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A dark, atmospheric photograph of a hallway. A bright light emanates from a doorway at the end of the hall, casting long shadows. A large, ornate column is visible on the right side of the frame.

Forever Mine

Erin O'Niall

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FOREVER MINE
All Hallow’s Eve

BY

ERIN O’NIAL

www.VenusPress.com

All Hallow's Eve: FOREVER MINE

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Music pounded its rhythm deep into Katie's body. She leaned back into the arms of the red-haired woman behind her. Too caught up in the moment to care about the woman's closeness—or that if Katie moved any closer to her, she'd practically melt into the other woman's body—she enjoyed the feeling of being embraced.

The heavy beat of the music and the gyrations of her partner were all that mattered. Wrapping the soft arms of her partner around her waist Katie closed her eyes, savoring the sensation of dancing with someone who wasn't groping her breasts.

Turning around, Katie faced the other woman as the music shifted from a hard, driving beat to a slower, gentler one. With no hesitation, she stepped into her dance partner's arms and rested her cheek against the creamy shoulder.

All around the dance floor, other women mimicked her motion—hundreds of pairs of women, all dancing just like Katie, pressed against one another, loving the music and closeness. Somewhere, Deanna was out there. Probably watching her with an, “I told you so” smile.

Katie drove thoughts of her friend away and raised her head meaning to ask the other woman for her name, instead she found herself staring into those magical eyes that seemed to glow in the dim light of the club. A sweet smile played around the full lips for a moment and the woman pulled away, disappearing into the crowd of dancers like liquid smoke.

Katie stared after her. She felt as though she'd passed the night in a fog, and she stared at the place on the dance floor where she'd last seen that coppery hair. Before she registered what she was doing, she was moving after the woman, determined to find her so they could end whatever it was they'd started on the dance floor.

The silence of the streets practically deafened Katie after the pounding noise of the club. Scanning the sparse crowd of passersby, she searched for a flash of reddish-gold hair in the pale light of the street lamps. Katie glanced at her watch, 11:35, only twenty-five minutes of Halloween left. A flash of red across the street spurred her feet into motion. She ran after it, nearly colliding with an oncoming car. She paused only a

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moment to give the driver a weak wave, before running in the direction she thought her mysterious partner had taken.

"Damn," she spat when one of her heels snapped and broke. Stumbling to keep her balance she picked up the offending object and stared at it. "Now what?" muttering softly, disappointed with the evening. Just ahead, she saw the woman dart across the street into a graveyard. The heel fell from her fingers. Of all places, why would she go into a graveyard? A shiver ran down Katie's spine. She started to turn back to the club, but her feet moved in the direction of the graveyard. "What am I doing?" sighing she reached down to take off her shoes. "I must be insane." She ran towards the arched gates of the cemetery.

Mists curled around the entrance like a scene from a bad horror movie. Katie paused, half expecting a dark cloaked vampire to jump from the bushes, but nothing of the sort happened. Crickets chirped a chorus somewhere nearby, and the clouds drifted across the thin sliver of moon, further setting the eerie mood, but otherwise the graveyard remained peaceful and quiet. She was grateful for the glow of the street lamps, otherwise, she'd never have seen the woman disappear into the graveyard, and the harsh light of the street lights chased away some of the cemetery's supernatural appearance.

Katie pushed open the gate and wondered why it hadn't been locked. Weren't cemeteries usually locked after hours? More importantly, she wondered why she'd followed the woman in the first place. So what if Deanna had dragged her to the lesbian bar and she'd danced with other girls? She wasn't gay, had never even fantasized about being with a woman. She just hadn't wanted her friend going out alone on Halloween night. The night started off tame enough, and then she met the woman.

Something about her had captivated Katie, and she had forgotten all about Deanna. They had danced and laughed and—Katie shuddered—almost kissed. If her mystery partner had not vanished, Katie had no doubt she would have been standing in the middle of dance floor with her lips pressed against the other woman's.

"What am I doing?" she shook her head in frustration as she stepped through the gate and glanced around for the woman. "I left Deanna alone, following some chick I don't even know, and now where am I?"

