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*Ghost* OF A  
*Chance*

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Ghost of a Chance

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# *GHOST OF A CHANCE*

**Eileen Ann Brennan**

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## **Chapter One**

"Whoever said winter in New England was romantic was full of crap!" muttered Jenna Hawthorne, gathering her skimpy shawl closer as the snow swirled in a frenzied tango around her. "Damn that piece of shit car! Damn Lance Whitman! And damn this damn weather!"

The dim light she'd seen as she passed the old Rutledge place had distracted her. It seemed like her dream from last night leapt into reality. Funny, the only thing she could remember about the dream was the house and that was no more than a fleeting picture, but it had looked exactly like this, with light glowing from the first-floor windows.

What could it be? The house had been deserted for years. She'd only had a momentary flashback, but a moment was all it took for her car to skid into a ditch and refuse to budge.

With her gas tank bordering on empty, she'd left the warmth of the car and now made her way toward that light, her strappy red sandals sliding on the icy street and providing no protection for her frozen toes.

"Damn that useless cell phone! Damn this snowstorm! And damn New Year's Eve parties!" The light was clearer now, and she trudged up a pathway towards the door, taking care not to fall on her butt. Her white silk dress glimmered in the moonlight. Too bad there wasn't a little less glimmer and a little more fabric. In any other circumstance her hardened nipples would have signaled a pleasurable time on the way. Now they felt like frozen icicles that would break off at the first touch.

The light from the Rutledge place was more of a dim glow than a welcoming blaze. Had the storm taken out their electricity? Or rather, whose electricity? After all these years, had someone finally moved into the remote house?

She maneuvered up the last of the stairs and looked for the doorbell. "Oh, damn!" She pounded her fist on the solid wooden door. It opened immediately, as if someone expected her or had witnessed her ungainly stagger up the stairs.

"Holy moly!" she muttered, hoping the howling wind covered up her exclamation. Her dream hadn't included this!

"We've been wait...er, what a dreadful night. Do come in...miss," the deep resonant voice invited. A voice as smooth as liquid sin. It was the only voice a man like this could have. Jenna allowed him to take her hand and draw her into the chilly front hall.

When he released her hand once she was safely over the threshold, it was as if he removed a warm glove, leaving her cold and without comfort. If it was possible, her nipples tightened even more though not from the chill air.

He stood well over six feet. Six-two? Six-three? The hall was neither bright nor shadowed. Several scones with flickering candles placed strategically along both walls provided enough light to scrutinize her host.

His crystal blue eyes drilled into her, and she wondered for a moment how deeply into her soul he could see. Dark eyebrows slashed across his face, though one was now arched in an unspoken question. Full, generous lips parted to reveal even teeth. She would have used the word "chiseled" to describe his face but a bold nose kept her from assigning that adjective. What she could see of his hair when he closed the door was that he wore it long and tied at the nape of his neck.

She'd always had a thing for men with long hair—well groomed, of course. But it was more than the length of his hair that had her heart pounding.

"You must be chilled to your very bones. Come." He grasped her elbow and ushered her across the hall through heavy double wooden doors near the front of the house. He carried himself with an air of authority, as if he was a CEO or military commander—except that his outfit looked right out of a PBS miniseries.

Knee-high boots covered the calves of tight buff-colored trousers. In the instant before he turned away, she couldn't help but notice there was no fly but instead, two sets of buttons held up a center flap. An emerald green vest and coat covered what she imagined to be broad shoulders and a wide chest. A ruffled shirt so white it almost glowed set off his swarthy coloring.

"I'm so sorry to bother you. My car skidded off the road. I tried to call for a tow truck but my cell phone is dead. I don't know why it's dead. I charged it this morning and..." She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Babbling was not the way to communicate with a fine specimen like this. "If I could just borrow a phone to call a tow truck, I'd really appreciate it."

He released her arm and made no move to answer, but continued to stare at her. A trace of confusion crossed his otherwise blank expression. When he stepped away, she again felt that sense of loss, like a favorite plaything had been taken from her.

*Get a grip, girl. He's probably married with six kids. Any minute a gorgeous wife is going to appear dressed like a Jane Austin character, and they'll be off to their costume party. Why doesn't he say anything?*

To cover her embarrassment, she glanced about the room. It was enormous, in keeping with the pre-revolution architecture of the fabulously wealthy. Portraits of people long dead accented the walls. Graceful sofas and uncomfortable chairs rested on thick Oriental carpets. The only source of light, a fireplace large enough for a man to stand in, monopolized the wall opposite the door. A large bearskin rug, head and all, lay before it.

"This is incredible! I didn't know this old place had been sold. I haven't been up this way in a few months, but you've done wonders with it. I never did know... How old is it?"

"Old enough to have seen most wars fought in this country. It was built during the French and Indian War, although I believe many modifications have been made over the years." A faint smile played across his lips.

She shivered at the sound of his husky voice. Was she imagining it or had he not taken his eyes off her since he opened the door?

"How unforgivably rude of me. You must be half frozen in those wet, er, clothes. Please, come warm yourself by the fire."

At the mention of her clothes, she looked down at herself. No wonder he'd been staring at her! The snow had melted, plastering what passed as the top of her dress to her breasts. White silk had a way of disappearing when it became wet and this dress was no different. What the molded fabric didn't reveal, the plunging neckline did. She adjusted her shawl to cover herself but the sheer red fabric did nothing to disguise her distended nipples.

"You'll catch your death if you remain like that." He turned, stopped and returned his attention to her. "But first, allow me to introduce myself. I am Jonathan Rutledge, at your service, miss." He made a courtly bow, as if he had assumed the manners from the era of his period costume.

"Rutledge? As in this house? Are you a descendent of the original owners?"

"Something like that. My grandparents built it.

"Your what?"

"Pardon. I meant, uh, many times over great-grandparents. And you are...?"

"Sorry. Jenna Hawthorne." She extended her hand. Jonathan eyed it quizzically then took it between his thumb and forefinger and placed a delicate, lingering kiss on the back. The heat that had been building in her core shot up twenty degrees. He raised his eyes and stared into hers. Definitely not the action of a man with six kids.

He released her hand but did not step away. "As I said, we must get you out of those wet things. Regrettably, I have nothing to offer other than my coat. The...baggage has not yet arrived." He shrugged out of his coat and laid it on the sofa. "You might drape your dress over the chair before the fireplace to dry. May I offer something to warm yourself? Brandy? Wine?"



Jenna shivered. *How about a nice warm bed? Preferably yours?* “You wouldn’t happen to have a stray glass of California chardonnay hanging around, would you?”

His brows bunched.

Jenna smiled at his puzzled look. It figured. Most New Englanders preferred a hearty red cabernet in the middle of winter. “Never mind the chard. Whatever you have is fine.”

He frowned, as if not getting a joke that everyone else laughed at. “I’ll fetch some claret while you change. It will help to warm you...inside.”

Jenna stared after his departing figure. She’d been right. The coat had hidden a broad back and muscled chest, but the formfitting shirt hid nothing. The billowing sleeves probably concealed some powerful biceps and his well-rounded butt was the best she’d seen in a long time. The kind a girl could really get a grip on no matter how hard it was bucking.

When he’d kissed her hand, her gaze had wandered below his waistband and oh what a sight! The skintight trousers were as revealing as her wet dress. A lovely bulge had greeted her eyes—a lovely large bulge. A tingling sensation centered between her thighs. All appearances indicated he was as turned on as she was. Did he really have nothing but his coat to offer her or was it a ploy to get her naked?

*Think fast.* Did she want to have sex with this attractive stranger or should she head for the door? A picture flashed across her mind—her ex-lover of three years, Mr.-I-can’t-make-a-commitment Lance Whitman strolling into the New Year’s Eve party with his new wife on his arm. She bit her lip. Yes, she’d love to have sex with buff, beautiful Jonathan Rutledge.

She stripped off her dress and hung it on the chair. Since any underwear would have ruined the line of the dress, she hadn’t worn any. She should probably make a show of putting Jonathan’s coat on so she wouldn’t appear too obvious, but turned for a quick moment to warm her chilled breasts and belly near the fire. Inhaling deeply, she smiled to herself. The scent of burning hickory brought back memories of crisp autumn

days and brisk winter nights. Hopefully Jonathan Rutledge would make this a hot winter night.

