

**MARA  
SAMSARA**



**THE  
PARTY**

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by Mara Samsara

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## The Party

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The three-floor penthouse apartment in New York was filled with decent jazz music. *Live* jazz music, notably. Guitar, bass and piano, all electric so that the instruments could be properly amplified to fill all rooms, at least those on the top floor, where the *salon* opened to a *grande terrasse*. The apartment was located in Manhattan, of course. No place more cosmopolitan in the whole universe, was there? And no hipper place either. And, of course, the apartment was not located in Hell's Kitchen. Everybody imagined it to be such an extremely hot and cool place, just because of the name. But neither was it hell nor could you find a restaurant at every corner. No, the apartment was in Upper East Side, just one block away from the Guggenheim Museum and directly facing Central Park.

The person throwing the party in the fancy apartment did not own it. He did not have to, his country owned the place. The French *attaché des arts* had invited politicians, artists, the inevitable celebrities and other people considered sufficiently important to warrant an invitation, to spend a nice evening overlooking Central Park and New York around it, talking BS and maybe some business stuff while munching overpriced appetizers accompanied by overrated French wine.

Even though the apartment was huge, there was little room to move, since so many people had been invited (and probably more than expected had actually shown up). In a corner, in front of a modern painting equally ugly as expensive by some yet unheard-of French painter, stood a small group of people, chattering about the influence of *le film noir* on American novelists. The women were dressed in decent dresses, one more impressive than the other, their hair styled

perfectly and their make-up matching their eyes. The women were putting themselves on show, as they say. As some might say, they were trying to hide their shallowness behind expensive curtains, but people who would say such things did not get invited to parties of this sort. The men interspersing the glamorous women all wore black and seemed to differ only by the value of their wrist watches and the width of their bellies. They were the dark background against which the women could shine. Yet of course, the men were — on average — much more important than the women. This was how things were, at least in the Western world.

One of these men, a nice, older guy, seemed bored and a bit uncomfortable. Maybe he was here just because his wife had been invited and he had tagged along (or more likely: she had made him tag along, because she had not wanted to show up alone). Anyway, the nice, older guy excused himself (which no one in the small group in the corner cared to notice) and went for the bathroom, for some more overrated wine or just wanted to get some fresh air on the crowded terrace. As he went, he passed by a woman, who did not look like any of the other women at the party. She had the *chutzpa* to wear a pantsuit instead of a dress. A black pantsuit together with shiny, black, flat, laced shoes and a white blouse. Her long, dark hair was bound at the back of her head. Around her neck she wore a black necklace with a shiny amulet which the old, nice guy could not make out in the short time it took him to pass by the woman.

She stood there, trying to make out familiar faces in the crowd, sipping a glass of *vin de Champagne*. She would have preferred Prosecco, with a shot of Aperol, but from time to time the French sparkling wine (*Mon Dieu*, never call it that in the presence of a French person!) was enjoyable. A man came up to the woman and engaged her in

conversation. The type of conversation, which went on and on, and which could impossibly be summarized in more than, let's say, two meaningful sentences. Party chatter, small talk, producing hot air, babbling along, BSing, call it what you will. The talk of the upper glass, complaining about things normal people could not afford or even imagine.

"Now, how do you keep yourself occupied during the weekdays, if I may ask?" the man chatting up the woman said.

"I destroy souls." she answered and sipped her champagne.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I am in legal business. You know, being paid filthy fees to sue people's pants off."

The man uttered a relieved "ah" followed by a bemused "oh" and then laughed mildly.

"I first thought you were a politician. Thank god, you're not."

He smiled and began to talk about his experiences with the US legal system, which bored the woman to death. But she was a professional and hid it effortlessly.

After a while, the woman's glass of champagne was empty. Promptly, it was refilled by a waiter wearing white gloves. As the woman intended to take another sip, a last one before she would dump the boring man and move on to one of the groups of people, which inevitably formed at parties, somebody bumped into her. A bit of the champagne spilled on her flawless white blouse, leaving a slightly yellow stain. A woman wearing a dark grey dress and a lot of eye shadow had bumped into her at the shoulder while trying to make her way through the crowd. Briefly, their gazes met. Cold looks were exchanged, then the woman in the dress moved on without an excuse or even a single word. The woman in the pantsuit followed her with

her eyes until she vanished outside onto the terrace. She was not listening to the boring man anymore, muttered an empty yet polite excuse and headed to the bar.

