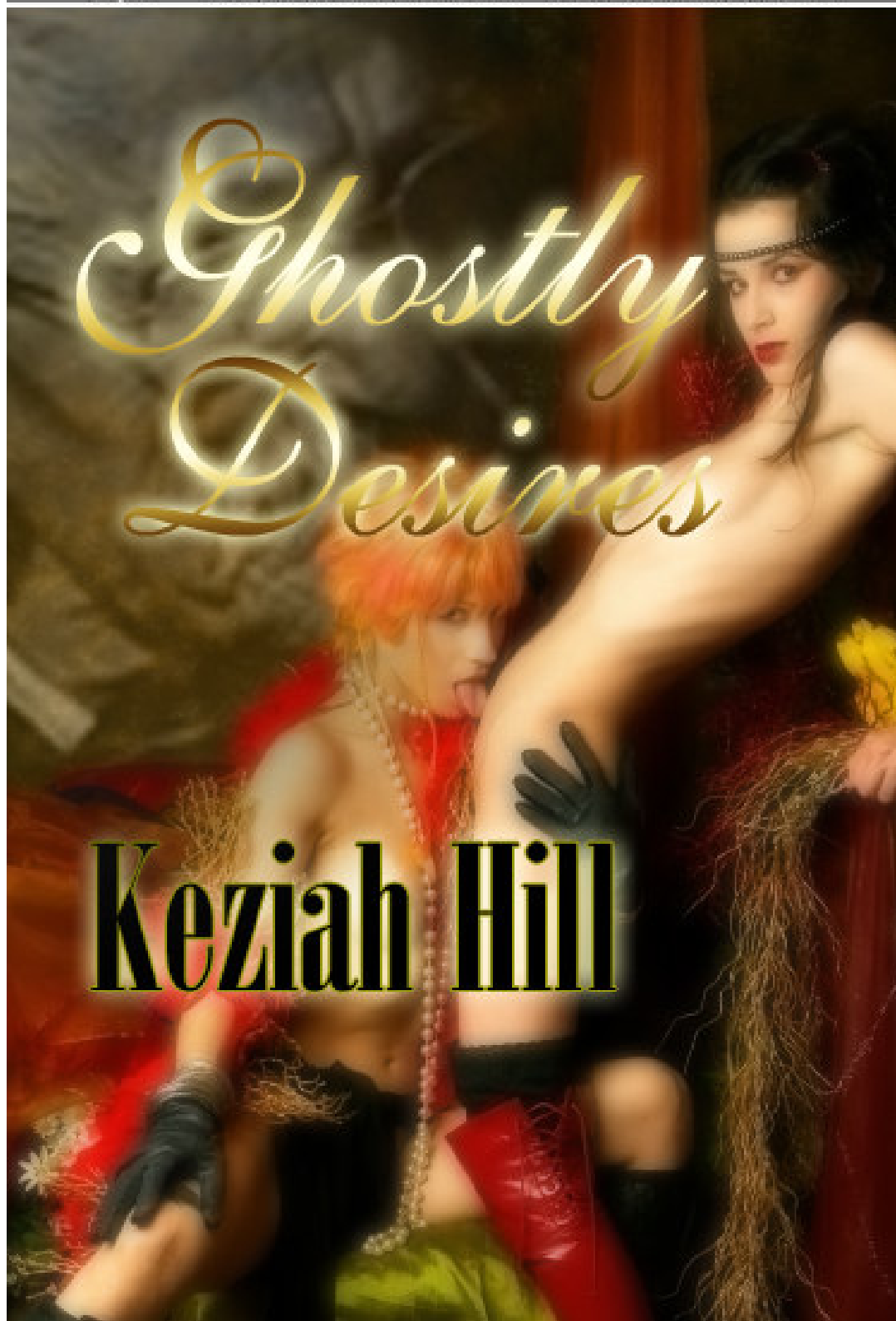




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Ghostly Desires

Keziah Hill



GHOSTLY DESIRE

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GHOSTLY DESIRE

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Ghostly Desire
By
Keziah Hill

Thea Brown drove up the long driveway, rain obscuring her vision. The windshield wipers flipped back and forth but barely had an effect on the river of water sliding down the glass. She gripped the steering wheel and peered into the murk ahead of her, hoping the house would appear soon. The storm developed quickly. Only an hour ago she had been driving along in brilliant sunshine, her mind full of plans for the future. Nothing surprised her about this god forsaken neck of the woods though. She was just outside Strahan on the edge of the bleakest, most deserted coastline in the country. Sure, it was spectacular and wild, but the wind from the south permanently howled. From memory, it was impossible to get warm.