She cupped her breasts and a molten heat ran to her center. Oh, yeah, if he had half of what she thought she saw in his pants, this could end up being a great New Year's Eve after all.

## Chapter Two

"Well then. What have we here?"

Jenna whirled at the sound of the amused voice. She hadn't planned on Jonathan finding her naked. After all, a girl had to play a little hard to get. She shifted to shield her breasts and mound with her hands.

Instead of ice blue eyes, molten chocolate ones laughed back at her. The man who rested his forearm on the doorjamb had the same powerful physique and odd clothing but the resemblance ended there. Shoulder-length hair the color of pale moonlight shimmered in the firelight and a carefree expression replaced the somber look of her host.

"So, it is Venus de Milo come for a visit. How utterly delightful. But, please, miss, don't feel obliged to hide your charms from my curious eyes. A figure such as yours should be displayed freely so that all may worship at the temple of your womanhood."

*Is this guy for real? Am I seeing things? What happened to Jonathan?*

Jenna took one long step to the sofa and grabbed Jonathan's coat. How many other men were in this house tonight? In one quick movement, she slid her arms into the sleeves and lapped the front edges of the coat over each other.

The newcomer pushed off the doorjamb and sauntered in. "How distressing. You've covered up the only thing worth looking at in this entire house. Come, what can I say to persuade you to give me another glimpse of paradise?"

Jenna backed away, hugging the coat around her. He seemed harmless enough and that flirtatious attitude made it difficult not to smile back. She'd always been a sucker for the bad-boy act, but it might be wiser to keep her distance until she found out who he was.

“Ah, I see you’ve met my younger brother, Miss Hawthorne.” Jonathan strode into the room and placed a silver serving tray on a low table. It contained a decanter filled with a deep ruby-colored liquid and one exquisitely cut glass.

Before she could open her mouth, the brother spoke. “On the contrary, we have simply taken note of each other, but have not advanced to introductions. If I may?” He turned to Jenna and performed a courtly bow. “I am Dashiell Rutledge. My friends—and lovers—call me Dash.”

“Please excuse my brother, Miss Hawthorne. Family lore has it that Nurse dropped him on his head when he was but a babe. We tend to overlook his, er, indelicacies.”

Jenna looked from one to the other. Yes, there was a resemblance. The main one being that they were both extraordinary examples of the male species. Not in the muscle-bound steroid sense, but in the firefighter on a hunk calendar sense—only they sounded like they belonged on a BBC broadcast.

They both continued to stare at her, waiting for...what? The ice crystal eyes turned a deep midnight blue while the chocolate ones became like aged bourbon.

“Are there any more of you?”

Dash cast a quick glance at Jonathan, then raked his long fingers through his tousled hair. “Sadly, no. We are the extent of the Rutledge progeny.”

His tone sounded wistful, as if his answer contained a lifetime of regret. As quick as it came, Dash’s melancholy attitude disappeared, making her wonder if she’d just imagined it.

“Look how the fire sets the color of her hair ablaze, brother. I’ve always had a weakness for locks the color of wine.” Dash took a small step in her direction. “And when it’s accompanied by eyes that match the shade of the sea after a storm, I am completely done in. She is truly a gift from the gods for two weary souls such as us.”

“Indeed, mayhap she is the one who has been brought to us to fulfill the—”

"But enough of this poppycock. Can you not see, Jon, that we neglect the needs of our guest?"

Jenna squeezed her thighs and focused on the throbbing his words caused. This was crazy. A few minutes ago she'd wanted nothing more than to jump on Jonathan's bulging hard-on, and now she couldn't think of anything but Dash's hands caressing her breasts just as his eyes had caressed them.

"She also has a body to rival anything Michelangelo has sculpted or Botticelli brushed on canvas. Full, rounded breasts, curving hips and, I'll warrant, a succulent honey pot between her thighs." Dash grinned at his brother, who shifted his gaze from her face to where he must imagine her legs joined beneath the oversized coat.

She stepped back, keeping them both well away from her ricocheting thoughts. The warmth of the fire at her back warned her she could not retreat in that direction again. "Don't you have a costume party to get to?" she asked, playing for time.

"Costume party? Jon?" Dash looked at his brother, shaking his head and bunching his eyebrows in question.

"I believe she means a masquerade. Evidently, our...attire is foreign to her." Jonathan turned to Jenna. "No, m'dear, we are...all yours...for the night."

Heat flooded her veins, sending lightning shards between her thighs. No, she wasn't imagining it. These two escapees from a Dickens novel—both of them—wanted her. Neither made a move forward but their gazes never left her. They traveled the length of her body, still hidden beneath Jonathan's coat. From the wild, desperate need that overtook her, they could have been caressing her with their hands—or mouths.

All thoughts of running away into the frozen night vanished. An innate sense of confidence told her she would be safe with these two. That the hunger in their eyes would not overcome them, but would be targeted towards their mutual pleasure.

"For the whole night?" Jenna loosened her grip on the coat. The temperature in the room suddenly became oppressive.

"Yes," Jonathan stated simply, his hands going to the peculiar white scarf tied with an elaborate knot around his neck.

She lowered her lashes and bent her head to glance at their groins. Two solid erections pressed boldly against the fabric of their trousers. One word, one action on her part and both of them would be hers.

A delicious throbbing took hold of her. She'd never had two men at once, but like any healthy girl, had wondered what it would be like. The opportunity had just never presented itself. She'd be a fool not to take advantage of the offer. What was the point of being on the Pill if you couldn't be spontaneous? She glanced at Jonathan. A hunger so palpable she could smell it emanated from him. Her gaze sought Dash. He licked his parted lips and stared at her mouth. Oh yeah, what a way to ring in the new year!

She let the shoulder of the coat slip. Jonathan's face took on a predatory expression while Dash's lips quirked into a slight grin. "I believe our offer has been accepted, Jon."

"It would seem so, although it appears our lovely guest is a bit of a tease."

Jenna smiled and wiggled to allow the coat to gape open but still kept it halfway on.

"I told you she had ripe breasts that begged to be suckled. Damn this cravat." Dash was working on the knot of his white scarf. She glanced at Jonathan. He licked his lips and tossed his long scarf—cravat, was it?—onto the sofa.

With another wiggle the coat fell from her shoulders, but her bent elbows kept it from sliding to the floor. She spread her legs and arched her back ever so slightly to give them a better view of her breasts. Dash was right. Her breasts grew heavy with need, and her hardened nipples begged for his touch.

Jonathan pulled his immaculately white shirt from his trousers and began unbuttoning it. It took a confident man to wear ruffles on his clothes, but these two carried it off in spades. "How fortunate that the female body is equipped with two delicious globes. We can partake of that pleasure together."

Jenna's knees almost gave way. She straightened her arms and let the coat crumple at her feet. It had always aroused her to be naked while her lover was dressed. Maybe

that was the exhibitionist in her. But now, to be standing, wearing only her red stilettos while two men watched her and slowly stripped off their clothing made her insides melt and her clit tingle.

Neither man's eyes had left her since she'd arrived and now she rewarded her two admirers by smoothing her fingers down the length of her body. She paid special attention to her breasts, cupping them and circling her thumbs around her areolas until her nipples were so tight they ached.

"I was right." Jonathan's lips finally cracked a small smile. "She is a bit of a tease. But a very effective one." In one swift move, he stripped off his shirt and dropped it. Jenna tried not to gasp. His muscled chest was covered with a dark mat of crinkly hair. Well-defined pecs beckoned her tongue to trace around the hardened male nipples protruding in arousal.

"See how her cat's eyes widen at the sight of simple male flesh, Jon," Dash observed, still working the knot in his cravat. "We are indeed fortunate that this willing morsel happened by tonight. Mayhap salvation is within our grasp."

"What?" Jenna halted her provocative play. "What do you mean 'salvation'? You're not members of some weird cult, are you?"

Jon gave Dash a dark look. "My brother simply means that you hold the keys to our salvation and that the portal to paradise lies between your shapely thighs. You do know that, don't you?"

*Portal to paradise?* She'd never heard it referred to as that, but whatever they called it, it was wet and hot and waiting for them. "Sure, I knew that."

