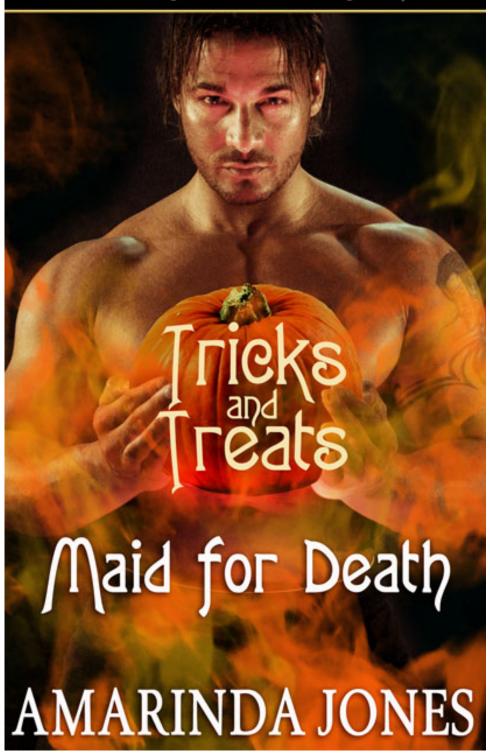
Ellora's Cave Presents



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



Maid for Death

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MAID FOR DEATH

Amarinda Jones

Dedicated to those things that bump and grind in the night. And to the ghost in room forty-six in a certain Earls Court hotel. Thanks for the inspiration.

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Chapter One

Cassandra Kent moaned as she gripped the back of the sofa and pushed her butt back against the man whose cock was hard and tight between the cheeks of her ass. She knew there was nothing like the feeling of a hard cock inside her. All Cassandra wanted now was to come.

"Harder...faster..." she panted as the man's hands sensuously massaged the swollen mounds of her naked breasts, tugging on her nipples, as he ground in and out of her body. She heard him laugh loudly at her request. His hands gripped her hips firmly as he forcefully slammed his groin up against the plump flesh of her ass, forcing the shaft of his cock deeper inside her. The sound of his balls slapping up against her backside competed with her shrieks of pleasure. "Oh God, yes..." she moaned, knowing she was going to explode soon.

Ten minutes ago Cassandra had knocked on the door to hotel room 52, planning to clean the room as fast as possible so she could get ready to meet up with friends at a planned Halloween party. But that was before she had let herself into room 52 and cannoned into hard muscle and warm male flesh. As Cassandra's hands had roamed that flesh in an attempt to steady herself she had looked up and blinked in surprise as her gaze was caught and held by the most dazzling green eyes she had ever seen. Mesmerizing was the first word that came to her. Hot, fast instant attraction grabbed at her. And when he had suddenly smiled down at her in such a sexy yet arrogant way, Cassandra had the sudden overwhelming impulse to give him whatever he wanted. There was something about this man that demanded hot, sweaty action.

"I want to fuck you," the man had said. Just like that. His hands had grabbed her ass and pulled up against his already erect cock.

"I shouldn't..." Yet Cassandra had known she would. The man compelled her to be crazy in one lustful look. She was instantly wet with wanting. Whatever ideas she had of Halloween parties or room cleaning had disappeared in that one hot look from him and the feel of the cock against her stomach. It seemed a shame not to take advantage of that...

"My dear, you know you have no choice. I have to and will fuck you," he had told her as he ripped off the blouse and bra from her body, his mouth sucking on her breasts as he yanked her panties down.

The next thing Cassandra knew her blouse and skirt were on the floor, her bra was God knows where and her panties were flung over a nearby lampshade. So much for her plans. But then action was always so much better. Cassandra had never felt so wild and hot and aching to be filled. She had never behaved this way before but in this one crazy moment she did not care about the moral rights and wrongs of having this stranger fuck her. All she knew was she wanted his hard length all the way inside her. Morality be damned.

"Fuck me then." She allowed him to spin her around and push her to the sofa. She spread her legs and stuck her ass out, desperate to take all of him inside her.

"You chambermaids are all the same," the man murmured as he licked the side of her neck and impaled her ass in one strong thrust.

Cassandra shrieked in sheer pleasure. Her employer would have a fit if he saw one of his cleaning staff balling one of the guests, but the mental health of her employer did not concern her at that moment. Having an orgasm did. Besides, she did not literally run into gorgeous auburn-haired gods who felt this damn good every day when she was cleaning rooms at the Philbeach Manor Hotel.

"Oh God..." Cassandra moaned deep in her throat as she felt the orgasm spiraling up through her body. She felt like she was on the verge of exploding into a million pieces.

Sebastian Lord stood inside the half opened door and watched the scene before him. He was intrigued by the woman getting fucked in the ass. She was wildly abandoned. Her head was tossed back and her body was arched as her full breasts swung in time with the thrusts of the man who was taking her hard and fast. She, in turn, pushed her ass back against him, demanding more and looking like she was enjoying every moment. It seemed a shame to intrude. Sebastian thought about letting her come but that would be too dangerous. He pushed through the gap in the doorway left by the cleaning trolley she had abandoned earlier.

"She is not for you, Miles." Sebastian watched as the woman's eyes snapped open in shock and anger.

The man called Miles stopped momentarily as he looked at the intruder. He thrust hard again into the rounded ass before him.

"Holy crap!" Cassandra jerked forward at his thrust and looked at the tall, dark-haired man. "Who the hell are you?" The man in the black leather jacket and jeans did not look the slightest bit perturbed that he had interrupted them. In fact he looked at her as if he wanted to fuck her as well. Cassandra moaned deeply. Just let her come now and she would think about whether or not to have him as well.

"It's too late, Sebastian, this one is already mine." Miles continued thrusting inside the woman. He was so close to taking her completely.

"Not yet." Sebastian could not allow this woman to be so easily taken.

"She will be." Miles had decided that the minute he had seen her.

"Excuse me, I don't belong to either of you. I just want to come. Now either help or get out." Cassandra Kent belonged to no one but herself. If she chose to have sex with someone that was because she wanted to, not because she was looking to be possessed and that sounded eerily like what these two men were alluding to. And why the hell had this happened before she had come? She wanted an orgasm, damn it, but suddenly the green-eyed man was no longer thrusting into her as hard as he had been and her

likelihood of getting an immediate orgasm was dying rapidly. Not fair. If they wanted to beat each other's brains out why couldn't they do it later?

"You have to leave, Miles." Sebastian drew the gun from the waistband of his jeans. He knew a bullet would only momentarily slow Miles down. It would not kill him. Miles needed to be stopped by other means. But now was not the time to do it.

Miles sighed angrily and stopped thrusting. The woman wailed in disappointment. This one he liked.

"You know this is not the end of this." He slid out of the ass before him. "I will have this one, Sebastian."

Cassandra spun around and looked at the auburn-haired man then the intruder. What had she found so wildly compelling in this Miles guy only moments before? With his cock no longer inside her, this man paled into comparison beside the tall, dark-haired man whose shoulder-length hair was tied back in a ponytail. What with the hair and that Scottish accent of his, he was dead sexy as his eyes roamed her body with definite intent. Cassandra shook herself mentally. She was naked, pissed off and horny as hell. The two men in the room ogling her did not seem to be making any moves toward claiming her naked and eager body. Not one of her more sexually definitive moments. But if she was honest, Cassandra would have had either man's cock inside her at the instant in order to satisfy the empty itchy feeling between her legs. When had she become so slut-like? Who cares...just let me come.

"If you want me take me now or get the hell out." Okay, maybe tall, dark and Scottish turning up when he did had not helped things but, damn it, the first guy was a man with a hard-on and she was a woman who was offering a body to bury his cock in and satisfy them both. What more did she need do? Draw pictures? Cassandra looked at the man in frustration. Maybe that sexy arrogant attitude of his was not all that appealing after all.

Miles smiled at her.

"I will be back, my dear, to fuck you senseless and you will be mine."

"Yeah...whatever." Cassandra looked around for her clothes. In a heartbeat she knew she did not want sex with either of these men. She was horny but she wasn't desperate...or did not want to appear so. She had some class. Cassandra did not like the way either man was looking at her. Those looks were of expectation, especially in the eyes of the dark-haired one called Sebastian. It was a look of lustful possession that sent a shiver down her spine. *Nah-ah*, not going down that road again tonight. Cassandra reached down and grabbed her blouse and flung it on. It just covered her breasts and left the bottom half of her body uncovered. She was so wet between the legs that she was sure the men could see the moisture. She closed her legs tightly and tried to ignore the look of amusement in the eyes of the man called Sebastian.