Normally, nothing would have induced her to make this trip, but the instructions in Great Uncle Osbert's will had been clear-cut and apparently, unbreakable. If she wanted to inherit Gracelands, she had to take personal possession of the place.

Gracelands. Why an obsessive Anglophile named a house on the south west coast of Tasmania *Gracelands* was a mystery. Thea didn't think Uncle Osbert had even heard of Elvis. From what she could remember he'd moved here fifty years ago after a failed attempt to take the art world by storm. Her father said Uncle Osbert had been convinced his artistic genius was misunderstood. In a fit of pique, he'd decided to become a recluse, hoping to punish the world by depriving them of his talent.

She snorted. It was obvious no one missed him. The story was just like him, though. A drama queen through and through. Her last memory of him came from her teenage years, when her family had trekked down from Sydney for what they thought would be a picturesque holiday. She and her brother had spent the whole week huddled around a two bar heater smoking thinner and thinner joints, while her parents, refusing to admit they'd dragged their children to the arse end of the universe, hiked everyday. They came back each evening, miserable and freezing. Finally they gave up, insisted on their share of the dope, changed the return flight booking, scooped up their children, and fled.

Uncle Osbert spent the whole time communing with his muse, which required a

great deal of swanning about the place in flowing robes while staring out to sea. Kind of like Meryl Streep in the “French Lieutenants Woman” which, coincidentally, had been showing at the local cinema. Thea remembered it as the only warm experience of the holiday. She and her brother and parents had snuggled into the ancient velvet seats, warm and toasty in the old art deco theatre. The daughter of her uncle’s housekeeper had been with them. What was her name? Judith, that was it. She and Thea had been about the same age. That was the only thing they had in common.

At fifteen Judith had been tall, severe and quiet. Thea had invited her to share the daily dope smoking sessions thinking maybe she would welcome a bit of company, but she’d turned up her nose and left them alone. Unlike Thea’s uncle, Judith prowled around the headland looking genuinely tortured, her dark hair streaming around her shoulders. But she was sensational. Even at fifteen Thea could see it. She’d plotted and planned to get her alone and her hands on those already lush breasts, but Judith avoided her.

She’d been Thea’s first real experience of adult lust. When she was back in Sydney, she’d lie in bed and dream about her, rubbing herself and wishing she’d been able to taste some of her pale, translucent skin. Just a lick.

I wonder what happened to her? If she had any sense she would have hightailed it to the mainland.

The rain eased off and Thea could see the house emerging from the gloom, looking just as she remembered. An original Victorian monstrosity perched like a brooding bird of prey on the headland. But she had plans for it.

She stopped the car outside the steps leading to the imposing front door. A light was on and, as she gathered her belongings and prepared to make a dash for it, it opened.

Great, someone’s here.

She leaped out of the car and up the steps, dropping her various bags at the foot of a tall, intimidating woman with an umbrella in her hand.

Shit! The laptop.

She heard it slap against the sandstone steps and winced. Bending, she reached for it while trying to peer up at her welcoming committee.

Uh-oh. A Mrs. Danvers look alike.

Not only was she tall, she was dressed in a calf length grey serge dress that made her look like the housekeeper from hell or a prison guard. But not quite.

She'd circled her eyes with dark eyeliner and painted her mouth a moist plum. And the serge couldn't hide her luscious body. In fact, the dress was too small and was fraying at the sleeves.

Mrs. Danvers meets Elvira.

She stared down her nose at Thea, managing to convey just the right amount of servile arrogance.

"Can I help you with those?" she asked in a cold, formal voice.

