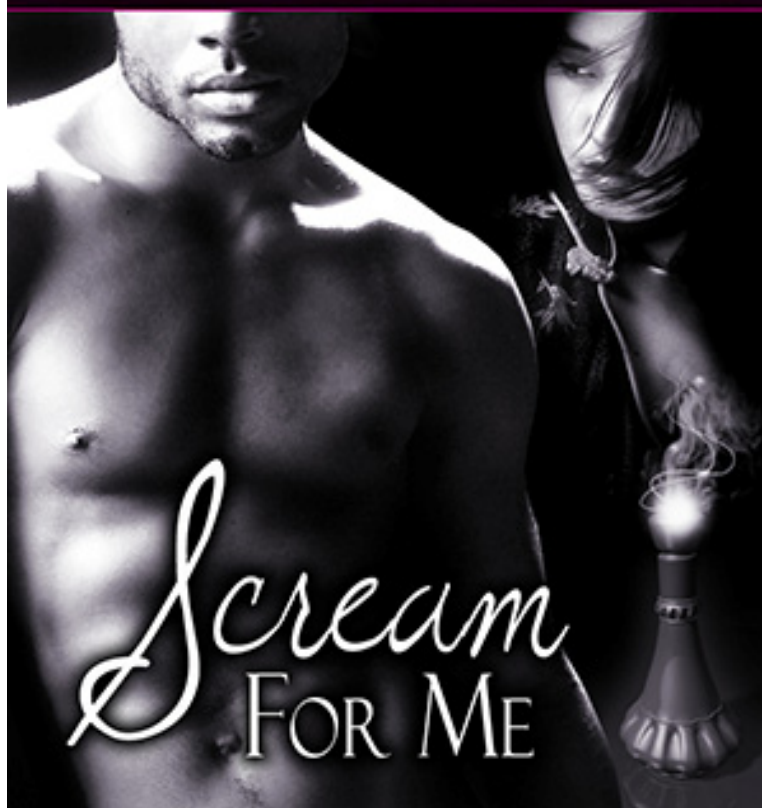


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WICKED

Belladonna Bordeaux



Scream
FOR ME

Scream for Me

By

Belladonna Bordeaux

Scream for Me by Belladonna Bordeaux

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Scream for Me

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Chapter One

Too easy.

Bo Tashikora's gaze followed her mark's movements with the slow precision of a predator about to pounce on its prey. Which is exactly what Shaw Ross Sorkin was. Her supper.

Hunger gnawed at her gut as she trailed him. Silently willing him to go out the bar's rear exit, she licked her parched lips. A frustrated gasp flowed from her mouth when he stopped to speak to a pair of blonde bimbos who had made no secret that they wanted him.

Personally, she couldn't blame them. At six-foot two, Shaw had an athletic physique to die for. She slashed her gaze to his hard ass, which filled out his jeans perfectly. A mental image of those taut cheeks flexing as he plunged into her caused a spurt of unrequited lust to curl in the pit of her belly and liquid heat to moisten her pussy.

Yet his great body wasn't all that attracted her to the tall, mocha-hued man. Hell, no. Shaw Ross Sorkin had a sixth sense. He was a strong telepath. And although he guarded his secret ability with deft survival instincts, which she appreciated, she couldn't wait to taste his essence.

Reminding herself that he wasn't the only one with a dark secret, Bo made her way through the scattering of tables, excusing herself when she bumped into a patron. A giggle rose in her throat when the man looked left, then right but couldn't find her. He had no idea what—or where—Bo was. All he recognized was the icy chill clinging to him and

the unnerving sensation of unseen eyes watching his every move.

Bo quickly consumed the startled emotions rising from the patrons. A small part of her wished she could shout with glee whenever a human jumped after she made contact. But the logical part of her brain reminded her it was against the rules for her kind to divulge their presence to the mortal world.

Even among the hodge-podge members of the New Pack, she was a true rarity. *A screaming ghost.*

One of the original harbingers of death, her kind was feared by both the normal and the paranormal world. For if anyone saw her in her hideous ghost form, he or she would be destined to die within twenty-four hours.

The flip side was that she needed the powerful emotions put off by humans and paranormals in order to survive. It was her manna from the gods. One of many mutant genomes, telepaths were a delectable treat to essence drinkers and soul stealers because they often manipulated conversations with *inside* information. Their natural ability to rejuvenate their aura was merely a bonus.

She could feast from Shaw forever. Or... She gave a small shrug. At least until he grew old and his powers weakened.