"Both of you get out of this room."

Sebastian smiled at the plump bare ass that was before him. It was hotly pink from where Miles had slammed against her. He caught the name *Cassandra* on her name badge as she swung back to look at him.

"Don't look at my ass like that." Cassandra could feel his eyes on her butt.

"'Can't help it. It's a great ass." Sebastian grinned at her pissed-off yet pleased look.

Cassandra was both appalled and flattered. Hell, she was a woman after all. She could not remember the last time a man had complimented her cellulite ass. She turned around to look back the man called Miles. Was he staring at her ass as well? She gasped. He had disappeared.

"Where did he go?" He could not have left the room without her seeing him. There were no doors or windows near where he had been standing. People just didn't vanish like that. What the hell was going on?

"Miles always gets pissed when I turn up, lass." Sebastian placed the gun on a nearby table.

This guy was taking this all mighty calmly.

"Why are you still here?" And where the hell is my skirt?

"It's my room, Cassandra." Sebastian held his hand out to hers and looked down at the dark wet curls between her legs. He licked his lips in anticipation. "My name is Sebastian Lord."

"How did you know my name?"

"I was looking at your luscious, suckable breasts and couldn't help but notice your name badge half hanging off your shirt, lass."

Luscious, suckable, lass...just the way he said those words in that sexy Scottish burr made her thighs sweat in anticipation. Cassandra looked down at the hand that he offered. She had no intention of touching any other male flesh that night especially when the male in question had a definite look of lustful possession in his eyes. She really did not need to be disappointed again.

"Oh, back off, mate, it ain't going to happen." She looked around for her panties. The bare-assed look did not seem like a safe way to go with this guy. "If this is your room what was this Miles person doing in here?'

"He was waiting for a maid."

"Why, if it's not his room?" In the absence of underwear she casually dropped her hands down to cover her pussy. This however let her blouse open up and exposed her breasts. Oh, to hell with decorum... something had to give.

"It sort of is his room." Sebastian tried to concentrate on her eyes and not the large pink-tipped breasts that begged him to touch and taste.

"What?" Cassandra swore inwardly. Shared rooms? She had a horrible feeling she had interrupted some gay guy tryst. Though this guy did not look gay...

"Miles is a ghost, lass. He died in this room in 1924."

Cassandra looked at him in a mixture of shock and relief. Not gay—excellent. Having sex with a supposed ghost—what?

"Are you out of your mind?" Could it be possible someone so sexy-looking was insane?

Sebastian did not look surprised at her response.

"He's a ghost hell-bent on revenge and he plans to kill a chambermaid this evening."

"He's a vengeful ghost from 1924?" Cassandra looked at the man incredulously. "Okay, you're not insane, you're drunk." Drunks she could handle. She had been working at the Philbeach Manor Hotel, in the London suburb of Earls Court, for the past four weeks and she had seen and heard a lot doing the chambermaid gig. People having sex in every bizarre way imaginable, vast sums of money offered to her to slide on down over the cocks of desperate and delusional men and more drugs and alcohol than she thought imaginable. Nothing behind any of these doors scared or surprised Cassandra anymore. She was an Aussie working in London and she had pretty much seen and done it all. But a ghost? *Come on*.

"I assure you I am completely sober, Cassandra. Every year on Halloween Miles Copeland takes a chambermaid in this room and she is never seen again."

"You are telling me that this Miles is a ghost who has sex with the hotel staff and then they magically disappear?" *Like he had presumably. Did she look that dumb*?

"Aye, lass, and he seems to have a fondness for taking all his women in the ass. Some have run screaming from him but you didn't." Sebastian looked at her speculatively.

Cassandra wasn't about to explain her actions to this man. She wanted to, so she did. It was as simple as that but for the need to still soothe the unfulfilled ache between her legs.

"So women just naturally are attracted to have sex with him?" She had felt the pull of attraction the minute she had met the so-called ghost.

"Yes, one woman who managed to escape said his green eyes mesmerized her."

Bloody hell. That was exactly what Cassandra had thought.

"That was a flesh-and-blood man I had inside me—not a horny ghost. Does a ghost even have a cock?" This conversation was officially one of the weirdest ones she had ever had.

"I am sure you felt him but did he come inside you?"

"No, but I didn't come either. You interrupted us." *And why am I even discussing my sex life with a complete stranger*?

"From the research I have done on Miles, he wouldn't take you if someone else interrupted him. It's a jealousy thing. It's all about possession for Miles." Sebastian moved toward her purposefully. "But if I allowed you to come, you would not be here now. You would be his possession. I'm sorry you didn't come but I'd be more than happy to make you come now."

Cassandra just knew he could. The words *large* and *potent* came screamingly into her mind. She backed away from him. She had had enough adventure for one night. He looked like a ride that would be hard to control.

"I can handle the orgasm thing myself." And she would as soon as she could get out of this room.

"Your fingers on your clit aren't the same as those of a man inside you."

Oh boy! She had to find her underwear now. He was so close to her she could feel the heat from his body. Her hormones were egging her on but what was left of her good sense clung on and said *don't do it*. Cassandra retreated from him.

"I couldn't let Miles come inside you as that's what he is after—total possession."

"Oh please, possession is just a male power trip. You all try it on at some stage." The wicked, sexy look he gave her made her want to try it on with him. What the hell was wrong with her tonight? She wanted one guy then the next. She was not a slut. "And guests are always grabbing my ass when I'm working. That does not make this

Miles person any different or even a ghost." Cassandra hit the wall behind her with a thud.

Sebastian moved his body in close so it touched hers.

"But you don't respond to just anyone, do you, lass?" He ran his finger down her face softly.

Cassandra gulped as she felt the heat from his body seep into hers. She knew she should push him away and fight him off but knowing and wanting were two different things. And he was right. She did not respond to just anyone. Just ghosts and Scotsmen apparently.

Cassandra licked her lips and looked at him warily.

"How do I know you're not a ghost?" It was a dumb thing to ask especially as she could feel a very large and undoubtedly real cock pressed in tight against her stomach. Besides, she was not a great believer in the whole spooky ghost thing. She personally believed it was all a marketing ploy to keep clairvoyants in work and to flog Halloween products each year. And as for the green-eyed Miles being an actual ghost? *Nah-uh*. She wasn't dumb enough to buy that. There had been nothing ghostlike about his cock either.

Sebastian reached into his back pocket and pulled out a pocketknife and handed it to her.

"Cut me and I'll bleed or better still, let's have sex and I'll show you how human I am." Sebastian traced one finger around the pert tip of her nipple.

Cassandra shivered at the contact and pressed her breasts forward for his touch.

"You're weird," Cassandra whispered as she threw the pocketknife on the ground and placed her hands on his shoulders—to steady herself or pull him forward, she was undecided as to which one it was. *Damn hormones*.

"But you want me." Sebastian ripped off her blouse as his head descended and licked the tip of her nipple.

Cassandra caught her breath momentarily and moaned. Yeah, she wanted him. But this was different from the other man. There was nothing mesmerizing about this one. It was pure hot passion and need that flared between them. She pulled his head closer to her breasts and encouraged him to suck her. She gasped as Sebastian's hot, wet mouth swallowed the tip of one breast. She could feel his hands on her bare ass, kneading as his fingers slid inside the hot cleft between her cheeks. When they moved around to her pussy and sank into the wet curls Cassandra automatically opened her legs wider to allow him entrance.

"I shouldn't be doing any of this..." The fingers insistently circling her clit made her hotter and wetter than she thought possible. *Should, could, would...*

Sebastian raised his head and looked Cassandra in the eyes.

"Some things are just meant to be, lass," he murmured as he dropped to his knees before her.

Oh God, he wasn't going to...was he? Could she allow a stranger to do that to her? Yes, yes she could.

Cassandra bit back a scream as Sebastian licked her between the legs with one long stroke. She grabbed at the wall to keep herself upright as he slowly and meticulously tongued the tender pink flesh. He was going to kill her with pleasure and at that moment she didn't mind the thought of dying in his strong arms. Cassandra felt she was going to explode when his tongue slid inside her vagina. She slowly sank to her knees before him.

Sebastian caught her in his arms and put his mouth to her, kissing her lingeringly as they tumbled to the floor in a tangled heap. They playfully fought each other to be on top as they licked and sucked whatever flesh came close to their lips.

