

MARCIN BRZOSTOWSKI

HOT DAGGER OF THE SPANISH TEMPTRESS



Marcin Brzostowski

Hot Dagger

of the Spanish Temptress

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When inspector Franco Fog opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was a canvas depicting a nude ginger-haired beauty cuddling a bunch of wild flowers against her breasts. A moment later, his nostrils caught the smell of an intense feminine perfume and, willy-nilly, he attempted to recall where and with whom he had spent the previous night. It seemed quite obvious that the bed he had slept in was not his. What is more, he was not able to remember the name of the owner of the incapacitating fragrance – the fragrance that was reigning over everything his eyes could embrace. When he sat up and started buttoning up his shirt, he remembered that right before midnight he was at the ‘Night Walker’ club, famous for exquisite drinks and equally uncommon clientele. He was sitting by the bar and sipping vodka with a slice of lemon when suddenly, right in front of his eyes, he noticed a chessboard with chessmen set with surgical precision. At that very moment, a young brunette came up to him, grasped his glass and, without saying a word, she made the first move in the game. She beat him in a few simple moves, drank up his vodka and, looking meaningfully at the door, suggested leaving the place together. When they got out into the street, the girl pulled him by his old-fashioned tie and provoked him to a passionate kiss which evoked his genuine desire. Then, they got into his faithful Mustang and rushed to the address pointed out by the girl. Unfortunately, everything that happened later on, despite numerous attempts made by the inspector, still remained to him a sweet and incredibly alluring mystery.

Smiling faintly, Franco Fog stood up and, searching for a drinks cabinet, he looked around the spacious and tastefully furnished living-room. There were two sofas and some armchairs but his eyes stopped at a small bookcase and numerous pictures hanging around. The majority of them were exquisite marine aquarelles, but the most impressive pictures were the nudes. Some were painted with an incredible assiduity and even such a layman as Franco Fog had to appreciate the craft of the artist. Some of the paintings were visibly different in style; they looked as if they were painted just with simple and random brushstrokes. The inspector was savoring the wonders of nature he was exposed to, but even the excessive feminine beauty could not quench the thirst growing in him. Despite his strongest efforts, he could not find the drinks cabinet and with painful expression, he opened a huge glass door leading to the terrace. He made a few steps and only then he understood he was quite far from the centre of Warsaw. The view was awesome. The Vistula River and a small bay were revealing to him all their beauty. There was also a path crossing the property and leading straight to the banks of the bay, and a small pier where a motorboat and a tandem canoe were moored. Franco Fog saw on the horizon, exactly in the place where the bay waters and the river current were meeting, an elderly man sitting in a boat and beginning the day with relaxing fishing. The sight of a fisherman at dawn seemed strangely familiar to him, yet at that moment the inspector was unable to assign it to any picture he had in his mind. Franco Fog felt jealous of the ease the man in the boat was experiencing and decided to go back into the living-room to find some bottle as quickly as possible, even if it had to be only a bottle of cold water.

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The inspector closed the terrace door, straightened up his trousers, and once more looked around in the search of something to drink. The reconnaissance ended with a fiasco and when he was just about to sum it up with some crude curse, he noticed a young brunette who just came into the living-room through the front door. He could scent her seductive perfume even more distinctly than before and had to put a great effort in keeping a stone face. He knew she was a woman fully aware of her charms which, as he correctly presumed, turned the world of men upside down. He did not want to be just another cheap prey of her, so he expressionlessly nodded her hello and glanced carefully at her perfect figure emphasised by a beautiful floral dress. The girl returned the smile, dropped a curtsy like a schoolgirl and said:

“Morning, senior. I wanted to wish you a good day.”

The brunette’s words were like a balm to Franco Fog. They immediately soothed his headache and the unsatisfied thirst. The old stager did not want to reveal his admiration, though. He replied plainly:

“Morning, stranger.”

The girl took his words in silence, put her hands on her rounded hips and, looking straight into her interlocutor’s eyes, she asked:

“A beautiful stranger, or an ugly stranger?”

“Does it matter?”

“Yes, it does. Very much.”