



WAKE ME UP

Caitlyn Willows

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Chapter One

The history surrounding the old house on the hill was sketchy at best. It was well over one hundred years old and perched in the center of a grassy, oak-spotted hill that was really more of a knoll than a hill. As with all old houses, children were frightened with tales of it being haunted – a rumor started generations before by one of the loose ladies of the house and perpetuated by adults since then to keep adventurous kids away from the property. It didn't seem to stop them from decorating it with toilet paper on rowdy midnight excursions.

Seeing the white streamers marring the glory of the old Victorian mansion always wounded Isabelle Larsen's heart. How anyone could disrespect such a glorious place was beyond her. Each time it happened, she'd be the one to remove the blight. Doing so had earned her no end of teasing from her friends and classmates growing up. She often wondered if they hadn't vandalized the yard just to torment her and see her out there cleaning it up. Isabelle happily ignored them. She loved the place and had from the instant she'd defied parental dictates and crossed the threshold.

A winding cobblestone driveway large enough for two cars to pass each other threaded its way up the sloping rise. For the more stout-hearted, bricks set into the black earth provided a more direct stairway to the front lawn. Isabelle had traveled both, depending on

her mood at the time. If she wanted a leisurely stroll, she walked the drive. If she couldn't wait to see the place, she took the steps. Tonight she took the steps, absentmindedly counting each brick as she trotted upward, backpack slung over her shoulders. The light from the full moon guided her way.

She'd toiled to keep the stairs and the driveway accessible, painstakingly pulling up errant blades of grass and weeds. At some point she'd hired a local man to come by once a week to trim the lawn. A house this beautiful deserved care, and she'd been doing just that since she was twelve years old – thirteen years ago.

At first everyone thought she was nuts. Isabelle could recite every argument by heart. Why would a kid want to clean house? Why take care of a house that wasn't hers? What if the owners find out? What if she got hurt? And her favorite – maybe the house was haunted and had possessed her. She always smiled at that one. Her response to them all had been to smile and say, "Maybe it has."

As the years passed, the comments died. Everyone seemed to accept that she'd become obsessed with the place. A few family members and friends had even tried to find out who owned it so Isabelle could buy it. That would have been a dream come true. But each query had failed. The aloof owner – the mysterious Daniel Braddock Estate – wasn't interested in selling. Odd that her attempts to purchase it never brought him – or her, or them, or any representative thereof – around to investigate her handiwork on the place. She'd always fantasized that the owner would be so grateful for her meticulous and loving care, that he would have no choice but to grant the deed to her. She obviously loved the house more than the owner. After all, she visited it nearly every day and had yet to see another soul there besides the landscaper she'd hired to cut the grass. Even her hope to snatch it up in a tax lien sale never came to fruition. The taxes were paid in full, on time, every year by the company.

Isabelle had researched the home's history until she was blue. The most she'd ever been able to glean was that a Penelope Marsden, a single woman, owned and operated the Victorian around 1880. Upon her death it then passed into the hands of Thomas Braddock,

who seemed to have disappeared during the Spanish-American War – no record of death, just disappeared. He did, however, have the foresight to deed the house to his younger brother Daniel...who also simply disappeared a few years later. That didn't help the house's reputation any. Isabelle had made the mistake of confiding in her friends about the mystery. That led to speculation that it was Penelope who haunted the house. She became the notorious madam who devoured the souls of men who inhabited the place.

Idiots.

She'd kept her speculations to herself after that. People just didn't disappear for no reason. They moved away, they died, they procreated... The Daniel Braddock Estate seemed evidence of that. Someone obviously planned for something, had an heir, or heirs. She shook the rambling thoughts aside. Her mind needed to be clear tonight, not jumbled with a puzzle that had thwarted her for years.

Isabelle topped the steps and paused at the edge of a lawn so thick it could have been carpet. Moonlight bathed the three-story house in a wash of silver that suggested magic. She took that as a sign...a blessing for what she was about to do. At night, with the moonlight over the old structure, the wear on the place wasn't as apparent. Isabelle's expertise and pocketbook only went so far. She could keep the interior clean and pest-free – quite a feat when there was no running water or electricity – but outside the best she could do was keep the yard up, brush the cobwebs from the shingles, and nail the loose shutters back into place. Oh...and keep the windows sparkling, at least the ones she could reach.

She allowed herself a smile. She refused to give up. One day this house would be hers. Her efforts had to win her that right at some point. She hated the thought that she might eventually grow tired of the place and the battle to own it and just move on in her life – as the owners obviously had. It'd be like deserting an old, trusted friend – a friend whose help she desperately needed tonight.

Isabelle continued on. The plush lawn cushioned her steps. Spanish moss wafted from the ancient oak trees as if in greeting. All was silent except for the hint of a breeze rustling

the leaves. The birds that helped brighten the yard during the day were tucked away for the night. Their songs would wake her come morning, if disappointment didn't take her home before then.

She refused to entertain the possibility of failure, refused to consider how illogical her actions might seem. She was desperate. Where else could she turn except to the house she'd loved all these years? She'd cared for it as if it were her very own, loved it as no one else did; surely that devotion would be returned.

Her sneakers tapped against the cobblestone drive as she left the lawn. Five marble steps gleamed white in the moonlight. She trotted up those and paused on the old wooden porch. The swing at the end rocked slowly to and fro. How many lovers had sat there? If she let her imagination wander, Isabelle would say their ghostly presence watched her from it. But in all this time, no spirit had made any appearance whatsoever.

She retrieved the skeleton key from beneath the garden rock where she'd first found it years ago. Entering the house at age twelve had earned her a memorable trip over her father's lap – not for the first or last time. No matter how hard he'd spank her with hand, belt, or paddle, Isabelle couldn't stay away. If anything, the spankings hurt him more than her.

"I can beat her black and blue, but she's still going to go there," she'd heard him tell her mother. *"There has to be a better solution."*

The solution was that she had to tell them when she visited. And they'd lived happily ever after, more or less. Her parents still worried. A time or two she'd seen them follow her, but they never stopped her visits.

Isabelle shoved the key into the lock and clicked it open. The door swung open on well-oiled hinges. It'd taken two cans of WD-40 to make the squeals and groans disappear. Unfortunately, there hadn't been anything she could do about the wooden floors. They creaked with every step. At least they were clean now.

Her first visit inside the house left her a dust-covered, cobweb-draped mess. Isabelle laughed. Every visit left her that way until she'd finally decided to clean it. She'd dusted, swept, and polished all she could. Took the rugs, drapes, and upholstered furniture outside and beat the filth from them all; scrubbed the grime from the windows inside and out. Everything might be threadbare and worn, but it was at least somewhat clean.

Isabelle shut the door behind her and levered her backpack from her shoulders. The grandfather clock greeted her; its hands frozen at the twelve o'clock position. She'd polished and shined it until it gleamed; fixing it was beyond her expertise. She'd flirted with the idea of hiring someone to come in, but since she didn't own the place, she wasn't sure that was a wise move. No one minded that the yard and house were kept in order. That benefited the neighborhood by keeping the rodent population at bay and the yard from being a true eyesore. However, openly acknowledging she'd actually breached the front door was a different issue. Though the temptation to do so in the hope it would drag the owner out made her consider it, the threat that it might backfire and she'd never see the house again convinced her it was foolhardy.

Isabelle pulled in a deep breath. The wild berry air fresheners she'd placed here three days ago put a crisp, fresh scent throughout the house. She stood in the foyer while she absorbed the house's energy. Warmth surrounded her, not in temperature but in feeling. Leaving her backpack by the door, she picked up the box of safety matches from the Queen Anne console and lit the lanterns on either side of it before wandering into the main parlor and lighting all the candles there, too. The golden, flickering flames added coziness to the warmth she'd perceived. It was going to be a wonderful night. She just knew it. By the time she left in the morning, all her needs and most of her wishes would be fulfilled.

The staircase, dark and gleaming, beckoned her upward as she returned to the foyer. Was that how previous occupants and guests felt? Drawn into the very heart of the house? Or did they prefer to wander into the basement playroom just off the wine cellar to engage in harder sex play? Every bondage toy in existence was down there.