Cassandra sighed in pleasure as Sebastian's tongue thrust into her mouth as his fingers thrust in the wet core of her. She plastered herself against him, wanting more as her hands ran down his muscled back to his well toned ass, pulling him closer to her. She rolled on top of him and wrenched up his shirt and ran her hands over his abs. The

man was glorious. And he needed to be naked under her hands. Cassandra tore at his shirt, sending buttons flying off in all directions. She looked at his chest. Excellent. She just knew it would be lickable. Cassandra clutched him to her as her tongue slid feverishly over his chest and up to his jawline, nipping and sucking as she rubbed her breasts against him as she went. She was on fire with need and she wanted this man like no other.

"Oh lass..." Sebastian's hands cupped her face as he leant forward and locked his lips onto hers. He kissed her with a passion that had them both gasping for breath.

"Who the hell are you?" Cassandra breathed out hard. This was like her dream lover and fantasy man brought to life. If this was a dream she did not ever want to wake up.

"I am your man," Sebastian answered, his voice hoarse with need as he pulled her hips against his.

Cassandra did not doubt for one second this man belonged to her. It just felt like they were meant to be.

"Undo me..." Sebastian growled softly as he rolled her underneath him and placed soft wet kisses down her throat as one hand fondled her breasts and the other kept up the steady rhythm on her clit.

Cassandra didn't need to be asked twice. She unzipped his fly. She gasped at the size of the hot, erect cock that jumped into her hand. Oh boy, this was going to be damn good... She frantically struggled to pull his jeans down to his knees. It was not easy when this glorious man was on top of her and his hands were everywhere. But she wouldn't have wanted it any other way. She licked her lips and took control of his cock.

"Bloody hell, your cock is enormous." The thought of all that hard strength inside made her want to come then and there. But that would be no fun. Thinking and doing were two different things. And she craved doing Sebastian. Nothing else would satisfy her. Cassandra ran her hand greedily back up and down the length of his turgid cock. She wanted every hot delectable inch inside her.

"All the better for our mutual pleasure," Sebastian murmured against her lips.

Yep, Cassandra was most definitely into mutual pleasure and that cock ensured it.

"Do you have a condom?" She may be acting on impulse but she had every intention of being safe even though she had been stupidly overcome by the moment with Miles. Damn hormones.

"Left front pocket."

Cassandra kept one hand on his cock as the other slid into his pocket, ferreting around for the condom.

"What if we get interrupted?" This man was not someone she wanted to be interrupted with. Completion was a must. Not coming with the ghost boy was one thing. Not coming with Sebastian would kill her. She ripped the condom packet open with her teeth.

Sebastian breathed hard as he felt her hands slowly roll the condom over his straining shaft.

"We won't be interrupted." Sebastian continued massaging her clit as he ran his other hand down her hip. "How do you want me to fuck you?"

Cassandra looked into Sebastian's eyes and knew that as long as he was inside her she did not care. She leaned forward and lightly bit his chin.

"Hard or soft, fast or slow — just fuck me now, laddie."

Sebastian grabbed Cassandra's hips and dragged her body forward toward his. When his cock slid inside her for the first time, Cassandra felt the heat of him stretch and fill her with a strength she had never felt before. She panted softly as he slowly began pushing in and out of her.

"Oh Sebastian..." she murmured as she wrapped her legs around his waist and put her hands on his ass, urging him in deeper. She wanted to feel him all the way up to her heart. Sebastian pulled out of her wet heat and flung her legs over his shoulders then sank back into her to the hilt. He leaned forward and sucked down on one of her nipples.

Cassandra shrieked with pleasure as the thrust of his hips made his mouth slide pump-like on and off her breast. The sensation was exquisite. She pulled Sebastian down to her, wanting to feel every inch of his strong body against her flesh.

"You are so tight and hot, lass, I think I'm going to explode."

Cassandra craved an explosion. She was hungry for it. She wanted to come screaming against his shoulder as he exploded inside her. She could not feel or see anything but Sebastian and that cock of his. As her orgasm started to crash over her, she was totally oblivious to the wild rattling of the ceiling light above her. As she came screaming Sebastian's name, the ceiling light crashed to the floor inches from them. Glass exploded over them as Sebastian exploded inside Cassandra.

Chapter Two

"What the bloody hell was that!" Cassandra yelled as Sebastian rolled her quickly away from the wreck of the light fitting, glass falling off them as he did.

"That would have been Miles." Sebastian gently picked glass out Cassandra's dark brown hair. He pulled out of Cassandra and shook the last of the glass from his body. Other than the odd superficial cut he was fine. His main aim had been to protect Cassandra. Sebastian was used to Miles' petulant antics.

"Miles the ghost..." Cassandra had almost forgotten about him, such was the power the Scot held over her.

"I believe he's pissed off we made love."

"We had sex and how would he know?" Cassandra shook the last of the glass from her hair. It had been earth-shattering—and seemingly light-shattering—sex.

"Miles would have watched us."

Cassandra wasn't the shy, retiring type. However the thought of some weirdo ghost watching her scream her lungs out under Sebastian was kind of icky.

"I don't see him." Cassandra looked around her. "And if he is a ghost as you say, isn't the room supposed to be cold when a poltergeist is in it?" She felt anything but cold. She was superheated from the inside out.

Sebastian smiled at her words as he stood up, pulling her with him.

"Lass, you've been watching too much television. Ghosts are always around us. Most of them are friendly."

Cassandra watched as he disposed of the condom and pulled up his pants, thinking it was a shame to hide such a magnificent specimen of manhood. *Oh well...*

"They watch us?" That was a freaky and uncomfortable thought. There were some things you did not want anyone live or dead to watch you doing. "How do you know this?" Who the hell was this guy she just had sex with anyway? Shoot first—or in this case, come first—and ask questions later was Cassandra's motto.

"My job is to hunt ghosts and demons and any other unaccountable evil or mischievous spirits that are causing havoc for the living."

"Seriously?" Even as Cassandra questioned him, the look in Sebastian's eyes made her believe he was telling the truth.

"Seriously."

"And Miles is a ghost?" Cassandra was trying really hard to get this into her head. "He felt incredibly human inside me." She vaguely recalled Miles' cock in her ass. It hadn't been as good as Sebastian's but it had felt real enough. Mind you, no man could really compete with Sebastian. Damn shame she would probably never see him again.

"Miles is not a fully fledged ghost yet." Sebastian saw the confusion in Cassandra eyes. "He's not fully dead."

Eewww!!! She had had a zombie up her ass?

"Oh, that makes me feel so much better," Cassandra responded cynically. She had experienced sex with some men who she had later suspected to be half human but not one that actually was. She looked at Sebastian critically. Was he pulling her leg? "Look, I know it's Halloween and that's great story to tell tourists and the naïve but I am neither. I don't believe it. Besides, I cleaned this room yesterday and my ass was okay."

"That's because Halloween is tonight."

"And ghost boy is active on Halloween?"

"Correct." Sebastian smiled at her as if pleased at her understanding of the situation.

The fact the she was beginning to believe and understand made Cassandra question her own sanity and choices. She had just had sex with two men. One who supposedly was dead and the other who was thrillingly alive. Not something that happened every day.

"I don't know who I should be more worried about him or you, ghost hunter."

"Oh, definitely me, lass, because," Sebastian flashed a confident grin at her, "I'm not leaving you alone ever," he muttered under his breath.

"Let's say I believe you, how do you know all this about Miles?"

"By lots of research and listening to people. Since 1925 when he first appeared people have been trying to vanquish Miles. This hotel used to be Copeland Manor. Like a lot of hotels in London it used to be an old town house owned by a rich family. Miles' family lived here. He was the young master of the house and he did what he wanted."

"Ah, I get it. He fucked the maids." Okay, this was starting to make sense in a weird-assed freaky way.

"Exactly. Housekeeping records indicate quite a few were dismissed without reference after Master Miles had used them."

"What a bastard! That's disgusting!" If he was here now Cassandra would kick his ghost ass.

"And that's why one of those women killed him." Sebastian knew Miles Copeland's history like his own. He had spent the past three years trying to eradicate him from the Philbeach Manor Hotel. "Mary Clark, a sixteen-year-old scullery maid, stabbed him with a knife from the kitchen after he had raped her."

"Good for Mary."

"No, bad for Mary. She ended up dying in prison."