The road through the graveyard was little more than a path. Once, Katie could tell, it had been well tended at one time, but now weeds grew through the pavement, leaving only cracked bits of street behind. Gravestones lay on their sides, broken, chipped and forgotten.

"A shame," she whispered. "No one deserves to be forgotten like this." She

squinted into the darkness, wishing the light from the streetlamps would reach a little further.

At the edge of the dimly lit area, she caught a glimpse of copper-colored hair. “Wait!” She ran, wincing as her bare feet touched the sharp edges of rocks and sticks.

Ahead, she saw the woman pause at the door of a stone mausoleum, almost as though she were waiting for Katie to catch up. Katie thought the woman smiled, but she decided it was her imagination. She was too far away and the lighting so poor that she couldn't see such details.

The mausoleum door stood ajar and a faint light flickered inside. Katie almost turned away, but curiosity pulled her forward, until she stood in the entrance.

“Hello?” Her voiced echoed back to her. She almost turned away. “This is just crazy.” She pushed the door open a little further. “Why would she have come in here? This is some sort of sick joke.” Katie turned away from the door, determined to go back to the club and find Deanna.

.Just as she took a few steps from the crypt, she thought someone called her name. Katie paused and looked back at the door. That light seemed a little brighter now, and once again, she thought she heard a soft voice calling her name. She didn't remember telling the woman her name. “Hello?” Still, no one answered her, but she followed the light deeper into the crypt.

Through the dim light, Katie couldn't make out the names on the walls, though she tried, squinting at them until her eyes ached. A set of stairs led down, and Katie moved down them cautiously, wrinkling her nose at the damp, musty scent around her. The stairs opened into a small room, occupied by a single grave. Katie could see words on the stone coffin, but before she could make out any details, the light vanishing, leaving her in complete darkness.

Her scream startled her into action and tried to scramble back up the stairs, but she tripped and slammed her knee into the ground.

“Damn!” She sat on the cold, stone floor, with her hands wrapped around her knee.

Tears stung her eyes as the pain surged up her leg, and she hoped she hadn't done anything more serious than bruise it. “I don't know what I'm doing here,” she muttered and stood, testing the injured leg. Thankfully, it held her weight.

Just as she started to feel her way back up the steps, a pale light, like that of the full moon against a rain-slickened street, filled the room. Katie turned to stare at the woman. Only the long, reddish hair looked familiar, and that was pulled back in a tight

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braid not hanging loose. The tight blue jeans and clingy silk top had been replaced with a white, lacy dress with long, billowing sleeves. The skirt of the dress brushed against the floor. The woman's waist was cinched tight and looked impossibly small, and her firm, full breasts strained at the fabric. Katie felt her eyes drawn upward to find a faint smile tugging at the woman's lips.

"You should not have followed me."

Katie stared, certain she'd ever seen a woman so beautiful. Her heart pounded a little faster than normal, and she couldn't quite find the breath to speak. Her mystery woman looked ethereal, almost angelic, and those eyes...Katie could have gazed into her eyes forever, they were so dark and deep.

The woman seemed to glide as she moved towards her. "Are you hurt?" A shiver coursed through Katie's body when a delicate hand touched her arm.

She licked her lips, desperately trying to calm down. "N--n--no." Katie staggered up a step and nearly tripped again. She couldn't tear her eyes from the woman's face, she yearned to take the woman in her arms, kiss her lips, and soothe away the sadness that seemed to fill those dark eyes. Katie trembled, unsure if she was afraid or simply overwhelmed with her sudden attraction to another woman.

"My name is Gwen." Another tiny smile played about her lips. "You do not have to be afraid." She reached out with a tiny hand and touched Katie's cheek, sending a shockwave straight to Katie's groin. "You are still beautiful," she said softly and leaned close. Her lips hovered so near Katie's, and no matter how much she longed to, Katie couldn't bring herself to lean close enough to touch those ruby lips.

Tremors shook Katie's body until she sank back to the ground. "Don't hurt me." Her voice came out in a tiny squeak.

Gwen chuckled and knelt beside Katie. She folded her delicate hands in her lap. "I would not hurt you, Katie, but you should not have followed me."

Curiosity chased away Katie's fear. "How do you know my name?"

"Why did you follow me?"