Isabelle laughed to herself. She'd thought it was a dungeon when she'd first seen it. Whips, chains, collars, cuffs, tables, and racks...they all stirred something deep inside her. She'd like to say it was curiosity, but the heat in her blood told her it was much more than that. What would her father say if he knew each time he'd spanked her that she'd imagined she was in that "dungeon" being punished. Even at her tender age, aspects of the room inspired her imagination and excited her in ways she'd eventually learned were sexual in nature. She'd initially let her mind wander there to shut out the pain and humiliation of being bare-bottomed over her father's lap. What it had done instead was give Isabelle her first taste of adult horny.

Poor Dad.

She spent as much time exploring that naughty basement playroom as she had the rest of the house. Laid out naked on the rack, arms and legs spread wide, she'd close her eyes and imagine the hand whip laid across her bare ass.

Her breath quickened at the thought. Her pussy moistened with the throb of her clit. Yes, she'd imagined the fire building in her ass until she couldn't stand it any longer. Then she'd take the soft leather strap from its hook nearby, whip herself, and then rub it over her clitoris until she came.

How many others had "suffered" such a fate down there...or upstairs in one of the many lavishly decorated bedrooms? Each one boasted a huge four-poster bed carved from the very oaks that surrounded the house. Isabelle laughed to herself. That was her imagination talking. She knew the upstairs furnishings were made of cherry wood, but it added to the allure of the house to pretend the oaks were part of it. For all she knew, their wood could exist in the structure of this infamous building.

If the rumors were true, thousands had been pleased in those bedrooms. And, judging from the fact that the basement toys did exist, Isabelle had no reason to doubt those particular tales.

There was talk this beautiful building was once a whorehouse. Set away from the main city, protected by the oak sentries, it would have been a popular one...discreet. There were those who claimed it passed into the hands of the madam's nephew – or son, depending on who told the story. Thomas Braddock added to the home's hedonistic history, with grand orgies and parties where bondage and discipline were as prevalent as the food and wine that freely flowed.

As for the man himself, no one seemed to know what had become of him or his successor. Daniel Braddock simply disappeared one night in the early 1900s. Some said he ran off with the daughter of a wealthy banker. Some thought he might have met with an untimely end, perhaps while strapped to the same rack Isabelle indulged herself on. Some hinted that he'd gone into service during World War I and either died, or met a French bride and stayed in Europe. Maybe that's what happened to both men and their stories had become entangled over the years. This last speculation might explain why the house still remained cared for – perhaps a descendant who kept the place for sentimental reasons. That was so much more pleasing than to think the heirs battled over the old place. If only that person would come here, would see how much she loved this house...

She retrieved the backpack and walked into the parlor. Candlelight reflected off mirrors around the room and the double-tiered chandeliers overhead, brightening it as well as electricity would. This was her favorite room. Gold brocade flecked with splashes of red covered windows, chairs, and sofa. A black marbled fireplace veined with gold dominated the far wall. She'd love to see it alive with a toasty fire. She pictured herself entwined in the arms of a lover before it. A good lover, one who knew how to stoke a woman's fire. Not like those men she'd known thus far.

Isabelle glanced up at the portrait hanging above the mantel. Now there was a woman who knew what good loving was about. Black hair tumbled down her long back, revealing a glimpse of creamy white skin beneath. Her face was turned away, barely visibly from the shadows of whatever blocked the light. But it was obvious from the arch of her body she was

in the throes of pleasure. She stretched into the red covering that draped over her breast and one hip.

This is what Isabelle aspired to – intense pleasure at the hands of another. She'd even let her own black hair grow into a cascade of curls, hoping to somehow channel the woman's spirit. Doing so had definitely gotten her male attention, but none had possessed the skill her body craved. With any luck, that would change after tonight.

The alarm on her watch alerted Isabelle midnight was fast approaching. She had little time to prepare. Everything had to be ready for her to execute the spell when the moon was at its zenith.

Isabelle unzipped her backpack and started to lay out her materials. She'd done a little preparation the day before, moving furniture back so she'd have a large section of bare floor available. She wanted to do this before the fireplace with the woman's portrait in full view. Isabelle's desire was simple – to increase the sexual quality of her life, to find the perfect match for her. What better way to draw that to her than by appealing to the notorious qualities of this house. She'd given so much to the house; perhaps it was time to request something of it in return. The spell was sure to work. The woman at the New Age shop where she'd purchased the spell kit assured her it would be successful as long as she followed the directions.

She'd written down all she wished for and then committed the words to memory. The woman she'd bought the kit from still insisted Isabelle give the wording to her so she could write it down with the instructions. As she placed her white votive candles in a wide circle, she said the words again in her mind.

Your guidance and pleasure,

Please give to me.

Unfettered release at the hands of a pro,

One who'll be my love, my heart, my soul.

Across time I reach for you,

Wake me up inside,

Please give to me as I give to you.

So mote it be.

It didn't exactly rhyme. Okay...it didn't rhyme at all, but as she understood things, it was supposed to be from her heart, not English class. The Universe couldn't give a crap about anything else.

With the candles in place, Isabelle pulled out the red satin quilt she'd made for this occasion. She positioned it inside the circle with a half-liter bottle of spring water, a small clay bowl glazed in shades of green, and the spell kit in the center. All that was missing was her.

She toed off her sneakers and then stripped off red T-shirt, jeans, and underwear. The shop owner told her all spells were best given in the nude. Considering what Isabelle was trying to do, that made perfect sense to her. Besides, if the house was going to bless her with sexual wonders, it might be nice to show it what she had to work with.

Isabelle stepped into her nest as she skimmed her hands down her body. It wasn't perfect, but it would do...as long as she stayed out of sun without skin protection...and didn't make sweets and junk food her primary diet. The last thing she needed was to have her hourglass figure morph into the size and color of a cherry-red tomato. She might have more sand in her hourglass than some women, but at least she was mindful of how quickly that sand could shift.

Sitting cross-legged on the quilt, she crinkled open the brown paper bag that contained the items for the spell. The shop owner had been very specific that she not view the contents of the spell kit until she was ready to cast the spell. She then provided Isabelle with a list of

other items to gather and placed the kit in her hands...but only after she'd extracted Isabelle's promise to not peek into the kit. Now her heart thudded with excitement as she looked inside and found a white pillar candle, a bag of sea salt, a small box of matches, a packet of herbs, two small vials – one green, one blue – and handwritten instructions on thick yellow-brown parchment. Breath held, Isabelle reverently pulled the paper out. It was crisp and cool in her fingers. The edges were ragged and burned as if the page had come from an ancient book. She knew that wasn't possible since the wording for her spell had been written at the top. Light cast shadows over the old-fashioned script and she smiled. The bold strokes were clearly written with a fountain pen.

Quill and ink.

She glanced around, unsure if she'd thought that or if the words pushed into her head from another source. She shrugged away the feeling of being watched. In all the years she'd been coming here, she'd never seen another soul, except the man who cared for the lawn. Back to the spell.

"It is important to conduct your casting at precisely midnight on the night of a clear, full moon. Failure to do so could result in the spell going awry. On the off chance the spell does execute despite any errors, the events will be short-term and negate further attempts at casting. Connect the votive candles by sprinkling a solid line of sea salt between each one," she read aloud. "This will make your circle complete. Now light the candles. It is important to not leave the circle during your casting. If you must do so, clear a gentle path for yourself and then re-close it when you return. Much like a room, one cannot leave the circle without properly opening and closing the door."

That made sense.

Isabelle weighed the bag in her hand a second or two, then poured the salt as directed. After lighting the eight candles, she picked up the instructions.

“Empty the herb packet into your bowl. Add enough water to create a thin paste. Let it steep while you continue with remaining preparations.”

She frowned. Didn't steeping indicate the water needed to be boiled first? The instructions said nothing about hot water, and the shop owner told her to take along an unopened bottle of spring water. Isabelle also didn't have anything other than her finger to stir the mixture. There was old silverware in the kitchen. She could use one of those spoons.

She scrambled to her feet to fetch one, then jerked herself back just in time. Leaving the circle without opening a “door” was a no-no.

Isabelle scanned her work thus far and decided her finger would suffice. She dumped the mix into her bowl, stifling a sneeze by pinching the bridge of her nose as particles drifted into her nostrils. The leaves soaked up the water instantly. No stirring required.

“Cool.” She dared a sniff. Mint wove a spell of its own around her.

“Open the green vial and rub oil thoroughly over all parts of your body that you are able to reach, ensuring extra care is given to all your erogenous zones.”