"How bloody unfair." Cassandra shook her head at the injustice of it. "Poor brave little bugger." She looked at the ghost hunter. "So how do you know this ghost—and I'm not saying I believe it completely—is Miles Copeland?"

"He died in this room on Halloween in 1924 and for the last three years I have reserved the room trying to catch him."

"Aren't you worried he'll hurt you?" Sure, Sebastian was a big, braw Scot but did that beat a vengeful, pissed-off ghost?

"Worried about me, lass?" Sebastian moved in close, his hands resting on her hips.

"No, you are big and ugly enough to look after yourself, I'm sure." Like Cassandra cared. He was just a passing cock in the night. Okay, a mighty fine cock plus a nice firm ass and abs she wanted to eat dinner off—but it was not like this was for keeps.

"I assure you research indicates Miles was definitely heterosexual. My ass is safe. Yours however is not." Sebastian's hands slid down to her butt.

Cassandra did not want to think about Sebastian's ass but it was awfully hard with his hands caressing her bare skin.

"So since after his death in 1924 women have been killed in here?"

"Not exactly killed. It's more that they disappear. No bodies have been found."

"But doesn't someone wonder what happened to these women?"

"You're an Aussie traveling and working overseas. You have a transient lifestyle. Would any employer be surprised to find you gone one day without a word?"

That made sense to Cassandra. She had left plenty of jobs without a backward glance.

"Do you have something I can wear?" His hands on her ass made her potently aware of the discrepancies on their state of dress and the state of her mind. She couldn't do him again, could she? Would that be bad? *Bad girls ruled...*

"Did you just realize you were naked, lass?"

"You could have said something." Of course she should have realized it long ago but there was something about being naked with this man that appealed to her.

"And ruin the show?" Sebastian let go of her and rummaged in his duffel bag and pulled out a checked flannelette shirt. "See how natural it is for us to be together?" He placed the shirt around Cassandra's shoulders.

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Sweet and sexy. An unbeatable combination, thought Cassandra as she slid her arms into the oversized sleeves.

"How come no one has stopped Miles?"

"Many have tried."

"So why is he still here?"

Sebastian sat down on a nearby chair and pulled Cassandra down on his lap facing him. He pushed up the soft cotton shirt and allowed his hands to linger on the soft flesh of her thighs.

"He's proven hard to kill. It has taken me three years to work out that the best time to kill Miles is after midnight on Halloween."

"On All Saints Day," said Cassandra as she felt the muscles in her vagina instantly tighten in wet readiness to accept Sebastian's cock once more. She had never before been turned on this quickly by anyone and she liked it.

Sebastian looked up thoughtfully as the lights started to flicker in the room. He put his hands on Cassandra's ass and pulled her forward.

"Yes, Miles has to be finished off on All Saints Day." Sebastian leaned forward and suckled on one of Cassandra's exposed nipples.

She let her hand wander down to his fly in response. She could feel his cock ready and waiting.

"How do you kill someone who is technically dead?" It was a weird conversation to have when a man's mouth was attached to your breast and you were undoing his trousers.

Sebastian's mouth slid of her nipple, leaving it wet, swollen and shiny. His cock was in Cassandra's hand. Everything was just the way he liked it.

"An extreme jolt of electricity will finish him off." He saw her cynical eye roll at his words. "Everything else has been tried and general consensus is electricity will kill

him." His mouth suctioned on to her other nipple. He smiled as he heard her gasp in excitement.

When this man sucked her like that she wanted to give him whatever he wanted, however he wanted it.

"General consensus..." she moaned softly, as she kept one hand on his cock while the other undid the leather knot holding back his hair, letting it spill midnight black around his broad shoulders. *Fuck, this man was as sexy as hell*. "Do you have a ghost hunters' club or something?" Not that she cared at that moment. She just wanted Sebastian inside her.

"Something like that," Sebastian muttered as his lips slid up to nuzzle her neck.

With his mouth no longer on her breast, Cassandra suddenly became aware of the lights flickering on and off in the room. *Miles*?

"Are you trying to make ghost boy jealous?" She lifted her body so the hot, wet opening between her legs rubbed slowly back and forth over the tip of his impatient cock.

"No, lass. I want you to slide down over my cock and make me come. If I make him jealous that's a bonus."

Cassandra pushed just the head of his cock into her wet entrance. She pushed up and down a few times, amused and satisfied at the look of impatience on Sebastian's face. He wanted to be inside her fully. And he would be when it suited her. She gently pulled on the long strands of his hair as she continued to slowly torture him.

"How can a ghost be jealous of a flesh-and-blood man?" If the wild flashing on and off of the lights was any indication the hotel either had a major fault or that was one jealous ghost with a hard-on, watching and waiting his turn.

"Because you responded to him like a sensual passionate woman and he wants that again. I suspect most of the chambermaids he fucked did not act that way."

"I'm not always like that...I..." What was she like? Yes, she responded to passion and lust. Did that make her an uncontrollable slut who would take any man between her legs? No, normally she was quite picky. Tonight was just an exception—an exciting one but still an exception.

"I know that, lass." Sebastian kissed her softly, urging her to take him fully inside her. "You're a beautiful, sensual and sexual being. That's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Are you saying that, laddie, because you want to me to slide on down and cover that bad boy of yours?" Before Sebastian could answer she did just that, taking his cock inside her to the hilt. She could feel him all the way into her stomach. It was a damn fine feeling.

"Ride me, lass," Sebastian growled as the lights flashed and the walls started to shake.

Wall paintings started to crash to the ground as Cassandra rode her wild Scot hard. His hands were on her breasts, his mouth was on hers and she had every intention of sucking his cock dry. As she came screaming she felt Sebastian pumping hot and hard inside her and the lights went out.

* * * * *

"It's interesting that Miles did not kill you straight away," Sebastian said as he finished lighting candles in the darkened room.

Initially Cassandra was surprised he had candles to light but apparently ghost hunters came equipped for anything.

"You sound like you wanted me killed." Other than dying sated in this man's arms, being actually dead was not something Cassandra wanted to do until it was her time to go.

Sebastian pulled her into his arms and kissed her hungrily.

"No, of course not, lass." Sebastian's hands roamed down to the plump cheeks of her ass. He smiled as Cassandra's legs automatically opened in response. The kneading pressure of his hands made Cassandra eager to house his cock once more within her body. No man had ever turned her on like this before. Sex for her was normally just hard, fast and mildly satisfying. She had never wanted any man more than once. However Sebastian was the exception. Cassandra would gladly welcome the feel of him all hot and hard inside her again. And again. There was something about this Scotsman that her soul seemed to recognize and crave.

"Didn't you say this thing with Miles the pissed-off ghost has a lot to do with possession?" This Scot could possess her any time, anywhere, anyhow.

"Possession is everything and we both know I have full possession of you now," Sebastian murmured against her lips as he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bed.

Possession was good. It seemed like a very doable idea. Maybe not to a feminist but Cassandra could handle the whole macho manhandling possession thing right about now. Being a woman at this moment counted more than the ability to change a tire.

"What are you doing?" Whatever it was she was most definitely up to it. She was already wet thinking of the cock between her legs once more.

"I'm going to tie you up, lass." Sebastian dropped her gently on the bed and rolled her onto to her stomach.

"For sex?" Cassandra licked her lips with excitement as she watched him pull out soft flexible rope from his duffel bag. She had fantasized being tied up and having sex with a stranger. She eagerly placed her hands above her head to be helpful. This was damn exciting. What job? What Halloween party?

Sebastian smiled at her acquiescence. He gently tied one hand to the bed head.

"No, I want to use you." He grabbed her other hand and tied it securely.

Use her? Cassandra did not like the sound of that. It didn't sound like hot, hard sex was coming her way. She scrambled to her knees, her ass sticking up in the air. It was not the most dignified position she had ever been in. "Use me? For what?" *Please say for unlimited hours of sexual pleasure*.

"Bait," Sebastian responded. He was hard as a rock just looking at her ass so invitingly positioned before him.

"Bait?" Cassandra yelled angrily. "For Miles the ghost who fucks women in the ass?" That particular part of her anatomy was extremely exposed and vulnerable at that moment. She wanted sex with Sebastian. Not an ass-fucking from a ghost. "I don't want to be bait."

"Miles likes you. I saw the lust in his eyes. I totally understand that. You're sexy as hell, lass." Sebastian stroked her ass slowly as his fingers slid into the cleft and toyed with the tight puckered hole of her anus. "I'll make sure I'll keep you alive."