Was it a trick of the firelight or did Jon just wink at his brother?

Dash finally worked the knot free and tossed his cravat to the floor. His shirt followed immediately. Any stray thoughts vanished and she focused her full attention on Dash. Unlike Jon's chest, Dash's was as smooth as a baby's behind. Each contour of his torso glistened in the firelight, making her long to trail her lips across its sleek

muscles and down to his... But they both still had their high boots and trousers on. How was she supposed to imagine their erections when they were both half dressed?

"You're sure taking your sweet time. What makes you think I'll wait all night for you?" She spread her legs and ran her palms down her hips and covered her mound. Maybe that would get them moving faster. Every nerve cell throbbed with the need to feel their hands on her. An idea struck her. "Maybe you need some help?"

Jon's gaze seemed to burn into her flesh. "It is most generous of you to offer. I always have difficulty in removing my Hessians." He folded his tall frame onto the sofa and extended his legs.

"Hessians?" *What on earth are Hessians?*

"He means his boots, love." Dash plopped into a nearby chair and proceeded to yank his off.

"Oh, I knew that." Jenna sashayed to Jon, and he lifted his leg. She grasped his boot and pulled. Nothing happened.

"The usual manner is to straddle the leg with your back to me. It will then simply slide off when you tug it."

Jenna raised an eyebrow. This guy sure knew how to play to a woman's weakness. "Yeah, and it will give you a clear view of my butt and pussy."

"An added benefit, to be sure."

Turning, she straddled his leg and grasped the heel of his boot. His warm hands steadied her hips then slowly moved to caress her cheeks. His soft touch glided over her ass like a downy blanket, stroking the sensitive flesh. His fingers slid between her cheeks, rubbing up and down until she spread her legs wider.

"Ah," he sighed, fingering her, and she jerked at the intimate invasion. "She has the most sensitive nether hole, brother. We must explore it at length before this night ends." She almost collapsed at his words.



He removed his hand and just as quickly replaced it with the other. Jenna held her breath as Jon continued his exploration. A quick glance at Dash made her knees weak, and she leaned heavily on Jon's leg.

Dash had stripped off the last of his clothing and stood in profile, watching Jon toy with her butt. Long and thick, Dash's cock flew at full mast, straining out from his body.

"So, you not only like to show but you enjoy looking? It speaks well that you are not afraid to indulge your appetites." Dash turned and strode closer, giving her a full view of his engorged cock and nicely hanging balls.

"Your sex is beautiful," she murmured. "But you probably already know that."

Jon lifted her with his leg, wedging his thigh firmly against her pussy. "We're not making much progress with these Hessians, love. With a bit of assistance there, I could show you another cock that is just as pleased that you're here."

"It appears Miss Hawthorne is still unschooled at the fine art of removing footwear. Allow me, dear brother." Dash straddled Jon's leg, pressing his ass against Jenna's breasts. He rubbed against them until she gasped for breath. With one swift yank, the boot was off and on the floor.

"Pardon, sweet, I'll be back in a moment." Dash straddled Jon's other outstretched leg and that boot joined its mate.

"Well now, there is still the matter of my breeches. Might I prevail on you to lean up a bit so I can unfasten and shed them?" Jon lowered his leg but before she could topple off Dash pulled her into his arms. She leaned heavily against him. His stiff cock pressed into her belly. The sound of rustling fabric behind her signaled the last of Jon's clothing hitting the floor.

This was crazy, but oh, she didn't want it to end. Somehow their accents and old-fashioned phrases were as big a turn-on as their well-formed bodies. She rubbed her cheek against Dash's chest and indulged her earlier fantasy by trailing her lips over his

hard pecs to fasten on the aroused peak of his nipple. He held her tightly against him, massaging her bottom while she sucked and lapped at his hardened bud.

Dash's hands left her butt, but the cool night air was immediately replaced with the steady pressure of firm hips and a thick erection. Warm lips trailed kisses from her shoulder to her earlobe.

"She is a tasty delight, is she not?" Jon whispered more to her than to Dash. She'd not stopped her assault on Dash's nipple, but now reveled in the sensation of two solid erections rubbing her belly and her butt.

Dash's lips found her other earlobe and worked their way down her throat. "Tasty indeed. Enough to make me lose sight of our task."

His words penetrated the fog of sensuality that enveloped her. *Task? What task?* She pulled back and turned her head, shifting her gaze between them. "What are you talking about? What task?"

Jon grimaced. "Please ignore my brother's clumsy attempt at humor. He is referring only to the glorious task of enjoying a beautiful woman and that we want you to know that our, er, *mutual* pleasure will set us all free. Is that not correct, Dash?"

"Absolutely, Jon. I couldn't have said the words better meself."

Jenna stared at Jon for a long moment, wondering if her instincts had been wrong and she should leave. But his fingers traced featherlight circles on her hips and Dash had resumed his assault on her earlobe.

Reflected firelight danced in Jon's eyes, giving his expression even more of a heated glow. "You have nothing to fear from us, love. Sensual fulfillment is our only goal." She pushed all thoughts of departure from her mind and gave herself over to their talented attention. He stepped back and even though she remained in Dash's arms, a cold, longing feeling came over her.

"Dash?" Jon had returned to sit on the sofa, his legs bent and spread. His cock stood upright, waiting to bury itself inside her.

"There's a lovely time in store for you." Dash took a step forward, forcing her to take a matching one back. He shuffled her along until her calves met hairy legs. Warm, familiar hands caressed her bottom again.

"I must say, she has the most delectable rump I've seen in a long time."

"At least in fifty years, eh?"

Dash's comment confused her but Jon slid his fingers between her thighs, finding her slit on his first attempt, and all thoughts fled. He had a gentle touch, but probed deeply as he toyed with her, sliding first one, then two and then a third finger into her. Hot, wet lips trailed across her bottom. She shivered when his other hand glided up her thigh to massage her hip before detouring to her mound.

"She's so wet, so responsive. She's already pleasuring me beyond distraction." Jon moved his fingers lower to stroke her clit. His thumb flicked back and forth over it until she thought she'd go mad.

While Jon busied himself, Dash bent and caught her lips in a demanding kiss. His tongue probed her mouth in the same way Jon's fingers explored her – stroking, jabbing and swirling.

Her veins melted from the lava that flowed through them. She grasped Dash's shoulders to keep from falling, but there was really no danger in that. Jon had wedged his knees between her legs, pushing them apart. If her knees did give out, she'd land on sinewy thighs and an erection harder than a steel pipe.

When she thought she would burst, Dash's hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them – hard. She wiggled her butt from the sheer joy of it, and Jon seemed to take it as a signal to increase his rhythm. Dash broke the kiss, applying a slight pressure to the back of her neck.

"That's right, love," he murmured. "You're doing exactly what we need."

She understood immediately and trailed her lips over his hot chest to a protruding nipple. She gathered the hard muscle of his pec in her hand and plumped it into her

mouth. Her tongue circled his tight nub and laved it before her teeth lightly clamped down on it. He started but then held her head securely to him while she suckled.

Her free hand angled down his belly until it connected with his thick erection. He jerked when she wound her fingers around him and squeezed. Her mind had little concept of who elicited which trembling sensations within her. She knew only that if they kept building, she would ignite and go up in a towering blaze of desire.

Dash eased his grip on her head and with a light movement of his hand guided her mouth lower. Her lips skimmed across the rough planes of his chest and the hard ridges of his abs to settle over his throbbing cock. A unique scent of male need and sweat greeted her.

“Go ahead, love. Take me in your mouth and suck life into me.”

Not quite understanding his comment, Jenna ran her lips down the velvety length of his shaft while her fingers sought the soft sac of his balls. Massaging them gently, she lowered her mouth to lick them. Though Dash’s chest was as sleek and smooth as marble, the curly hair on his groin and legs left no question that he had a lion’s share of testosterone flowing through him.

When she could no longer stand the wait, she kissed her way up the length of his cock and took him fully into her mouth.

“God’s nightshirt!” he rasped as she sucked him deeply, impossibly trying to take in the entire length of his long shaft.

At Dash’s exclamation, Jon arched off the sofa and pulled her hips backward. His cock slid easily into her dripping passage. She bucked at the sensation of fullness, but his large hands anchored her hips. He stilled for a moment, allowing her to adjust to his size. When she squeezed him tightly, his moan echoed throughout the vast room.