Her watch beeped. She unlatched it from her wrist and placed it beside her. Less than five minutes before midnight was here. Isabelle smeared oil down her neck, over and under her arms and legs, over her breasts, her stomach, her hips...and, lastly, her pussy. The excess on her hands she managed to wipe on her lower back. As she set the empty vial aside, a rush of warmth dusted over her skin, quickly followed by a tingly sensation in her nipples and clit. Both were hard and getting more so with every second.

She pressed her fingertips to her pussy to ease the sensation. It only made things worse. Isabelle jerked her hand free, crossed her legs, and snatched up the instructions.

“Rub the oil from the blue vial over the pillar candle. When sufficiently covered, insert it... You've got to be joking.”

Isabelle picked up the candle and began to wonder if she hadn't been screwed out of twenty dollars. Now she knew one of the reasons why the shop owner wanted her to wait to open the kit.

Well, she'd had worse things up her cunt before. That frozen hot dog she'd tried once was an experience she never wanted to repeat. Isabelle thought it'd never thaw enough to pull out – much worse than getting one's tongue stuck on a metal ice cube tray. In any event, she was now beginning to ache so bad down there she needed relief of some kind. If she was screwed, she might as well get some enjoyment out of it.

She dutifully rubbed oil over the length, mesmerized by the feel of slick combined with hard, the cool that changed to warm. Her thoughts drifted into lascivious pursuits, fantasies dreamed of but never fulfilled, disappointment in lovers coupled with hope she'd one day get things right. It was her fault, they'd claimed. One part of Isabelle believed that, while another rationalized that since she could get herself off just fine, perhaps the fault was theirs.

Blood thrummed in her veins. A draft hardened her nipples. Her clitoris swelled while her pussy begged for the makeshift dildo inside it. When she'd emptied the vial of the last drop, Isabelle stretched back, thighs wide, and slid the candle against her crotch. Her labia grabbed it and sucked it deep inside. Her clit kissed the surface in what felt like little sucks. Contractions rippled inside her cunt, tightening and releasing in hope of an orgasm to clutch around the hard surface.

Impossible as it sounded, it felt like the candle was reshaping itself to conform to her needs. It filled her vagina, nudged her clitoris – it took control.

Lost in the wonder, Isabelle pressed her fingers over her clitoris and tossed her other arm over her head. Her fingers smacked against the parchment, reminding her of the instructions. She fumbled for the paper while she flashed mad circles over her slick clit.

Drain water from herbs into glass. Fill with water. At the first stroke of midnight, drink it all.

Isabelle crumpled the paper in her fist as orgasm seized her. It rolled through her like a giant wave. Her pussy muscles clamped down so hard on the candle, she knew she'd find marks on it when she finally pulled it out. She sagged into the quilt as the sensation eased from her. Somehow she forced herself to continue the spell. She left the candle in place – at this point she wasn't sure she ever wanted to remove the heavenly wonder. Her arms felt like noodles as she forced them to work, draining the herb concoction into her bottle.

Thumb over the top, she gave it a shake. The contents now shimmered like gold dust in the candlelight. She brought the top to her lips and waited. With the first beep of her watch signaling midnight, Isabelle chugged the contents...and tried her best not to spit it back out. Gone was the pleasant scent of mint. The concoction now tasted like...

"God, I hate licorice!"

She tossed the bottle away and wiped the back of her hand over her mouth. *Don't throw up. Don't throw up.*

The plastic clattered to the floor. She'd breached the circle.

"Aw, shit."

Isabelle flopped back onto the quilt. The room spun around her, her stomach did flip-flops. She focused on the window, how the moonlight slanted shadows into the room. Another mistake slammed into her – she'd forgotten to account for daylight savings time. Technically, it wasn't midnight. It was...

Her body tightened again of its own volition, rolling her through another mind-bending orgasm. She fisted the quilt beneath her, thrusting her hips up to capture the moment.

Chapter Two

Daniel Braddock slouched in the overstuffed chair and thrust his hips toward the greedy mouth that engulfed his cock. Heat from the fireplace chased the chill from his bones. With his eyes closed, he could lose himself in the hard sucking the woman gave him. He dared not open them to watch.

His partner was a hard-looking, hard-living trollop – one of his brother's legion of sex-starved souls. One glimpse of her ratted hair and over-painted face was enough to make the proudest erection crawl up a man's ass with his balls. Her ruby-red lips looked like a ring of blood around the base of his flaccid penis. Daniel had been forced to shut out the vision and any thoughts that went with it in order to perform appropriately. The last thing he wanted was to have the creature rush back to town with tales of his ineptitude, that he'd failed to measure up to his brother's appetites. After all, he was going to have to live here. He couldn't do so comfortably with people whispering behind his back. Thomas might have preened over his notorious reputation and the attention it gleaned, but Daniel was not his brother. Thank God.

Daniel appreciated a good fuck as much as the next man. And he certainly wasn't averse to adding a little excitement and play to those activities. But it had become almost a

religion to his older brother. The more Thomas experienced, the more he wanted, until it consumed him beyond reason. Sex anywhere and everywhere with anyone and most times a lot of anyones. How funny that it had taken a war in another country to tempt him from the lifestyle he'd created. Seeking more adventure, more thrills, Thomas wasted no time involving himself in the country's latest conflict. There, on the shores of a foreign island called Guam, love captured him. Thomas stayed and passed all his holdings on to Daniel.

Once he saw the house and its contents, Daniel clearly understood why it came into his possession and not that of their sister or parents. Thomas wanted his proclivities kept secret from them, and entrusted Daniel to do so.

He'd be lying if he'd claimed he wasn't intrigued by the toys Thomas possessed or by the rampant acts of sex he'd engaged in. What turned him off the most were the people with whom he'd chosen to play. After three months of trying to fill that portion of Thomas's shoes, Daniel had had more than enough. It had been exciting for a while, but he'd grown weary of it all. He wanted to move on, build a reputation as a respected businessman, not an infamous hedonist. He wanted emotion with the sex. He wanted love.

Unfortunately, he hadn't come to that realization until Bunny's lips closed over his cock minutes before. The sight, coupled with her cloying odor, nauseated him. Now he focused all his attention on keeping his erection and reaching a climax. A few more thrusts and...

Beep. Beep. Beep.

There was that annoying sound again. What the devil was it? He'd heard it before. It had helped him yank himself away from the horror of imagining his dick had been cut off and his voracious playmate was sucking his blood dry. Now it had the opposite effect – distracting him from a less than grand finish.

Peeling open his eyes, Daniel glanced at the moon-bright window. Was it some bird that thought it was nearing daylight?

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The strumpet jerked her head up. Daniel winced. Not only had she raked his penis with her jagged teeth, but the paint around her lips was smeared, making her mouth look like a bloody gash. His erection wilted. He tucked it away before she could grab it once more.

“What the hell is that dratted noise?” she screeched.

The area beside them shimmered like a heat-induced mirage. A ghostly image appeared, becoming more focused with every second.

An unearthly scream shattered his eardrums as the trollop scrambled to her feet and dashed for the front door. The door slammed over her continued ranting about the place being haunted.

Daniel wondered if he shouldn't join her. But there was something about the image that froze him in place. He saw a creamy, curvy Venus on a bed of red satin. Long black hair the color of midnight rained down her back. She was arched in the throes of orgasm. A white cylindrical object had been shoved up her vagina. The mingled scents of mint, anise, and vanilla swirled about her. And that blasted beeping was coming from a black strap beside her.

The shimmering stopped. She collapsed with a gasp as if she'd been tossed down. A contented sigh opened her eyes. Alarm widened them. She shoved herself upright and flashed her gaze around the room – to him, the fire, the mirror above the mantle. Then, obviously realizing she was nude, she jerked the red satin around her and focused wide blue eyes on him. A flush pinkened her cheeks.

His cock came alive with a hardness he'd forgotten could exist. All Daniel wanted was to sink it in the heat of the gift the spirits had plopped before him.

He watched her knees part beneath the quilt. Clutching the cover under her chin, she fumbled for something lower, and he realized she was trying to remove the object shoved

into her nether regions. He dropped to the floor and crawled toward her, like a panther stalking its prey...or seeking its mate.

“Don’t,” he said, peeling the satin away from her feet.

“Who...who are you?” She tried to edge away, but wrapped up as she was, she could move no further.

“Daniel Braddock. And you?” He traced his thumbs over the bones in her feet, marveling at how beautiful they were. Clean...smooth...the nails clear and well kept.