The ache in her stomach grew in direct proportion to her lust for him. Her nipples tightened to hard nubs when he leaned down and flirted with a tall, leggy blonde sipping a Cosmopolitan. The woman's tongue peeked from between her ruby red lips to lick an errant drop of the sweet concoction from the rim of her glass. Bo decided the blonde ought to wear a sign reading *Come fuck me.*

Her skirt was two sizes too small and her see-through blouse was trashy at best, whorish at worst. She approached Shaw with outright desire and a body that could bend any man to her will. Any man except Shaw. He was too busy reading her thoughts and playing with her. Known for his love 'em and leave 'em reputation, he screwed on his own terms with no strings attached.

Bo stared at him from her position next to the blonde. He was cool. Calm. Calculating. He wasn't going to reject what the blonde offered.

Hell, no. He'd be crazy to throw away a chance to screw her. Still, Bo sensed he was either debating some aspect of the woman's personality or wrestling with his own conscience. For the most part, he had some real morals. It couldn't be easy for him to own the bar, not drink, and have so many women throw themselves at him.

Shaw appeared to be a man of ethics in every aspect of his life. Even the women he invited to get naked with him. They got exactly what they asked for—a thorough fucking—but he never lied about their chances of engaging him in a long term relationship. He wasn't looking for a girlfriend—period. For sure, they better not expect a call from him asking to schedule another hook-up. Bo was destined to corrupt him.

How long had it taken her to find the perfect man to satisfy her insatiable appetite for essence? All three-hundred years of her damnable afterlife.

The lusty blonde bimbo leaned in, and an unbidden spurt of jealousy flowed through Bo. It was a purposeful move on the woman's part, since she'd propped her elbows on the table and let her blouse gape open, giving Shaw a splendid view of her bosom.

Her boobs are fake.

Bo smirked.

Yet even though the woman was silicone implant enhanced, her emotions were true. She lusted after Shaw.

Tendrils of a misty white aura curled around the blonde and wafted into the ether. Lifting her hands, Bo assimilated the energy. *Ah. Sustenance had never tasted so good.* The heat rising from the vixen intensified the desire already careening through Bo's body.

Unfortunately, it still didn't give her enough energy to manifest. She stared down at her wrinkled, transparent hands. At least she was the only one who could see herself at the moment.

She looked up and mentally urged the woman on. *Just a little more, honey.*

Her silent pleas were not ignored. Another blonde with slightly darker hair sat opposite the platinum woman. She twirled her a lock around her forefinger in a rather juvenile attempt to garner Shaw's

attention. Waves of adoration rolled off the young miss and fed Bo.

Yes. Her body finally thrummed with life.

"Come on, Shaw. Let us buy you a drink," the platinum blonde suggested with a slightly tipsy giggle. "We don't bite."

She dipped her gaze to her half full glass before sliding her gaze up his body to his handsome face. "Well, not on the first date anyway."

I bite. Bo's throat tightened as Shaw agreed to join the duo with a nod of his head. Though she'd feed easier outside, the secluded corner of the bar worked fine, too.

Her beaded nipples tightened to hard nubs, and her core throbbed as the women sidled their chairs closer to Shaw and reminded him of their names, Christie and Candy. How pathetically gauche, Bo thought. They ought to go by Sleaze One and Sleaze Two.

Attempting to remain outside the telepath's three feet of personal space, Bo edged closer to the blonde giving off more essence and snapped her gaze to the woman's honey brown eyes, which were struck with intense gold flecks. The blonde stared at her.

A shiver ran down the length of Bo's spine. *Can you see me?* Another tremor raced over her chilly form. *No way.*

Maybe?

What the hell difference does it make? Either you're a spirit talker on top of being a telepath, or you'll be dead in twenty-four hours.

In the end, Bo's contemplations meant squat. She literally needed Shaw to survive. It had been weeks since her last manifestation, and she knew from experience that the longer she remained a filmy creature who screamed in the night, the harder it would be for her the next time she needed to become bone, muscle, and sinew.

Come on, girls. Get him naked and moaning so I can feed.

"Let's go somewhere that offers us more privacy," Shaw said.

Bo nearly clapped at his suggestion. The women giggled and nodded, and she could only hope they'd take him together. That would provide her with nothing short of a banquet fit for an undead princess.

She wafted after Shaw as he escorted the duo to what he called the *Eagle's Nest*. The small room perched above the bar was primarily used for

surveillance, but she could see how it could also double as the perfect spot for the handsome bar owner to have sex with Sleaze One and Two. The dance floor stood less than fifty-feet below it, and anybody could walk in on them at any time. The possibility of being caught upped the excitement factor.

"We heard you like to take control," Candy said.

"Most definitely. My preference is Dom/sub. Does that sound like something that might interest you?"

"Ooh," Christie said with a purr. "That's perfect. I've always wanted to be ordered to suck cock. Maybe, just maybe, I'll play nice." She sent him a devilish grin. "But I wouldn't count on it."