With a click of her finger she got the attention of the barkeep.

“White Russian.” she ordered.

“I am sorry, ma’am.” the barkeep answered, “We do not serve cocktails, just wine. May I offer you a glass of —”

“You got coffee?” she cut him off.

“Of course, ma’am.”

“So you also have milk, right. Get hold of a bottle of vodka, then mix me a White Russian.”

The barkeep stared at the woman, unsure about what to say. A White Russian was mixed with coffee liqueur instead of coffee. And a good one with cream instead of milk.

“*Allez!*” the woman said and shot a fiery look at him.

Of course, they had vodka, which bar didn’t? So, the barkeep gave in and mixed her a White Russian. She took it, went through the crowd to the large double-door leading out to the terrace, and stopped to take a large sip. The milk left a white stain on her upper lip, she licked it off with her tongue. Slowly, and without hiding it behind her hand or a napkin, which would have been appropriate. Some guests noticed and looked at her in disgust. The woman did not care. Her eyes were scanning the terrace.

She spotted a glimpse of dark grey cloth, moved a little out onto the terrace, and then found what she was looking for. The woman, who had bumped into her, was standing right at the railing, which consisted of slightly tinged glass in order not to spoil the magnificent view over New York, the capital of the universe. She was talking to some guy, tall, designer stubble and muscular. The type who drives muscle cars and

thinks he looks cool in them. The type who makes girls suck him off and then does not have the decency to lick them once he has fired his load. The insignificant type. Useless biomass. The woman in the pantsuit was after the woman, not after him. She was smoking a cigarette, held it between her ring finger and middle finger, and took long drags. She blew out the smoke through her mouth and nose at the same time. The type playing it cool. The type snipping the burnt butt right into your face, driving by in a convertible, club music playing from the car stereo. The arrogant type. Arrogant, but not insignificant. Arrogant, and — for some reason — interesting.

The woman in the pantsuit moved up to the two, placed herself closely to the smoking woman, and sipped her White Russian. They noticed her and stopped their conversation. The woman gave her a condescending look and blew out the smoke of a long drag partially in her face.

“What?” she asked, annoyed.

The woman in the pantsuit just stared her in the eyes, again sipping her drink.

“Do you know this woman?” the guy asked.

“No, never seen her before.”

“Listen, lady, you’re scaring my —”

“Shut it, pretty boy.” the woman in the pantsuit cut him off, fixing her gaze on the woman next to him, “Rid us of your presence, will you.”

“What the hell? What did you just say?”

“Either you leave us alone, me and the smoking lady here, or I will set a team of very well-trained lawyers on your butt, scanning every bit of your life and what you might be doing for a living. Any piece of shit they find, as little as it may be, I will blow up into a fuckton of crap

and then throw it right on a fan standing in front of you. In other words: I will sue your dick off and take your balls as penalty interest if you do not leave.”

The guy opened his mouth, but closed it again without saying a word. After exchanging a baffled look with his acquaintance, girlfriend, fuck buddy or whatever she was to him, she nodded him to leave and he did so.

“You might impress *him* with your fancy lawyer talk, but it ain’t gonna work with me, honey. Who are you anyway?” the woman in the dress asked.

The woman in the pantsuit just sipped her White Russian.

A moment went by in silence.

“Be careful with that cigarette.” the woman in the pantsuit finally said, “You might burn my suit coat with it. But if you want to burn something, why don’t you take my hand instead.”

She held out her left hand, palm up.

The woman in the grey dress took an extra deep drag, exhaled almost all the smoke through her nose and then pressed the burning cigarette right onto the palm of the hand so willingly offered. The burning tip touched the bare skin, not just slightly, but also not strong enough to put out the cigarette. It burned the skin for a second or two, maybe even three. The woman in the pantsuit did not make a sound, only the corners of her eyes tightened a bit. Finally, the woman in the dress pulled the cigarette away.