“That’s it, love. Squeeze me again like that.” He gripped her hips and pulled her tighter onto his erection. She complied before returning her full attention to the delicious cock in her mouth.

She sucked deeply, matching her movements with Jon's thrusts. As he plunged his hard shaft into her, she slid Dash's cock further into her mouth until she felt she would all but swallow him. Dash caught the rhythm and pushed his hips forward in time with his brother's.

Jon's hand left her hip and circled to cover her mound. She jerked at the unexpected sensation. Jon's fingers parted her folds and slid between them. "She's as slick and wet as any we've ever had, Dash, and when I drive into her, I feel like I never want to retreat." He pushed further into her, and she squirmed when he settled his thumb over her clit. "There now. I believe I like this almost as much as you, love. Your hard little bud is heaven beneath my fingers."

He continued to massage her even after her legs melted and she sank onto his lap. He used his powerful hands to lift and slide her back onto his thick, pulsing cock. His thrusts grew stronger. The pressure of Dash's hands on her head increased. She drew in long breaths through her nose, but could not take in enough air to halt the pounding in her chest and the roar of blood in her ears.

An anguished cry filled the room and Jon's seed filled her. Another cry and Dash's filled her mouth. She gulped and swallowed and then all was forgotten as her own orgasm overtook her. Her world reduced to the glorious throbbing between her legs and the sharp, piercing clamor of satisfaction.

## Chapter Three

"Bloody, hell! We're still here! It didn't work, Jon!"

Jenna heard the voice as if it came from a great distance. She pushed it away, wanting nothing more than to languish in that euphoric state between dreams and sensations. The brothers had proven to be exceptional lovers, skilled, relentless and demanding.

"Lower your voice," hissed Jon. "You'll wake her and I haven't yet determined what went wrong."

*What went wrong?* If you asked her, everything went perfectly right. From the rough fabric under the length of her, she must be lying on the sofa. Her temple and cheek rested on a hard, hairy thigh. Dash's, most likely. His voice had been close. She slowly inhaled. Yes, that was Dash.

Not knowing why, she kept her eyes closed and feigned sleep. Not that she felt threatened, but something was not quite as it seemed. What hadn't worked? What did Jon have to figure out?

"Well, think, man!" groused Dash, sliding a warm hand across her shoulder. "I cannot bear another fifty years of waiting. What if she leaves?"

"She's not leaving. That light snowfall transformed into a blizzard while we were, er, occupied. The most stout plow horse couldn't travel more than twenty feet in that storm."

*Plow horse?* Jenna fluttered her eyelashes and peeked through them to find Jon staring out a long French window. The firelight cast dancing shadows around the room and across his magnificent body.

He released the heavy drape, which fell back in place over the window, and strode toward her. His hair had come free of its tie and cascaded about his shoulders like that

of some ancient warrior. He turned, totally unconcerned with his nakedness, to watch her lie on Dash. Keeping her breathing even proved difficult as she peeked through her lashes. He was limp now, but even the sight of his flaccid cock warmed her very center, recalling how easily he'd made her scream with pleasure.

Sex with the Rutledge boys had been more than she'd ever dreamed possible. That she'd never been with two men at the same time hadn't deterred them from wringing every last bit of passion from her. But there had been an intensity, an almost blind need for them to achieve an orgasm for the sake of the orgasm, not for the sheer pleasure of the sex.

*"In heaven nor hell, you'll neither be."* Dash's low voice filled the room, bringing her back from her musings.

*"Until a woman's pleasure sets you free,  
Wantonly, knowingly and willingly,  
One night, one chance for every fifty."*

"I know the bloody curse. What I don't know is how to lift it." Jon raked his fingers through his hair and plopped onto the chair opposite the sofa, giving her an excellent view of his lovely package.

*Wait a minute...curse? What is he talking about?*

She sat up, still a little groggy from all the activity. Her pussy both ached and tingled, and she squeezed her thighs together to prolong the feeling. "I know I don't have all my senses back yet, but did you say 'curse'? And what was that little poem about?"

"God's teeth," muttered Jon, scrubbing his hand across his eyes. "I thought she was asleep."

"Evidently, I'm not." Jenna moved to the other end of the sofa, not sure she could resist jumping on Dash if he continued to stroke her like that.

Her attempt to be as unconcerned with her lack of clothing as her hosts failed. She grabbed a stray cravat from where it had landed on the back of the sofa and laid it across her lap. Not much, but it made her feel not quite so exposed.

"Now, do you want to tell me what's going on? Not that this hasn't been a fantastic New Year's Eve, but a girl gets a little nervous when guys start tossing about words like 'bloody' and 'curse'." She stared at Jon, who seemed to be contemplating the ceiling, then at Dash. He shrugged and waved his hand.

"We may as well tell her. Otherwise, she's sure to leave, blizzard or no."

Jon lowered his gaze to his brother. Dash shrugged again. "We have nothing to lose."

Skepticism, rebellion and finally resignation passed across Jon's face. He turned to Jenna. "Do you believe in the hereafter, Miss Hawthorne?"

She blinked at him. He'd just been inside her, given her a mind-blowing orgasm while she'd sucked his brother's cock, and he was calling her *Miss Hawthorne*? What did she have to do to get on a first-name basis with this guy? "What? Sorry, I got distracted for a moment. The hereafter?"

"The hereafter. The spirit world. Heaven. Hell." Jon's impatience sent a streak of defensiveness through her. It wasn't her fault he was talking nonsense.

"Please forgive my brother. It's just that we were counting on this, er, meeting and now it seems we are short on time and have not accomplished our goal."

"Well, if you keep talking in riddles, there's no way I can help you." She could be just as huffy as Jon. "Why don't you just spell it out for me?"

Jon leaned forward, resting his forearms on his thighs. The light from the fire made his hair glimmer and a sudden urge to run her fingers through it again overtook her. "Very well, then. I'll *spell it out for you*. Whatever the devil that means." He glanced at Dash, who gave a slight nod. She quickly pushed away the picture of her hands in Dash's hair, guiding his mouth to her breast, and returned her attention to the topic at hand.



"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Hawthorne?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Had there been a breakout from the local mental institution? Both men stared at her like she would evaporate into a puddle of fear. It figured. She finally found two incredibly hot guys who had no inhibitions about ménage à trois sex, and they turned out to be a few fries short of a Happy Meal.

Rats! She had the worst luck with men!

"I knew it was useless. Maybe the next one will be able to help. Although the thought of another fifty years here makes my very teeth ache." Jon rose and padded to the window. Pulling the drape aside, he peered out. "You'll be safe here until morning. Then perhaps you might be able to walk to the village and find some assistance."

"Hold on a minute. Are you trying to tell me this place is haunted? Those are just old local legends. Things do not go bump in the night here." Not only were they nuts, they both had a bit of Chicken McNugget in them if they were afraid of a few old ghost stories. "Village? What are you talking about? Berkley Plains is a good-size city."

This was getting creepier and creepier. She checked the room and spied her dress where she'd left it by the fireplace. Could she get to it and get out of here? Would they try to stop her? The windowpane shook as a gust of wind blew against it. What good would it do to leave? She still had no phone and no car. Jon let the drape fall back into place and turned, his face flushed with anger.

"I'm talking about —"

"A moment, Jon. Yelling will accomplish nothing." Dash shifted to face her, lifting his thigh onto the sofa. In the process, he afforded her an excellent view of his family jewels. How was she expected to concentrate on what he said when those delicious bonbons filled her vision and her thoughts?

Dash reached and took her hand in his. "Miss Hawthorne. Jenna. We're not speaking of old wives' tales. I know this will be difficult to comprehend, and I do hope

you will not get a case of the vapors. We're ill equipped to handle a fainting woman, but what my brother is trying to say is—"

"Oh bloody hell. Spit it out already. This house is haunted. We are the ghosts, Miss Hawthorne. Dash and I have been dead for two hundred years as of tonight. We're cursed to stay in this damnable house until a woman's pleasure sets us free." Jon raked his fingers through his hair again and plopped into his chair. "There it is."