“Isabelle Larsen,” she replied on a whispered breath.

“Are you real, or merely a sweet dream?” He cupped her calves, marveling yet again at the strength there.

“I...I could ask you the same thing.”

“True.” He tilted a nod her way as he scuffed his hands up and down her legs. “But since this is my house...” He jerked the satin away from her body. She still clutched a corner against her chest like a virgin bride on her wedding night. But clearly she was no virgin.

“Are you one of my brother’s women?” He lifted her foot to his lap and kneaded the delicate bones. “Is this a trick? You hired a magician to help you perpetrate it?”

She quickly shook her head. Her breath had quickened with his touch. Daniel smiled. Not a virgin, but also not jaded. He liked that. He liked it a lot.

“Then how did you come to be here?” He ran his fingers up her inner thighs, gently forcing them further apart. A candle...that’s what was tucked so tightly in her cunt. But what surprised him most was the fact she was clean there as well. The only hair she possessed was a dark patch just above her clitoris.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” she quietly replied.

Daniel tore his gaze from the fetching sight of her pussy. Her blue eyes were locked onto him. “You might be surprised what I’d believe.”

He stared at her crotch once more, at the red ripe fruit perched on the ledge of candle that poked out. Wrapping his hand around the end, he pulled the candle free. Her heat wafted over him.

“I’m surprised it didn’t melt,” he said with a lift of his eyebrow.

Her blush deepened.

He burrowed two fingers inside her pussy. The slick walls clenched at him. “And still tight as a glove.”

He thumbed her clit. Moisture flooded his hand. He’d never seen a more ready woman. He drew circles around the hard nub and spread her juices downward to the puckered hole below. Isabelle lifted her hips slightly, eyes closed, lips parted. Beckoning him to enter? Daniel hoped so. He tunneled a finger deep inside.

Isabelle groaned and raised her hips higher. The pleasure on her face arrowed through him. He palmed his erection and stroked while he watched her. He wanted to bury his face in her sweet smell, wanted to pound his cock inside until she screamed from the climax, wanted to feel that tight orifice behind squeeze the jism from him. Anything and everything...yet he was frozen in place by her rapture as he danced his thumb over her clit and fucked her with his fingers.

Soon, he told his aching cock. *Soon*.

She fisted the satin beneath her, no longer caring for that sliver of modesty she’d clung to. Her nipples were dark against her creamy skin, as hard and ripe for his mouth as her ruby-red clit. Her breasts were full, matching her hips to perfection. She’d cushion a man against her, then clamp those strong legs around his waist like a vise.

Daniel fumbled with his fly buttons. Now he wanted to squeeze those orbs together and thrust his dick between them until he came. It was maddening to want to do everything to her all at once. Hard moans tore from her lips as he flicked her button to and fro. He wrapped his hand around his cock and stroked it without mercy.

“I’m going to make you come, lovely one...” His voice was rough, nearly a growl. “...and then I’m going to come all over you.”

“Oh...God...” She thrashed her head from side to side. Her thighs quivered with the tension that knotted her body. “I’m going to...” The sentence died on a guttural cry as she came.

It yanked his climax from him in a fiery path. Jets of ejaculate spurted from him, landing on her breasts and belly. She lay there like some gorgeous sacrifice to the gods, wantonly rubbing the substance over her.

By God! He was still bone hard!

Daniel grabbed the hem of his shirt and yanked it over his head. Seams split. He didn’t care. He shoved his trousers and underclothing down his legs, cursing when his boots prevented him from removing them. Everything tangled to thwart his efforts. Finally, he gave up. He didn’t need his legs free to do what he wanted to her.

He lay at her feet and straightened her legs. Isabelle gave no quarrel. Lost to wonder as he was, or too sated to move?

Daniel licked her from heel to toe, then sucked her big toe into his mouth. Isabelle arched her back against the floor in an unfettered cry that nearly had him coming again. He swirled his tongue around the digit and then moved to the other one. This time a sigh melted her into the satin. Her pussy called him to taste its nectar. Sheer will kept him from diving in.

He worked his way upward, licking, sucking, and nipping as he went. Her legs parted as he neared. Her pussy lips were swollen as was her clit, both ripe for plucking. He captured one labium between his lips and nibbled his way to the peak. A quick suck to her clitoris had them both groaning before he made his way down the other side.

“Oh...yes!” she cried out.

He snaked his tongue into her heat, damning the fact it wasn't long enough to reach her womb. Cupping her buttocks, Daniel nudged himself under her thighs. She stretched her legs over his shoulders, heels locking him in place. With a growl he never knew he could utter, he clamped his mouth over her clitoris.

He suckled her to the point of orgasm, then moved his attention to her labia. Isabelle whimpered in frustration as she tried to wiggle her crotch right where she most needed it. Ever so carefully, he caught the fruit between his teeth and lashed at it with his tongue. Her body tensed with the coming explosion. Again, he darted away.

Isabelle muttered a curse and beat her fists into the floor. He kept his chuckle to himself and seized her once more. One swipe of his tongue hauled her over the precipice. She quaked with the force while a long, loud moan tore from her throat.

Daniel brought her down slowly with kisses and caresses as he crawled up her body. When she tried to lower her legs, he held them in place.

"I'm going to fuck you now...long and hard."

She gasped.

"The only question remaining for me to decide is where. Here?" He shoved his fingers into her pussy and earned another gasp. "Or here?" He wormed those same fingers into her ass and got a groan that made Daniel wish he had two dicks. He slammed hard into her cunt. The remains of his previous climax glued them together.

Daniel clenched his teeth against the rush. She felt like an oven inside, like butter-soft leather, like the tightest of breeches...like he belonged there. He wanted to make her come again, to hear her shriek her pleasure a thousand times more. But, God help him, he had to come.

A long stroke pulled him nearly all the way out. Then he plunged in again. Shivers rippled down his spine and curled around to his balls. He tried to focus on something else to quell the orgasm threatening to erupt. Nothing worked. Finally, he clenched his teeth, closed

his eyes, and pounded into the woman beneath him. With every beat of his cock into her, it got harder, she got tighter, and they both grew hotter. It felt like he'd fallen into a furnace – a clenching, pulsing, slick furnace.

Heels pressed deep into his back. She rode him as hard as he did her. She clutched at his sides, short nails digging into his ribs. His head buzzed. His mind shut down. His cock was in full control, driving him faster, harder, deeper until...

Daniel plunged forward as jism gushed from his penis like fire from a forge. The climax held him in its grip, then tossed him down once it was done having its way with him. Pulling hard breaths into his lungs, he lowered her legs and forced his weight onto his forearms to keep from crushing her. But he knew for a fact he never wanted to leave the glory of her thighs.

Chapter Three

Isabelle ran her fingers through Daniel's short, dark hair. She never realized sex could be this wonderful. She'd hoped it could, but had never experienced it for herself with another. For her, it had always been a glorious fantasy to play out while she took care of her own needs. But this...holy cow! And holy shit for all the rest.

Not only had she broken her protective circle during her spell, she'd also managed to cast it at the wrong time. At least a portion of the spell had worked – she had experienced mind-numbing sex. The question that remained was – where and when was she?

While she lay entwined with Daniel, both of them pulling in deep breaths, she glanced around the room. She was still in the house, but things were different, newer. A large mirror stood over the fireplace. The portrait was nowhere in site. A cheery fire in the hearth kept the room cozy. The furnishings and décor were brighter and with no hint of wear.

Then there was the man – Daniel Braddock – and the woman who'd run screaming from the house. Their attire suggested a different era, late 1800s, early 1900s. And his name, the same as the last owner who'd mysteriously disappeared. Had she been thrust back in time? If so, was she stuck here or would the spell suddenly dissolve? Or had she really

screwed up and would be propelled to yet another time and then another for all eternity? Spell casting didn't seem like it'd been such a great idea after all.

Oh, but he did feel wonderful. She'd been caught by the mischief in his golden brown eyes the second she'd seen him. She loved a man with a sense of humor, a man whose eyes laughed. He'd wasted no time taking what he presumed she was offering. Isabelle was too shocked, too excited to stop him. It was what she'd asked for, after all, and Daniel was a master at loving.

Then she'd seen him in his full glory – all naked and built like a cover model. Even his skin held a golden glow, which was quite a feat in this day and age. Whatever age this was.

