

Where Angels Dare to Tread

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In the Dareville series...

Truth or Dare
The Dares That Bind
Dare Me
Daring Young Man
Don't Dare the Reaper
Double Dare
Dare to Dream
Daringly Delicious
A Winter's Dare

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*Where Angels Dare
to Tread*

A Dareville story by

LEIGH ELLWOOD

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Author's Note

I thank you for taking the time to read this latest adventure of the small town with big passion. Since publishing *Truth or Dare* in 2004 with Phaze Books, I hadn't expected to expand the series as far as I have, and I'm far from finished! I hope you'll stay a while and enjoy the scenery.

Where Angels Dare to Tread is the first F/F story in the Dareville universe. If you enjoy tales of Sapphic sensuality, I hope you'll enjoy this one. With regards to the Dareville chronology, this story falls into place:

Truth or Dare
The Dares That Bind
Dare Me
Double Dare
Daring Young Man
Dare to Dream
Daringly Delicious
A Winter's Dare
Where Angels Dare to Tread
Don't Dare the Reaper

And there's always room in town for more.

Stay daring, Leigh

Five o'clock could not arrive any sooner. Carole Douglas timed the last thirty seconds of her shift on her watch, silently urging the thin, lagging arrow toward the twelve. Only then she felt confident enough to shut down the booth without incurring the wrath of a passing *Shopper* executive who might think she wanted to skip out early.

All around her, it appeared the rest of the street fair wound collectively towards a coda. Game booth barkers draped heavy cloths over wooden counters and fixtures, weary volunteers chugged up Main Street—closed off to vehicular traffic for the weekend—carrying zipper packs of the day's till, and food vendors snapped down their metal awnings. So, too, would Carole pack up for the night and leave to get ready for the real fun.

Growing up in Dareville, she'd always enjoyed the annual Black Rose Festival. Though the event coincided with other Halloween festivities to allow for locals and visitors to enjoy cool weather, this year the Virginia heat had yet to give way. Today felt no different than the hottest day in August.

Good for foot traffic to her booth, Carole decided, thinking of all the complimentary hand fans she'd given out to passersby. You couldn't turn your head on Main Street without seeing somebody flap the *Dareville Shopper* logo on a round, blue cardboard flat. Now, if all of those people would subscribe to the damn paper when the festival ended...

Carole grabbed her money box and ledger filled with names of those who had signed up for home delivery, leaving the rest of the booth's contents unsecured. Everything there was earmarked to be given away anyway, no skin off her nose if she came to an empty booth tomorrow. Only one thing occupied her thoughts now, and that was preparing for the first ever Vamp Ball associated with the festival. She could still picture the dazzling posters displayed around town—the exotic imagery of lithe, Gothic fairies and demons entwined in passionate embrace. That Brady Garriston, the famous rock musician and Dareville

resident, planned the event and intended to perform told Carole this was one party she couldn't miss.

If the rumors she'd heard about Brady's sexual exploits proved true—his open marriage to a Dareville native, the orgies at this home—she could only imagine what to expect tonight. Her nipples tightened at the prospect of arriving at the local VFW Hall hosting the bash, downright sexy in her wicked fallen angel costume, and latching onto a gorgeous demon for some incredible sex. Yes, the Black Rose Festival was okay for the kids, but at twenty-two Carole yearned for some adult fun.

"Excuse me?"

Carole turned sharply at the voice, and all thoughts of vamps, tramps, and fucking slipped away. Almost, at least. The beautiful red-haired vision standing before the booth must have stepped out of one of the *Shopper's* weekend color supplements. She could be a model easily with her flawless skin and enchanting green-gray eyes, and a slender build off which her low-slung jeans and cut-off tee hung nicely.

Carole swallowed and inhaled to steady her heartbeat. She liked men, definitely, but that never stopped her from admiring the occasional female form or playing the "barsexual" with friends to rile up male cohorts. One as sweet as this, though, could definitely tempt her to completely switch teams.

She looked close to Carole's age, shy with her hand gestures but generous with a smile. She waved a cell phone at Carole. "Is there a drugstore nearby, someplace where I can get a phone card? I'm out of minutes."

"Sure," Carole said. "Jake's Organic sells those." Why did her hands shake as she collected her things? "That's where I parked, I could walk you there."