"Sure," Thea said. "You can take these." She thrust the laptop, her overnight bag and her portfolio into Mrs. D's arms and strode past her into the house.

Don't mess with me, baby. I know how heavy those bags are.

Thea smiled when she turned to see Mrs. D stagger under the weight, her arrogance falling from her as she struggled not to lose her balance.

Judith! So that's what happened to you.

Thea stared at her, appalled she was still living here. Had she just taken over from her mother? What a depressing thought.

She grabbed the overnight bag out of Judith's arms. "Don't tell me you've been living here all this time. What were you thinking of?"

Judith glared at her. "This is my home. I belong here."

Thea stepped back at the passion in her voice. All coldness was gone, replaced by a burning fury that smoldered in her dark brown eyes.

God, she was still hot. All that aloof coldness switched to heat at the push of a button. Thea smiled. Some definite possibilities here. She was going to have a lot of fun making sure Judith's buttons got a good work out.

"It's my home now. Although god knows why. Uncle Osbert and I were never

that close. Is your mother still here?"

Thea squirmed as those glorious eyes dimmed.

"No, she's dead."

She watched as Judith squared her shoulders and slipped back into her arrogant mode. "I'll take your bags to your room."

"Oh, stop it Judith. You don't have to keep up with this frigid housekeeper routine. I can take my own bags. Which room am I in?"

"Your Uncle's. It's the main bedroom and has a good view of the sea." She proceeded up the stairs carrying Thea's laptop and portfolio. Thea scurried after her.

"Did he die in it?"

Judith slanted a sideways look at her. "As a matter of fact he did."

"Cool. Any chance of a ghost?"

Judith jumped as if slapped. "A ghost? No . . . No ghosts."

"It's an old house in the middle of nowhere. I'm sure Uncle Osbert wasn't the first person to die here. A ghost would liven things up a bit don't you think?"

She reached the top of the stairs and almost tipped backward as a bloodcurdling scream ripped through the air.

"Fuck! What was that?"

"That? Oh, that wasn't anything, just the wind through the rafters. I keep meaning to get it fixed."

Thea looked at her suspiciously. *Yeah, pull the other.*

"Here you are. I started the fire just before you arrived so the room should warm up soon."

It couldn't be too soon for Thea. The room was freezing and rain still pelted against the window. The huge four poster bed did look comfortable and warm at least. It was the real thing, with brocade curtains looped back with ties. The glow from the fire threw shadows against the walls which looked both creepy and homey. The whole house was like that, Thea mused. The only other light in the room was a bedside lamp.

"The globe's gone in the overhead light. I'll fix it tomorrow. If you want to

freshen up now, I can have dinner on the table in half an hour."

"Have you stayed here your whole life Judith?" Thea asked, bouncing on the bed.

"No. I came back a year or so ago," she said, sounding defensive. "Mum wasn't doing too well and Osbert was worried about her. Then she got sick and died, and then Osbert got sick. I couldn't leave."

"And what about now? Why are you still here now?" Thea saw a quick look of calculation pass over her face then disappear.

"I thought you might need some help, depending on what you want to do with the place. What *are* you going to do with it?" she asked in a rush.

"I haven't decided. I might sell it..." She heard an indrawn gasp from Judith, "or I might keep it and turn it into something. A bed and breakfast? A writers' retreat? Not sure."

"It's very old. Osbert didn't look after it in the last few years. It would take a lot to get it fixed up," she said avoiding Thea's eyes.

You're up to something Miss Judith, with your pouty mouth and sinful body

Thea ran her eyes over Judith's breasts and up to her dark curly hair. A few strands had escaped the pins she'd used to keep all that wildness under control.

I'm going to take them out one by one, lay you across this bed and fuck you senseless.

Thea smiled and started to undo the buttons of her shirt. "Oh, I've got some money tucked away. It might be enough to do some repairs."

Judith shot her a worried look and ran her tongue across her lips, her eyes on the buttons of Thea's shirt.

"I'll leave you to get changed. Dinner won't be long." She almost ran from the room. Thea heard her quick footsteps down the stairs to the kitchen.