"Gee, will you?" Cassandra snapped furiously. She could not see how that was going to happen. He had trussed her up like a prize for the taking and he was making her so hot and jumpy with his fingers in her ass that she was scared she would actually welcome Miles fucking her in relief. "This is not comfortable."

"Liar," Sebastian murmured as he slid his hand around to her pussy and found her clit.

Cassandra moaned as he tortured the tight bundle of nerves between her legs. She pushed her ass up toward him invitingly. *Okay, maybe it wasn't so bad.*

"I don't want him inside me." I only want you.

"No man is ever going to be inside you again but me," Sebastian responded as if reading her mind.

"Big words," Cassandra gasped out as his fingers slid into her body.

"I'm a big man." Sebastian pulled his hand out from between her legs, smiling at her moan of disappointment. He quickly stripped off his clothes and moved in, hot and naked, behind her.

"You want me now, don't you, lass?" He positioned his hard cock in the cleft of her ass.

"Yes!" Cassandra hissed as she shoved back against him.

"How bad?"

"As bad as you want me, ghost hunter." She knew that the straining shaft at her ass was looking for a hot, wet place to bury itself. She was more than happy to provide that.

Sebastian chuckled softly.

"You are extremely fuckable, Cassandra."

"So fuck me then." Cassandra shrieked as his cock thrust hard and fast into her. The sudden loud sound of howling ripped through the room. As Sebastian increased his thrusts so did the howling, becoming louder and angrier by the second. Cassandra was too hot and needy to care about the noise. It was weird and freaky but the man ramming hot and hard inside her made everything else seem distant and unimportant. Just as she was ready to explode, Sebastian pulled out of her. The howling stopped instantly. *Bugger! What was going on?*

"What? Why? Sebastian?" She wanted to come. What the hell was he doing pulling out of her at a crucial moment? He could not leave her like this. She turned frantically toward him. He was quickly pulling up his trousers. His cock was huge and swollen and fighting being shoved into the restraints of his trousers.

"I have to leave now." He threw the flannelette shirt Cassandra had been wearing earlier over his shoulders.

"But I didn't come...you didn't come...I want to come, damn it!" *God! When had she become so selfish a slave to her body*?

Sebastian leaned over Cassandra and started placing pillows under her hips to elevate her ass up into the air.

By the time Cassandra worked out what was happening her ass was completely exposed and vulnerable and her first foot had been tied to the end of the bed.

Sebastian tied the other foot that kicked out at him angrily. Her legs were spread wide and open and she was ready to receive.

"Believe me, lass, I want to come inside you but I also have to kill Miles once and for all."

"So you are hoisting my ass up as bait?" There was no way she could move or lessen the risk. Her ass was for the taking. "Are you trying to kill me as well?"

"I have to tempt him. He likes women in the ass. I can see why." He leaned forward and kissed her pink ass lingeringly.

But what about us? Was she nothing but bait to Sebastian Lord?

"I want you all hot and willingly when Miles comes in."

Cassandra was all hot and willing and deathly scared she would accept any cock in her ass at the moment.

"I don't want him." I wanted you.

"He will never be inside you again." Sebastian was most definite on this. He pulled his hair back into a ponytail. He needed no distractions at that moment.

"Ah gee...you're making it really easy for him." The chances of saving her ass were slim. "Anyway, how do you even know Miles will want me? You said he was watching us. All that howling before was a dead giveaway that he's pissed off. He's hardly likely to walk into such an obvious trap. Ghost boy may be dead but he's not dumb and he may not want me after you've had me."

"You're right, lass, Miles isn't stupid but he is a cocky little smartass. He is watching us now believing nothing can stop him as all attempts in the past to vanquish him have failed." Sebastian patted her ass lightly. "It's nearly midnight. He wants a maid and he wants you. His own ego and lust will drive him on. You being trussed up like this will just amuse him as he doesn't believe I will succeed so he won't consider it a risk to come in and take you. In fact I bet he will enjoy it even more."

"Take me? Enjoy it?" Cassandra struggled frantically against the ropes. "You Scottish bastard! You know great sex excluded, you're on a par with Miles in the nutcase stakes."

Sebastian leaned in and kissed her. There were only minutes until midnight and All Saints Day.

"Trust me."

"I..." He left before she could speak. "Bloody hell! There was a lesson to be learned here, Cassandra..." she muttered angrily to herself as she fought against the ropes that held her down. Covering your ass took on a whole new meaning. So what did one do while they waited as bait? She still desperately wanted to come but her hands were literally tied. And she did not want to have Miles in her ass no matter how horny she was. "Fucking ghost hunter."

Suddenly the lights came back on dimly and the candles blew out. Woo-hoo! Sebastian had come to his senses and was back to finish of the job he started. She just may forgive him for his previous madness if he made it worth her while.

"Uh-oh..." Cassandra stiffened suddenly as she felt a caressing hand on her ass. She swallowed hard. It did not feel like Sebastian. It could only be ghost boy. "Miles?"

"I am disappointed in you, Cassandra." Miles shook his head in mock reproach as his hand lingered on her ass.

"Are you?" Maybe his disappointment would be so great she wasn't going to get it in the ass. Though that hand did not move off her flesh, instead it probed further.

"Sebastian is not the man for you."

"But you are?" Cassandra watched as he came around and looked at her, stripping off his pants as he did. Well, there you go, ghosts did indeed have cocks and this one was primed and ready to go. She clenched her butt cheeks tightly as if the power of unexercised muscles would stop a hot insistent cock. She should have used the gym membership. She would have had buns of steel and not pull-apart-yielding-to-any-sexual-stimulus buns.

"Yes, my dear, I am the man for you and soon you will feel it."

Oh lord, she did not want to feel anything right now.

"What about those other chambermaids?"

Miles smiled and shook his head.

"None compare to you. I see you're all hot and ready for me." He ran a hand down between her parted legs. "It was nice of Sebastian to lay you out so neatly."

"Aren't you the slightest bit worried that this is a trap?" After all, ghost boy had to have listened to what Sebastian had said. *Bloody hell!* Now she believed in eavesdropping ghosts. Maybe this was all some psychotic nightmare she was experiencing after inhaling too much cleaning fluid. "You must know Sebastian wants to get rid of you." It was crazy trying to scare a ghost but she had to try.

Miles threw back his head and laughed.

"Sebastian the Scot is like all his predecessors. They all had grand plans and they all failed. Certainly having you all hot and ready to go is a bonus, my dear, but regardless of what Sebastian has told you he cannot save you. You are meant to be with me. I may just break my rules and let him watch as I fuck you into eternity."

Bugger! So much for pointing out the pitfalls in his plan to take her in the ass.

"What happened to the other maids?" Yes, chat to the ghost and keep his mind off your ass.

"They had to be punished as you will be punished." Miles ran his hand over her ass appreciatively.

"Why? And stop that!" After the feel of Sebastian between her legs, any fears she had that she would take Miles in a fit of mindless passion were totally unfounded. The feel of his fingers on her was disgusting.

"Because all maids are cockteasers. They lead you on then they scream rape."

"This will be rape and you will never possess me." Cassandra bucked up in a vain effort to push him off her. "And neither I nor those other maids ever led you on. That was just some sick mind game of yours to justify raping them." Cassandra heard the sound of distant clock bells starting to chime twelve.

"Say what you want. It will make no difference." Miles climbed onto the bed behind her propped-up ass. "You had the Scotsman and now you'll have me. I want you to feel the difference."

"I want Sebastian not you. I will feel nothing but disgust if you take me now." The bells struck out eight times.

"You have no choice."

Cassandra had a horrible feeling this was the case. Where was her Scotsman and his grand plan to slay ghost boy?

"Please don't..." Eleven bells chimed.

"But you know I have to. You must be punished like all the others."

Just as the bells chimed twelve the door flew open and Sebastian kicked Miles off Cassandra and shot a huge charge of electricity from a Taser into his exposed ass. Miles writhed and screamed in fury.

"No!" He howled in pain and anguish. "It cannot end like this!!" He twisted and turned and the lights madly flicked on and off, making his wild contortions all the more horrific to watch. Suddenly Miles stiffened, shrieked once and then exploded into pieces. The lights went out and what sounded like the soft satisfied sighs of several dozen women graced the night. It was over.

Chapter Three

"Is he gone?" Cassandra felt Sebastian's hands on her as he started untying her.

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I don't until next year but I'm ninety-nine percent sure it's over."