"I don't know. I—" She couldn't find the thoughts to finish her sentence, especially when she wasn't sure herself. "I don't know," she whispered. "I left Deanna, even though I said I wouldn't. This isn't like me at all." Those dark eyes captured her gaze again. "I've never felt like this before."

"No, it's not like you, not at all." Gwen's expression clouded over for a moment, but Katie couldn't tell what she meant by those words. She'd never seen this woman before today. "You should not have followed me, but I am glad you came." Gwen's

smile lit up her face, chasing away dark shadows around her eyes. She held out her hand. “Would you come with me?”

Katie glanced around the tiny room. Only one grave, a stone coffin, sat in the center of the room, and there were no other doors or windows. Gwen followed Katie's gaze. “No, not there.”

“Are you a vampire?” The question seemed ridiculous. There were no such things, but Katie couldn't think of another explanation for this beautiful woman to be in a crypt.

Gwen laughed. “No, Katie, not a vampire.” She glanced back at the coffin and sighed, the shadows once again clouding her face. “Not much of anything, now. I'm barely a memory. Will you come with me?”

Katie laid her hand in Gwen's and let the other woman pull her to her feet. Gwen took a couple of steps backward and the tomb, the darkness, and the ethereal light all fell away until Katie stood in a room filled with flickering firelight. A pile of furs lay next to the enormous fireplace.

An antique rope bed took up an entire wall; a table and two chairs filled another corner, a chest, painted with doves and folksy designs sat at the end of the bed. Katie could just barely make out the date 1832 on one side of it. The scent of wood smoke and herbs filled the room. Katie could only blink, unable to fathom where she was.

“My home,” Gwen answered the unspoken question and stepped closer to Katie, looping her arms around Katie's waist. “Do you remember it?” She was so close, and Katie could smell the scent of lavender, or was it jasmine, in Gwen's hair.

Katie shook her head. “I don't understand.” She laid her hands over Gwen's arms, meaning to push them away, but instead, she found herself caressing them and wishing the lacy fabric weren't covering the skin. She breathed in the scent of lye soap laced with sweet perfume and licked her lips.

“You have forgotten me, Katie, but that is not your fault. I understand. I found you.” Gwen moved closer until her lips hovered just above Katie's. “I have searched and searched. Every Halloween, hoping to find you, and now I have. You're finally here, with me.” Their lips touched, and Katie, half repulsed, half attracted, stood frozen, unable to respond to the warm lips against hers, or the soft body pressing into her. She couldn't pull away, and she wasn't certain she wanted to.

Gwen's slender arms held her tight. The delicate fingers traced designs up and down Katie's back, sending shivers streaking through her. Gwen drew back to stare into Katie's eyes. “I thought I would never find you, my Katie. I have looked every year. I

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waited a century and more. Now I have found you at last.”

Katie trembled in Gwen's arms, wishing she could pull away from the woman's electric green eyes. “I don't know you. I—”

A smile lit up those magnetic eyes. “You felt it though. You came. You haven't completely forgotten our love.” Their lips touched again, and a surge of arousal coursed through Katie's body, straight to the center of her being. She felt her lips moving against Gwen's and found her hands wandering over the gauzy film of Gwen's dress. She parted her lips slightly, and Gwen's tongue slipped into her mouth, warm and salty sweet.

A soft moan escaped Katie's mouth as their tongues touched and danced against each other. She gasped and pulled away, both frightened and intrigued by her excitement. She wanted Gwen like she had never wanted a man. She wanted to taste her and touch her, forever if possible.

Katie licked her lips and took a deep breath, trying to gain control of her body. “This isn't like me. I'm not into women.”

Gwen lifted a soft hand to Katie's face. Her thumb brushed over Katie's lips, and Katie eagerly sucked it into her mouth. “You have forgotten. That is all.” Gwen's other hand traced an erect nipple through the flimsy fabric of Katie's blouse. “You came to me. I wish you wouldn't have come, but you did, and I cannot say I am sorry.” Gwen moved her thumb in and out of Katie's mouth. “You'll never want another after tonight. I promise you.”

The finger left her mouth, and Katie licked her lips, longing for more of that taste. “What is happening to me?” She leaned closed and brushed her lips against Gwen's. Her hand roved down the other woman's back, over the row of buttons in the back of the dress, across her hips, up the slender waist to her breasts.