And maybe we'll get a soda after the show. Jeez, girl, could you sound any more like a dope?

"Cool." The young woman stepped back and watched Carole round the booth to the street. Carole noticed the appraisal in her eyes, as though she were sizing up Carole.

"I'm Carole Douglas, by the way." She extended her free hand and felt the warmth of the other woman's strong grip. She introduced herself as Bella Reeve and they started a slow trek toward the grocery.

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“This festival was great,” Bella said, keeping in step. “This is an annual thing?”

Carole nodded. “I guess you’re not from around here. Black Rose has gone on for as long as I can remember.”

Bella shook her head and volunteered no further clues as to her origins. Carole gave a soft shrug and did her best to fill in the silence. “Well, the way I learned it, back in the pre-Colonial times of Dareville there was a woman named Rose Smith whom everyone thought was a witch. Everybody called her Black Rose, because people believed she caused crops and farm animals to die just by walking past them.”

“Damn.” They came upon a discarded cola can, which Bella picked up and tossed in a nearby, bulging waste bin. What mugger would clean up the town streets? “And you celebrate that?”

“Not exactly,” Carole said, laughing. “Rather than just burn her at the stake like other towns did with their ‘witches’,” she emphasized the word with bent fingers, still unsure of the actual Rose’s guilt, “the townspeople decided to run her out of town. Rose said she’d go willingly if they would throw a big party for her first, make her feel like she had some friends. So they did, had a big celebration with food and games, and the next day she disappeared.”

“Wild.” Bella looked at her, thoughtful. Carole felt the urge to turn away from her stare. The skin on her arms prickled and flushed with sudden modesty. “Did it work?” Bella asked.

“For a while, I guess.” She could see Jake’s store just in the distance. “Way the story goes, everything was fine for a few years, then the crops started dying again. Since there weren’t any witches left in town to blame, they decided to have another festival and see if it helped. That sort of morphed into the Black Rose weekend we have now.”

“Guess it did, otherwise you wouldn’t keep having it,” Bella said.

“Either that, or we’re just a party town.” *Right.*

They came to the storefront and paused. Carole shuffled her feet and clasped her hands behind her, much like a teenage boy debating whether or not to steal a kiss at the end of the date. Why her heart throbbed and her clit pulsed she couldn’t fathom.

Carole liked men—loved men, no doubt about that. Yet, Bella was quite beautiful—movie star quality crossed with a genial nature. Plus the woman smelled nice, giving off the sweet aroma of honeysuckle from a shampoo or body lotion.

“Well, I hope the crops don’t die this year,” Bella said, sharing Carole’s laugh. “Though I have to tell you, I didn’t see many driving in.”

She must have come in from the toll road then—which told Carole that Bella likely wasn’t from the beach.

“We do fine,” Carole said, gesturing to the store. “All home grown.”

“I actually came up for this. I’m a big Brady Garriston fan.” Bella crooked her neck at a Vamp Ball poster taped to one of the sliding doors. “You going?”

Carole’s heart sped up at that, and the prospect of seeing Bella again. “Got my ticket the day they went on sale. Wouldn’t miss it for anything.”

Bella smiled two rows of perfect white teeth. “I’ll see you there then.”

I guess so. Bella slipped into the store for her cell phone card, while Carole waved awkwardly after her and tried to shake the image in her head of Bella in a sexy, low-cut vampire dress.

* * * *

Once, twice, twenty times she checked her reflection in her vanity mirror for telltale mascara smudges and traces of crooked lipstick. She looked incredible, so assured her growing sense of self-worth. The tightened, laced-up white corset of her fallen angel outfit matched the gleaming shade of her vinyl miniskirt and white fishnets, accentuating her full curves and light brown skin. Thick-soled white boots stretched up her calves and lent an extra four inches to her five-foot-five height. A broken halo, into which she’d woven a few cloth black roses, rested atop her billowing, shoulder-length curls. The gauzy white wings, trimmed with black marabou and veined with black lace, waited on the couch. They wouldn’t survive the drive to the party on her back, so she would affix them upon arrival.

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Per her new ritual, she consulted the clock on her laptop after primping, only to discover two whole minutes had passed since her last peek. Much like life in Dareville, time crawled with excruciating agony.