"So he got it in the ass this time." Payback was indeed a bitch. Cassandra rolled over onto her side as the ropes came free from her body. She looked around her. Nothing bar the broken light and the pictures on the floor were evidence that anything ghostlike had happened. Wow, she was quite amazed at how well she was handling all this. Vengeful ghosts, sexy Scots and her ass in danger. It was as she had always believed. Australians were a tough bunch of nuts to crack.

Sebastian pulled her into his arms.

"I'm sorry to have done that to you, lass."

"Yes, well, being trussed up like a sacrifice for a ghost is not pleasant. How would you have liked it?"

Sebastian smiled down at her.

"If you were doing the tying I'd be happy to be tied up."

"Really? So if I tied you up now and did anything I wanted with you you'd be okay with that?" A plan came to her mind.

"If it involves making love to you I'll do anything you want."

"Good to hear, now strip off then and get on the bed naked."

"Seriously?"

"Aye, laddie, I am deadly serious." It'll bloody teach you for leaving me for the dead.

Cassandra watched as Sebastian did exactly as she ordered. He thought he was in for good time. Well, let him think that. As soon as he was on the bed, cock up and ready, Cassandra quickly tied his hands and feet so he could not move. Sebastian was spreadeagled and totally under her control and she liked it.

Cassandra crawled on top of him, rubbing her skin teasingly against his as she watched his cock jerk up in reaction. She reached under his head and pulled the tie from his hair. Oh yeah, this man was all that and more.

"So I can do anything to you and you won't mind?" Cassandra licked one flat male nipple lingeringly as she ran her hand down the length of his body.

"Anything at all, lass." His voice was thick with desire.

"Excellent." Cassandra licked down Sebastian's body slowly, enjoying every muscle and ridge she encountered. She could feel his cock jump urgently against her body every time she brushed against it, which she made sure she did a lot. This Scot of hers had to be totally put on a sexual edge that was hard to come back from. Cassandra let the taut tips of her breasts graze the surface of his skin as her tongue trailed a leisurely path down to his straining shaft. She looked up at Sebastian's face. Beads of sweat were forming on his upper lip as he tried desperately to control his cock from exploding. Excellent.

When Cassandra reached his cock, she placed it between her breasts and slowly moved it back and forward against the sandwich of soft flesh.

"Do you like that, ghost hunter?" She kind of liked it herself. All that hot pulsating heat between her breasts.

"Hell, yes..." Sebastian bit his lip as he tried to keep control.

"How about this..." She released his sandwiched cock from her breasts and leaned forward and licked the bulbous tip.

"Oh lass..."

Cassandra slowly and painstakingly licked from the top of his cock to the base, stopping every so often to go back and suck the tip of it in between her lips before releasing it with a loud, wet, popping sound. She felt pleased and powerful as the man beneath her writhed uncontrollably. When she finally sucked his cock fully into her mouth the hoarse growl that thundered out from his lips made Cassandra only too aware the ghost hunter was about to come. But she could not let that happen. Not yet. She sucked him hard for a couple more moments then slid her mouth off his cock and licked her lips.

"Are you all hot and bothered and ready to come?" Even as she said the words, Cassandra felt the muscles between her legs tighten in response.

"Aye, lass..."

"Do you need to be inside me?" Cassandra ran her hand up and down his cock, toying with it, knowing it was driving him crazy.

"Hell yes, I have to have you now." Sebastian bucked his hips up toward her.

Cassandra let go of his cock and slowly spread her legs, her knees on either side of his hips, so she was positioned above the tip of his cock. She rubbed her clit back and forward over it. It felt so dammed good and she was so close to coming. But not just yet.

"Why aren't you sliding on down, lass?" Sebastian's voice was desperate with need as her body broke contact with his.

Cassandra raised herself onto her knees. His cock was in touching distance but she had done touching it. She was going to touch something else now and drive him just as crazy. She sank three fingers into the folds of her pussy and started slowly massaging her clit.

"Oh God, you're trying to kill me." Sebastian watched in fascination as she masturbated in front of him.

"No, not kill you, just leave you as you left me," Cassandra moaned softly. She never imagined playing with herself in front of a man could make her feel so hot and so ready to come. It would take no effort at all. The fact that he was watching her and that

he had left her so ready and aching before made it almost effortless to drive herself on to pleasure. She slid her fingers into her vagina. She knew Sebastian's eyes were riveted on her every move. She slowly moved her fingers in and out, using her thumb to massage her clit. She imagined Sebastian thrusting hard inside her as she started softly undulating her pelvis back and forward as the aching itch between her legs started to build up.

"Oh...oh..." she moaned as she threw her head back and panted as she felt waves of pleasure crash over her. That was not the only thing Cassandra felt. A jet of hot semen shot up onto her skin as Sebastian lost control and came in a rush, spraying her inner thighs with hot milky semen. She looked down at him and smiled. Her job was done. That was the best sex she never had. She climbed off him shakily and started looking for her clothes.

"It's been one hell of a long night." She drew on her blouse and picked up her skirt. She was way too hot, wet and sticky to be searching for underwear. Besides, she wanted that tight sensation between her thighs to last a little while longer. In fact she might never wear underwear again, just in memory of this one man. "Gosh, I should be going."

Sebastian watched as she found her skirt and wiggled into it.

"Lass, you cannot leave me like this."

Cassandra walked around to look at him. He was one hell of a man and she would never forget him or this night.

"Oh, but I can. You left me all tied up so payback is only fair." She leaned forward and kissed him lingeringly, sucking down on his lower lip in release. "This is what I see happening. A ghost may show up but you'll be okay as your ass is covered. Not like how you left me. Or you may frighten some poor chambermaid but I think it's unlikely as we're a hardy bunch at the Philbeach Manor. Or, if I am any judge of character, you'll figure a way out." She patted his face gently. "It's been fun, ghost hunter."

* * * * *

"I was just wondering about the man in room fifty-two," Cassandra said as she got her bundle of room keys from reception the next morning. She was surprised she had not heard any gossip or giggling about finding a naked Sebastian in the room tied up. It was not like she would have slept through any excitement. She had been wide awake since she left him lying there. Of course there was always the possibility that he got away unnoticed. But that seemed unlikely.

"What man in room fifty-two? We haven't had anyone in there for weeks," Harry, the hotel manager, responded as he thrust the keys and room checklist at her.

"What? I cleaned room fifty-two yesterday and the day before. There had most definitely been someone in there." She saw him, felt him, had him. Sebastian Lord was not someone you forgot easily. He was imprinted on her mind and in her body. And then there was Miles the freaky-assed ghost. Also not someone you'd forget meeting.

"Why would I lie? And why would you clean a room that wasn't on your list of rooms to clean?"

"I...ah..." Cassandra looked at her manager carefully. He looked pissed off and tired and not like he was in a joking mood. "But..."

"If you saw someone in room fifty-two then you imagined it, Cassandra."

"So a Scottish guy called Sebastian Lord does not ring a bell?"

"Should it?" Harry looked at her intently.

A sudden shiver of cold rushed down her spine. She knew what she saw. She saw a man. He said his name was Sebastian Lord and he was a ghost hunter. She saw Miles the ghost. She felt them both. One was a ghost and the other was a man...or was he a flesh-and-blood man? But then what else could he have actually been? She had not imagined that cock. Her dreams were never that good.

"So no one at all was in that room?"

"No one." The manager looked at her quizzically. "Did you tie one on last night at the Halloween party? Are you a bit hung over? All you Aussies drink like fish."

Well, that may be so but she wasn't drunk or hung over. At least that would explain the suddenly unexplainable. An empty room. A man that did not exist.

"Now are you working today, or what?"

"Ah...yeah, sure." Cassandra grabbed her keys and list and headed to the storeroom for her cleaning trolley. Her hand shook as she as she reached for her cleaning equipment.

"It's not possible..." Cassandra murmured, her mind whirling as she went over the events of the previous night. Hot bodies, great sex and mutual satisfaction. That did not happen every day. "Sebastian was there...I'm sure he was...he..." She stopped and realized she wasn't sure of anything. She sat down hard on an upended bucket. "No...it couldn't be. It's not possible..." But what other answer was there? "Bloody hell..." Cassandra cursed softly. Realistically there was only one answer. It was bizarre but yet it seemed the only logical conclusion. Sebastian Lord had been a ghost. "Oh my God! I fell in love with a ghost."

Cassandra jumped to her feet and raced out of the storeroom. She had to go to room 52. She had to see it with her own eyes. She could not have dreamt or imagined last night. It was all so real.

