

The Devil's Details – Chapter 6

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Chapter Six

There was something incredibly lush about the entire surroundings as they descended from the main auditorium into the belly of the building that held the backstage meet and greet. The entire walk felt like being in the long tracking shot in Martin Scorsese's "Goodfellas," with such a wild mixture of people all around them. They were by far the only people being brought back for the meet and greet, and Tabby was certain she could see politicians, movie stars and athletes in the minor crowd around them. A few people had taken note of Kelly, although she'd done her best to be polite but also dismissive, as if she just wanted to enjoy her evening like anyone else, and while one fan had taken a bit more discouragement than the rest, eventually everyone had gotten the hint and let them be.

No matter how lush and decadent a performance may seem, the very best backstage areas just about anywhere were rarely more than a step above a fifth grade cafeteria, with tables and chairs sort of scattered haphazardly around the space, many of them simple wire bends with only the barest of cushions on top of them. There were a few long flimsy tables with thin tablecloths thrown over them, stapled to the tops, and a meager selection of crackers, cheeses and meats, but it was clear the food was not meant to be the draw. It never was for events like this. No, the draw was in the people getting a chance to hobnob with performers whose work they'd greatly enjoyed.

It would have been easy for Tabby, Roni and Kelly to go up to Charlie Carmichael early on in the meet and greet, but that would've just painted them as overly eager, something Tabby was determined not to let herself be categorized as. Besides, not rushing meant Tabby could have a chance to observe Charlie in a social setting before deciding to make her move, and within just a few minutes, she was very glad she'd chosen the wait and see approach.

Unlike many of the other performers, Charlie had an immediate sense of joy to her. Many of the performers would immediately launch into a diatribe about how woefully misunderstood they were as an artist, or how confining it was to be performing a piece with no room for individualism or personal expression, wanting to focus on how, given the chance, they could do so much more than the options they were being afforded.

Charlie was as far on the other side of the spectrum from those grumps as she could get. She was humble, far more humble than any performer Tabby had ever met before. She constantly espoused how thankful she was just for the opportunity to perform with such talented musicians. She spoke highly about how much she enjoyed performing, and how this show in particular introduced her to a composer she wasn't familiar with before they had started rehearsals, but that she had come to pick up his entire catalog, and how it had set her down a path she'd never even imagined getting into, with soul-funk-jazz being her new favorite thing.

There were no hints of reservation, no whiffs of critique for her fellow performers or the conductor himself. In fact, the smile on Charlie's face didn't fade at all over the course of the evening, even in the face of some people trying to get her to complain about something. She focused on the

Her improved senses let Tabitha listen in on a number of the other conversations around the room, and it seemed like shit talking was the top priority for most of the musicians, with relentless self-promotion coming in a close second. Many of the musicians were happy enough to dunk on other members of the orchestra, the composer, the host of the party or even the city itself. They were all happy to be complaining about something, as if it was the only sort of conversation that came to them naturally, and if they weren't complaining, they didn't really have much else in the way to talk about.

But not in the entire time while they were slowly circling in on Charlie did Tabby once overhear her talking poorly of anyone. She was posh and erudite, well-spoken and generally happy to talk about whatever the people who'd just approached her were interested in, whether it be discussing her background or how it felt to be breaking so many glass ceilings all at once. And despite all the praise

being thrust upon her, she did her best to redistribute that praise to those around her, to make sure that people knew she was simply one person in a massive team effort.

This wasn't a one-off for Charlie either, Tabitha could overhear. She'd been a regular for many of the charities around the NYC circuit, spending time feeding the homeless at soup kitchens, delivering toys to orphaned children and even putting in manual labor hours building homes with Habitat For Humanity.

"We're *certain* this woman's a nephilim, Roni?" Tabitha asked her assistant, scowling over a delicious scampi appetizer that she'd plucked off a shelf. "And you're *sure* that bit of information about her predilections is correct?"

If looks could kill, Veronica's glare back would've slain hundreds. "You may question my tastes, ma'am, or my preferences or even my sense of style, but never, *ever* question the accuracy of my research. If I learned one lesson true and clear from your mother, if you intend to aim at the top, you had better not miss, because you only get one shot, and nobody's ever going to give you time to reload. Yes, my information is accurate."

"And she's *never* been with a woman before?"

"She had a threeway once with one of her college roommates and her roommate's boyfriend when they were both pretty drunk, just so she could say she'd had some wild college times, but no, she's too focused on the other thing," Veronica replied.