"Mmm. Curious," she muttered as she stripped out of her clothes. She ran her hands across her tight nipples, then dipped a finger between her legs. "She hasn't changed at all. Still can get me wet in ten seconds flat. Let's see what I can do about it."

* * * *

Judith slammed plates down on the kitchen bench and cursed. Thea was going to ruin everything. Why couldn't she just stay in Sydney and put the house on the market? She leant against the kitchen bench and took in deep breaths. And why does she still look at me as if she wants to devour me?

Judith wasn't sure what was worse. Having her plans ruined or realizing she *wanted* Thea to devour every inch of her. She had when she was fifteen and still did. Slow and easy or fast and furious. Judith didn't care; she just wanted that smart mouth to be clever between her legs. Just thinking about Thea perched on the bed, with her spiky red hair sparking in the fire's glow and her hands slowly unbuttoning her shirt, made Judith squirm. She didn't know what she wanted to do most - slap that smug face or rip the shirt from her to see what Judith knew would be small, firm breasts, succulent like apricots.

She stood against the bench, lost in a vision of her mouth on those breasts, when Thea stalked in, all perky and bright.

"Dinner smells great. Want some help?"

"Sure. You could take the plates into the dining room."

"Can't we eat in here? It's much warmer. You still use the wood burning stove I see."

"Not much choice. After Mum died Osbert always planned to get a proper stove but didn't get around to it. I'm used to it now. But you'd have to get a replacement if you planned to do something with the place."

"That wouldn't be a problem."

"No, it doesn't seem to be," Judith muttered.

They sat at the kitchen table and Judith served up an aromatic chicken curry.

"Mmm. This is great. You've inherited your mother's cooking skills I see. What were you doing before you came back to Gracelends?"

Judith shrugged. "This and that. I'm an environmental scientist, but I do consulting work."

Before she could continue telling Thea about her work, a loud crash reverberated throughout the house.

Good. Geoffrey's on the ball.

"What was that?" Thea leapt to her feet and ran out to the hallway. Judith followed her.

"I don't know. It sounds like it came from your room."

They ran up the stairs and into Thea's room. Judith glanced around but saw no evidence of Geoffrey. Her eyes turned to the bed after Thea let out a gasp. A dead crow lay right in the middle. Broken glass was on the floor under the window where it had smashed its way in. Judith raised her eyebrows. This was over the top even for Geoffrey.

"How on earth did a crow manage to smash its way through that glass?" Thea stood with her hands on her hips looking from the bed to the window.

"Maybe it got confused in the wind and panicked." Judith shrugged her shoulders as Thea turned to her, a frown on her suspicious face.

"Yeah, right," she said, not convinced.

"I'll get rid of it and cover over the window. Maybe you should sleep in another room."

"God no! There's a fire here and it's finally warm. I'm staying. I'll deal with the bird, you deal with the window."

Judith nodded and went to get a dustpan and broom. Later that night, after the mess was cleared and she lay in bed wondering how to get rid of Thea and wishing she didn't have to, she heard thin laughter whistle through the house.

That's very good Geoffrey. It even sounds like Osbert.

She turned on her side and pushed her hand between her legs, knowing she'd dream of apricots.

* * * *

The rain cleared the next day and Thea wandered through the grounds peering into sheds and picking some bedraggled flowers. It was much better than she remembered. When the sun was out, it was spectacular. Her mind ticked over with possibilities. The idea of a bed and breakfast specializing in eco tours through Wild Rivers National Park looked more and more attractive. She'd get the place fixed up and a marketing plan written. First though, she'd figure out why Judith wanted to get rid of her.

Thea spent an amusing but sleepless night listening to the laughter and creepy howls of what she assumed was an attempt at a resident ghost. It made her think that an occasional murder mystery weekend or a ghost theme might be quite an attraction for the place. The people who didn't want to go off trekking in the wilderness could play games and be warm while consuming fabulous food and wine.

She'd have to ask Judith for some suggestions after she worked out what to do about her. An environmental scientist who could cook like an angel was a definite asset. The fact that Thea wanted to spend a large amount of time picking her brain while wrapped around her was neither here nor there. Not that she really wanted to do much talking. Her mouth would be much better employed trying to taste every inch of Miss Judith's glorious skin.

