

Excerpt from “Amy Brodeur: A First Time for Everything”

Amy ascended the stone steps, pausing briefly to be impressed by the vaulted double-door in front of her. She only had the barest moment, though, before the doors began to swing outward, showing an even more lavish interior.

But Amy couldn't focus on the architecture for long. Not when it was competing with the delicious decoration that was bowed to her in welcome. His skin was the color of warm milk chocolate, and the way his lean muscles shifted beneath that flawless mocha skin made her think of the commercials that showed hot cocoa being poured in slow motion. He was lithe and toned, and carried himself with the sort of physical grace and mastery that only years of practice and attention could produce.

His hair was a platinum blond. Worn long on his left side and shorn bare on the right, it flowed over his left shoulder in pearlescent waves, catching the light of the afternoon sun and throwing it back somehow even more brilliantly.

His clothing, what little there was of it, matched his hair in color. He wore dancer's silks of some middle-eastern tradition, and they suited him extraordinarily well, their light, weightless motion barely keeping up with his own grace.

“Good afternoon, Mademoiselle Brodeur.” His voice was just as smooth as his skin. Deeper in tone than his lithe frame would suggest, his French tinged with the barest hint of a near-eastern accent. “Or do you prefer Amalie?” He turned his face up to meet hers, and the beauty of his delicate yet firmly masculine features nearly set Amy to swoon. The roguish smile on his beautiful face matched the brilliance of his hair. While the perfect whites of his teeth caught Amy's eyes first, his entire visage was a thing of perfection. Long, almond-shaped eyes adorned with just a hint of cosmetics to enhance the natural shine of his pale green irises. Full soft lips, painted with just a hint of light gold, contrasted against a sharp, firm jawline.

“I uh,” she started, already feeling like a love struck little girl in the presence of this purest icon of sensual grace. Even once again speaking her native tongue, she felt at a loss for words. “‘Amy’ is fine. Thanks.” All of her wit, all her naturally domineering presence practically evaporated in the face of such human perfection.

“Is anything the matter, Amy?” He rose from his bow, his perfect lips curved into a slight frown as his eyes grew somehow more expressive in their concern.

“No, uh, it's nothing,” Amy stammered, lying again. Everything was the matter. All of this, the pomp, the glitz. It wasn't her. This wasn't her style at all! Just what kind of a world had she gotten herself into?

“Mademoiselle, you seem stressed.” The gorgeous boy, that divine human creature, approached, placing one of his hands on her shoulder. He then took her own hand into his and pressed it to his chest. His warm, smooth, firm, perfect chest. “Please, give all your worries and cares to me.” His voice. Amy could live in the soft, basso embrace of that voice for the rest of her life. “I know that this place can be a little overwhelming at first, even to someone as

powerful and regal as yourself. There is no shame in being a little awestruck at what lies before you.”

Amy couldn't tell if he was talking about the school or himself, but his assurances did help. There was an intimidation factor to this place. That had to be part of her sponsor's plan to keep her off balance with his largesse. She needed to master it, not let it control her. Her waxing resolve brought her voice back along with it. “You are quite the stunning specimen. You'll have to excuse me for staring...” she let the sentence hang as an invitation to get his name.

“Please, call me Rahaat. Or Rahi. Whichever you feel suits me best.” He released Amy's hand, much to her own sorrow, and gave another bow. His hair draped down the side of his face as he stood again, and the fluid grace with which he drew it behind his ear set Amy's heart ablaze once again. “Would you care to begin your tour, Amy? Or do you require refreshment first?”

A million little images shot through Amy's mind of ways in which he could “refresh” her. Those lips alone could likely work miracles. She quelled them as best she could.

“Something to drink would be lovely, Rahi.” Amy had no idea what the difference between the names was, but the softer one seemed just slightly more appropriate for this lithe, statuesque presence.

“Of course, Amy. If you would please follow me, we can head to the cafeteria first.” Rahi gave a flourished bow as he directed Amy forward down a nearby hall.

Even as she was being led along such a lavish interior, Amy's eyes simply could not leave her guide's luscious form. His every step was poetry. A smooth, perfect arc of movement from one footfall to the next. His entire body swayed in ideal harmony with itself. Knees to hips to waist to shoulders to arms, all working in concert to create a resplendent kinetic symphony.

Rahi led her into a large dining hall. There were at least ten tables, each set with a stunning array of dishware, placed before equally lavish chairs. The room smelled delightfully of food, the scents of the kitchen filling the large space with an appetizing aroma. Amy had eaten just before after getting off the plane in Salzburg. Even then, the sheer quality and quantity of the scents on offer gave her stomach cause to pique.

Upon reaching the entry to the kitchen, Rahi turned with a florid motion. “What would Mademoiselle prefer to drink?”

“Oh.” Amy couldn't help but be startled once again as she was reminded just who she was spending time with. Would all of the servant class here be like this? So pleasant to see and hear and touch? “Apple juice would be lovely.”

“Of course, Mademoiselle.” Rahi backed into the kitchen with a bow, leaving Amy to take in other, lesser splendours in his absence.

The room was vast in its majesty. Vaulted ceilings supported a pair of enormous electric chandeliers which filled the room with a warm, golden light. The ceiling was done up in intricate murals, a pastoral scene of shepherds and their flocks, another in a similarly quaint and gorgeous countryside, portraying a carriage not unlike the one that Amy rode in on. The walls were intricately-cut stonework adorned with hung tapestries. For the first time, she noticed the rich

burgundy carpet beneath her feet. Having spent her fair share of time working in cafes, Amy did not envy the poor souls who had to try and get the food stains out of the lush carpeting.

Her mind wandered to Rahi being put to such a task, and she couldn't prevent herself biting her lip as the fantasy played out. Rahi, on his hands and knees, his muscles flowing like molten chocolate as he scrubbed away at the stain. Her flogger tapping against his ass, incentivizing him to work that little bit harder for her pleasure. His gorgeous hair, draping down, clashing against the dark tone of the carpet just as it did against his perfect skin.

"Your apple juice, Mademoiselle." Rahi's voice spoke from a few steps back, just far enough to not make it feel like he was sneaking up on her.

"Ah, thank you very much, Rahi." Amy turned to face him, and she was glad that color didn't show too clearly on her face, or she was certain that Rahi would realize that she was having untoward thoughts. He still favored her with another roguish grin, which set her heart and loins alight in equal measure. He didn't know, did he? How could he?

"You seem somewhat distracted, Mademoiselle" Rahi's grin persisted as he pulled one of the dining chairs from beneath the table. "Can I offer you a seat? Maybe begin to discuss your place here?"