"Women can handle that also," Tabitha said with a mischievous grin. "In fact, I'm looking forward to hearing from her mouth why she's so particularly in to that one aspect."

"Well, the party is starting to wind down a little, Mistress, so if we don't make our approach soon, we may just miss her. It sounds like she's starting to consider making her exit for the night."

"Then let's not allow her to pass without making time for us, Roni," Tabitha said, as the three women began moving in for the kill on their prey.

Charlie's flush bust was even more impressive up close, and it was clear the top portion of the dress was straining a bit against those lush curves, and the fabric was doing its best to try and hold it all together. Tabitha could even see the hint of Charlie's nipples straining against the dress.

"Your performance was masterful, Miss Carmichael," Tabby said to her as the three of them moved to cut off a number of the other people from the conversation, the advantage of having two women operating as bouncers, pushing the other people away from them. It didn't take too much effort, as it seemed like the remaining people were gravitating towards conductor, who had a long lineage. It was the perfect time, as the party was dwindling quickly, and the number of people in the area was getting sparse. "I'm not all that familiar with the composer, but I have to admit, it did have a certain sort of panache to it. He was something of a big deal in the 70s, but his star dwindled a bit over the years. I understand he had something of resurgence late in his life after some of his works were sampled by hip hop artists."

"Absolutely," Charlie responded with a genuine smile. "I didn't realize until after I'd started digging into his portfolio that I'd grown up hearing some of his music sampled by Dr. Dre, among other people. It was a delight mixing the new school with the old school. You are...?"

"Tabitha St. Cloud. I'm an attorney with Ariton, Oriens & Associates. We're a private services firm that handles anything our clients need."

Charlie's smile widened a little bit. "That doesn't sound at *all* ominous, does it, love? Dare I even ask you to delve further into what sort of services those are?"

"Oh, you know," Veronica said with a grin. "Lawsuits, defense motions, blackmail, assassinations, whatever our clients find themselves in the need of. We don't judge their needs, simply fill them."

"Even *more* sinister sounding."

"That's just how lawyers like to play it," Kelly laughed. "They figure the less they tell you, the more you'll insinuate on your own *for* them, and your imagination does all the fucking work of scaring

you shitless.”

“Are you a regular patron of the Philharmonic, Miss St. Cloud?” Charlie asked her, that posh British lilt just ever so enticing.

“Not as often as I'd like, but we made a special effort to come and see you,” Tabby said, finally settling on how she wanted to make her approach to this woman. “Because you're something special and I'd like to show you just *how* special.”

Charlie looked a little cautious, as Tabby had expected she would. “Now, I'm *sure* I don't have any idea of what you're talking about...”

“May I see your hand, please? Just for a moment. I promise not to harm you in any way, shape or form, and I'm a woman of my word,” Tabby said with a sultry smile.

She could see Charlie considering her options for a moment, knowing that her hands were the most valuable asset she had, but she the feeling of security surrounded by the people she worked had whittled down but were still plentiful enough that she didn't hesitate for too long before she reached a hand out to Tabby.

Tabby took the woman's hand in her own, and she closed her fingertips around Charlie's darker skin, and took a deep breath. “You're used to looking at the world one way. Let me show you another. Close your eyes, count to ten, take a deep breath and then open your eyes again. What you'll see is going to surprise you, I promise you that.”

Charlie did as instructed and while she did, Tabitha used her new abilities to peel the veil off her eyes. It was something that Tabby knew was going to shock the woman, so she didn't let go of her hand, because she was expecting Charlie to gasp.

When the musician opened her eyes, not a single sound escaped her mouth because she was holding her breath. For the first time, she could see the the world around her as it truly was, and her eyes could not seem to peel away from Veronica, who was whipping her tail in front of her for dramatic effect, that devil's smile on her lips widening just a little bit.

“Is that...” were the first words to escape Charlie's mouth.

“It is,” Tabitha answered, not letting either of her girls get a word in edgewise. “But that's not all. Look at my eyes, at my partner's Kelly's eyes... then, take a look at your own in this mirror...” Tabitha held up a little make up compact mirror for Charlie to look at herself in, and saw the woman's eyes widen a little when she noticed the golden glow coming from the edges of her gaze.

“What... what *am* I?”

“Perhaps we should move our conversation to somewhere a bit more private instead of staying here in the middle of everyone,” Tabitha said politely.