The doors of the VFW opened at seven, ten minutes from now. Carole wished not to appear too eager, so she willed herself to commit to leaving her apartment fifteen after the hour, jumping into the party midstream.

How to kill twenty-odd minutes, though? Television yielded nothing of interest...like she could pay attention to anything else aside from her excitement over the Vamp Ball. The idea of grinding against a packed house of sweating, scantily-clad bodies set her senses aflame.

She took a seat at her desk, leaning back in her swivel chair and hooking a thick heel over a drawer handle. Her body thrummed, aching for the animalistic sexual contact the night promised.

She skimmed fingers over her exposed bosom, dipping into one cup to capture a nipple. She rolled the hardened little knob between her fingers, thinking of creamy, dreamy Bella Reeve. How would she recognize the fair redhead this evening? Carole hadn't thought to ask Bella, either, if she had a date to the ball. A shadow of disappoint fell over her thoughts at the realization Bella might not be unattached.

Why am I thinking that? She, with the Daniel Craig screensaver and stack of tattered romance novels about to avalanche from her nightstand to her bed, each graced with a rippling, washboard hard chest dusted with flowing, masculine manes? To think of it now, Carole couldn't recall picking up on a Sapphic vibe from Bella, so why be bothered by it? Why even think about those piercing eyes assessing every thread of Carole's skimpy costume, mentally undressing her, and reaching out with those soft, slender fingers to tangle in her curls—

Carole scooted her ass forward so that her skirt slid back up her thighs, further exposing the tiny patch of a black lace thong. Her anticipation of tonight had caused the material to soak, and she inhaled her tangy scent. She might have to change panties before leaving...or maybe just go commando.

Now, though, she moved to the bed and stretched with languorous delight, arching her hips upward as she eased the hem of her skirt to her waist and exposed her moist pussy. Hooking her thumbs under the thin black band, she looped the thong through her legs and slingshot the dampened delicates toward the hamper across the room. Inside the drawer of her nightstand rested her favorite vibrator and a small bottle of lube—the perfect time-killer.

Drawing her upper body to recline against propped-up pillows, Carole traced the buzzing, bullet-shaped head of the pink vibe up and down her parted inner lips. The taunting maneuver enhanced the ache inside her, and she hummed with approval at the ensuing, delicious torture. She imagined another's fingers—Bella's, Brady Garriston's, anybody's—in its place, rubbing and flicking and kneading her clit with practiced fury. Just as Carole prepared to teeter backwards into the abyss of an explosive orgasm, she lifted the vibe from her body. Her pussy clenched and twitched at the denial, and the heat of her desire quickly evaporated from her skin. No worries, though, it would return with renewed vigor soon enough.

She gasped, plunging the hard shaft deep into her pussy while her free hand strummed her clit to the beat of her imagination. Tongues replaced fingers, fingers instead pinched nipples, and Carole closed her eyes to see Bella's face buried in the juncture between her thighs, her own lids fluttering as she became lost in her ecstasy. Carole's orgasm burned and built around the vibe quickly, exploding in a violent rush that nearly launched Carole off the bed. She cried out her day's frustration, releasing her impatience and lust and allowing for the opportunity to relax and enjoy the Vamp Ball.

And, perhaps, another mind-blowing orgasm afterward...triggered by somebody else.

* * * *

On pulling up to the VFW Hall, Carole cursed her inclination toward fashionable tardiness. Recovering in the afterglow of her motivational "exercise" with her battery-operated boyfriend had added five extra minutes to her allotted

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wait time. Close to eight, cars bloated the dirt lot in front of the hall, forcing Carole to park a quarter-mile down the road.

Finally at the door, she surrendered her ticket and received her impenetrable paper wristband. The soles of her feet felt unfashionably blistered in her high-heeled boots.

Once inside, however, any frustrations and aches dissolved at the scene unfolded before her. This place looked nothing like the drab, wood-paneled hall where she'd once sat in a stiff green jumper for Girl Scout meetings. Black velvet glittering with tiny twinkle lights draped the walls, and unseen fog machines pumped opaque clouds of vanilla-scented mist across the floor—at the center of which was set a raised area covered by blinking neon tiles where people danced. Carole stared in wonder for a few seconds and expected Tony Manero to alight any second to squire some lucky girl around its perimeter in a sexy tango hustle.

