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A HAUGHTY  
COURTESAN

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

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## Chapter 1

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**I**n the house of Madam Olivia Dustin, a masquerade was underway. Highborn lords were hiding behind masks, trying to conceal their identities from each other. Everyone was aware of who was present, yet all of them wanted to keep the charade of not knowing the presence of their neighbor, friend or family members.

The reason for their shame was the establishment where the current festivities were held.

It was a brothel.

An expensive one, and reputable for discretion.

The girls working at the brothel of Madam Olivia Dustin were highly paid. All the working girls were skilled in their trade and were some of the prettiest girls in the whole town. Nobility and merchants flocked towards the place every day.

Among these girls was one girl who was a favorite of the madam and the countless admirers who kept an eye on her every move.

And why wouldn't they?

Her every move was a tale of sensuality and seduction.

Her name was Rose.

She had been living in the establishment ever since she was six years old when the madam picked her up from the streets and took her under her wing. In the beginning, she carried messages for the madam and became a courtesan once she came of age.

Under the tutelage of Madam Olivia Dustin, Rose had become the most sought-after courtesan from the very first day of her life as a courtesan. At the age of twenty-six, she was skilled like no other in her line of trade.

Her crowd of admirers increased day by day and so did her pride. She was beautiful. No one could deny it, but the fame had made her a bitter person towards others. She considered herself superior to others and maybe, in some ways, she was better than the other girls.

Her skin was alabaster, and her lips always painted like a red rose. Her thick, onyx locks reaching her slim waist ensnared countless men in their trap. When she batted her thick lashes, a myriad of hearts stopped beating. Her violet eyes changed color as the lighting changed and it slew many in their wake.

Beauty was her weapon and she knew how to wield it.

It had been a long time since she began work as a courtesan, but never in that time did she yearn for a different lifestyle. Unlike many people, she liked her line of work. It provided a kind of freedom that was rare in a male dominant society.

At the masquerade, she was wearing a garland of roses in her hair and a mischievous smile on her face. She moved with a gait of a skilled courtesan from one person to another, hunting for her prey.

“Beautiful Rose, you look ravishing in the costume of Flora.”

She smiled at the man hiding behind the mask of a wolf. The only visible features through the mask were his lips and green eyes. The man was wearing a black tailored coat with golden embroidery and grey breeches... a complete ensemble for someone representing a grey, feral beast.

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She would have never recognized the man, but the ring on his hand gave away his identity.

“Lord Doris,” she said coquettishly. “I should have known you would come as a wolf.” She leaned towards him suggestively and dragged a slender finger across his chest. “Deadly and clever.”

Lord Franklin Doris was an Earl. He came to their establishment less frequently than others, but he always came with a heavy purse. He was a favorite of the madam for his generosity, but he was not favored by the courtesans because he was a careless brute.

She knew he would never harm her because he would have to answer to Madam Olivia, and no one wished such fate upon themselves. Madam Olivia kept high-ranking officials in her pockets and one word from her could ruin the life of any nobleman.

“And ready to devour,” he drawled.

Her lips curled into a crooked sensual smile and she bit her bottom lip between her teeth.

“We are all here for your pleasure, my lord.”

Lord Doris did not miss the suggestive look she was throwing his way. He grinned at her before eyeing her leisurely from top to bottom with the gaze of a predator.

“Is that so?” he asked roguishly.

“Point to anyone and see for yourself,” she said in a sensual manner.

He leaned towards her ear and she pretended to shudder as his warm breath teased her lobe.

“The only thing I came here for is standing right in front of me,” he said. “Why should I bother looking elsewhere?”

When he straightened, she batted her thick eyelashes... casting her bait of deceptive innocence. Her innocent face always worked in her favor. Men fell at her feet in droves because of her ageless beauty.

“I am flattered,” she responded.

Her small gesture had the desired effect she had been looking for. His Adam’s apple moved up and down.

She had piqued his interest.

He had taken the bait.

“I usually don’t visit twice in a week, but for you, I will make an exception,” he said.

“I will be waiting for you, eagerly,” she purred.

He reached out to catch her, but she was quicker than he anticipated and all he could manage to grab was air.

“One kiss is all I ask this fine evening,” Lord Doris said.

She winked before turning her back on him. She was quick because it was not the first time she was luring a customer. She knew how to play this game of erotic teasing.

“You know the rules, Lord Doris,” she said. “Rose does not kiss her customers.”

It was true. Rose would allow the customers to do anything, but never let them taste her lips. She never offered any explanation, but it increased her allure, and everyone assumed it was the reason.

Maybe it was. Maybe it wasn’t. Who knew what Rose really hoped to gain? She was a proud girl with a big ego and all her other traits, good or bad, dimmed behind her bitter nature. No one cared to ask her why she was reluctant to kiss anyone.

She prowled through the party, searching for other gentlemen who would take an interest in her. Her eyes and ears were on alert for any subtle sign of interest from the guests.

She felt rather than saw a gentleman’s gaze penetrating her skin. From the corner of her eyes, she observed two men standing in a corner. One of them was wearing a mask of a white feathered bird while the other was wearing a mask of a devil. She knew the first one, but the latter was a first comer.

She stood near a pillar, knowing full well the gentleman in the

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devil mask was interested in her and would sooner or later approach her.

It was an old routine... an old dance she had been performing for a long time.

She knew and so did everyone else that no one could resist the allure of Rose.