silken pussy with my probing fingers. Beneath the silken fabric, I felt the folds of her sex opening, the small bud of her clit swelling against my touch.

I bit deep into the swell of her breast, leaving a wet, red circle of toothy imprints upon her pale skin. Her back arched as my hand tore open her dress to reveal her naked pussy, my fingers quickly finding her clit, swirling sweet, sticky juices against my fingertips.

She threw her head back, her lovely neck bent provocatively. The fingers of my left hand were cool against the heat of her skin as they glided over her throat; the fingers of my right hand probed the delicious depths of her cunt. She squirmed and writhed beneath my touch inviting my fingers deeper inside of her.

My hand closed about her throat as my tongue traced wetly along the pulse throbbing there, barely hidden. Skilful fingers thrust deep inside her hot wet sex, my lips searched along her chin, to her luscious mouth. Slowly, my grasp closed tightly about her slim neck.

My lips found hers, and I kissed her roughly again, bruising her tender mouth with my ardent desire to possess her. I felt her gasp as my mouth engulfed hers and I smothered her with a savage kiss. Her cunt thrust against me, a frantic, undulating rhythm, and her breath escaped into my mouth. As her body began to stiffen with climax, I captured her orgasmic scream into the depths of my throat.

Her clit throbbed against the palm of my hand, her body convulsing, my fingerprints marking her throat.

I didn't notice her struggles as I swooned, deeply enraptured by the taste of her breath. I felt hungry, marking the soft flesh of her mouth, deeper, deeper as I sucked the breath from her lips. She tried to push me away, but by then my senses were lost, drowning and deep. My lungs expanded as her scream died somewhere deep inside my being.

For a moment I knew how it felt to be truly alive.

I don't know how long I held her there, but still I could not get enough of her mouth, the soft trembles and struggles as her life beat away, her blood bubbling up like a sweet sanguine fountain onto my tongue. Yes, so sweet. I drank her blood and breath, kissing her until she grew cold and still in my arms.

At some point I realized she stopped struggling, her body still, lifeless, her lovely head of soft ginger curls strewn with frail funeral flowers, spread across the bloodstained pillow.

I pulled away and simply gazed at her. Her skin looked impossibly pale, blue and glazed by death. An angry purple necklace of bruises adorned her throat. Lips now a deeper, dark blue shaded by crimson, lay soft and open.

God, what a divine mouth!

Icy crystals that had once held her sight were locked into a death-stare, both painful and beautiful to behold. I brushed my hand over them, so she seemed to sleep—a pale dreaming sleep.

Here lay my pièce de résistance.

A lovely vision of death imitating art.

A still life of flesh and blood.

The most lovely of all treasures.

Smearred with a bloodstained kiss.

THE END

About the Author

duana r. anderson

duana r. anderson is a writer, filmmaker, artist, horrorslut and connoisseur of smut. Her works have been published most recently by Suspect Thoughts, Good Vibes Magazine, Alyson Books, and Darker Pleasures. Her story "Chrysalis" was recently published by Renaissance eBooks in the anthology "Villains and Vixens: an erotic celebration of the scoundrel" edited by M. Christian and Jamie Joy Gatto. duana writes regular columns for Whiplash Magazine (Canada's Only Fetish Magazine) and her interview with Patrick Califia was published August 2005 in S.M.U.T magazine. Her first book: "Jill'n Off: A Woman's Complete Guide to Solo Sex" was published in fall of 2004 by eXtasy Books. When she is not writing smut, Duana creates fetish photography and films for her company Fatale Femmes at www.fatalefemmes.com under her darker pseudonym Domina.

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