She made her way back to the kitchen, found a vase for the flowers, and planned her next move. She didn't have to wait long. Judith staggered in the kitchen with a pile of wood in her arms looking frazzled and tired. She'd ditched the grey serge for a worn pair of jeans that molded her every curve and a snug black sweater. It was still cold and Thea's mouth watered at the sight of Judith's nipples, tight and distinct under the wool.

"Morning. How did you sleep?"

"Fine," Judith snapped. "What about you?"

"Perfect. There were a few noises in the night, but I just assumed they were the resident ghost and went back to sleep. I think that's the best thing to do with ghosts, don't you? Just ignore them and they either give up and disappear or settle in to become one of the family. I hope this one settles in. Has it been around for long?"

Judith glared at her and piled the wood into the wood box. "I didn't hear anything."

"No? I must be sensitive to ghosts then."

She smiled at Judith who gasped and dropped the wood, peering at her hand with a curse.

"Shit! I've got a splinter."

"Let me see." Thea pulled Judith's hand into hers and saw a sharp fragment of wood embedded in the base of her thumb. "Stand still, I'll get it out."

Blood welled out of Judith's skin as Thea eased out the wood. She lifted Judith's hand and sucked on it, swirling her tongue around the broken skin. She tasted of copper and salt mixed with panic. Thea moved closer, sliding her arm around Judith's waist, while still licking her hand. When she moved her tongue to the inside of her wrist and felt her frantic pulse, Judith's sharp indrawn breath sent a tingle of delight through her. She lifted her head from Judith's hand and pulled her closer, her mouth almost touching Judith's slightly parted lips.

"Is that better?"

"Yes," Judith whispered, her eyes wide and round.

"Good." She dropped her gaze to Judith's breasts and smiled. "Very good. You should put something on it." Stepping away from her, she picked up an apple from the fruit bowl and bit into it. "I'm going into town to talk to a few trades people. I want to get this place fixed up as soon as possible. Need anything?"

Judith shook her head. She seemed to be having trouble breathing.

"Okay. I'll see you later. Look after that hand."

* * * *

Thea spent the day in Strahan, talking to carpenters, plumbers and landscape designers. There was quite a bit of interest in her plans. A fair few people seemed pleased the old house would be looked after and spruced up.

"It's in fundamentally good shape but could do with some tender loving care.

What does Judith think about it?" asked Bill, the owner of the hardware shop. "She grew up there and is very attached to it. No offence intended, but we were surprised when Osbert didn't leave it to her. He always looked on her as a daughter. He and Geoffrey were both fathers to her."

"He had to leave it to one of the family," Thea said, studying an ornate brass drawer handle. "It was a condition of his father's will. If he tried to do anything else it would have gone to the State. Who's Geoffrey?"

"You haven't met him yet? Oh I forgot, you wouldn't have. He's in the hospital. Had a bit of a prang with a truck yesterday in the rain and broke his leg. Poor old bugger. He and Osbert were *companions*, if you know what I mean. Don't know who they thought they were fooling. Geoff runs an antique shop just around the corner." He broke off to rummage through a drawer. "Here's his card. He'll do you a good deal if you want to get some more furniture for the place." He frowned suddenly. "You know, I'm not sure if Judith knows he's had an accident. Do you think you could tell her? She'll want to make sure he's okay."

"Sure. I should visit him, too. Sounds like he's virtually one of the family."

She headed back to the house wondering why Judith wanted scare her off with manufactured ghosts and stories of how the house was in bad shape.

Maybe she thinks I'll see it as all too much trouble and put it on the market so she can buy it at a reduced rate. Well, I could do with the money if she's got any to spare. Wonder if I can get her to invest...

Feeling chirpier about the whole situation, she arrived back at the house just as the sun was setting. She smiled as she walked up the stairs to the house, wondering what nocturnal adventures Judith had planned for the night. She had some of her own.

She found her in the lounge room up on a ladder dusting the book shelves, an old Elvis LP on the record player. Heartbreak Hotel. Perfect.