Isabelle tried not to laugh at her rampant imagination. She'd instantly accepted that she'd traveled back in time, when a more logical explanation would be that the herbs in the drink had her either hallucinating or dreaming. She could deal with that much better. Eventually she'd wake up...right?

She glanced around the periphery of her circle. It no longer existed. The votive candles were gone. Her clothes were nowhere to be seen. All she had now was what was on the red satin when the spell took off.

Her watch beeped the quarter hour. Daniel lifted his head to search for what had made the sound. He plucked the Timex from where it was nestled in the folds of the satin quilt.

"What's this?" he asked with a frown.

When Isabelle tried to take the digital from him, he lifted it out of her reach. The action pushed his semi-hard cock deeper inside her. If this was a dream, she could be perfectly honest. If it wasn't...

I could use a little guidance here. She'd never been one to lie, no matter what.

"This might be a little hard to explain, much less believe. We don't know each other, but I will tell you that I never lie."

His eyes sparkled. "An admirable quality."

“Or burdensome curse,” she added with a tight smile. “That –” She pointed to the watch. “– is a wristwatch. Rather like a pocket watch. Instead of it being on a chain and fob and carried in the pocket, you are able to place it around your wrist.” She’d decided to work on the assumption that she was back in time, whether it was in reality or in some crazy dream world. One thing she was absolutely certain of – whatever was occurring was something she was intended to learn from. Isabelle wouldn’t squander this opportunity.

She pointed to the green display of numbers. “It shows you the time rather than you looking at a clock and having to figure it out.”

Daniel’s frown deepened. “I am familiar with wristwatches, but not this design or material. How can you tell time when the numbers are counting down at a phenomenal rate?”

She stretched her neck for a closer look. Sure enough, the display was zooming backward at a speed that boggled the mind. *That’s how much time I have left.* Isabelle didn’t know where the thought came from, but she didn’t doubt it.

“Did you invent this?” he asked.

Isabelle shook her head. “No, I bought it at the store.”

“Which one? I’ve never seen the likes of this.”

“Look, this might be –”

“Difficult to explain and hard to believe...yes, you do keep saying that. I assure you I have an open mind. One would have to in order to live in this house.”

“This isn’t yours?” Now it was her turn to frown.

“It is now. My brother left it to me. He’d gone off to fight in Guam, fell in love with a local girl, and decided to stay. He thought it best to give the house to me rather than have our parents or sister discover –”

“The playroom in the basement?” She arched her eyebrow with her naughty smirk.

Daniel pulled away from her, unsealing their bodies, much to her regret. A chill washed over her skin. She tucked the edge of the quilt over her while he yanked off his boots and stripped his clothing away.

“Here...this is warmer.”

Without warning, he scooped her and the quilt into his arms and placed everything directly before the fireplace. The parchment containing her spell fluttered toward the flames. He snagged it before it reached the fire.

Isabelle held her breath as he smoothed out the paper and read.

He tilted his head her way. “Are you a witch?”

Bad question to have someone ask in any time period, more so in the past. “No, but I did attempt to cast a spell. I made a few mistakes and –”

“A few?” He let the paper flutter to the floor. “I’ve known a few spell casters in my time and can speak with some authority that your first mistake was in the wording. One must be specific. What other mistakes?”

He might be gorgeous and be able to fuck like nobody’s business, but right now he was making her feel like an idiot. If this was a dream, she’d be more than happy to wake up. “I broke the circle and got the time wrong.”

“And what were you attempting to accomplish?”

It felt like her whole body blushed. “Sexual expertise.” He didn’t need to know what else she’d been seeking – a true love. She tried to tug the quilt around her.

He nailed the material to the floor with his hand. “You must be joking. You? After what we just did?”

“That was a result of the spell...I think. I was trying to channel the aspects of this house.”

“Ahh...because it was once a brothel and because of my brother’s pastimes.”

Isabelle nodded. "I didn't expect to be brought here. That must be where my mistakes came into play. If I'm right, that watch is counting down the time I have left here."

Daniel glanced at it. "And then what happens?"

She shrugged. "I'm hoping I go back where I came from."

"And where would that be?"

She pulled in a deep breath to steady her resolve. "I was in this house, this room, in the year 2007."

The crackle of the fireplace logs was the only sound in the room. Isabelle couldn't bear it. The next thing she knew she was telling him everything – about her obsession and relationship with the house, about her disappointing love life – until there was nothing else to do but stare at him as he continued to stare at her.

"I hardly know how to respond," he finally said. "My mind is awlirl."

"And here you said it was open." It was a smart-assed remark Isabelle couldn't help uttering.

Daniel chuckled. "So I did. I don't know which I find more far-fetched: that you came from the future, or that you are sexually incompetent. I can attest to the latter that you are not. Perhaps it is your partners who have been inept."

"I wanted to know for myself what it was like to have great sex."

"And to explore the use of the items in Thomas's basement."

Another blush warmed her body. "Yes. I want to be bound, punished, but not harmed."

"I agree it helps to know what one truly enjoys before they can share that knowledge with another. If your partners can't see to your pleasure, you need to get new ones...or train those you have to do your bidding."

Isabelle laughed. "I can't see myself grabbing them by the arm and telling them to get back in bed and finish the job."

He lifted her chin on the pads of his fingers. "And that, my beautiful time traveler, is where the problem lies. You speak of honesty, yet you've not been honest with them or yourself in this regard."

He was right. She hadn't accepted responsibility for her own pleasure when it came to partners. She expected them to know what she needed without her telling them. Her lack of pleasure *was* her fault because she'd kept the lack to herself. How many men left her bed thinking *they* were inadequate?

Daniel picked up the watch. "Time's growing short and you have much you want to learn. By the time this reaches zeroes, I would like to be able to guarantee you'll never let a man from your grasp until both of you are completely satisfied. As a first lesson...what needs to happen next? What do you want or need this very moment?" He lifted his index finger. "Remember, any man who falters in your request for pleasure is not the man for you. But you've failed yourself if you don't ask for what you need."

Isabelle's pussy clenched. Her heart beat a mile a minute. "I think...I think I'm overdue for a good paddling."

His sensuous smile made her blood rush. "I believe I know exactly where to find the implement." He jumped to his feet and walked to the box of kindling in the corner.

Isabelle admired the flex of his buttocks the whole way, wondering how they looked when he thrust into her. She dropped her hand to her crotch and pressed her fingers against the pulse in her clit.

"No fair cheating."

She jumped at the sound of his voice so near. One hand held a slender, smooth piece of wood, perfect for a paddle. Grabbing her forearm, Daniel helped her to her feet.

"Stand before the chair. Legs apart. Ass up. Head down on the seat."

Isabelle did as ordered. From this angle she could smell her arousal, see the proud jut of his erection. She curled her fingers into the cushion to keep from masturbating. God, how

she wanted to come! Over and over again, merely from the thought of what they were going to do.

Daniel tapped her butt, measuring his aim. Her breathing was hard and quick. Juices dripped down her legs. Then he connected with the first whack.

Isabelle tossed her head back on a groan. Whole body orgasm quickly came to mind. Another whack followed. Heat swarmed her ass, raced to her pussy, and boiled the moisture collecting there. Another smack had her grasping her breast, tweaking the nipple into a hard long bead, and ripped a moan from Daniel. She didn't bother to hide her smile, or the naughty laughter that came with it. He popped her twice on each cheek. Isabelle's breath caught with each stroke. She lifted her ass for more and was promptly rewarded.

"God, I can't wait!" she screamed.

"Then do it, love!" he replied with clenched teeth. "Play with yourself. Make yourself come. And when you do, I'm going to fuck you hard."

Isabelle fingers darted for her pussy. He rained swats over her backside while she sped her hand over her clit. She came so hard her knees buckled.

Daniel grabbed her around the waist and hoisted her back to her feet. One hand grasped his cock. He used the head to spread her juices around her slit. "Tell me you want it," he demanded.

"I do," she gasped out. "I want you deep inside me, fucking me hard."

The crown breached her tight passage. Contented groans accompanied his slow glide inside. He paused, his body quivering as much as hers. Long fingers traced lazy circles over her spine, along her ribs, down to her hips and then wandered to her breasts, pinched at her nipples, before sliding down to her wet crotch.