“Sue me.” she provoked.

“Don’t intend to.”

“What do you want?”

“Talk to you, to begin with.”

“About what?”



“You.”

“Oh, yeah?” This time she blew the smoke directly into the face of the woman in front of her.

“Yeah. Really. And if you want, you can put out that cigarette on me as well. But not on my hand.”

Now, a trace of interest washed over the face of the woman in the dress.

“What’s your name?” the woman in the pantsuit asked with unintended sharpness.

“Sharon.” the woman in the dress answered a little too quickly for her liking, “And what might be your name?”

“Right now, I am Lara.”

“Right now? Is this some kind of cosplay game for you?”

“I don’t play games.”

“Good, me neither.” Sharon said, and let her eyes examine Lara’s body. Judging by her mild smile, she liked what she saw. “Hold out your hand again.”

Lara did so. Sharon dropped burnt ash of her cigarette onto it.

“You’re quite talented as an ashtray.”

“I’m talented to take other stuff, too.”

“That so?” Sharon’s gaze wandered back and forth between Lara’s eyes and her lips, which were covered by a decent lipstick.

“Yes, that so.” Lara did not sip her White Russian, she lowered her tongue into it and took a slow lick like a dog from a bowl.

Sharon smiled. Of bemusement, and of fascination. Lara was so very direct, so strangely submissive, with an aggressive touch to it. She decided to go for it. Again, she ashed into Lara’s hand which she still was holding out.

“There is a speck of dirt on my left shoe. Make your tongue useful again.” she said.

“Not here.” came the prompt reply.

Not the answer Sharon had expected, but a good answer after all. It would be wise to take this game elsewhere. Was it a game? Lara said she did not play any, so what was it then? A dance maybe, or rather a duel? Time to find out. Even though Lara had said, Sharon could put out her cigarette on parts of her body other than her hand, she pressed it hard against the palm of her hand, where she had ashed into before, and extinguished it. Lara flinched just a little, and then enclosed the cigarette butt with her fist.

“Drink up.” Sharon ordered.

Lara downed the rest of her White Russian.

“Mine, too.”

Lara also downed the rest of Sharon’s champagne.

“Good girl. Follow me.”

Sharon led the way. Through the *salon*, passing the band, which was playing a song by Django Reinhardt Lara recognized but could not name, down two floors, passing by many faceless people indulging in their importance, right to the private elevator and down to the garage. Sharon went to a dark blue convertible and swung her pretty butt onto the driver’s seat with an elegant movement. Of course, she drove a convertible, no other car would be fitting. Lara got in on the passenger seat and off they drove. To Lara’s surprise, the car stereo played a song by the Glaswegian band Texas. She loved the band, especially the singer. And she hated the thought that Sharon obviously was a fan, too. It was not right, but she did not say anything.

They drove through New York’s urban canyons. The evening had not progressed far, so the neon lights were still fighting against the last

rays of sunlight which found their way through the skyscrapers down to the streets. Sharon's hair whirled in the headwind, her eyes hidden behind sunglasses, which were equally cool as useless at this time of the evening, the sun long hidden behind the skyline. For six and a half Texas songs they drove through New York, neither of them saying a word. Sharon did not even take one look at Lara. She already owned her, she was her catch of the day, her pet, her property there on the passenger seat. No need to look.

They parked the car in another garage, which looked the same as the one they came from (don't all garages look the same?) and took the elevator up to the 21st floor. Only as Sharon unlocked the door to her apartment, she cared to look at Lara again.

"Now, show me how talented you are." she said and lead the way through a short hallway into her living room, where she dropped her small purse on the couch. For New York, the apartment was large. Four rooms plus bathroom, with a view to the Hudson River. Lara wondered how Sharon could afford such a place, but skipped the thought. Now, it was not the time for things like that, now it was time for getting down to business.

"Take off your coat." Sharon said, and Lara obliged.