“What the hell is *that*?” Charlie whispered, pointing behind Veronica's shoulder, off in the distance, which made Tabitha and Veronica turn to look.

On the wall, near the high ceiling, there was a large six-legged rocky creature slowly moving across the brickwork. It looked vaguely spiderish (except for the incorrect number of legs) although there was also a greenish sea foam colored symbol on the center of its back, something strange and formidable looking.

“I... have no idea what that is,” Tabitha admitted, having completely missed the creature the entire time she'd been waiting to introduce herself to Charlie. “Roni?”

“It's a muse's guardian,” Veronica said after considering the creature for a long moment. “I imagine one of the muses regularly finds herself lingering around the Philharmonic, and decided she wanted to have a bit of protection strolling around the place.”

“There's no such thing as an *actual* muse,” Charlie said, still staring at the creature as it moved in a slow pattern around the lip where the ceiling met the wall, as if making sure there weren't any intruders or threats. “...Is there?”

“Did you believe in devils sixty seconds ago?” Tabitha said with a sultry grace.

“Uh, bollocks,” Charlie muttered. “I suppose not.”

“Then maybe let's not go passing judgment on any other mystical beings or creatures for the time being,” Tabitha shrugged. “Shall we?”

“Where are you going to take me?”

“To my lair, to do insidious and wicked things with you,” Tabitha freely admitted.

“Why me?”

“Because my dear, you're a nephilim. I'll tell you more along the way.”

One of the things Tabitha had to admit was that the apartment she'd commandeered from Veronica was easily accessible and quick to reach from most parts of the city without too much effort, so they barely had time to talk in the back of the limo before they were arriving at the building, taking a long, slow elevator ride up to the apartment.

As soon as they reached Tabby's new home, Charlie laid in with the questions. “So what the hell is a nephilim?” she said, making a beeline for Veronica's very well-stocked bar, pouring herself a glass of what looked like equal parts vodka and orange juice. “Am I a demon?”

“Demon is such a... gauche term,” Tabitha said with a chuckle, heading over to pour herself a generous glass of lovely scotch whiskey. “Demons are just angels who had a disagreement with management at one point, so the difference between angelic blood and demonic blood is... arbitrary, at best. Virtually non-existent, if others are to be believed. But yes, you could argue that you're part demon, or part angel, or both. But you're also part human. Nephilim describes those with human blood and either angelic or demonic blood intermingled. You're generally capable of great things. The genetic boost lets you accomplish incredibly difficult tasks with ease.”

“Are you saying my skills are not my own?” Charlie said, with possibly the first frown Tabitha had seen upon the woman's face.

“Not at all,” Veronica replied, kicking off her heels as Kelly headed out of the room and down the hall to her own bedroom. The athlete had asked if Tabitha wanted her around for Charlie's welcoming party, but Tabby had insisted this time it was best to keep it light and simple. “It just means things will come more naturally to you, and that you'll be capable of greater extremes than most people will be. The training, the discipline needed to utilize such skills? That'll all require the same thing it does for anyone else – hard work and practice.”

“I'm sure you've got a reason to be showing me all this,” Charlie said to Tabitha, the smile returning once more. “I can only imagine if something like this is hidden from the world, then a great deal of effort has gone into ensuring it stays hidden.”

“I'm gathering a little consortium,” Tabitha said with a smile, slipping out of her own shoes. “People of like-minded interests, where nephilim can look after one another. Under my oversight, naturally, but I like to think I offer very compelling benefits.”

“Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?” Charlie asked, a touch of nervousness to her voice, her blinding confidence wavering just a wobble.

“Sexual benefits,” Tabby replied, licking her lips. “For both you and I.”

“I... I've never been with a woman before.”

“Would you like to?” Tabby asked invitingly. “I won't judge you about your sexual predilections, unlike most men, and you'll find I'm... quite gifted.”

Charlie inhaled a slow breath, her fingers curling into tiny fists before she forced them to relax, debating about leaping over this cliff headfirst or not before seeming to make her mind up. “What'll it cost me? Am I going to have to give up the symphony? Because I don't think I can do that...”

“No no, my dear,” Tabitha said, flitting her hand through the air. “You'll simply belong to me first and foremost. I won't make you sign a contract in blood. I won't come claiming your soul after your eventual demise. But while you walk this earth, you put me above and before all others, your own personal alpha and omega. In return, I'll give you a support group of other nephilim who will understand your plight, whom you can talk with and play with, as long as I've given permission, of course. You'll be given a few minor markings, showing that you belong to me, but both will be

respectful and easy to conceal among polite company. But that's it. A trivial thing in exchange for a lifetime of bliss and love.”