“You are coming alive,” Gwen whispered in her ear as her hands moved up Katie's waist, teasing her breasts through her shirt. “You are coming alive, at last.”

Katie wanted to ask what that meant, but Gwen's fingers had worked the buttons of her blouse loose, and the garment was sliding away along with her protests. Cool air brushed over her exposed skin, and a gasp escaped her lips when wet lips touched her collarbone.

Gwen kissed down to the hollow of her neck and then licked away a droplet of sweat. “So sweet,” she murmured. “I remember how sweet you tasted.” Gwen kneaded her breasts through the lacy fabric of her bra as her lips moved downwards. The soft tongue traced the line of Katie's bra, and Katie closed her eyes as the fabric was pulled away to reveal a rosy nipple. Gwen's mouth closed around it, teasing with her teeth.

A little moan escaped Katie's lips. “You're still a moaner, aren't you?” Gwen asked and slid her hand over the curve of Katie's hip. Heat rose from Katie's core and surged outwards, staining her flesh with a rosy blush.

“Don't stop,” Katie begged when Gwen's explorations stopped for a moment. “Please.” Her heart throbbed in her chest, and its beat was echoed between her legs. Her knees gave way, and Gwen lowered her to the pile of furs.

Nimble fingers worked the clasp of the bra loose, and the offending object was tossed aside. Hot lips closed around Katie's nipple again, suckling it to a taut nub before moving to the other one to do the same.

Katie touched Gwen's head and urged her to move up, back to her mouth. She traced the other woman's face with her hands, sliding her fingers over the glistening lips. Katie drew Gwen down towards her so she could kiss the slender neck and lick the sweetness pooling in the rise of Gwen's breasts.

The rough fabric of the dress rasped over Katie's sensitized nipples, and each motion sent a new surge of arousal straight to her groin. She found the end of Gwen's braid and spent several long moments undoing it, gasping and moaning when Gwen would lean close to claim her mouth or tweak a nipple. When the waterfall of copper hair was at last free, Katie twined her fingers in it, loving the way it cascaded over her arms and brushed over her breasts. “I love your hair.” Katie let a few strands run through her fingers.

Gwen ran her hands through Katie's close-cropped spikes. “When I see you again, I want you to have some hair.”

Katie started to ask what that meant, but Gwen's knee slid between her thighs and massaged her through the thick fabric of her jeans. “Are you wet, Katie?” Those green eyes held laughter and a hint of mischief. Katie tried to remember the last time a lover had made her feel like this, had made her so wet and hungry.

“Yes,” she whispered, almost afraid of the eager expression in Gwen's eyes.

“I'm going to touch you there.” Gwen breathed against Katie's ear, sending gooseflesh dancing over her bare skin. “I'm going to touch you and lick you until you scream.” She tweaked Katie's nipples hard enough to draw a little cry. The knee continued its motion and Katie spread her legs wider for better access. Gwen's tongue roved over Katie's breasts, kissing the sensitive places underneath. Her teeth teased the dusky nipples, and her knee kept up its motion, pushing Katie closer to the edge.

“I'm going to come,” Katie gasped. Gwen's mouth wandered below her breasts and kissed along the outline of Katie's ribs.

"Yes, you are." Gwen chuckled. "Many times." The knee pulled away. "But not yet."

Katie pulled a handful of fur into a tight fist. "Please," she moaned. She was so close, so wet, and she wanted to scream. Gwen slid her hands over Katie's stomach and moved up to cup the small breasts.

"What do you want me to do to you, Katie?" Gwen leaned down and grasped a nipple between her teeth. She rolled it between the sharp edges of her teeth, drawing another moan from Katie. "This?" The tongue snaked out to trace a line from Katie's nipple to the soft underside of her breast. "This?"

"More." Katie's breath was heavy, and she arched upward, wishing Gwen would stop her teasing. "Please." She groped for one of Gwen's hands, but couldn't find it.

"Touch me," she begged and moved her own hands to the waistband of her jeans. She unfastened the button and met Gwen's laughing eyes.

"I do the undressing," Gwen said and pushed Katie's hands aside. "Is that where you wish me to touch you?"