She saw two full bars stationed at either side of the hall, and the concert stage in the back by the dance floor. Brady Garriston and his band, however, weren't playing. She noticed a DJ's booth with turntables at one corner, the presumed opening act. No matter to the crowd, they gyrated and twisted to the thumping beat of a Beyonce remix.

Oh, and the people...and their costumes! Carnivale and Halloween collided on this sticky night. All shapes, sizes, and colors fluttered and slithered *en masse* in a variety of silks and leathers—some elaborately designed and stitched, others obviously pieced together from bits of leftover holiday outfits. Limited in budget, but nonetheless attractive.

Despite the abundance of working central air, every person nudging past Carole on the way to dance or drink glowed with a faint sheen of sweat. She tasted the salted air, growing dizzy with the collective erotically charged musk of the two hundred or so partygoers, undecided as to where to go first.

So she surged forward, slicing into the crowd shoulder first, glancing back often to see her wings battered and bending against the crush of people. They would be nothing more than shreds of gauze clinging to warped wire frames at night's end, she feared, but quickly shook away her distress once she hit the dance floor. She hadn't spent too much on them anyway, though

she would have preferred to have them destroyed in the heat of passion...ripped from her body by a horny demon intent on ravishing her.

A demon...or a vampire? The dance floor provided a delicious buffet of fantastic creatures: werewolves, devils, night stalkers, and shapely cat women in low-cut unitards.

One song segued into another, sewn together by the same bass-heavy house mix beat. Carole raised her arms and swayed her hips, responding with sensual fervor to every body seeking to share her personal space. A tall black man, head shorn and dressed to resemble a Hell's Angel, brushed his denim-clad groin against her backside. Carole delighted in the nudge of his hardening cock, pleased to think she had a hand—ass, tits?—in helping it along. Smiling over her shoulder at him, she bent slightly to tease him with a slow swivel. They ground together for several seconds before the tone of the music changed and he drifted off to another partner.

Damn. She supposed the one challenge to swinging must be to know how far out to swing and when to stop. He was cute, too, and quickly sucked into the vortex, perhaps never to be seen by her again. *Ah well*, Carole kept dancing and reminded herself that the night was young. Plenty of time for this fallen angel to claim a soul.

She looked up and her heart stopped. Among the sea of heads bobbing and thrashing to the music moved a familiar red top. Carole tried to stand on tip-toe to see better, wincing at the spongy sensation of a blister as the ball of one foot rolled forward. Mercifully the crowd before her parted just enough to reveal Bella, breathtaking as a Gothic vampire in a black brocaded corset, skin-tight shorts, and black lace stockings held with garter straps. A broad smile displayed elongated fangs at either end of her lips, colored bright red and tempting against the pale of her skin. Good enough to eat, and be eaten.

"Bella! Over here!" Her words faded into the background. Carole couldn't hear herself for the music, and neither did Bella. The red-haired vampire half-strutted, half-danced back into the crowd, disappearing behind a pair of psychedelic butterflies.

Damn. Carole surged forward to find her. If nothing happened between them, at the very least Bella was the only

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other person she recognized here. It would be nice to chat a bit, warm up before the main attraction of finding a mate.

She was three steps into her trek when the music ground to sudden silence and the overhead strobes momentarily dimmed. The mirrorball over the dance floor continued its slow spin, spilling droplets of light over the cheering revelers. Carole turned toward the stage, anticipating the star attraction.

Brady Garriston appeared under a lone spotlight, normal and casual in simple jeans and a tight white tee. Without his piano to conceal him, he resembled a giant onstage. Then again, Carole had an enviable vantage point close to the stage, where nobody blocked her view of the setup or other approaching musicians. She tuned out the jubilant applause and catcalls as a tall, lean blond took up a bass guitar and a short, curly-haired man settled behind the drums.

Eventually the crowd settled down to let Brady address them. He grasped the mic stand and tilted it forward. "You vamps and scamps havin' a good time tonight?" After the obligatory eruption faded, he chuckled and said, "Glad to hear it, thanks for coming out. Let's just hope a garlic and wooden stake truck doesn't break down outside and ruin it."