Charlie paused, considering her options, letting the idea roll around inside of her head for a moment before turning her gaze back onto Tabitha. “Alright, you first.”

Tabitha might have thought it presumptuous, but the willingness to step forward and embrace it felt an open invitation, and an opportunity for Tabitha to continue her pitch, so she lifted her left arm and reached over with her right to drag down the concealed zipper, slowly lowering it to let the dress itself loosen up before falling to the floor. She hadn't bothered to put on anything underneath – it had only seemed like a waste of time.

Her naked form began approaching Charlie as the darker skinned woman held her breath a little, removing her own dress to reveal a very utilitarian bra and panty set, shaded in dark lavender. Tabitha's skin was a light shade of brown, like hot cocoa with a good amount of whipped cream mixed into it, while Charlie's skin was definitely a few shades darker, like coffee with only a splash of milk in it.

Charlie grinned a little bit as Tabitha got close, but Charlie only moved to push the woman down into a couch, letting her lift one leg up and over an arm of the chair as Charlie dropped down to her knees and began to flick her tongue along the top of Tabitha's slit while slowly pushing two slender fingers inside of the woman's cunt.

Tabby moaned a little bit, licking her lips with a smile as she leaned her head back. “For a woman who's not been with another woman before, you certainly know your way around a twat.”

“Mmm...” Charlie said with a little giggle. “It's just like playing with myself, but with a better angle for looking. Now take a deep breath. If you've not done this before, it'll feel a little strange, but you'll learn to love it.”

Tabitha pushed a large section of her mane out of her face before looking down, gasping a little as she felt one of the musician's fingers poking at her backdoor, her anus puckering just a little in response before she did her best to force her body to relax, allowing Charlie's finger to invade her rectum, making Tabitha shudder a bit at the unexpected pleasure of it.

“I thought this was purely a male fascination,” Tabby groaned, her teeth catching her bottom lip in a pout.

“It's an area of your body full of nerves that so rarely get treated to sensations,” Charlie said, almost lecturing. “Which is why it's going to feel so wild when I do this.”

Tabitha almost wanted to look down, but decided to not spoil the surprise, feeling Charlie's finger slipping out before an odd sensation tickled around the edge of her asshole, sending a harsh shiver up her spine as she realized Charlie was running her tongue against the clenched hole, feeling it squeeze around the very tip of her tongue as she tried to push it inside of Tabitha's ass.

Veronica had simply been watching at this point, but moved over to kneel on the couch next to Tabby, leaning down to offer what she clearly intended to be a soft kiss, but Tabitha had other ideas in mind, grabbing a fistful of hair in her slender fingers, causing Veronica to yelp a little in startled surprise, but the sound of moans from her lips immediately blended together with Tabitha's, the two lip locked and tongue tangled as Charlie continued to introduce Tabitha to these new sensations. As Charlie's fingers pressed against the walls of Tabby's pussy, she found herself galloping towards an orgasm so intense, it had overtaken her before she had even known it was approaching, the moment on top of her before she could even react, simply embracing the sensations of it, a loud and primal squeal of pleasure escaping her lips into Veronica's mouth, Tabitha doing her best to finger the demoness, having basically yanked her panties aside so she could shove three fingers into Roni, two inside the demon's cunt and one inside of her ass, as if wanting to involve her in this new discovery.

As soon as Tabby could breathe again, she pulled Charlie's head away from between her legs and yanked her up on top of her belly, the three women tangled up in one giant mess as Tabby pressed her lips hard against Charlie's, making the darker woman squeak a little in surprise. The three women let their hands explore all over each other, Tabby reaching behind Charlie to pop open the clasp on her

bralette, making it fall effortlessly onto the couch, exposing dark thick stiff nipples, one of which was already pierced with a graceful silver barbell through it, a surprise to Tabby, who'd considered the musician far too prim and proper for such a thing.

Tabitha extricated herself from the tangle of bodies before making her way over to a series of drawers on an island in one corner of the room, pulling the drawer open before grabbing a strap on and harness from it, sliding it into place as she looked over and saw Veronica and Charlie making out, Veronica moving to position Charlie's hips over the arm of the couch, as Roni moved up onto her knees.