"Yes." Katie grabbed Gwen's wrist and laid it against her crotch. "Please." Gwen massaged her through the fabric, finding her clit and using the seam to leave Katie a squirming mass of flesh.

Spots danced in front of Katie's eyes as the orgasm rolled over her, a cry escaped her lips, and her hips lifted into Gwen's touch. "It's the first of many," Gwen promised as waves of pleasure rolled over Katie. Gwen's fingers moved back to the waist of Katie's jeans and pulled the zipper down.

Katie gazed up into Gwen's intoxicating eyes. She wanted more. She wanted to feel this wonderful woman's skin against her own, wanted to taste her, touch her. Gwen parted the fabric of her jeans and leaned down to kiss at her panty line. "I love you," Gwen whispered as her mouth moved along Katie's waist. Her fingers curled around the waistband of Katie's jeans and tugged them lower, exposing more flesh. Gwen's mouth moved along the thin string of Katie's bikini panties. "I'll wait for you forever if I must. No one will keep us apart ever again."

Katie writhed beneath Gwen. "I don't understand," she gasped as Gwen rolled her panties down her hip.

"You will. You will." Gwen turned her attention back to Katie's mouth, forcing her tongue between Katie's lips and drawing a deep moan from her. Katie's hands slid around Gwen's waist, working futilely at the tiny buttons at the back of her dress.

"Skin," Katie gasped as Gwen trailed kisses down her neck. Their eyes met as

Gwen slid the pants over Katie's hips, down her thighs, until they were discarded and Katie lay, completely nude and panting for her lover's touch.

The smoldering gaze in Gwen's eyes ignited fires of passion deep inside Katie. She reached for Gwen's hand and pulled the woman to her, gasping when her hand touched not fabric, but flesh.

Somehow, wondrously, magically, Gwen had shed her dress, the corset, until she too was nude. Katie drank in the sight of the pale skin, the firm little breasts, the patch of burnished gold between Gwen's legs. She barely knew where to begin.

Gwen seemed to know Katie's body so well, and Katie felt so childish, so inexperienced as she cupped Gwen's breasts, ran her hands over the slender hips, the rounded buttocks. Her fingers trailed along the inside of Gwen's thighs, but she carefully avoided the folds of flesh at the join of her legs.

“Don't be afraid,” Gwen soothed, laying her hand on Katie's thigh and rubbing gently. “I will show you everything.” She kissed Katie's lips hard. “Everything you'll ever need to know to pleasure a woman.” She pressed her body against Katie's so their breasts, their wetness, and their lips could touch all at once. “Do you like this?” Gwen slid a hand up Katie's thigh and over the rounded curve of her ass. Her tongue slid into Katie's mouth, sliding in and out slowly.

“Yes,” Katie whispered and slid a hand between them to tease Gwen's nipple to a hard nub.

Gwen chuckled and batted Katie's hand away. Kisses rained over Katie's neck, and along her collarbone. Gwen licked and suckled at her breasts for only a moment before moving downward, over Katie's stomach to the clean-shaven folds of flesh between her thighs. Katie tensed a moment, but Gwen ignored her sudden hesitation and slipped her tongue into the warm, pink flesh.

Katie cried out and her hips rose from the bed of furs. Gwen laughed. “You are very, very wet, Katie. You liked that didn't you? You liked my tongue there.” Gwen's parted the lips of Katie's womanhood with her fingers and massaged her clit with the pad of her thumb. Katie moaned. “Do you want more?”

“Yes.” Sweat beaded on Katie's forehead, and the room suddenly seemed too hot, or was it too cold.

Gwen spread Katie's legs farther apart and stopped rubbing with her thumb. Instead, she teased Katie's clit with her tongue, sometimes sucking, sometimes flicking it gently back and forth. Katie writhed on the furs, unable to give voice to her desires.

Tension built inside her and escaped in the form of low moans and strangled cries.

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Her muscles felt as though they were stretched over a frame suddenly too large. She felt herself trembling, but Gwen's ministrations did not stop. They only intensified.

Gwen paused, and Katie gasped for breath, wishing she could steady her fast beating heart. Gwen bent down and kissed Katie's lips allowing her to taste herself on Gwen's lips. "Will you do the same for me? Would you like to taste me, Katie?"