Her white blouse fitted tightly, Sharon could make out well-defined muscles on Lara's upper arms through the thin cloth, the shoulders looked strong as well.

"Open your blouse. But don't take it off."

Slowly, Lara unbuttoned her blouse and untucked it, her eyes never leaving Sharon's expectant gaze.

"As I said at the party, there is a speck of dirt on my left shoe. Lick it off." Sharon ordered.

"As you wish." Lara said, not sounding like a submissive underling,

rather like a tamed tiger baring his fangs in a circus arena against his hated tamer. But still, she got down on all fours and licked Sharon's left shoe. Slowly and carefully.

"Good girl." Sharon said, "Now show me your tits."

Lara opened her bra and threw it to the side.

"Are you stupid? Take off your blouse, too!"

Without a word Lara obliged and threw her blouse over the back of the couch next to which Sharon was standing. Sharon examined Lara's breasts, and her muscles, which obviously were the result of regular workouts, and then directed her eyes on her lips again.

"Put your tongue to good use a little bit further up." she said.

Lara allowed herself a smile and hitched up Sharon's dress. Slowly, letting her hands feel every inch of Sharon's legs. For a moment, she stroked her knees, then moved the dress further up. Sharon leaned against the back of the couch and assisted by holding the dress up for Lara, so that her hands would be free for other tasks. She had Lara kneel in front of her, right in the position she wanted her to be. Below her, submissive, and eager to please. As Lara's hands moved up her thighs she held her breath for a moment. Lara was a good girl, she would be a perfect slave. Certainly better than that Ronaldo she had been talking to at the party.

Sharon's skin smelled nice, it smelled of youth with a hint of roses. Lara kissed her left thigh, while she let her hand play around her right hip. She closed her eyes, kissed and licked Sharon's thighs, caressing her, taking in her beautiful scent.

"Lick me." Sharon said.

She wanted Lara to pull down her panties and let her tongue do the talking right at the sweet spot, where the true pleasures lay. Sharon had had sex with quite a number of women, but never had she met a

woman like Lara. She desired to have her. Now. Right at her sweet spot.

“Lick me!” she demanded again, but Lara did not show any sign to oblige. She stroked Sharon’s insides of her thighs, moving her fingers up one slow inch at a time. Her kisses gently homed in to where Sharon’s pleasures lay, yet she carefully avoided the very center of sweetness. And then, finally, after ages, Lara pulled down Sharon’s panties. Quickly, Sharon stepped out of them with her feet. She wanted to pull Lara up by her hair, to direct her where she wanted her to prove her talents, she wanted to order her again to lick her, but a mistress should neither use physical force nor repeat any of her orders, she should be able to direct her underling by words alone. That this did not work with Lara enraged and aroused Sharon at the same time.

Again, Lara took her time, worked her way up Sharon’s legs, covering her with kisses and caresses, stroking her ankles, calves, knees and thighs up to her hips. And then Sharon sharply inhaled and closed her eyes. Lara’s lips touched her clit, her little love button, her pleasure bringer. For the first time, and certainly not for the last time this night, which had only just begun. Sharon grabbed Lara at the back of her head and pulled her towards her pussy. To hell with it, she had to have her, *now!* The touch of Lara’s tongue felt wonderful. As the first sip of an excellent wine, the first bite of a wonderful meal, the first sniff of cocaine, now, the first lick over Sharon’s pussy lips was an explosion of pleasure.

How gentle Lara was, eagerly licking her hole, letting her tongue go up and down, left and right. And then she let it dance around Sharon’s clit again. She let out a suppressed moan and pressed Lara closer to her crotch. *Yes, lick me!* Sharon thought, *lick me good, you filthy girl! Lick my pussy!*

Lara's hair clip came undone and her hair fell around her shoulders, some of it stroking Sharon's thighs in the process. She tensed her muscles, slightly rocked her hips back and forth in the rhythm of Lara's licks. And then she let out a loud moan. *Oh yes, this is wonderful! Don't stop!*

Lara stuck her tongue as deep into Sharon's pussy as she could. She enjoyed the sweet and warm taste, with increasing arousal she swallowed a drop of Sharon's *vin de Champagne*. She grabbed Sharon's butt and pulled her pussy against her face, kneading her butt cheeks.