Isabelle whimpered and wiggled against him. Daniel grunted a response and started a slow thrust while his fingers danced over her clitoris. She rocked with him, reveling in the pleasure he stoked deep inside her. She could feel the orgasm building in that same place –

deep. It swelled like a balloon. Larger and larger it grew. Then burst with an intensity that engulfed her from head to toe.

Daniel slammed forward with his release. She could feel his semen filling her. He gripped her hips as he ground deeper.

“Oh, God, Daniel,” she managed to say through gasps for breath, “that was wonderful.”

“Indeed, but far from over.” He eased from her and gave her rear a pat. “Come, it’s time you visited the playroom.”

Isabelle levered herself to her feet. “How much time?”

He retrieved the watch, then handed it to her with a shrug. “It’s moving so quickly it’s difficult to tell.”

She glanced at the digital display spinning backward. “I think two hours.” So little time when there was so much she wanted to explore with this man. *On the off chance the spell does execute despite any errors, the events will be short-term and negate further attempts at casting.* There were no second chances here.

“Before we go downstairs, would you mind terribly if I had a look at the rest of the house? I’d love to see how it once was.”

He bowed and motioned her forward with a sweep of his arm. “Your wish is my command.”

Smiling, Isabelle snagged the red quilt and draped it around her body.

Chapter Four

By God, she looked like a queen! She wore the satin like a cape. Long, dark curls cascaded down her back. Her complexion was clear and creamy with a hint of pink from their activities. And her eyes – sparkling with life and humor and a hundred other things Daniel couldn't find words to articulate.

His body tightened. His cock lifted a few degrees, following her from the room inches ahead of him. That she could inspire this level of *interest* after he'd come three times was a miracle all its own. She was innocence and fire all rolled into one package, and Daniel couldn't get enough. If she was a dream, he never wanted to wake up. If her tale was true...

Daniel didn't know what to think about that. He had friends who were mystics, and he'd always kept his mind open to the possibilities of which they spoke, no matter how far-fetched. But her coming from the future? If he hadn't seen her materialize before him, he'd think she was daft. He knew the house well. Her appearance wasn't a fabrication born of a magician's act.

Isabelle glanced over her shoulder with a smile. "Your servants won't see us, will they?"

Naked as the day he was born, Daniel wasn't sure whether to rush back to the parlor for his breeches, attempt to cover his state with his hands, or wave his erection proudly at her. He did nothing and prayed it was the right move. If anything, the chill in the house would temper his lust.

"The help is only here in the day," he replied. "The house's reputation has made them wary of being here at night. And once my little diversion gets to town and starts shouting that the place is haunted, I might find myself without them during the day, too."

Her laughter tickled through him. "Was this really a brothel?"

Daniel stepped into the foyer with her. A draft washed over him, raising goose bumps. He blessed it for quenching the heat in his body. "That's my understanding. I know little about the place, other than my brother acquired it after the older woman who owned it passed away. They had an acquaintance of some kind. She was the spinster daughter of a wealthy banker from New York."

"Hmm...interesting." She stepped up to the old grandfather clock that stood sentry at the door.

"I'm afraid it doesn't work. The hands have been frozen on the twelve for as long as I've had the place, even before. Thomas said they'd been like that since the previous owner's passing. The clocksmith has been out several times, but can't find out what's wrong. It's such a beautiful piece, I can't bear to get rid of it."

"Yes...it is."

He envied the wood she caressed. "Does it tick in your time?"

Isabelle shook her head, then turned toward the staircase. "Everything is much brighter than I imagined. You've made good use of the candles and lighting."

Daniel shrugged a shoulder. "Candles and lanterns...my one extravagance. I don't like shadows and darkness. I hope to one day have electricity installed. Tell me...will I succeed in doing so?"

When she faced him, it was as if a curtain had been drawn between them. “I don’t think I’m allowed to tell you things like that.”

He smirked and leaned closer to her. The head of his cock nudged her belly. “I see. So time travel is common in your era and there are rules?”

“Consider the whole space-time continuum thing...”

Daniel had no idea what she’d just said. However, he tilted a nod to her, hoping she’d continue.

“Telling you anything could very well lead you to do something that will change the course of events as they presently exist.”

A smile dragged up one corner of his mouth. “Not telling me could cause that as well. Perhaps you telling me is what sets things in motion for these things to be.”

Isabelle tapped her finger against his nose. “Ah...the great conundrum, one debated constantly in every piece of science fiction I’ve watched or read.”

Now that caught his interest. “Science fiction? I love reading it. I’m not sure what you mean by watching it. Do you mean plays?”

“Something like that.” She wrapped her hand around his. “Come...show me the upstairs.”

He gently tugged her back to him when her foot touched the first step. Wrapping his arms around her, he cupped her ass and held her as close as the quilt and his cock would allow. Visions of dry fucking her here and now swam through his head.

“Can you at least tell me about myself?”

Isabelle traced her finger along his jawline. “No one knows. There’s so much speculation regarding the house. The years have twisted the history and owners together. From what you’ve told me so far about the woman owner and your brother, I can only surmise...” She frowned. “What year is this?”

“Nineteen hundred and one. Why?”

The shadow of a smile touched her lips. “No reason.” She pulled in a sigh. “No one really knows what happened to the last owner of record. You simply...disappear.”

Like she had appeared? The notion raced his heart. He tried to laugh it off. “I have grown tired of trying to live Thomas’s lifestyle. Perhaps the news of the haunting was the last straw. With no servants to assist me, I had no choice but to pack up and leave.”

“Odd that you would leave the house in limbo.” She pressed her lips tight, as if she’d said too much.

Daniel wanted to press her for more information. Awareness of time with her slipping away kept him from doing so. “How far upstairs would you like to go?”

She slid her fingers around his cock. “I want to go as far as possible in what little time we have left.”

Using her palm, Isabelle stroked down the under-ridge of his penis. A groan shuddered through him when she danced her fingers over his sac. She cupped his testicles gently, weighing them, massaging them, drawing a line between them.

He closed his eyes and parted his lips on a soundless moan. Cool air kissed his chest when she slithered to her knees before him.

“Someone has ring around the collar,” she said softly.

Confusion cut through the fog of lust engulfing him. His request for clarification died in his throat when she darted her tongue into the weeping slit at the head of his dick. He braced one hand on the wall to keep upright; the other he furrowed into her silky hair. She nibbled down the length of his erection, pulling and licking at the skin, while her fingers continued to drive him mad between his legs.

When she reached the base, Daniel felt satin surround him. He peeled his eyes open. She was wiping the remnants of lip paint from him; her touch had long since wiped away the memory of anyone but her...forever.

Isabelle gazed up at him from beneath her impossibly long eyelashes. Her tongue flashed over his slit again. Tiny shocks zinged to his extremities. She looped her hand around the root, tightening ever so slightly as she steadied him. Daniel held his breath, waiting for that first luscious feel of wet and heat when she enclosed him in her mouth.

Fingers tickled his balls, then wandered to the taut hole behind them. She kneaded deep circles around it, pressing harder with each pass. Her lips parted. Her tongue teased at his glans. A pearly drop of pre-cum collected at the tip. Isabelle sucked it away with the barest kiss of her lips.

“God,” he gasped, “you’re going to make me come.”

“Isn’t that the point?” Her voice came out husky.

She licked a circle around the head. If he died and went to heaven right now, Daniel knew it wouldn’t surpass this moment. Then she swallowed him and tunneled her finger into his ass. How in the devil could she think she needed expertise? She was...amazing! The instant he thought that, Isabelle went deeper – down her throat and up his ass. Her breasts brushed his thighs, the nipples hard against his flesh. Her lips clamped down on the end of his dick, freeing her hand to dig short nails into his buttock. She flexed her fingers and bobbed her head in time to his frenetic pivots. Heat settled in his lower back, boiled in his balls, scored his cock to the tip. And then...

Jism poured out of him like a river whose dam had burst. He clutched Isabelle’s head to him, barely conscious of her licking and swallowing the cum that kept gushing out. Sweat dewed his body. Midnight stars swirled behind his eyelids. He couldn’t hear above the roaring in his ears.

With the last spurt, he shifted around and collapsed against the wall, expecting it to hold him in place. Isabelle stayed with him, easing his passage back to earth with kisses dotted over his groin, his thighs, his stomach, his nipples, and, finally, his lips as she wrapped them together in her quilt.

“Upstairs with you, woman.” He gave a sharp pat to her ass. “While I still have strength to climb them. There’s only one place I want you right now.”

He swept her into his arms.