Katie barely heard the questions. She was too lost in the new sensations. Too enchanted with the flames of desire coursing through her. She had never wanted anyone as bad as she wanted this mysterious woman. "Yes," she said, though she hardly knew what she'd agreed to.

Gwen kissed her hard and shifted so that she straddled Katie's head. Katie stared at the soft folds of flesh and the copper nest of curls and rose up to slide her tongue along Gwen's slick cleft. Honey, Katie decided, she tasted like honey. Her hands moved up Gwen's thighs and slowly urged her downward. She teased the hard nub of Gwen's clit, drawing a moan from the woman, before pushing her tongue deep inside Gwen's flesh and drawing out more of her sweet nectar.

"Oh, Katie," Gwen moaned as Katie's tongue found a rhythm. "You remember." Gwen lowered her mouth to Katie's hot flesh. "Don't stop," she murmured as she echoed Katie's movements, dipping her tongue deep inside Katie's flesh, finding the same rhythm.

Katie pulled away, unable to keep her rhythm with Gwen's latest onslaught of torture. Her hands curled into fists, and her nails dug into Gwen's soft flesh. "I can't..."

Katie felt another orgasm coming. She trembled with the need for release. "Please," she whimpered as Gwen continued to work her tongue in and out, finding her g-spot with every motion. Tears streamed from her eyes when the next wave of release washed over her. She didn't scream, only sighed, as the spots danced in front of her eyes and her muscles clenched and unclenched with the same rhythm as Gwen's tongue. "Oh, God," she moaned as sense returned to her. The furs beneath her were damp with sweat.

Gwen shifted position again and kissed her gently. "But Katie, I've only begun."

"I can't." Her breath came in sharp gasps, and her heart seemed to pound a little too fast. "I need to rest." She closed her eyes, unable to remember the last time sex had left her so tired and so well sated.

"You'll have plenty of time to rest, Katie. Plenty, but I only have you for one night." Something in Gwen's voice suddenly sounded dangerous. "And I have more to show you." Gwen's finger dove into Katie's slick flesh and teased her clit.

"There'll be other nights." Katie tried to sit up, tried to push the insistent hand

away, but she couldn't find the strength.

“Do you want me to stop?” A finger slid inside her, working in and out until Katie found her hips rocking in an answering rhythm. “I could stop now and let you return to your world, but you'll never be satisfied again, Katie Daniels.” Another finger slid inside her, and Katie moaned, arching into the touch. “If you want me to stop, tell me now, and I will.”

Katie gasped as a third finger joined the other two. “Don't stop,” she moaned. “Please, don't stop!” She arched into Gwen's hand and felt, more than saw, the woman's smile.

Gwen leaned close and whispered in Katie's ear, “I'm going to put my hand inside you.”

“No.” In the part of Katie's mind that was still rational, she couldn't imagine such a thing. “Too big.”

Gwen bent to tease Katie's already taut nipple with her teeth. “I already have four fingers inside you, Katie.” Gwen kissed her, pushing her tongue between her lips, and for a moment her tongue moved in and out of Katie's mouth in the same rhythm as the hand between her thighs. “You're stretched so wide already. I wish you could see.” The fingers moved upward just a little, and Katie screamed as Gwen pushed the rest of her hand inside. There was no pain, only pressure and a blessed sense of fullness, a fullness Katie had never felt from any cock. Gwen stayed motionless for a moment “Oh Katie, you look so beautiful.”

Katie rocked her hips, trying to force her partner to continue her earlier motions. She was so close to falling over the brink, if only Gwen would stop teasing her.

“Gwen,” she gasped.

“Yes, Katie.”

Katie licked her parched lips. “Fuck me.” She sobbed, desperate to find release. “Please, fuck me.” Gwen licked away Katie's tears and slowly—agonizingly slow—moved her hand in a gentle in and out motion. “Harder.”

Gwen chuckled and complied, finding a hard motion, sliding her hand out, then pushing it back inside. She leaned down touched her tongue to Katie's clit, sucking as she worked her hand back and forth inside Katie's womanhood.