She skidded to a halt outside the room and her hand shook as she turned the key in the lock. She wanted to push the door open and find Sebastian lying naked and angry awaiting her return. Anger she could handle. A lover who could never be and never was she couldn't.

As Cassandra pushed the door open, she gasped out loud.

"No!"

Room 52 was neat and clean and not a thing was out of place. The glass light fitting sat snugly against the ceiling and the wall paintings were in their places. Her eyes

snapped to the bed. No Sebastian. No tangled, semen-covered sheets. Nothing. It was just like every other empty hotel room.

Cassandra pinched herself hard. No, she was awake. She rubbed her hands over her face in tired frustration. Last night was still so vivid in her mind. The taste of Sebastian was still on her lips and she still felt the imprint of his hot cock inside her. Could it have all been a dream? Had she actually gone to the Halloween party and drunk herself into insensibility and dreamt Sebastian and Miles up? Or had a couple of ghosts crossed her path for a few moments on Halloween?

"It was so real..." she whispered to the empty room.

* * * * *

The manager of the Philbeach Manor Hotel was not particularly surprised when Cassandra told him she was leaving. Aussies came and went in jobs as they traveled around the United Kingdom looking for adventure. Cassandra had already lined up a waitressing job at a resort outside Stirling in Scotland. Word of mouth from a friend had her packing her bag and heading to London's Victoria Station to catch the train to Glasgow. It was just too freaky being at the Philbeach Manor, knowing what had happened or what she thought had happened. If she stayed she knew she would spend every day in room 52 looking for Sebastian Lord. Cassandra was too young to be senile just yet.

As she waited in one of the internet cafés in Victoria Street across from the station, she checked out her email and tried to focus on news from home. But Sebastian Lord's face kept jumping into her mind. She flicked out of her email account and clicked on the blue internet icon. What would it hurt to check the name out? If she found nothing so be it. If she found something then...well...

"I'll cross and burn that bridge when I get to it," she muttered to herself. Cassandra typed the name Sebastian Lord into the search engine. Immediately a page of names jumped out at her. The first couple of entries had nothing to do with her Sebastian. Her Sebastian?

"Oh yep, you are losing your mind, Cassandra Kent..." And chatting to herself seemed to enforce that. She clicked on the next entry and froze. "Oh good God..." Her heart jumped erratically as Sebastian Lord's face appeared before her.

Sebastian Lord, lecturer of Paranormal Studies at the University of Edinburgh, died yesterday of unexplained causes. The thirty-five-year-old was found unconscious in his office in the University. Efforts to revive him were unsuccessful. A police statement released today confirmed that investigations are ongoing and the police have not ruled out foul play. Links with Lord's death and his investigation into the dealings of a known satanic cult have not been ruled out as a possible cause. The cult has lately been active in the United Kingdom and several unexplained deaths have been linked to it. The university would not speculate on Sebastian Lord's demise but instead they issued a statement saying they were saddened by his passing and that he had been an asset to the paranormal faculty.

Sebastian was dead. It was there in black and white. She needed no more proof. A sob tore through Cassandra's lips as she reread the newspaper article. She looked at the date on the headline. A chill ran down her spine. It was dated three years ago—October 31—Halloween. Sebastian Lord had been dead for three years. For the first time in her life Cassandra thought she might faint.

* * * * *

Cassandra sat slumped in her seat, ignoring everyone as she gazed blankly at the countryside passing by as the train rushed north. Luckily the seat next to hers was not occupied. That was good as she was not in the mood to chat pleasantly to well-meaning strangers. Her head was still reeling from the internet report. She needed time to think.

Was she losing her mind? Had Sebastian really been there? It had all felt so real. She did not doubt for a second that ghosts now existed. Other weird things happened in the world so why not ghosts? She just never thought she would ever come across one, let

alone have sex with one or fall in love with one. And that was what hurt the most. She had fallen in love with a man who could never be hers. Unrequited love sucked. Everyone knew that. She unfolded the printout of the internet article. She had clutched it in her hand ever since she had printed it. Sebastian's handsome features stared up at her. Cassandra felt the tears start to slide down her face. She wanted him to be alive. She wanted the possibility that they could be together. She did not want to be pining over the improbability of a love that could never be. Why did she have to conjure up a dead man to fall in love with?

"Because you're not frigging normal," she murmured as she burst into tears. Yep, this was going to descend into a self-pitying crying jag, she just knew it. She groped around in her pocket for a handkerchief. Great! No handkerchief! She pulled up her sweater and wiped her eyes.

A hand came down and rested on her shoulder.

"I'm okay...I'm just crying over a ghost," Cassandra murmured as she wiped her eyes and looked up at the owner of the hand. She expected some nice do-gooder. Instead it was anyone but. She screamed.

Sebastian Lord dropped into the seat beside her and planted his mouth on hers and quietened the scream with a long, hot kiss.

"Get away from me!" Cassandra gasped as she broke off the kiss and pushed at him as she tried to get out of her seat. This could not be happening. This was not real. Okay, the kiss seemed and tasted real but so had the feeling of his cock only a couple of nights ago. He was dead. She had the proof. "You're not real. You are supposed to be dead and not wandering around torturing me with kisses."

Sebastian pushed Cassandra down gently as she struggled to get up and away from him.

"I am alive and very real, I assure you, lass." He pulled her squirming body tight against his. "Were you crying over me?" Sebastian brushed one lone tear from her face.

"You're dead." If she kept saying it one of them might actually believe it. Sebastian didn't seem to think he had shuffled off his mortal coil. At least she wasn't the only crazy one here. "I read an internet article saying that you died three years ago. That makes you a ghost." Cassandra fought hard to break his hold on her. It felt strong and secure and safe and but it wasn't right. It wasn't real. She refused to fall for a man who did not exist. "I don't need a ghost boyfriend."

"You were crying about my death and it made you sad." Sebastian's eyes were tender on hers. "You're terribly sweet," he kissed her softly, "and beautiful," he planted more kisses on her lips, feeling the struggle subside in her body, "and sexy."

"I am not bloody falling for this again. Go and find a ghost woman to have sex with." Cassandra pushed at his chest feeling the strong beat of his heart. Did ghosts have heartbeats? She knew from firsthand knowledge they had cocks...so maybe...

Sebastian hailed a passing ticket inspector.

"Do I look like a ghost to you?" he asked the man.

"What?"

"Do I look like I'm alive and breathing?"

"What are you playing at, gov'nor? Of course you're alive." The man walked off shaking his head. "You see and hear everything on British Rail," he muttered to himself.

"See, I am alive, lass." Sebastian started kissing her again.

Cassandra pulled her lips from his.

"What the hell is going on?"

"I'm kissing you, but I plan to be sliding on into you very soon and making love to you until you cannot stand."

Cassandra threw both her hands up into the air in confusion. Sebastian was alive and sitting beside her, promising her leg-buckling sex. It sounded a little too good to be true.

Amarinda Jones

"You're not a ghost?" She ran her hands lightly over his body, straying down to the tight bulge in his trousers, purely for scientific reasons, of course.

"No, I'm not a ghost." Sebastian held her hand on his cock.

"Miles was though."

"Yes."

Cassandra pulled her hand from under his.

"What is this all about? How did you find me?"

"It's all about instant attraction and the need to be with someone who sets you on fire." Sebastian smiled over-charmingly at her cynical look. "And I followed you to Victoria Station and decided a train trip to my homeland with my ladylove was in order."

Ladylove? Cassandra decided to ignore that just for the moment. She had enough to deal with without that.

"Why didn't you come and see me at the hotel?"

"Did you miss me, lass?" His lips slid down the soft skin of her face.

Cassandra pushed Sebastian away. He had some definite explaining to do. She wasn't going to be fobbed off with kisses.

"How is it I saw you in room fifty-two but the hotel manager said you were never in room fifty-two?"

"Harry lied."

"The hotel manager lied? Why?"

Sebastian sighed lightly. Strong women were not easy to fob off. Life with Cassandra Kent was going to be interesting.

"The Philbeach Manor Hotel loses a female staff member every year. They have tried to stop this happening by closing room fifty-two off two weeks before and two weeks after Halloween. But Miles always managed to get his maid and yet another woman would disappear."

"So Harry knew you were there."

"Aye. I believe he was amazed you escaped the same fate as the other women."

"I still got it in the ass." That she would never forget. *Sex with a ghost...eewww*! "So how did Harry know what was going on in number fifty-two?"