Chapter Five

To hell with viewing the house. *This* was a once in a lifetime moment, one she'd treasure in her heart forever. The spell had given Isabelle what she'd asked for – sexual quality and the perfect match for her. She tried not to think about the price to be paid as a result. She had a feeling that answer would come as soon as the watch timed out. In her heart she knew, though. When she'd cast the spell, she'd asked for quality and a match. What she'd failed to ask for was to keep them.

“What about the basement? Don't we get to play there?” She'd love to experience those wonders at the hands of a man who knew how to use them.

“Don't worry, my lovely.” He took the stairs two at a time. “I fully intend to play on your body. You'll experience the basement in a place no other woman has been before...from my bedroom.”

Her pussy wept with a mix of joy, anticipation, and pain at the thought this would be their only time together. She shoved that last notion to the farthest corner of her mind. Nothing was going to take away from this moment.

Long strides carried them across the landing to a door at the far end. Isabelle knew this room well, but then, she could map the entire house blindfolded. This one overlooked the

sprawling acreage behind the house. She'd always thought the land would have made a wonderful farm or orchard, yet there had been no evidence it had been used for such. The only outbuildings were a privy and a small stable.

Daniel shouldered open the door. Isabelle gasped in wonder. It was far more beautiful than she imagined. The cherry wood furnishings gleamed from polish, a perfect complement to the burgundy and cream décor. Marble surfaces topped the night tables, bureau, and washstand. Did the wardrobe contain the newer versions of the moth-eaten clothes she'd discovered in her time? She didn't want to ask or look.

He set her on her feet before the crown jewel of the room – a massive four-poster bed. The feather-ticked mattress was plump with freshness and piles of pillows, quilts, and comforters. Gold tassels tied burgundy velvet bed curtains to the posters. A hint of lemon oil hovered in the air. Isabelle closed her eyes and drew in the scent, praying it would imprint on her memory along with Daniel.

Was it crazy to be so enamored of a man she'd just met? Was that part of the spell? Was it her penance for not following the rules?

Daniel turned her to face the mattress. The satin fell to a puddle around her feet.

"God...you look like Venus on a half shell." He skidded his hands down her arms, then up her sides. When he reached her underarm, he lifted her arm up and out until his fingers wrapped around her wrist. "It's not a rack, but I'm going to tie you spread out to these posters. I'm going to make you feel. I'm going to make you come. And then I'm going to fuck you and make you come some more."

Her pussy creamed at the words. Her nipples hardened. Isabelle clenched her thighs together to ease the ache. A sharp swat against her ass parted them.

"You're trying to cheat again," he whispered against her ear. "Apparently, I'm going to have to bind your ankles as well."

He looped a tassel around her left wrist and knotted it, then did the same to the other. Her breasts jiggled with every breath as she watched him retrieve cravats from the wardrobe. The silk was soft and cool around her ankles. As promised, he spread her legs wide, but he tied them loosely for her comfort...and what she knew would be their pleasure.

“Beautiful.” The word whispered over her as he molded his palms over her breasts, her hips, her butt cheeks. “Good enough to eat.”

Her clit pulsed, begging him to do so.

Isabelle watched him crawl onto the bed and stretch onto his back, head at the foot a fraction of an inch from her pussy. That’s when she realized her crotch was a little higher than the mattress. If she’d been able to, she would have spread her legs wider.

Daniel wrapped his hands over her hips, fingers digging into the flesh of her ass. “God, I love how smooth your pussy is. And your scent...it calls to me.” He dove in for a taste.

Isabelle arched into her restraints as he ran the flat of his tongue along her slit. He swiped over her clit a second time, yanking the promise of an orgasm to the surface. She felt like a virgin sacrifice to a jungle god. Another lick thrust her over the edge. A climax washed over her like a slow wave. Daniel caught her clit between his lips as she crashed to shore, suckling her to another orgasm and another until Isabelle hung limply from her bindings.

She was barely aware of him shifting around on the bed until she felt his legs slip between hers. Hot lips closed over her nipple. One stab seated his cock deep inside her pussy. He fucked her hard and fast, literally taking her breath away as he kneaded one breast and then the other, over and over. His hands nailed her hips in place while he pivoted into her.

“God!” she gasped out. “I’ve never been fucked so well in my life!”

Daniel froze on a jaw-clenching growl as he came. She could feel his hot seed pour deep inside her. He fanned his hands over her back and rested his head on her chest as he pulled in hard breaths.

“I have to say the same thing myself,” he finally replied. “It’s going to kill me to...” He pulled up on an intake of air. “It’s far from over. I’ll be right back. Don’t go anywhere.”

Isabelle laughed lightly. “As if I could.”

He brushed his thumb over her cheek. Sadness filled his eyes. Despite the fact she was bound, they both knew Fate and her miscast spell determined her departure. After a toe-tickling kiss, he left the room. Fear raced through her heart. What if she was sent back in his absence?

She shut the thought away. Nothing would spoil what remained of their time together. She focused instead on the room – how it felt, how it looked, how it smelled. These things would be what carried her forward in the lonely days to come.

A slight chill kept her nipples awake. Only a hint of warmth reached her from the small brazier in the corner. She’d noticed a kettle resting on the top of it when they’d entered, most probably Daniel’s wash water since it was within reach of the porcelain pitcher and basin atop his washstand. A touch of sandalwood kissed the air above the lemon she’d smelled upon entering. His soap? She’d love to be able to crawl under those covers with him, draw the bed curtains around them, and forget the world existed.

Reality tugged at her heart once more. She had to find some way to buy this house and return it to the beauty it once was, if only to honor Daniel and what they were sharing tonight. One thing was certain – she was never going to be the same after this.

Isabelle heard the tread of Daniel’s bare feet creak the floorboards as he returned, and tried to look over her shoulder. “Not to complain, but I am getting a bit chilly.”

“Not to worry,” he said softly. “I’m going to warm you up.”

He draped a flogger over her. The tails were petal soft against her skin. Her breath quickened.

“Ready, love?”

“Yes,” she breathlessly replied. *God, yes!*

He danced the leather over her skin, then threaded it through her crotch, sawing back and forth before whipping it free in front of her. The ends flicked against her clit, swelling it more than it already was.

From the corner of her eye she watched him lift the flogger. A second later it slapped across her ass. There was the barest of stings and then warmth rushed over her, awakening whatever parts of her might possibly still be asleep. He lashed her again. Isabelle tossed her head back on a groan. Another lash bowed her body into the restraints. She curled her fingers around her wrist bindings, trying to lift herself into the strokes.

Daniel combed her hair over her shoulder. The strands tickled her nipples. "I'd bet you'd like to feel this against your pussy."

God help her, she cried out from want.

"Soon, love," he whispered, and brought the flogger down across her shoulders.

Lash after lash moved down her body, heating her flesh. Her juices dripped down her thighs like trickles of hot honey. Her pussy was so plump with the need to come, Isabelle swore she'd explode. Daniel didn't stop until he reached her ankles. There he paused, removing the neckties that bound her legs. The instant they were free, she tried to loop them around him to pull him right where she needed. Daniel avoided her attempt with a soft chuckle, quickly followed by a couple of hand swats to her ass.

Using the scarves he'd just freed, Daniel tied each around her wrists, released her from the bed tassels, and tied her wrists together.

"On the bed. On your back."

She wasted no time doing as ordered, and Daniel secured her arms to the headboard.

Isabelle splayed her legs wide when he raised the flogger. He rewarded her with a gentle lash at the apex. Pleasure rolled through her.

He started at her ankles, lashing up her body with slow precision. She groaned and wiggled against the fire consuming her. The sight of his cock hard and weeping for her

doubled her anticipation and quadrupled the rush of blood in her veins. She lifted her chin when he neared her chest, raising her breasts for the flogger's attention. Daniel's moan cut through her haze. One hand stroked his cock. She flicked her tongue around her lips. He squeezed his erection, then seated the handle of the flogger deep into her pussy.

"On your belly. I want every pillow lifting your gorgeous ass." One flick of his hand released her wrists.

Isabelle rolled to her stomach, shoving all six of the bed pillows under her. Daniel retrieved a small jar from where he'd placed it on the bureau. Cool slickness touched her anus.

"Have you ever been fucked here, love?" He smeared the lubricant around and eased a finger inside her ass.

She shook her head and clenched her jaw against the orgasm hovering on the horizon.