"Don't you ever relax? You don't have to do that."

Judith turned and looked down at her. "I like it. This house is like an old friend

to me. I love living here."

"If I sold it, would you buy it?"

Judith tensed and nearly fell off the ladder. "In a flash. I'd do anything to own it." She climbed down and crossed the room to Thea. "Are you really thinking of selling it?" she asked, desperation in her voice.

Thea looked into her eyes and felt mean and low for teasing her. She genuinely loved the place, much more than Thea did. "No, sweetheart, I'm not," she said, lifting her hands to cup her face. She brushed her lips against Judith's mouth, breathing in her smell of jasmine and floor polish, then smiled sadly as Judith jerked away from her.

"Then I'll get out of your way. I can be packed and gone tomorrow."

"Judith, it doesn't have to be like that..."

"Yes it does. Excuse me. I have to change the light in your room."

She pushed past Thea and started to run up the stairs.

"Wait! I'm supposed to give you a message about Geoffrey." Thea followed, wanting to do something, anything to make it better for her. Her flip teasing had got her into trouble in the past. The look on Judith's face made her realise how cruel she'd been.

"What about Geoffrey?" Judith asked slowly. Her face paled.

"He's had an accident. Bill at the hardware shop thought you should know. He's in hospital with a broken leg. He's okay."

Judith stared as if in a dream and slumped on a chair in the hallway.

"When did it happen?"

"Yesterday afternoon. What's wrong?"

Thea crouched down in front of her as she bent forward with a moan, holding her head in her hands. "Judith? What is it?"

"Osbert," she whispered. "I don't think he's resting easily."

"What do you mean?"

She sat up and looked at Thea with frightened eyes. "Geoffrey and I had a plan to try and scare you off. But if he's been in hospital then the bird and the noises had nothing to do with him."

"You mean you didn't do anything?"

She shook her head.

"Fantastic! We really do have a ghost." She got to her feet and looked around. "Uncle Osbert! Are you there? Are you okay? Anything you want?"

A high pitched laugh filled the hall way and the lights flickered on and off. Thea felt herself being pulled toward her bedroom. "Okay, okay I get the message. I'm going."

She fell into the room, closely followed by Judith. The door slammed behind them. Judith tried the handle but it wouldn't budge. Thea smiled. Uncle Osbert was a good old stick.

"It's okay, Judith. He'll probably get bored and go off to where ever ghosts go off to. We'll just have to sit him out. Come on, I'll build up the fire and we can talk about the future."

Thea threw a log on the fire and poked at the burning ashes around it. She stood up and turned to Judith who stood stiffly, her whole body wary.

"Come on, Judith. Relax. Get into the bed. It's warm and comfortable. And you know that's where we're going to end up. Don't tell me you haven't known that since I walked through the door yesterday. All that tortured resistance. It's such a turn on. Admit it. You hated the idea of trying to scare me off when all you wanted to do was fuck me. I'm right aren't I?"

Thea stalked toward Judith pulling off her sweater as she went. She smiled at Judith's narrowed eyes on her bare breasts and laughed when she lifted her hand and cupped Thea's breast. Judith's fingers were cool and smooth. She pinched Thea's nipple hard, making her cry out.

"You think you know all about me don't you?" Judith murmured, a spark of something dark in her eyes. Thea felt a momentary uneasiness that blossomed into panic as Judith grabbed her around the waist, turned her, and flung her face down on the bed. She straddled her, pressing her whole body down the length of her back and whispered in her ear, "You don't know anything."

She pushed Thea's arms above her head and kept them pressed into the mattress as she nipped the back of her neck and down her back. Thea struggled, disoriented, confused, but violently aroused. She bucked against Judith's hips which only increased the pressure of her now too tight jeans against her clit.

"Let me up," she begged, hoping she wouldn't.

"I don't think so."

She turned her head and watched Judith pull the tie from the bed curtain, then gasped when she pushed Thea's arms together, wound the fabric around her wrists and tied it to the headboard.

"Judith! You don't have to do this!" She giggled nervously.

"Oh, I think I do. You're used to being in control aren't you? I bet all your girlfriends do exactly what you want them to. Well, you'll have to get used to something a bit different tonight."