Sharon's fingers ran through Lara's hair, pulling at it, then stroking it again. Her muscles tensed, her hips moved to the dance of Lara's tongue. How well she caressed her clit, how intensely she mouthfucked her pussy. Yes, she was a good slave, she really wanted to please. She wanted to make her mistress come, as was her duty. *Good girl. Yes, you are a wonderful slave, bitch.*

Suddenly, Sharon winced and moaned. Lara has let two fingers slide into Sharon's pussy, while continuing to lick her clit. She fucked her, she really fucked her now. Not with the tongue anymore, no, properly, with her fingers. Maybe, she should order her to put on a strap-on. Yes, then she could fuck her pussy real deep, and the dildo would feel more intense than ... *No! Oh my god, no! Stop! This is going too fast!*

Sharon pushed Lara away, breathing heavily. It had been close, very close. The night was still young, Sharon wanted to enjoy this first round as long as possible. Lara looked Sharon in the eyes, put the two fingers into her mouth, with which she had fucked Sharon, and sucked on them as if she was blowing a dick. Her dark, brown eyes seemed to ask 'Am I too much for you, missy? Want to take a break, missy?' Sharon was not willing to have any of this. She pushed Lara away

again, harder this time. Lara had to steady herself in order not to fall over. Sharon kicked off her shoes, unzipped her dress at the back and let it drop to the wooden floor. While making a step towards Lara, she took off her bra and threw it into Lara's face. She could still feel Lara's fingers inside her pussy, and her clit still throbbed from her licking. No more fingers, no, but she wanted to have that tongue again. On her and inside her. She wanted to ride it. Ride it good, and then insert a coin for another ride.

With her foot, Sharon pushed Lara down on the floor. There was no carpet, she had to lie on the hard wooden living room floor. Sharon smiled, smirked rather, and knelt over Lara's head.

"Lick me!" she ordered.

Lara would have done it anyway, but Sharon had to assert her position as mistress. This was more a mind's game than a physical confrontation. She was boss, and the bitch below her had to obey. The night would bring much more she would have to obey and endure. Oh yes, Sharon was looking forward to it so very much. But first she had to finish the ride she had begun. *Lick me!* she repeated in her thoughts and already felt the tongue she longed for.

Lara licked around Sharon's clit, over it from left to right and up and down, circled around it, and then pressed her tongue strongly against it, even slightly bit into it, again and again. Her mouth, chin and neck became wet from her own saliva as well as Sharon's sweet pussy juice, which tasted so extremely good. Every time Lara put her tongue deep into Sharon's pussy, she swallowed a drop of it. Sharon rode her, rocked her pussy over her face, used her as a pleasure toy. It felt so good, Lara began to rub her own clit through her pants.

Every time Sharon moaned, Lara moaned as well. This was not about *her*, this was about her mistress, who rode her so well. This was

about serving and pleasuring, not taking. From down on the floor, Sharon's breasts, as they gently swayed in the rhythm of her hips, looked firm and wonderful. Lara wanted to reach out and touch them, knead them, massage them, pinch them. But she had not been ordered to do so. Should she really wait for an explicit order? Was she allowed to reach for her mistress's breasts on her own? Lara now thought completely like a slave, utterly submissive and denying her own desires. To serve was desire enough. But then, automatically, while her right hand was still rubbing her own clit through the pants, Lara's left hand reached for Sharon's breast and began to knead it. How good it felt, firm, young and no silicon. With a quick look in her mistress's face she reassured herself that what she was doing was fine, and Sharon's moaning was confirmation enough.