The orgasm came in one long scream. Katie couldn't see or hear or feel anything but the rocking waves of pleasure as they washed over her. The scream went on and on, until Katie thought she would surely die from the pleasure. But at least, it came to an end. She barely felt Gwen withdraw from between her legs.

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"Oh, Katie, you were so lovely. I wish you could have seen." Gwen's voice seemed so far away. "Next year, you'll stay with me. I promise." She felt Gwen's finger circle her sphincter. "Next year, I shall take you here."

"No," Katie murmured, though she wasn't sure why she said that. She'd just had the best sex of her life, so why did she feel so cold and tired? Why was the bed so hard?

Gwen's ephemeral touches continued. "Oh yes, Katie. There are so many pleasures I have yet to show you." The finger circling her anus penetrated just slightly. Katie moaned. "See?" Gwen's voice was so happy, so eager, but Katie was so tired. "Next year. Next Halloween, you'll come to me, won't you?"

"Yes," Katie murmured.

"Then you should get your affairs in order, Katie Daniels. Next year, you'll be mine. Forever." The laughter in Gwen's voice was sinister, almost frightening, but Katie couldn't bring herself to care. She was too tired. She felt the teasing touches stop, though little aftershocks still jolted through her, eventually, she slept.

Katie woke, still naked, atop the lid of the stone sarcophagus. She blinked at her surroundings, unable to fathom what had happened to the cottage and Gwen. A thin trickle of sunlight streamed down the stairs.

Katie wondered if she'd dreamed everything. Perhaps she'd gotten carried away in the spirit of Halloween and chased a phantom into the crypt. But when she stood, a faint soreness lingered between her legs, a sure sign she'd had sex. She remembered the way Gwen had taken her, the way she'd put her hand inside her, and a blush crept over her skin.

She shivered in the chill air and searched the room for some sign of her clothes, but she couldn't find them. She panicked, wondering how she would get home without clothes, and then she saw the dress lying in the corner. Gwen's dress. She picked it up and shook the dust from it before sliding it over her head. The scent of lye soap and herbs clung to it, and Katie breathed in that scent, surprised at the jolt of heat that surged through her. No one had ever made her feel like Gwen.

"Gwen?" Somehow, she knew there would be no answer. A chill crept down her spine as remembered Gwen's talk of next year.

"Get your affairs in order, Katie Daniels," Gwen had said. What did that mean? Once again, Gwen's scent wafted from the dress, intoxicating Katie, reminding her how Gwen had made her feel. She glanced down and noticed the words written in the dust.

"Next year, you are mine." .

Katie stared at the words, wondering what sort of joke had been played on her.

But the dust scattered again and reformed into a new word. “Forever.”

Katie gasped and for the first time glanced at the inscription on the tomb. “Here lies Gwendolyn Richards, beloved wife of Aaron Richards. Let it be known that she remained true to husband, family, and friends till the pox stole her away.”

She traced the name with her finger. “Gwen?” For a moment, she thought she felt soft arms around her.

“Next year.” Someone whispered in her year. “Come back to me, Katie. Promise me, you’ll come back.”

“I will.” Katie closed her eyes and felt those unseen hands rove under her dress, over her breasts, between her thighs. Katie swallowed hard. “I promise.”

A soft chuckle echoed in her ear. “Promise something else.”

“Anything,” Katie whispered.

“Grow your hair long, but stay smooth between your legs. I like the smoothness there.”

“I promise.” Katie wondered what else she would promise this woman, a ghost from all she could tell.

“Then set your affairs in order, My Katie, and hurry back. Next All Hallow’s Eve, I’ll be waiting.”

“I’ll be here at the first stroke of midnight.”

Unseen lips touched Katie’s. “Will you be naked?”

“If you want.”

“I do want, very much so.”

“Then I’ll be naked for you.”

“You’ll take no other lovers?”

“There’ll never be another like you.”

Another invisible kiss, and then Katie walked from the crypt into the chill morning air, already looking ahead to next Halloween.

All Hallow's Eve: FOREVER MINE

About the Author

Erin O'Niall writes fantasy under another name. She lives a relatively ordinary life in central Missouri where she works as a computer technician by day and writes whenever she gets a chance. Erin just recently discovered the joys of writing erotic fiction and plans to do more in the future.

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