A collective groan, then Brady added, "Yeah, I know. Good thing I'm a better at music than comedy, so we're going to get right to it. But first," and here the overhead light faded to allow a brightening footlight to shine, lending eerie shadows and a ghoulish appearance to Brady, "let's take a moment to remember why we're here, and the not-so-forgotten soul for whom we celebrate this day..."

He ducked into the surrounding dark, and another figure stepped forward. Carole's breath left her body. There stood Bella, calm and beautiful with her hands pressed together as if in prayer. Carole took note of her shapely legs, accented by dark high heels, and her pert, milk-white bosom encased in the form-fitting top.

A series of low bass notes vibrated the floor, setting the tone for what Carole expected to be a Poe-like preamble to Brady's show. Bella bared her fangs and stepped up to the mic, just as the crowd noise dwindled to an awed hush.

She spoke slowly, her voice husky and melodic:

*Deep in the heart of Old Virginia
Where naught the bravest man goes,
Demon shadows swirl 'round the one
Cursed with the name of Black Rose.*

*Where she wanders, over hills and dale,
The specter of despair follows.
What once thrived now shrivels and dies,
Bowing victims of the Black Rose.*

Catcalls and whistles punctuated every verse of Bella's song-poem, made all the more haunting as the bass player thumped a sinister rhythm. Somewhere in the back a drunk man shouted a crude proposition, and Carole willed him to silence or unconsciousness. Bella's ethereal presence onstage enraptured her, and for a second she swore the red-haired fairy spotted her in the crowd.

Bella drew her lips into an open, hungry smile, exposing her fangs:

*To preserve our life, to spare the witch
Her praises we sing, in verse and prose.
We'll lift our tankards and drink 'til dawn,
Every toast we give to Black Rose.*

*Heed my words, you demons and vamps,
You time will come, the good Lord knows.
A prosperous life ye all shall enjoy
When ye pay your respects to Black Rose!*

Bella sounded the final line in a higher pitch, which signaled Brady's guitar from the darkness. The band erupted into one of his earlier hits, an appropriate hard rock anthem about spooks and shadows that set the crowd to cheering. Carole bounced and danced to the beat, all the while keeping watch for Bella, who had shrunk into the background rather quickly.

In seconds, the young woman faded entirely, leaving Carole to realize how alone she felt among the bodies pressing against

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her. Without a second thought for her costume shop wings, she eased past dancers and swaying bodies, finding freedom in a pocket of space just off the raised dance floor. She grabbed a drink of water from an ice-filled tub at one drink station and surveyed the hall for possible exits. Bella was nowhere in sight, and Carole surmised she might have slipped out for some air. She had to have baked underneath those stage lights.

With her eyes she followed the line of velvet curtain running the length of one wall and realized it had been set up to leave some room on the other side—presumably for the band to have some privacy in between sets. Seeing no imposing guards with thick, folded arms guarding the area between stage and partition, she casually walked a short length of the curtain, feeling for a gap through which she could slide. Soon she stood on the other side, allowing for a few seconds to pass so her eyes could adjust to the darkness of the makeshift alley against the back wall of the venue.

Illuminated before her, a bright red EXIT sign beckoned. Underneath that stood two figures molded together in passionate embrace. Carole stepped forward slowly, her heart pounding in time to the music. Perhaps Bella had a date after all, somebody who waited in the wings to congratulate her on a job well intoned.

She relaxed, however, on seeing two familiar women—neither one Bella—leaning against the wall, kissing and giggling. One, a waifish blonde in a slinky red minidress, caught Carole's eye and turned to smile.

"What 'cha need?" she shouted over the din.

Carole motioned to the door, using a hand to mimic the international sign for "I need a smoke." The two understood immediately and gave her berth to leave.

"Just keep your bracelet on so you can get back in," the woman instructed as Carole nodded and darted past. Anything else she had to say was cut off by the curt slam of the heavy door, which muffled the Vamp Ball and sealed Carole from the adult fun she'd craved for weeks, yet now found unsatisfying with the absence of a beautiful, lithe redhead.

* * * *

She found Bella lingering by a thick oak to one side of the building. In the distance people roamed the parking lot, perched on bumpers and hoods as the glow of red ash spots danced like demonic fireflies in the night. Carole thought at first Bella was talking to somebody on a cell phone and hovered a few feet away to give her some privacy, but after a few seconds she realized the woman hummed her Black Rose song to herself.