"Remember how I told you one woman escaped? That was his wife."

"Louise?" That would account for the fact that she had only seen the woman rush in and out of the hotel once. At the time she looked like the hounds of hell were on her heels. "So Harry tracked down a ghost hunter as he knew it would be would be bad for business, especially considering all the tourists in London at this time of year." That made strange sense to Cassandra. "Okay, I get that that Harry lied to me but why did I end up in that room if I was not supposed to be in there?"

"I saw you and I fancied you." Sebastian grinned at her sudden blush. "Blushing, lass, after all we did together?"

"Just tell me how." Cassandra had not blushed in years. There was something about Sebastian Lord that made her feel all girly and vulnerable.

"I wrote number fifty-two down in your book of rooms to clean. I planned on getting to you before Miles touched you."

"So you were basically going to fuck me and then you were going to use me for bait for Miles."

"Oh yes. I figured you would be so infatuated and enslaved by my sexual prowess that you would do anything for me."

Just the thought of what he could do with that cock of his made her realize how true that statement was.

"You have no conscience, do you?"

"I had to get the job done and I wanted you. I regret neither. If I hurt you I am sorry, lass." Sebastian pulled her hand up to his lips and kissed it softly.

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What the hell could she say to that? The look in his eyes made her alternatively gooey and hot and ready to forgive.

"How did you get out of the ropes?" That she had to know.

"I'm a ghost hunter, we have ways and means that would astonish ordinary mortals." Sebastian chuckled at the cynical eye roll from Cassandra. "I had my cell phone on the bedside table. It's voice-activated. I phoned a friend. He was most amused at my predicament. He wants to meet the woman he says 'well and truly fucked over his friend'."

Cassandra smiled at that. Yes, she was pleased she had at least one-upped the ghost hunter.

"So what about the internet report? You're dead."

"Aye, technically I am."

"But you're not."

"That's right."

"Do I have to drag the truth out of you?"

'It's safer if some people don't know I'm alive. I've pissed off a few people with my activities and they are grudge holders."

"This would be the satanic cult that was mentioned in the newspaper article?" What weird-assed things was Sebastian involved in? Ghost hunter and lecturer in the paranormal? What was she getting herself into?

"Them amongst others," Sebastian confirmed as he got up from his seat. "I can't hunt things if people are hunting me." He pulled Cassandra up beside him. "There's not a lot of room in these seats. I booked a berth, let's go, lass."

'You're assuming I am going to have sex with you?" It was a very logical assumption and one Cassandra was in favor of pursuing now that she knew Sebastian Lord was very much alive.

"That's what lovers do. They make love." Sebastian bundled her along the passage way and toward the private berth he had booked.

"I'm not your lover." *Or am I*? One minute she had a live man, then a dead man, then a possible ghost and now a live man. It was a hell of a lot to take in.

"Of course you are my lover as I am yours." Sebastian pushed her into the berth and closed the door. "I need you naked now." He started to take off her clothes.

Cassandra pushed his hands away.

"Just wait a minute. I have to get my head around all this."

Sebastian smiled at her, his hand moving to her hips.

"My darling Cassandra, it's very simple. I have the great belief that I am falling in love with you. I want you. I want to be with you."

"You love me?" Cassandra looked at him in awe.

"Yes. It was plain and utter love and lust at first sight and you in turn are falling in love with me. I understand you've had a hell of a shock and now you're trying to decide whether to slap me or fuck me. May I suggest the latter?"

Cassandra started to laugh. This was weird but in a good way.

"You are a strange man, Sebastian Lord. And yet that works for me." She looked at him assessingly. It was weird and hard to explain but Sebastian was right. She was falling in love with him. None of it made sense but at that moment she did not care. The man said he loved her and that was more than enough for her. "Get your clothes off, ghost hunter." She pulled down her jeans. She needed him inside her again. Only then would it feel real.

"I'm your man, Cassandra Kent, and that's all that matters to me." He ripped off his clothes and pulled her into his arms. "Ever had sex on a train?"

Sebastian's cock was hard and club-like against her stomach. She suspected this was going to be hard and fast sex as neither of them was going to be able to wait. He was erect and she was wet. Perfect. Cassandra moved back from him and placed both hands

on the wood divider that separated the bunk beds. She thrust her ass out toward him. This was no time to be coy. She wanted him.

"No, but I think we're going to have a lot of firsts together, ghost hunter." She spread her legs wide and beckoned him forward.

"Are you aware that the shade on the window is up and anyone could see your delicious body?"

"It's a speeding train, laddie. We'll pass by them in the blink of an eye. They will only think they saw what they saw." Cassandra did a slow bump and grind with her ass. "Chicken?"

"Hell no," Sebastian rocketed over to her and slid his body close in behind hers. He slowly licked the nape of her neck. "Hmmm...delicious." Sebastian licked her neck again.

Cassandra shivered and pushed back against him. She expected hard and fast not this. It was spine-tingling.

"Sebastian?" Cassandra moaned low in her throat as he slowly licked along from one shoulder to the other. His tongue then slowly changed direction, licking down the skin of her back, stopping every so often to suck and blow hotly again her flesh. Cassandra kept shoving her ass back against his prodding cock. Her thighs were shaking with need. "I want you inside now."

"Not until I am ready, lass." Sebastian slowly sank to his knees as he nipped and sucked at the plump flesh of her hips as his hands gently molded the cheeks of her ass.

Cassandra had never had a man make love to her back. It was wildly sensual and erotic to only feel your lover and not being able see or touch in return. She gripped the wooden support and gave herself up to the feeling completely as the wet trail of his tongue blazed down to her ass. When his hands parted her cheeks and slowly licked within the exposed cleft Cassandra felt the rush of moisture between her legs.

"Oh God...don't do that, I'll fall." But he didn't stop and she didn't fall. He just kept licking away as if she was some dessert he was dying to savor every morsel of. Cassandra moaned softly as her body shook under the exquisite torture.

Sebastian parted her legs farther and gently bit and sucked the soft skin of her inner thighs, smiling as he felt the trembling in Cassandra's legs. He licked further down until his tongue met the soft curls of her pussy. He licked in teasing catlike strokes.

"Please...I need you now." Cassandra turned around slightly and looked at the wild Scot below her. "Make love to me, Sebastian."

He got to his feet and grabbed Cassandra's hips as his impatient cock sought immediately entry.

"Aye, lass...that's the plan." Sebastian impaled the hot, wet heat of her with a single thrust as he gently bit and sucked down on the tender flesh of her neck.

As the train slowed and stopped to pick up passengers, several elderly matrons stood and gaped at the tall man with the shoulder-length hair who was slamming enthusiastically into a woman whose screams of pleasure could be heard though the glass of the window.

"Oh God, remember when, Ethel..." One woman turned and looked at the other longingly.

"Hard to forget...it was only last Tuesday, Flo."

Epilogue

Halloween, one year later The Philbeach Manor Hotel, Earls Court London SW5

Cassandra was completely naked. She looked around room 52 and sighed.

"Looks like no ghost to fuck me in the ass this year." It was a minute to midnight. Miles Copeland was a no-show. She was relieved. That ghost was well and truly dead. No doubt Sebastian could find others. After the last year she had learned he had a knack of doing that.

"You sound disappointed, lass." Sebastian looked over at the woman he loved.

"Well, Halloween last year was terribly exciting." She walked over to him and slid her hand down to his ever-erect cock. "I guess I'll have to settle for you."

Sebastian smiled down at Cassandra as the clock started to chime its way to midnight.

"I wouldn't want to put you out." His hands kneaded her breasts.

"I only put out for the man I love."

"Lucky it's me then."

Miles Copeland stood and watched the lovers. He knew they could not see him. It frustrated the hell out of him. He wanted to fuck that smug bitch and make her come, screaming his name. But that was all over. Sebastian had vanquished him to realm of darkness, he could find no way to escape. He was now just an unaccountable shadow on the wall and Sebastian had won. He had life and he had the woman who loved him.

About the Author

Amarinda Jones believes anything is possible and sometimes just asking for the impossible will surprise someone enough that they will give it to you. Writing is like that. Put it out there and wait for a response. There is always the possibility you may fall on your ass, but after all, that's what cellulite is for. Amarinda believes in taking chances, speaking her mind and aging disgracefully. Twenty years from now she plans on being the neighborhood witch that all the kids are scared of. But then, everyone has to have a hobby.

Amarinda welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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