Thea felt Judith sit up and peel off her sweater. Then she got off the bed and took off the rest of her clothes. Thea tried to turn her head to see her properly, but she was just out of view. God, how she wanted to see all her pale naked skin and those lush, full breasts.

"All in good time," Judith said as if reading Thea's mind. "First we have to get rid of these." She felt Judith's hand on her hips and lifted them so she could undo her jeans. As Judith peeled them off her, she ran her tongue down the back of Thea's leg. The moisture sizzled against her skin.

"Ah God, Judith let my arms go, please! I wanted to touch you," she begged.

"You will, you will."

Judith pushed Thea's legs open and stilled. Thea was wide open to her gaze and she squirmed, pushing herself up on her knees, desperate for Judith to touch her. She felt Judith's hands knead her buttocks and her warm breath on her pussy, then jerked with shock when she felt two fingers thrust roughly into her. It was glorious. She pushed back onto them, wanting more inside, pleading for more.

"Yes! Like that! Do that!"

"You are so wet and tight. Your cunt feels like it wants to eat my fingers. You want more? I'll give you more." Judith pushed all her fingers into her.

Thea moaned, fucking Judith's fingers, moving, feeling the first surge of her climax start to build in her core. When she felt Judith's other hand on her clit, rubbing hard and fast, just on the verge of being too rough, she pulled on the tie binding her wrists and wailed her release. She collapsed on the bed moaning with satisfaction, while Judith lay against the length of her back sucking her ear lobe. She brought her hand up to Thea's mouth.

"Lick. Taste yourself." Thea drew Judith's fingers into her mouth and sucked each one, licking all her sticky moisture from her. She could feel a wetness in the small of her back where Judith was grinding her cunt against her tail bone.

When Judith reached up and undid her wrists, she sighed with relief and rolled, trying to get Judith under her. But she was pinned again, Judith holding her wrists as she straddled her hips, keeping her legs together. Judith's astonishing breasts were right over her face. She drew a dark nipple into her mouth and sucked hard. Judith's gasp of pleasure sent a fresh surge of wetness through Thea's cunt.

Judith released Thea's arms and shifted off her, settling between her legs.

"Lift your leg for me," she told Thea. "Wrap it around my waist."

Thea was happy to do anything she demanded. When Judith pressed her cunt down hard on her clit, grinding and sliding across her wetness, Thea held on to Judith's hips, pushing back, a hot burst of need exploding through her. Need for all of her, to be inside her, around her, to watch her eyes glaze over as she lost herself in pleasure and groaned out her release.

Thea slid her hand down between them, pressing against Judith's vibrating clit and watched her disintegrate. Her hair had fallen from its pins and was wild around her head as she arched back and howled. She was a goddess, Thea realized, taking her power and spinning it around the bed, wrapping them both in lust filled magic.

When she collapsed beside her, Thea pulled her close and tucked the quilt around them, stroking and soothing her, running her hands up the smoothness of her

back, feeling her heartbeat slowly calm.

“Don’t leave,” she whispered. “Please don’t leave. This house needs you. I need you. And Uncle Osbert probably won’t let you go.”

Judith smiled sleepily and kissed her. “Well, in that case...”

A log shifted on the fire with a thud and Thea thought she heard a low sigh drift through the house. A low satisfied sigh.

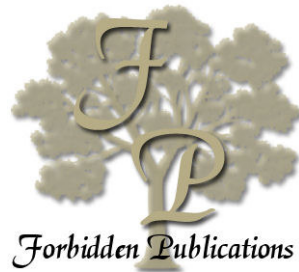
“Go away Uncle Osbert. Come back tomorrow,” Thea muttered and slid into sleep.

AUTHOR INFORMATION

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Keziah Hill writes erotica and erotic romance. Daily she struggles with the weeds in her garden, but the pull of pen and paper are too strong. As well as an active member of Romance Writers Australia, Passionate Ink and RWAOnline, she is the Features Gallery Editor at the Erotica Readers and Writer Association. She lives in the beautiful Blue Mountains west of Sydney, Australia.



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