Suddenly she stopped and flashed Carole a vampire smile. "You look wonderful," she said. "I love the trim and the wings."

"Thanks." Carole let out a short, nervous laugh. "Same to you. Totally demonic."

Bella stepped away from the tree and obliged with a vampy pose. From the lot a man shouted, "Nice poem, Stevie Nicks!" and Bella waved a dismissive hand in response.

"You having a good time?" she asked Carole.

I am now. "Yeah, just getting some air. It's a neon sauna in there."

"I know. Let's cool off for a bit."

Bella set off, trudging deeper into the grassy field behind the VFW hall. Carole found it a challenge to negotiate the soft ground beneath her heels, but managed a decent cadence that kept her in pace with the other woman.

"That was a good opening," she said. "Really set the mood."

"Thanks." Bella cast her a shy smile.

"So do you know Brady Garriston? That's kind of cool."

Bella crooked her neck back toward the building. "I know his drummer, he's the one who got my ticket when the ball sold out. I didn't know I'd be onstage until, like, a few minutes beforehand."

"Really?"

"Yah." She nodded vigorously, eyes wide. Carole caught their brilliance even as walked farther from the lighted lot. "The girl they originally had doing it didn't show, and I had three minutes to memorize that damn poem. Good thing it was short."

"I'll say. You do pretty good under pressure."

"I'm ready to relax now."

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Bella came to a sudden stop, and Carole let a few seconds pass in silence so her vision could adapt to the dark. About two feet ahead of them, the weeping branches of a thick-trunked willow hung limp, unmoved by the breeze.

“You know where we are, don’t you?” Bella’s voice took on a secretive tone that sent chills down Carole’s back.

“We’re...behind the VFW Hall,” she said. “I’ve been coming here all my life for various things. It’s just a place.”

“You think so?” Bella moved to stand with her back against the trunk. Carole could clearly make out the other woman’s shape, especially her smooth skin exposed by the skimpy costume.

“I asked my friend why they were having the Vamp Ball here, when they could have done it in a bigger venue, or someplace with better acoustics,” Bella began, but Carole cut her off before she could finish.

“Wouldn’t make sense to do it in Virginia Beach. It’s a Dareville festival, and there’s really not a lot of places for a big event. Though,” she added, “I guess they could have done an outdoor concert at the park.” The open space would certainly have diluted the sensuality of the closed-in feeling the hall provided, however. Carole pictured the same group dancing in the grass at Dareville Memorial Park, stumbling in soft spots and rogue gopher holes.

Bella shook her head; her tresses flowed with the movement. “This,” she pointed to the ground, “is where the Black Rose lived. When they were planning this thing they went over some of the old town ledgers and maps, and according to one of the earliest censuses Rose Smith had a home on this plot of land.”

“No shit?” Carole looked around instinctively. “I’m surprised there isn’t a marker or something, as much as we commemorate Black Rose.”

“Maybe the town doesn’t want to encourage kids to hold rituals or other devilish activities.” Bella’s voice highlighted a playful gesture—fingers waggling as though to threaten a touch. Carole laughed in kind and wondered fleeting how those hands would feel kneading her shoulders or breasts.

“Since she’s not buried here, I doubt anybody would be able to raise her from the dead,” Carole said, and swallowed when Bella quietly closed in on her.

“How do you she isn’t?” Bella asked softly.

“Er—” She took a step back. Bella had come into better focus now. Inches away, in the dark, the outline of her face and lips softened and looked rather inviting.

Carole recovered quickly and cast her gaze downward. Now Bella’s luscious legs tempted her. “Well, she left town, didn’t she?” she posed. “Who knows where she ended up?”

“She could have come back.”

“We don’t really know.”

Bella took another step. Her bare arm brushed just against Carole’s. *Zing!* A heated ache pooled low in Carole’s pussy.

“That second festival could have been a welcome home party for Rose,” Bella said, “and every one afterward a celebration to remind the people of her vindication.”

“Doesn’t sound like the legends I’m used to hearing.”

“Of course not. Witches are always supposed to be wicked and friendless in fairy tales. The truth doesn’t necessarily enter into it, and nobody really cares why we have parties so long as they’re fun.”