Jenna shifted her gaze from one to the other. And they had seemed so normal—not at all deranged. She withdrew her hand from Dash's grasp. "It's been an interesting evening. Ah, thank you for a...memorable time." She rose slowly, not wishing to excite or upset them. "But I really must be leaving now."

"Sit down, Miss Hawthorne! You're not going anywhere in this weather."

Startled at his commanding tone, she plopped her fanny back onto the sofa. The genteel Jonathan Rutledge had been sexy as hell, but this forceful, in-charge Jonathan just about took her breath away.

"We are neither escaped from Bedlam nor suffer any sickness of the mind. We are simply dead."

She stared. Jonathan looked about to pull his hair out. Should she be worried or amused? She laughed, but it came out more like a nervous twitter. "If you are dead, then I've got a clue for you both. A certain piece of your anatomy is very much alive. I don't get it. Why the goofy story? It's not like you have to scare me into having sex." She shifted her glance from one to the other. In fact, she'd be crazier than they were not to want to have another go at it.

Jon threw up his hands. "Dash?"

"I realize this all sounds preposterous, love, but the truth of it is we are cursed to remain in this house." He reached for her hand again, but she pulled away. She was in too deep already and those puppy dog eyes melted her heart faster than ice on a warm spring day.

He paused, then continued. "Every fifty years on New Year's Eve we have a chance to break the curse. We can assume our earthly forms from dusk until dawn. If the curse is not broken, our forms just fade away. Nothing is left, but our spirits remain locked inside this hollow tomb." He spread his hands, indicating the house.

Jenna wedged herself into the corner of the sofa, a rather difficult task considering the sofa arms were rounded. If these guys believed they were dead, did they think she was dead too? Or would they try to kill her to prove themselves right? Maybe she should humor them until she figured out a more substantial escape plan than running and screaming into the night.

"Okay, let's suppose you're dead and need to break a curse to get out of here. When you're not in your *earthly forms*, are you still around? You know, can you, ah, communicate with each other?"

Dash glanced at Jon, who hesitated, seeming to weigh whether or not to tell her more. She caught his gaze and stared at him. If he wanted something from her, he'd have to trust her. As if sensing her silent challenge, he shrugged and gave a quick nod to Dash.

"Yes, we can sense each other and the presence of other people in the house. Although lately, it has been rare that the house is occupied. In any case, we can use our minds to make objects move. We can open doors, rearrange bits of pottery in the kitchen, sway rocking chairs. That sort of thing. It's quite entertaining, you know." She opened her eyes wide to indicate he'd lost her. "It's amusing. Watching people run from the house, that is."

Jon shot her a sheepish smile. "It passes the time."

Great. She discovers a few ghosts, and they turn out to be auditioning for Comedy Central. "So, what you're saying is that instead of trying to figure out how to break your curse, you're spending it pretending you're in a scary movie?"

Jon frowned. "What is a scary mov —"

"It's not like we haven't tried." Obviously offended by her remark, Dash turned to stretch out his legs in front of him, covering his cock with folded hands.

Hmm, must be his pouting stance, but she chose to ignore it. "So, how did you get cursed in the first place? Cross paths with a witch having a bad hair day?"

They stared at her.

"Never mind. Who put the curse on you? Why'd they do it?" If nothing else, this had all the makings of a great story for the next girls' night out.

"The 'who' was the mother of the town trollop – although Mama was the only one who thought her daughter to be pure of heart and body. The 'why' was because both Dash and I refused to marry the chit when she turned out to be with child."

"For once," Dash interrupted, "we were completely innocent. Oh, we'd had a spot of fun with her, but it was well over a year before. The babe in her belly was no issue of a Rutledge. More likely it belonged to Billy Scabbery over in Westconnette. But Mabe Connor set her sights higher. She thought to nab herself a place at the Rutledge table."

Jenna nodded, trying to keep the characters and plot straight. "She accused you both? Wouldn't that have been a clue to her mother that she wasn't exactly as pure as the driven snow? I mean, she would have had to have sex twice, at least."

Jon leaned forward, his face a mask of unleashed fury. "Mabe claimed we raped her. Both together. I swear to you, we may have partaken of the bounty of the female body on many occasions, but we've never touched any woman – alone or jointly – who didn't invite our advances."

She could certainly attest to willingly inviting their advances. Alone or together, the Rutledge men were a major force of yummy alpha males.

"Mabe wouldn't leave it," Dash continued, again leaning towards her so that Jenna had to focus on not focusing on his cock. "It was she who ruined her reputation by accusing us in public. Even if he'd wanted to, Billy Scabbery couldn't marry her then. When we both refused, her mother cursed us in the vilest of tones. And here we are."

The men exchanged glances. In that look, Jenna could see a determination that they would act exactly the same again if given the same circumstances.

She closed her eyes, trying to take it in. It had all the makings of a great made-for-TV movie. That is, if she believed that they were ghosts, and she halfway did. Aside from a fraternity initiation prank—and they were both way too old to be pledging anything—what reason would two seemingly normal guys have for dressing up like extras in a *Pride and Prejudice* movie and telling a whopper like this?

She took a deep breath and let it out. *Okay, let's go with it for now. If they want to be spooky ghosts, they can be spooky ghosts.* When she opened her eyes, they both seemed to be expecting something from her. Unfortunately, she had no idea what.

“So, that’s it?” she asked to cover up her confusion. “Why didn’t you try to explain it to Mama afterwards? She could have condemned you to eternal damnation in the heat of the moment but been a little more reasonable after a latte and a muffin.”

Jon and Dash exchanged another puzzled look before Jon spoke. “Regrettably, there was no afterwards. Dash and I were murdered that very night.”

## **Chapter Four**

It was her turn to stare at them. Forget the TV movie. This would be a great soap opera.

"When she saw her scheme was doomed to fail," Jon continued, "Mabe sought swift vengeance. After dark, she crept into the house and poisoned the claret on the sideboard, guessing correctly that we would partake of it before retiring. And here we are two hundred years later."

"We don't know how, but there is always a woman on our doorstep on New Year's Eve every fifty years." Dash smiled. "Fate? The curse? 'Tis not for us to wonder why."

Okay, count her in. They were cursed ghosts done in by a wife-wannabe who murdered them. It happened every day.

"Great story, but I'm still a little vague on how I'm supposed to help you break the curse." There wasn't exactly a big demand for curse busters these days.

"It is in the words of the curse. In truth, we thought we had discerned the meaning." Jon rose and strode to the fireplace. Gosh, he had a great ass. Firm and rounded with muscles contoured in all the right places. Bending, he picked up a log and fed it to the fire. How was she supposed to concentrate on woo-woo ghostie things with that luscious butt parading before her? What she wouldn't give to run her mouth over it.

Dash scooted closer and ran his palm up her thigh. "Even if you didn't break the curse, I'm quite pleased to have made your acquaintance. If we have another fifty years of nothing ahead of us, I'm glad I'll take some pleasant memories with me."

Jon strode from the fireplace and knelt on the carpet before her. "I echo my brother's sentiment, but the night is not over. We may yet discover the meaning of the curse. Think. What else can the words mean?"

"You want to run that little ditty by me one more time?" she asked, now trying to ignore the tingle chasing up her spine at Dash's touch and Jon's nearness.

Dash gave her a blank look. "Run where? I told you we cannot leave this house."

Jenna smiled to herself. Whether they were ghosts, goblins or just plain nuts, they were charming. "Sorry. Just say that curse-thing again."

*"In heaven nor hell, you'll neither be,"* Dash recited. "We've determined that means we're trapped in this house."

*"Until a woman's pleasure sets you free."*

"This is your part. It's up to you to pleasure us, and you did a smashing job of it." Dash gave her a lopsided grin. "I believe I can speak for both of us when I say that we experienced a level of pleasure heretofore unknown."

Jenna raised an eyebrow but didn't comment. There was a hole as big as the Grand Canyon in their logic, but they didn't seem to see it.

*"Wantonly, knowingly and willingly."*

"Begging you pardon, except for the 'knowingly', you did fit the other two conditions."

Jenna pursed her lips. So they viewed her as wanton. She could feel the little daggers forming in her eyes. Of all the nerve!

Jon's steady gaze bored straight through her. He rested his hand on her other knee. She released a deep breath and gave him a wry grin. Okay, yeah, she'd been wanton.