"Pull the tails of the flogger up," he said, and pushed another finger in to join the first.

The ball at the end of the flogger handle nudged her clit. She trembled and lifted her hips against Daniel.

"I doubt the cook intended her lard be used for this purpose." The jar thumped to the carpeted floor. "What she doesn't know..."

His fingers eased out. His cockhead nudged forward to replace them. He eased in slowly. Isabelle left control in his hands, though her body screamed for possession. She reveled in the fact he quaked as much as she did. They wouldn't last long at this rate.

Inch by inch he spread her. The fire before was nothing compared to this. She'd never imagined it would feel this good. With the handle in her cunt and his cock up her ass, she felt full and nearly complete. Only one thing would have made it better.

"God, I wish you had two penises."

Daniel's groan shook him. His hands quivered at her hips. She stayed as still as possible while he bought himself time. But when he pulled out a stroke and slid back in, she wiggled hard against him.

Reaching around, he caught the tails of the flogger and wrapped them around her waist like a set of reins. Then he started pumping.

His fucking was slow, methodical, gentle...and just as potent. The flogger handle rocked into her clit with every move. Isabelle wadded the bedcovers in her fists as one orgasm after another rolled from within to without. When release finally shuddered through him, she didn't know if she was happy about it or sad that it was over. One thing she did know – it'd take dynamite to get her to move.

Daniel rained kisses over her as he eased from her body and the bed. He returned in less than a minute to bathe the lovemaking from her with a warm cloth. After patting her dry with plush toweling, he wrapped the red quilt around her and carried her back downstairs.

"We can relax before the warm fire. I put out wine, cheese, fruit, and bread for us."

Isabelle rested her head against his chest, trying to commit his heartbeat to memory. *I won't cry. I won't cry. I won't cry.*

When he placed her before the fireplace, she spread her quilt wide and gave it a pat. Smiling, he retrieved the tray with their snack and sat beside her.

"Here's to magic," he said as he filled their glasses.

"To magic," she agreed, and reached for her glass.

The rapid beep of her watch froze them. The mirror over the mantle shimmered. The painting from her time superimposed over it. She flashed wide eyes at Daniel and reached for him.

"No," she cried.

He lifted his hand to hers, but they couldn't touch. Their hands passed through each other's. Tears glistened in his eyes...or were those hers?

* * * * *

Daniel stared into nothingness. She'd disappeared before him with no hint save that of the watch's alert. All that remained was the red satin quilt. He hadn't even had the chance to say good-bye, to tell her... What? That he'd fallen in love with her in this brief time? His friends and family would call him foolish, but it was true.

He scooped the quilt to his face and inhaled her scent. Tears drifted down his cheeks. He let them fall, knowing this would be the first of many times he grieved his loss.

He wrapped the satin around his shoulders and lay before the flames. The crinkle of paper greeted him. Daniel yanked the parchment from under him. Her wayward spell. The beep of her watch told him it had been left behind as well. He pulled both items to his chest.

A resounding *bong* from the broken grandfather clock in the foyer added its own opinion on matters. It picked a fine time to start working. It was almost as if it were mocking him.

A second *bong* pulled him upright. Or was it trying to tell him something else?

Chapter Six

Isabelle stared up at the picture over the cold fireplace. It was her. Daniel had had a picture painted of her in the throes of orgasm. Odd that she hadn't recognized her own features before. Maybe that was because she'd never experienced pleasure that intense until that moment, so the likeness wasn't apparent. The red satin was there; so was the blush on her skin created by the flogger. Her lips were parted in ecstasy. At least she'd always have the picture to remind her of him. It wasn't enough.

What had become of him? Had he mourned losing her? The portrait seemed proof she'd meant something to him, but she hated to think of him sad and alone. If he couldn't be with her, she wanted him to have lived out his life with someone. A woman who would make him happy, give him children.

She smeared her tears away with shaking fingers. More trickled down to flood her cheeks.

"What have I done?"

She was better off not knowing true pleasure or finding her perfect match.

"Quit feeling sorry for yourself," she scolded. "You're the one who did this."

Isabelle pulled in a steadying breath and glanced around. She was outside the ring of votive candles. They all burned as if she'd just lit them. A shiver reminded her that the quilt had remained with Daniel. At least he'd had something of her, she had noth...

She smiled through her tears. She had the house. She just needed to convince whoever owned it to let her have it legally. At this point, Isabelle wasn't above begging.

Pulling in a breath to steady herself, she walked to her pile of clothes and dressed. She might have passed this all off as a dream except for the fact her body definitely knew it'd had some killer sex. And her heart would never be fooled into thinking otherwise.

She pulled the small flashlight from the pocket of her jeans and blew out her votives one by one. Once she was sure the wicks were extinguished, she put them in her backpack. A sweep of the room revealed she'd picked up everything she'd come in with. She couldn't stay here tonight, not with the memory of Daniel burning in her blood. Home, hot bath, and bed, maybe a glass or two of wine to shut her mind down. Then first thing tomorrow she was going to find the owner and park herself on his doorstep until he caved. She blew out the remaining candles and walked into the foyer.

As she passed the grandfather clock, Isabelle gave the old wood a loving caress. A loud *bong* shot her back. She hit the opposite wall with a muffled squeal. A shadow against the window clamped her mouth shut, though nothing could be heard over the chiming clock. Movement across the porch toward the door hammered her heart against her ribs.

Isabelle quickly turned down the lantern wicks in the foyer before she eased around the end of the wall and fumbled for something to use as a weapon. Nothing. She wrapped her fist around the flashlight, prepared to jab it into the intruder's throat if necessary. The front door opened. Moonlight cast a silhouette over the floor. A final *bong* – twelve in all – silenced the clock. A slow, even *tick-tock* remained.

The door closed. Footsteps padded toward the parlor. The floor creaked with every step. She tensed, ready to jab and run like the wind.

The visitor paused in the doorway. A hint of sandalwood drifted her way.

“Hello? Anyone here?” a voice she’d recognize anywhere called out.

Isabelle blinked. Now she had to be dreaming. “D-Daniel?”

He swung into the room. “Isabelle! Finally! I’ve been here every night since 2007 started hoping to find you. When I heard the clock come to life, I knew this had to be the night.” Strong arms wrapped around her.

She inhaled his scent, the feel of him. “I don’t... How?”

“I told you,” he laughed, “I know a spell caster or two. I worked with them to perfect a spell...and here I am. After what we shared, you certainly didn’t expect me to let another man have you, did you?”

Here he was all right – in jeans, a polo shirt, and sneakers. “How long have you been back?”

He kissed her forehead and combed his fingers into her hair. “A while.”

Isabelle pulled back with a frown. “And you’re only now coming to me?”

He sighed and looped his arms around the small of her back, drawing her to her toes. “When did you meet me?”

“Tonight.”

“You weren’t specific about which day in 2007 you’d made your journey, so I’ve been here every night waiting. I couldn’t come sooner because... Well, you had to go back first and meet me.”

Isabelle nodded. “The whole space-time continuum paradox.” If she hadn’t gone back to meet him, he wouldn’t have met her, wouldn’t have come forward...

“Exactly,” he said, and kissed her again. “I couldn’t take the chance. I *wouldn’t* take the chance. Everything had to be arranged carefully to ensure success. I tried to leave nothing unaccounted for, even when it came to the ownership of this house.”

“So...who owns it?”

“Me.” Moonlight brightened his smile.

She smiled back, wiggling against him. “I don’t suppose you’d consider selling it to me.”

He cupped her butt. “I won’t sell it, but I will consider co-ownership under one condition.”

“And that is?”

“I’ve had a long time to consider this one. Marry me.”

Isabelle nestled her head on his broad chest. “I think we just might have a deal.”

“And I know just how to seal the transaction.” He caught her under her knees and shoulders and picked her up. “I’ve missed you these years, and it has been years for me. I even had your portrait painted to keep me company. You wouldn’t believe the things I did while staring at it. I mourned having to leave it behind when I came forward. I need you something fierce, Isabelle. I need you now. Want to have our way with each other in the playroom?”

She laughed. “I thought you’d never ask. I’m just grateful one of us got the spell right.”

“Sweet love, I have a feeling we both did.”

 THE END 

Caitlyn Willows

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the erotica genre. Readers will find the same award-winning quality from “Caitlyn” that they have come to expect from “Catherine,” but the stories will be steamier and more over-the-top. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

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