Sharon grabbed Lara's hair and pulled her up against her pussy as she rode her. With the tongue alone it was going slower, but the blissful finale was approaching and would soon be unstoppable. To hell with it, this was too good to pause, Sharon was cruising down the road to delight in a car without brakes and with a brick on the gas pedal. She closed her eyes, grabbed Lara really hard, so that some of her hairs got ripped out, and pulled her against herself with great force while she rode her pussy over her face. She could already see the light at the end of the tunnel, the sun which would explode in a supernova. Soon, yes, only moments away, it will be fantastic. Sharon, not caring about the slave under her anymore, pushed Lara's head down on the floor and then up again so that she could continue licking her pussy. Moaning out loud, she pushed Lara's head down again, another time, and one more. And then she stopped breathing, tensed her muscles, pressed her thighs against Lara's head still in her firm grip, and threw her own head back. After a long moment she let go of Lara, almost



fell over her, while her hips were still twitching with pleasure. What a ride it has been. Like driving off that cliff in Thelma and Louise, only that the car would not smash at the bottom of a canyon but land right on a soft cloud of joy and bliss. Oh, what a ride.

Lara's head hurt. Her back too, the floor was hard and uncomfortable, but the back of her head burned and throbbed of pain. Sharon had hit her hard against the floor, right when she had come. And she had come good, right into Lara's face. She had not squirted, which would have been perfect, but that was okay. Lara had tasted enough of Sharon's sweet juice while licking her. She noticed she had stopped rubbing her clit. This no longer was the time to rub herself. But what time was it for? Her mistress gave her the answer.

Sharon steadied herself. Still, she was kneeling over Lara's head. *Yes, that's just the right position.*

"Since you're so good at taking in stuff, as you say, I want you to drink my piss. Every little drop of it, let nothing spill on the floor." she said.

Let's see if Lara really was the slave she pretended to be at the party. Let's explore how far Lara would go. With an expectant look, Sharon pulled apart her pussy lips in order to produce a precise stream of piss, aiming directly at Lara's mouth. No, at her *slave's* mouth. Slaves don't bear names, numbers maybe, but not names.

*Fuck, yes!* Lara thought, and almost said it out loud. *Yes, let me drink your piss. Let me taste you. Please, oh please!* She opened wide, looking at the tiny peehole below Sharon's — her *mistress's* — clit, around which the pussy lips were spread like the wings of a butterfly. Any moment it would come. Any moment the golden mana would pour down into her mouth, so warm and sweet, so wonderful, so fucking hot. Any moment she would drink the piss of her mistress, be her

toilet, her waste container. And there it came. First, only a few drops, then a mighty stream. Lara adjusted her position a little, as much as she could between her mistress's thighs, to take in all of it and not let a single drop get wasted. It tasted so good. Warm and unique, piss had a taste of its own. Lara was used to it, this was not the first time she drank someone's piss. But certainly, one of the times she enjoyed the most. Eagerly she swallowed while trying to keep her mouth open as wide as possible. A couple of drops ran over her chin and down her neck, but the wonderful rest poured right into her mouth. How sweet the sound of the golden piss, when it filled her mouth, just as water dribbling into a tiny puddle. But this was not water, this was warm, wonderful piss, and Lara drank all of it.

When Sharon was done, her face exuded an air of content. She had tamed the bitch, who had approached her so arrogantly on the terrace. She had humiliated her and taken away her fancy lawyer's aura. Now, she owned her. The remaining hours of the night would be long and intense, Sharon was intent on enjoying her new toy as much as she could. But first a drink. Martini maybe, or some of that white wine in the fridge Jeff had left the other day. Or had it been James? Her slave would bring her some. Only *one* glass. After all, the slave already had a drink.

"Good girl, drank it all up. Now, as a reward, you may bring me a glass of white wine. The kitchen is back there." Sharon said and pointed to the door on the right side.

Lara licked the last drops of piss from her lips and savored the taste. The taste of her mistress. Only her blood would taste more like her. Now, she would release her to let her fetch wine from the kitchen. Lara had pleased her well, she could tell from the expression on her mistress's face. She had been a good slave. Had been? Not still? Lara

felt no desire to touch herself anymore. Or to lick Sharon again. Or fuck her with a dildo or what else she had in mind for her. *Sharon*, not her mistress.