*"One night, one chance for every fifty."*

"It took us a while—fifty years to be precise—to figure that line out."

She shivered more from their touch than from any fear that they might actually be telling the truth. But they were so sincere and so charming. What would it hurt if she played along with them? "Okay. Let's go with the idea that you're dead ghosts stuck here because of a curse. It's a stretch but I can work with it."

"Dead ghosts is redundant, love. Can't be one without the other." Jon squeezed her knee.

She slid from the sofa before they realized her intent and scrambled to Jon's coat where it lay discarded on the floor by the fireplace. If she wasn't going to be moaning in ecstasy for the next few minutes, she needed the security of some clothes. She shoved her arms into the sleeves and wrapped the coat tightly around her. The decanter of wine caught her eye.

"Mind if I...?"

"Please, help yourself. No need to stand on ceremony, is there?" asked Dash, not moving from his seat.

Jenna splashed a few fingers into the elegant glass. She looked at the Rutledge brothers, staring intently at her. She took another look at the glass, filled it to the brim and took a long swallow. *Holy moly!* Tears welled in her eyes. "Damn! That smarts! What is this?"

She looked at the glass and again at her hosts. "This isn't that poisoned stuff, is it? How come you're not drinking any?" She tried to keep the alarm from her voice, but could hear it clearly. She replaced the glass on the tray and steadied herself against the chair back.

"No, love. It's not poisoned. We wish we could join you. That's two-hundred-year-old claret," said Dash, wistfully. "My favorite."

"Sadly," interrupted Jon with a slight quirk of a grin, "the dead have little need of additional spirits."

Jenna rolled her eyes. With material like that, these two would never make *The Tonight Show*. "Anyway, getting back to your curse. That line about wantonly, knowingly, willingly? There's no denying the willingly. I'm not proud of the wantonly, but I'll go with it. It's the knowingly that I have a problem with. You didn't say anything about your, ah, situation before we got it on."

"Got it on?" Dash repeated, rising to follow her. "Got on what? Jon's coat?"



Jenna let out a long sigh. "Never mind. How come you didn't tell me up front?"

The shifting flames in the fire cast rippling shadows across Dash's sleek pecs as he approached her. She reached out and stroked their hard planes but beat down the urge to press her mouth to them.

"Up front?" chimed in Jon, rising from where he knelt on the floor to sit on the sofa. "But you seemed chilled to the bone. I thought only of getting you to the fire. I didn't think of the curse when you came to the front door."

Jenna started, jarred from her musings about Dash's chest. This couldn't be an act. She shook her head and held back her laughter. "Let me rephrase. How come you didn't mention you were, ah, ghosts so I would have passed the knowingly requirement?"

They glanced at each other, then Jon turned to address her. "Since we passed over, you are our fourth chance. We didn't want to let it slip through our fingers again. When we informed two of your...predecessors that we were ghosts, they ran from the house. We were powerless to stop them. In any event, it wouldn't have helped. They were no longer here willingly."

Dash interrupted. "We thought if we dropped a few hints but did not directly inform you of our predicament it would fulfill the letter of the curse." He glanced at his brother.

Jon shrugged, his dark chest hairs glittering in the firelight. "From the outcome, we can see that was not the case."

That made sense – well, at least a little. "What about contestant number three?" She addressed her question to Jon since Dash was now occupied with sucking a particularly tender spot at the base of her neck.

"I assume you mean the other young lady. She was most obliging. Dash immediately succumbed to her ministrations and in due time," Jon cast her a sheepish look, "so did I. But in the morning she was gone and we were again reduced to mere thoughts."

"Hmm. What was that second line of the curse again?"

"You mean 'Until a woman's pleasure sets you free'? That was the easiest one to figure out," said Dash, coming up for air.

"Maybe. But you're looking at it from the male perspective. Doesn't it seem a rather chauvinistic condition coming from a woman who thought her daughter had been wronged?"

She took a small step back and ran her finger down Dash's warm chest and circled his navel. The blazing fire and her attention were working very nicely at heating up little brother.

"Maybe it means you have to pleasure a woman before you can be set free." She slid her finger lower. Finding the tip of his semi-aroused cock, she smoothed her fingernail gently over the slit. "Maybe it's her pleasure that matters, not yours. After all, it was an angry mama who cursed you. I doubt if she was concerned about your Mr. Happys." She lowered her hand and squeezed Dash's shaft for emphasis.

"You are saying that Dash and I are not to benefit from the act but must devote ourselves to making it a memorable and pleasing experience for the female, er, woman, er, you?"

Jon rose from where he watched her fondle Dash's cock. He came up behind her and pressed himself to her back. His large hands glided from her shoulders to her hips. "Yes, I see what you mean. Your interpretation would make more sense. Mabe's mama would not have cared a farthing about us. If she had, she wouldn't have cursed us in the first place."

The small circles he traced with the pads of his thumbs on her hipbones sent lightning bolts straight between her thighs. "What do you think, Dash? Could it be that we are to pleasure a woman to gain our freedom?"

"In that case, I can think of several ways to go about it. All of which are most agreeable."

Dash placed a finger under her chin and raised it until she stared him in the eye. "What do you say, love? Would you have any objection if Jon and I spent what is left of the night pleasuring you?"

The sex had been exceptional before. After all, a girl didn't come across two such handsome, buff guys every day. But there had been a sense that her partners were more concerned with finding their own climaxes than in assuring she found hers. It left her wanting just a little bit more of something.

Well, now she knew why. Did she believe they were woo-woo spooky ghosts trying to undo a curse? If so, she could understand their single-minded task of having an orgasm. Would they be just as single-minded in providing her with one...or two...or twelve? Did she believe? Dash smiled that bad-boy grin and her heart melted. Oh yeah, she was a believer!

"In fact, I find the prospect of making you scream with ecstasy to be just as, if not more, enticing than seeking my own release." Dash leaned down and kissed her, taking his time about it. The fever that had been building inside her shot up into the danger zone. Oh, yeah. She was in.

When he broke the kiss, both men stepped away. Dash moved to sit on the great bear rug in front of the fireplace while Jon again fed a huge hickory log to the consuming flames. Was this their way of giving her the chance to change her mind?

Jon's back muscles strained under the weight of the massive log. He'd squatted to lift it and when he straightened, his tight butt flexed and contracted, sending quick little shivers down her spine. Boy, did that man have one great-looking ass.

She shifted her gaze back to Dash. His naked torso glistened in the light of the fire. A slight sheen of perspiration covered him. When he noticed her regarding him, a wicked smile crossed his face. He leaned back on his elbow and raised and bent his knee, providing her with an unobstructed view of his sex.

Jenna had never been a prude. She enjoyed looking at a well-put-together naked man as much as the next girl. Dash rocked his knee back and forth. The slight

movement caused his scrotum to sway in an incredibly erotic manner. She looked her fill and watched with undisguised interest as his shaft began to swell.

A sense of accomplishment and pride overtook her. She'd done nothing but stare at his crotch—okay, maybe she'd licked her lips a few times. What girl wouldn't?—and he now had a marvelously rigid hard-on.

"I think we can safely say that I'm more than happy to volunteer to be driven out of my mind by you two. All in the interest of breaking your curse, of course."

"Of course," agreed Jon, dusting his hands before stretching out on the bear rug near Dash. He leaned back in imitation of his brother and raised his leg to expose his genitals to her. His cock was already thick and straining with arousal. "Where shall we start, Dash? Every bit of her looks good enough to eat." Jon's gaze shifted from her mound to her breasts. "We did comment on her sizable breasts when we first came upon her naked. Lord forgive me, I became so enamored with her delightfully dripping pussy I forgot all about those lush globes."

Playing with her mind, were they? Making her crave their touch through their suggestive comments? Evidently masters at verbal foreplay, they enjoyed practicing their craft. The shivers that had run down her back now expanded to include her arms, her legs and just about every cell in her body.

Hmm, two—or rather three—could play at this game. "Yes, you did mention something about Venus de Milo, but I think that's rather presumptuous." She cupped a breast in each hand and dragged her thumbs across her nipples, not that they needed any more arousing. Stiff peaks stood at attention, begging for the game to stop and the real business of the night to begin.