Once Tabby had the strapon fastened securely in place, she grabbed a tube of clear lube from the drawer and drizzled it heavily over the rubber phallus, reaching down to give it a few strokes, smearing it all over the surface of it, smiling a little as the sensation made the base of it press down on her own clit in a rather delightful fashion. She also grabbed a knife from the top of the counter, as she headed over towards Charlie, reaching down to cut off the woman's panties with two quick lifts of the knife, casting the blade aside immediately after only to take the tube and glaze the woman's cleft with some of the clear Astroglide, making sure that her sphincter was drenched with the liquid as Tabby moved to press the artificial cock against Charlie's asshole and then shoved on forward just as Veronica's lips pressed hard against Charlie's, so the whorish moan was squelched but not entirely muffled, a wash of goosebumps racing up Charlie from the small of her back to her neck.

"God, fuck yes," Charlie hoarsely said, her lips still somewhat against Veronica's so the words weren't entirely clear. "Go on. Hammer my ass. Fucking give it to me."

Tabitha tilted her head a little with a curious smile. She'd intended to take it easy, but if the musician wanted it hard, she didn't want to disappoint, so her hands grabbed onto Charlie's hips and held her solidly in place as Tabitha forced that fake dick deep into Charlie's ass, making those plump asscheeks jiggle and ripple when she smacked into them with her hips, Charlie's head tilting back.

Tabby could only imagine how much the woman's hefty tits must've bounced when she'd been smacked into by Tabby's thrust, but decided to do so again, drawing back, sliding almost all of the prosthetic out before jabbing it back deep inside of her once more, making Charlie squeal in delight. Charlie even bent one leg at the knee backwards, calf folded up against thigh, as she wheezed and panted for breath.

The pace was originally going to be slow, but any time Tabitha tried to ease off on the tempo, Charlie did her best to back her ass up harder onto the rubber strapon, forcing the fake cock back into her guts once more, which made Tabby's grin widen.

Once it became clear that Charlie wasn't going to back down, Tabby decided to set the pace as a dance number rather than a waltz, with a quick beat and a fast rhythm without rest or pause, and before she knew it, Tabby could feel a splatter of clear liquid jetting from Charlie's pussy against Tabby's calves and thighs as she started to squirt, howling out in shrieks of orgasm that would've set her neighbors afright if Roni hadn't soundproofed the walls. It wasn't much longer after that that the stimulation of the base of the strapon against her own clit set off an orgasm in her own body, just as it seemed like Charlie was in the throes of a second.

Once all three women were mostly holding still, Tabitha slowly slipped the rubber dildo out of Charlie's ass, the musician giving a little whimper as she felt it leave her body, although there might have been the tiniest undercurrent of relief hidden among the harmonics.

"Now I have to ask yourself, will you give yourself over to me?" Tabitha said, smoothing her hand along Charlie's back.

"If I can have a lifetime of that level of pleasure? Fuck yes. I will give you my everything."

"This will sting a little, but it will seal our compact," Tabitha said, focusing on her thumb, bringing a bit of magical heat to that digit.

"What's a little pain?"

Tabitha considered putting it in the small of Charlie's back, just as she had with Roni and Kelly,

but decided a little a variation would be for the best and moved to Charlie's hip, just below the top of the hip bone, and brought her thumb down, drawing that sTc logo she'd applied to her two other captures, Charlie hissing a bit at the pain, although it was gone as quickly as it had appeared. "Now go and put some robes on, dears, and Roni, summon the adjudicators, will you? I need to get another win chalked up in my column as soon as possible."

"Adjudicators?" Charlie asked in confusion.

"A couple of old gods are going to come take a look at that brand and add their own tiny markings of it," Tabitha said. "I'll explain the whole game to you later, but it's a marker of completion, a sign that we belong together."

"Mmm," Charlie giggled, finally moving to stand up, although her stance was a little unstable. "You know you're going to have to take a turn on the receiving end of that sooner or later, don't you? And hopefully you'll let me be the one wearing it."

"I'd often considered anal to be a male fascination," Tabitha said, sliding out of the harness, dropping it casually in the sink so it could be washed and cleaned before being put away. "But I must confess, you did seem to enjoy it very much indeed."

"Men get things right now and then," Charlie said. She started to walk with Veronica before pausing, stopping to look back, tilting her head. "You... you were kidding when you said a couple of old gods were coming up to meet us... right?"

"You saw the muses's guardian with your own two eyes," Tabitha chuckled. "What the hell do you think?"