Lara was lying on the floor, her head aching, looking up at the woman she had approached on the terrace and whom she had wanted so much. She had got her, she had made her come, almost back there at the couch and then for real here on the floor. Lara had enjoyed it very much, it had pleased and filled her with an emotion she could only describe as *wonderful*. There were no words for what Lara felt, when the desire overcame her. When it guided her and rewarded her with satisfaction beyond reality. She had felt *wonderful*, when she had pleased Sharon, had felt a wave of delight flowing through her, when Sharon had knelt over her, and had almost been overwhelmed with bliss when she had ordered her to drink her piss. This *wonderful* emotion has passed over Lara and through her. And now it has gone past.

A stale taste spread through Lara's mouth. Not an aftertaste of Sharon's piss, it was the flavor of what now replaced the *wonderful* emotion. Slowly, it spread through Lara's mind. Sharon wanted to get off Lara, to allow her to fetch the wine, but Lara held her back.

"Hey!" Sharon protested. She could not allow such behavior by a slave. "I ordered you to fetch me a drink. Now, let go off me and —"

Lara pushed Sharon to the side, where she almost collided with a stool, pinned her down to the floor and rolled over her. Now, *she* was kneeling over *Sharon*, but not over her head, over her hips.

"What are you doing?" Sharon shouted, "You're hurting me! I don't want —"

Lara's fist in her face cut her off. A sharp pain shot through Sharon's head and made her let out a choked cry. Blood was running out of her nose. And she felt blood inside her mouth as well, the hit

had also ruptured her lips. Before she could say another word or raise her arms in defense, Lara's other fist smashed in her face, hitting her cheek.

Lara pumped her fists into Sharon's face until her knuckles were red from blood. Not Sharon's, her own. She had ripped her skin at Sharon's teeth. There she was, lying under her, dark red and silent. Breathing shallowly and fast, her eyes glowing with horror and fear. Sharon, the woman who had bumped into her, the woman whom she had wanted to please, the woman who had fulfilled her purpose. One last time Lara hit Sharon in the face, this time with the palm of her hand. Right on the slimy thing, which once had been Sharon's nose. Her eyes rolled back, almost wide enough to render them all white. Despite the enormous pain she must be feeling, she was unable to scream. Lara's hands hurt, too, the pain they had caused was many times heavier.

Still, Lara had that stale taste in her mouth. She looked down at Sharon again, cold and empty. It did not feel good, did not feel *wonderful*. At least not in the same way as making Sharon come had done before. It felt different. Right, direct, cold and — pleasing. Yes, maybe pleasing was the right word to describe how Lara was feeling right now. She felt pleasure, cold pleasure.

Blood really has a unique texture, Lara thought as she smeared Sharon's blood between her fingers. Warm, thick, and a bit greasy. And it had a unique taste, just as piss. Lara leaned forward over Sharon's mangled face. She winced and wanted to pull her head away, but there was nothing she could do. She could only manage to turn her head to the side and close her eyes. Tears were beginning to create pink lanes while running down her face through the smears of blood. Lara leaned forward, looked at Sharon's wounds for a moment, and then licked

over the corner of Sharon's mouth. She licked up the blood she had drawn. With the tip of her tongue, she spread it around in her mouth. Then she swallowed. It did not taste good, no, but it tasted interesting. Unique. *Only her blood would taste more like her.* Yes, indeed. Lara could also taste Sharon's tears she was now shedding in hope all this would be over soon. Yes, she could also taste her tears. Lick one up and smear it on her gum to savor the fear and horror in it. But Lara did not want to. She had tasted Sharon's blood, her true inside, and was content with that.

Lara got up, found her bra and blouse and put them on. As she rearranged her hair and fixed it again with a clip at the back of her head, she felt the bruises Sharon had caused by smashing her head against the wooden floor. The pain felt good. Not wonderful, no, far from it, but good. She threw her coat around her shoulder and was about to leave as she heard Sharon's voice behind her.

"Why did you do this?" Sharon whined, still lying on the floor, "Why did you do this to me, Lara?"

Lara stopped, but did not turn around.

"I am not Lara. Now, I am Sarah." she replied.

Before she closed the door behind her, she said: "Never listen to Texas again, Sharon. Never."