"Not in the least, m'dear. I stand by my words."

Her gaze shot to Dash's crotch, where his engorged shaft rested against his abdomen. He didn't miss her implication.

"Or rather, my cock stands by my words." He smiled. "Which brings to mind another thought. You, love, have been standing far too long. Come, join us. After all,

this ferocious beast gave his life so that we might have the perfect venue in which to seduce you.” He patted the fur rug, indicating she should join them.

Jon extended his hand and she entwined her fingers with his as he gently drew her down. She knelt between them, spreading her thighs to invite their touches.

“Still the tease,” Jon commented, releasing her hand and dipping his fingers into her wet folds.

She shuddered and spread her legs wider, easing his access into her.

“I do believe I will explore those ripe globes. I’ll not be a swine and claim both. You are more than welcome to suckle one also, brother.” Dash leaned up, grasped her breast with one hand and sucked her nipple deeply into his mouth.

Jenna closed her eyes and concentrated on the different sensations. Dash’s pulling and tugging on her breast, and Jon’s expert fingering and teasing of her clit. It was enough to make a girl go mad—in a very good sort of way.

“Most generous of you,” Jon rasped, his voice thick with desire. “I do believe I will accept your offer.”

Soft hair brushed her collarbone before a sharp pleasure-pain gripped her. Her eyes popped open. Jon had clasped her nipple between his teeth and lightly bitten her. He slid his tongue around her areola and across her peak to ease the sting before taking her fully into his mouth.

Now this was heaven. One mouth, gentle and stroking, paid tribute to one breast, while another, firm and demanding, pressed its attention on her other. And still Jon’s fingers did not stop their seductive intrusion. She wrapped her arms around her ardent lovers and entwined her fingers in their hair. Two heads—one dark, the other fair—relentlessly toyed with her.

She closed her eyes as a searing heat swept through her, centering on her sensitive breasts. The Rutledge brothers were nothing if not talented in the art of seduction. Each move they made, each sound they uttered served to bring her to a higher state of arousal. A familiar tightening began in her abdomen and traveled downward, sending

a long shiver through her. She was close. Jon's fingers dipped once again inside her. Oh, yeah, just a little more...

As if on a spoken command, both men drew away.

"Hey!" Her eyes flew open to find them leaning back and grinning at her.

"It appears you are incredibly easy to excite, love." Jon massaged his cock distractedly. "Not that we think there is anything wrong with that, but if we are to make good on a two-hundred-year-old curse to pleasure a woman, we want to ensure that she is well and truly pleased."

Dash traced a finger down her throat, over her collarbone and circled back to skim lightly over her nipple. "After all, we don't want to take the chance of letting you climax too soon and condemn ourselves to another fifty years in limbo simply because you were too eager."

Jenna flopped back onto the bear rug, her skin flushed with desire and frustration. "You guys are killing me. I'm ready to pop I'm so excited. Couldn't I have just one teeny orgasm? I promise I'll stick around."

Jon's eyes grew dark with hunger and her heart thundered in her chest. "Mayhap we could allow you to peak as long as we have your word you will not desert us before dawn. Dash?"

Dash slid a wide palm up her thigh but stopped short of covering her mound. "Seems reasonable, but it would be in our interest if we made her time with us such that she would have no desire to leave before we have completed our, uh, task."

She had no clue where all her feminist equal-opportunity ideas ran off to. But it was unbelievably erotic to hear them speak of her body and her orgasms like she was a simple plaything who had no say in when, where or how many times they would allow her to climax.

Before she could comment, Dash slid his fingers into her slick folds. "Bend your knees, love," he whispered. "You'll like this."

He parted her lips, exposing her clit, then leaned back as Jon slipped forward to bury his mouth between her thighs.

“Holy moly!” She arched off the rug in surprise and astonishment. Call her selfish but weren’t these guys just a bit too accommodating with each other?

Jon pushed her legs wider apart and ate her like a starving man while Dash leaned over and again occupied himself with her breasts. He held his fingers in place, massaging her mons and occasionally flicking his forefinger across her hard nub whenever his brother’s tongue moved lower to lick the dripping juices from her slit.

Jon’s mouth was pure black magic, licking, kissing, sucking in all the right spots and then some. The heat built and the tension grew. Should she try to hide her mounting pleasure? Could she?

With a light brush of Jon’s tongue, her world spiraled out of control, but still the brothers were relentless. They neither broke their rhythm nor made any indication that they intended to stop. Jenna bucked against their restraining hands.

Dash’s lips traveled up her throat to breathe hot words into her ear. “You’re a beauty, all right. The body of a goddess with the appetite of Aphrodite herself. That’s it. Let go. I’ve never found a woman’s release quite so arousing, so erotic.” He puffed another breath of hot air into her ear and glided his tongue around the sensitive shell. “I’ll wager my brother has not partaken of such delectable juices in his entire life...or death.”

The shudders racking her body slowly eased. With one long lap, Jon raised his head. “I could spend eternity between your thighs, love.” He licked his lips and wiped his chin on the back of his hand. “You must have a taste, brother. She is far too delicious to keep to myself.”

Jenna squeezed her thighs together as the last of the tingling sensation ebbed away. “Please...” She gasped. “I don’t think I can...”

“Nonsense, m’dear. There is much we can do before the light of day puts an end to our carnal pastime—one way or another. Besides, there are other ways we wish to please you.”

“Jon? Do you think we’re going about this the right way? Maybe she needs to tell us what she wants?”

Jon heaved himself into a sitting position, his heavy erection just inches from her face. “I hadn’t thought of that. Is there anything in particular you would like us to do?”

Jenna took a deep breath and let it out slowly. A chance like this wasn’t going to come along again. She gazed up at the two men staring down at her. Their bodies glowed with perspiration in the fading firelight. Expressions of concern mixed with barely restrained lust looked back at her. The room smelled of sex, and she realized with a start that their scents covered her.

She allowed her legs to drop open in invitation. Her heartbeat pounded in her ears, but she forced her thoughts into coherent words. “I think Dash needs to continue where you left off, Jon. At least until he makes me come again. Then, I’d like nothing more than to have that lovely thick cock inside me.”

She couldn’t help but smile at Dash’s look of utter delight. He wasted no time in lifting her knees over his shoulders and finding her core. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Jon’s hand cupped her breast.

Wait. There was something else. She grazed her palm up Jon’s leg. The fine hairs crinkled under her touch. “There’s one more thing that would make this night perfect.” She found his pulsing shaft and wrapped her fingers around it. “I’ve always been a sucker for a hard cock.” She giggled. *Great choice of words, girlfriend.*

“In that case, I would hate to disappoint you, m’dear.” Jon’s eyes glittered down at her as she tugged him closer and pulled him into her mouth. Holding his gaze, she gave herself over to the sheer joy of the moment. What was that old cliché? Oh yeah, a hard man was good to find. Dash slid two fingers inside her. Better still. Two hard men were great to find.



Her climax came so fast it took her by surprise. Wave after wave of sensation crashed over her. She buried her face in Jon's groin, inhaling his scent and licking anything her tongue could reach. Dash's fingers were replaced by his rock-hard shaft pounding into her, her legs still over his shoulders. She shuddered, bucked and somehow Jon's cock was back in her mouth. She sucked hard, reveling in the motion as his hips pumped into her.

She didn't need to cry out her climax. Jon and Dash made enough noise to wake the dead. Yeah, just like woo-woo ghosties. The fleeting thought crossed her mind as the Rutledge brothers each found their release and took her again over the cliff.

"Bloody hell! We're still here!"

Jenna felt a cold chill. Dash leaned back and sat, his hands clasped between his upraised knees.

She surfaced to find herself snuggled to Jon's chest and staring at two crystal blue orbs.

"Agreed, this doesn't look good, but are you sure you have been thoroughly pleased, m'dear?" asked Jon, cupping her breast.

She smiled. Men. They always wanted to know their score, even if they were ghosts. "You could say that."

"Ah, but *would you* say that?" Jon's palm stroked her thigh and came to rest at her waist.

"Yes, Yes! It was magnificent! That was the best orgasm I've ever had. I don't understand. Shouldn't you be gone? Why didn't it work?"

Jon shrugged. "Maybe Mabe's mother lied? Maybe there is no end to this curse?"