Bella took her hand, and Carole thought her knees might give way. She trembled despite the warm night and wondered why. She wanted this, wanted *something* to happen at this ball, and Bella certainly fit the bill. Yet the sinister atmosphere surrounding them worried her. Whom had she known inside the hall to miss her now? Those two women who’d directed her outside probably hadn’t given her a second thought afterward.

“You up for some fun, Carole?” Bella asked, licking her lips.

“Always.” Endangered or not, she wished she didn’t sound so meek.

Bella laughed. “You don’t sound ready.” But as she pulled Carole to her the mirth died away and her breath thickened. They brushed past a low-hanging limb and she guided Carole to lean against the trunk, her hands cupped on Carole’s hips.

“You’re warm,” she observed. “You *feel* ready.”

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Bring it on. Carole wanted to say it, but having Bella within kissing distance muted her. When the redhead finally leaned in to engage in a soft lip-lock Carole arched her back, pushing her breasts against the soft body jockeying for a comfortable position.

There went the wings. Carole heard tearing, but she didn't give a damn.

Bella moaned and melted into Carole, lining up with her perfectly—breasts to breasts, pelvis to pelvis, one leg hooked between Carole's to keep them together. Her hands explored Carole's bare décolletage while Carole dared to grasp Bella's backside. The shorts the other woman wore appeared painted on, yet as Carole smoothed her palms over the material she detected a bit of wiggle room, and dipped her fingers underneath the thin hems to stroke Bella's flesh.

"Mmm."

Bella's tongue teased her, probing her mouth gently as she pursed her lips and relaxed again. Carole had kissed quite a few girls in her day, yet all had been just for show—emotionless and sloppy. Bella proved herself an expert, nipping with her vampire fangs and delving and encouraging Carole to reciprocate her ministrations. Feeling braver, Carole slid one hand up Bella's buttocks and slipped under the waistband of the tight shorts. Latex, nice and stretchy. Carole smiled into the kiss when Bella obligingly spread her legs and allowed her to reach under the swell of her to finger her pussy.

Bella was sticky, warm, and ready. Carole's own pussy twitched in response, and she imagined Bella thought the same of her when Bella's hand came down to cup Carole's mound under the miniskirt. Fingers pushed past the strip of thong underwear and through the wide holes of Carole's fishnets.

Their mouths broke free and Bella chuckled. "Oh yeah, you're ready, alright," she said, and eased a finger into Carole's slick channel. "Tight one, too."

Carole closed her eyes and clamped down on Bella, loving how her pussy muscles drew the other woman deep inside her. Bella accommodated by adding two more fingers, pumping slowly, while another brushed Carole's clit.

“Ooh!” The shock swept through her. She couldn’t believe she was out here, enjoying such a passionate clutch with a woman she barely knew, out in the open where anybody could find them. Like hell would she pull away and see about getting Bella home—who could wait that long?

She watched the rhythmic rise and fall of Bella’s corseted body and grabbed at one of the cups to free a breast. Bending her head down, she popped the exposed nipple in her mouth and sucked hard, earning a loud groan of approval and more intense attention to her clit.

“God, yes!” Bella swiveled to one side and thrust her crotch against Carole’s thigh, rubbing her covered pussy for much-needed relief. “I’m gonna come just from you doing that.”

The same honeysuckle scent Carole savored earlier that day magnified in her taste of Bella. She’d never gone this far with a woman before, but had licked her share of male pecs, and Bella beat them all handily. She flicked her tongue rapidly against Bella’s nipple until it hardened, then kissed a trail across to the other breast, moving the corset away with her chin.

All the while, Bella continued to finger-fuck her. Carole sensed the first tingle of an approaching orgasm and sighed. No question that the woman knew how to give pleasure. Carole only hoped Bella’s declaration was sincere.

“I want to taste all of you,” she whispered on Bella’s skin. So what if they rolled in the grass and leaves and ruined their costumes? Carole wanted to rip hers completely away and leave no inch of skin untouched by Bella’s embrace.

“Good idea. C’mere.”

Carole whimpered when Bella stopped touching her and moved away. She pressed her thighs together to keep her pussy slick and ready for Bella, who had stepped deeper into the dark, searching the ground.

“Here,” Bella said finally, and shed her shorts and rolled down her stockings over her boots. Carole enjoyed the outline of the redhead’s round, firm ass, just visible in the moonlight.