His brave words could not mask the pain Jenna saw in his eyes. Was he to be condemned forever for the pride of a vengeful woman? She sat up and pushed his hands away. "No, that can't be it. What's the point of a curse unless you give the poor

sucker some convoluted way of saving himself? That way he spends eternity trying to figure it out."

Dash lay down beside her. The look in his eyes made her want to cry even more. She turned and lay on her back so she could shift her gaze from one to the other.

*Something. Something. Think of something.*

"That poem. The little ditty. Say it again. Recite that curse again!" There had to be an out.

Jon looked at her as if she'd grown another head, but Dash heaved a long sigh and recited,

*"In heaven nor hell, you'll neither be.*

*Until a woman's pleasure sets you free,*

*Wantonly, knowingly and willingly,*

*One night, one chance for every fifty."*

"That's it! It has to be!" She wanted to jump up and down, do cartwheels, and strut like a high school majorette. If she was right, this was going to get even better.

"I'm sure my elder sibling and I are pleased with whatever you have surmised, love, but would you mind sharing the happy news with us?" Dash leaned up on his elbows, presenting her with a lovely view of his not-quite-aroused sex.

She wanted to draw out the suspense but, in all honesty, she'd rather see their reaction more than she wanted to tease them.

"It's all there...in the last line. *One night, one chance for every fifty*. Don't you see? *One night!* It has to last the whole night! You have to pleasure a woman all night long! Mabe's mommy probably figured you'd never be able to do that and you'd be stuck here forever!"

"One night," repeated Jon.

"One night," murmured Dash.

“One night!” shouted Jenna. Oh yeah, it wasn’t over yet. “Doesn’t it make sense? And even if I’m wrong, it’ll still be a night to remember.”

“Excellent point, love,” said Dash, trailing his fingers across her stomach. He seemed to find her naval particularly fascinating.

Jon’s fingers occupied themselves with her nipple, circling it, plucking it, pinching it. *One whole night!* She nestled between them, reveling in the sensations of their gentle touches.

Dash squeezed her waist. “If all goes well, we’ll have broken the curse, and Jon and I will be free come dawn.”

*Yup, we’ll have broken the curse.* “Hey, wait a minute.” Jenna struggled up from the intoxicating spell they wove around her and sat up. “How will I know if it worked? According to what you said, if it doesn’t work you disappear into thin air in the morning. If it does work, I assume you’ll be off to your just reward but from my view, the result’s the same—you disappear into thin air. I’d like to know that I, um, accomplished something.”

“Oh you accomplished something all right,” declared Dash, easing her back down to sandwich between them. He shifted and a hard ridge pressed into her back. “I’m quite ready to have another go at it just to be sure you’ve been pleased.”

She wiggled her bottom into his groin, letting him know that *another go at it* was fine with her, but nuzzled into Jon’s chest. It was difficult enough to accept that these two solid forms were woo-woo ghosties, but she’d always been a firm believer that there was more to life—and death—than what she could perceive with her senses. When the fabulous Rutledge boys disappeared in the morning, she needed a sign, something to let her know their fate.

“What Miss Hawthorne is looking for is an assurance that her...efforts were not wasted. That she truly broke the curse. A reasonable request, to be sure,” Jon explained to his brother.

Jon caught her chin between his thumb and forefinger and brought her mouth to his. His lips brushed hers in a gentle, soothing manner before he pressed and deepened the kiss. Jenna opened her mouth and welcomed his tongue. He explored with a sweetness that warmed every inch of her inside and out.

He broke the kiss and pressed her head to his chest. "When we go back to being just spirits, it's as if we never existed. There are no clothes left lying about, our, er, seed disappears, everything is gone."

"If we're still here, we can always use our thoughts to slam a few doors or rattle the windows," suggested Dash.

Jenna smiled. "That's fine if you're still here, but what if the curse is broken and you're gone?"

"If there is a way to let you know, I promise we will." Jon kissed her hair and toyed with her earlobe.

"Really, love, after what you've done for us, do you think Jon and I would leave without kissing you goodbye? We may be rakes but we are not cads." Dash placed a soft kiss on her cheek.

"Yes," murmured Jon, "a kiss." He leaned forward and brushed his lips against her shoulder. "A kiss." His hand caught hers and brought it to his lips. With careful precision, he kissed each fingertip before grazing his lips across her palm. With measured slowness, he guided her hand to his groin. "In the meantime, I suggest we busy ourselves with the...matter at hand."

Her fingers closed around his hard shaft and she sighed. Dash pressed closer, wedging his cock between the cheeks of her buttocks. "Excellent idea," murmured Dash. "We've several hours until dawn, and we want to guarantee that this lovely lass has had all the pleasure she can withstand."

## **Epilogue**

Jenna rolled over. Every muscle ached and her legs were icicles. The fire must have died. Damn! That meant the electricity was still off. She reached out, ready to snuggle next to one of those to-die-for Rutledge brothers. Nothing. How big was this bear rug? Where were they?

“Achoo!” Her sneeze roused her from her drowsy state. Oh, what a night! Would the Rutledge men be up for another session? Morning sex had always been one of her favorites.

She smiled and pried her eyes open just enough to survey the room for her hosts. “What the...”

She opened her eyes wide and took in her surroundings. The fireplace hadn’t moved, and she was still lying on the bear rug, only now it was wrapped around her with her legs sticking out, but... No, this wasn’t right.

The fireplace was dark and cold. Not just dark and cold as in the fire had gone out, it was dark and cold as in there hadn’t been a fire in it in years. The grate stood empty and cobwebs crisscrossed the opening. The bear rug that covered her was dusty and filled with holes. Throwing it off, she sat up.

The icy fingers that ran up her back had nothing to do with the below-freezing temperature in the room. “Get a grip, girl. There’s a reasonable explanation for this.” Had it all been a dream? After all, it was a dream that landed her here in the first place. If she hadn’t been distracted at seeing those lights glowing in the Rutledge house’s windows, she’d never have driven off the road.

Except for the bear rug, the room was empty. No sofa, no uncomfortable chairs, no portraits of long-dead Rutledges.

“Not looking good.” Had she dreamed it? Had she sought shelter and imagined two handsome men whose sole purpose was to please her?

She stood, grabbing the rug. It was better than nothing against the cold wind gusting through the cracks in the windows. Bright sunlight streamed through them, spotlighting the dancing dust motes she’d stirred up. A quick glance out the window showed a sea of virgin snow.

Wait a minute. She hadn’t been roaming the streets naked. Where were her clothes? She scurried around the room until she came upon her skimpy white dress crumpled in a ball in a corner. Her strappy little sandals peeked from beneath it. At the sight of them, she dropped the nasty bear rug.

When she snatched up her dress, two long white scarves fluttered to the floor. “Oh my goodness. Can these really be...?” Gingerly, she picked them up, forgetting her freezing toes and body for the moment.

Her fingers found an elaborate monogram on first one, then the other, and she couldn’t stop a smile. What had they said? Everything went poof and they melted into air and thought. But these were neither air nor thought. These were...cravats! She rubbed her thumbs across the monograms—JR, DR.

So they had found a way. She listened carefully. No slamming doors. No rattling windows. “I guess it worked.”

A warm breeze touched her cheek, and Dash’s cravat fluttered up and wound about her throat. She turned and another breeze caressed her shoulder, sending Jon’s cravat into a wild dance before it settled around her waist. A delicious tingling feeling caught hold of her heart. She pressed her fingertips to her lips and softly blew a kiss in return.

The breezes stilled and the bitter chill of the room returned. Jenna smiled and hugged the cravats to her. “Have a nice rest, fellas. I’ll see you in my dreams.”

*The End*

## About the Author

Five years ago, Eileen Ann decided to take a year off from her software consulting business. There was too much to do that couldn't be accomplished between airline flights and hotel stays. Just as soon as she got that garage cleaned, she'd jump right back into the rat race.

Well, the rats are on their own. She still can't walk through the garage, but every day she has a hot date with a to-die-for alpha male—or males! —and hunches over her computer as they fight, angst, or wander through her stories. Multi-published in several genres, Eileen Ann resides in sunny Florida with her husband and one and a half children. (Allegedly, her son is away at school—or so he claims.)

Eileen Ann welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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