“Wish we had a blanket or something,” Bella added as she laid the shorts on the grass.

“Use these.” The wings came off with none of the care Carole had for them earlier in the day. Coupled with her

miniskirt and discarded underthings, lined with Bella's clothing, they created a makeshift pad where the both could sit without getting too messy.

Planted on the wings, Bella guided Carole to straddle her right thigh. She stroked Carole's smooth pussy lips, dipping between to folds to catch her clit again. "Love a girl who shaves," she murmured. "You can touch me, too. It's okay."

"Right." Carole let out a short, nervous laugh, then reciprocated Bella's caress. Bella shaved as well, and her pussy felt no different than her own—it was almost like being at home with her battery-operated friend. She explored the outer and inner labia, noting where Bella appeared the wettest and what spots she enjoyed having touched. When she found Bella's clit she kept her thumb pressed there, watching for her new lover's reaction.

"Perfect." Bella sucked air through her teeth, then maneuvered them until she now straddled Carole, thighs spread apart to allow their mounds to press together. Bella propped herself with the heel of one hand anchored behind her while the other had Carole at the small of her back. In this position, their breasts rubbed together—Bella's bare nipples against Carole's corset.

"Hang on." Carole had Bella by the nape of the neck, but free a hand long enough to push down the white, lacey cups of her bustier. Now, with the added friction between their more sensitive parts, Carole's body shivered with enhanced pleasure.

"Slowly, like this," Bella urged, and began a slow grind against Carole's clit that nearly launched her into orbit. Carole copied the movement, clockwise to counter Bella, and let her head fall back to catch a light breeze kicking up the willow's branches. Never before had she experienced such wanton, spontaneous play—definitely a reason to celebrate, and not just during a once a year festival. With Bella sharing her body so intimately with her, Carole felt alive and sexy...

...and ready to explode.

"Damn." She picked up the pace and Bella followed suit. The quiver of her pending orgasm fluttered low in her pussy, expanded by the friction of their grinding rhythm. It didn't take long for Carole to tip over the edge and when she did she let out

a deep wail that could certainly have wakened old Rose Smith were she buried nearby.

Soon Bella cried her own release and launched forward to wrap her arms around Carole. With their legs still tangled, they kissed fiercely and writhed together to ride every last shockwave. Carole gasped for air while Bella clamped down on her left breast and sucked, dragging those fake fangs gently down her skin.

“Shit, that was good!” Really, she’d never come so hard in her life—not with a man, not by her own hand. Bella’s magic touch had clearly spoiled her for anyone waiting in the wings.

A touch of sadness constricted her heart at that thought. What next, after this, Carole wondered. Bella, not being a local, would eventually go away...did Carole want her to? She’d come to the Vamp Ball looking for a good time, a fling to satisfy her raging lust, but how could she walk from this incredible sensation and not want more of it?

Worse, what if this meant nothing more to Bella than a hot time with a horny chick? What did she really expect, anyway? She hadn’t come to the party looking for happily ever after.

Didn’t mean she didn’t *want* it, though.

Bella lifted her head and kissed the tip of Carole’s nose. “You know,” she said, nearly out of breath, “if we get dressed now we can catch the rest of the show.”

“We could.” Carole palmed Bella’s bare ass, noting how the other woman didn’t appear that anxious to move.

“Or,” Bella kissed Carole’s chin, “we could take our own party somewhere else.”

“I like that idea better.” Carole groaned. “I only wish I didn’t have to get up early to man that damned booth.”

Bella laughed. “Yeah, I can think of more fun things to do than hand out newspapers.” She paused a moment, then asked, “Can you have company?”

Carole raised an eyebrow. “You like newspapers that much.”

“I like girls who work at newspapers,” Bella said softly, “I suppose I should read one while I’m here. The *Shopper* has want ads, right?”

Carole smiled. “You bet.”

WHERE ANGELS DARE TO TREAD

Rising carefully, the two dusted off what belongings they could at least wear to Carole's car, leaving behind a tattered pair of wings to mark the spot where a delicious demon and a fallen angel dared to tread.

About the Author

Leigh Ellwood writes spicy romances and sassy mysteries. She is the creator of the award-winning Dareville series for Phaze Books, as well as numerous shorts for other small publishers. Readers are invited to visit her website for more information on Leigh's books.

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