"You're such a bad girl," Shaw said. If the twinkle in his stunning golden gaze was any indication, he appreciated women who taunted his commandeering personae, tested the limits of his longevity, and turned him on with a little disobedience.

Bo could imagine him demanding they kneel in front of him and give him a blow job as he tangled his big hands in their bleached blonde hair. His thick, black cock would slide smoothly across their lips, and their unspoken moans of passion would ride the waves of aura rolling off them... They would be hot, and she would be happy.

From the amount of essence already flowing from Christie and Candy, they were in lewd imagination mode, too. Their fingers played over Shaw's shirt-clad back and swept across his ass.

Storing the energy, Bo didn't even bother going through the door. Instead, she walked through the wall and floated into the corner. From her vantage point, she'd have a front row seat to view the action.

She rubbed her hands together in anticipation.

* * * * *

Cold chills raced up Shaw's spine.

Hell, yeah. She's back.

The ghost's presence whetted his appetite for a hard fuck with Christie and Candy. She'd been hanging around his bar, The Prime Five,

for months now, following him to the Eagle's Nest whenever he was about to either engage in a tryst or check on a suspicious patron.

He figured she was powering up for something, and decided to test her strength with this ménage. Candy and Christie were both gorgeous, and if his telepathy was correct—which it always was—they'd do anything to please him. He'd have to get them off first, but that wouldn't be tough. The twosome was primed for sex and ready for a good time.

He tilted his gaze to their faces and found their eyes glazed with passion.

"Have a seat," he said. His cock strained against the fly of his jeans as the duo strode to the wide upholstered bench stretching the length of the viewing wall. "The rules are simple."

"Do I have to follow them?" Christie asked. She screwed her kissable lips into a pout. "I hate rules."

"Yes, you do. Or we end this right here." Even though he was as horny as hell, he wouldn't break away from his training as a Dom. "I practice safe, sane, consensual sex. You will do as I say, when I say it."

Christie opened her mouth to argue, and he held up a finger. "If at any time you want me to stop, your safe word is *red*." He inspected them one last time before continuing. "Undress for me now—slowly."

He walked to the opposite side of the room, and the ghost's focus remained on him. *Curious*.

Propping his hip on the edge of the companion table, he gritted his teeth against the tightness of his jeans and swung his leg lazily to and fro.

Christie tugged her blouse from the waistband of her pants. "Uh-uh," he ordered her when she weighed her breasts. "Not until I say so."

Candy caught on to what she was expected to do a few ticks of the clock later. Her fingers skimmed over her bare arms. Her deft fingers worked the zipper of her pants, and soon the stiff article of clothing swept over her smooth ivory skin to expose a lacy garter belt and thigh-high hose. Shaw's throat went dust dry when she caressed her ass, then laid a smack to her cheek.

"Not so fast." He fisted his hands and snapped his gaze to her face.

She stared at him with sultry expressions. "Damn, you are hot."

Obviously the ghost thought so, too, as a breathy whisper came from the corner. He smiled.

I hope you get a kick out of this, too.

That's a guarantee, telepath. And just wait until you experience what I can do to your body. I'm well versed in every sexual position known to modern man, and some you people haven't thought of yet.

The words came out of nowhere to wrap around his cock and tickle his sac. Her icy touch encroached on his aura, and his flat nipples tightened. He sucked in a sharp breath.

Damn.

I already am.

The sensations of her icy fingers roaming across his broad shoulders and over his chest made him shiver. She was manifesting, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

Tell them to suck your cock. I want to see how talented they are. If they are experienced, perhaps I will join your ménage à trois.

Fighting the desire to make a grab for the ghost, which he knew would be fruitless, Shaw swallowed his bent for domination and decided to just go with the flow. After all, *a good top was once a good bottom*. And the trip he'd taken into submissiveness all those years ago had been nothing short of world altering. The experience had also made him a good Dom. He'd learned firsthand the power of domination and the responsibility that went along with being in control of sexual play.

"Come here, Christie. I want you to suck my cock." A spark of desire struck Shaw as she broke away from Candy's side. She was barely clad in her bra, thong, and hose. Her stiletto heels gave her a sexy gait, but he really wanted the blonde to pay homage to him.

No. I want more. I need more emotion.

"Crawl to me," he ordered.

Very nice touch. I adore absolute submissiveness. It turns me on.

He recognized that his ghost was very old but decided she also must be extremely intelligent. She had adapted to this time period and sucked in essence without damaging her target. She interacted with those

who entered her domain, not only to make them horny but also to give them a scare. Yet she never hurt them.

"Candy, do the same," he said, turning to the other girl.

The duo exchanged a glance before Candy fell to her knees. Shaw was delirious with passion by the time the two of them made it to where he sat. He stood, giving them access to the front of his jeans.

Candy undid his belt buckle, flicked open the button, and pulled down the zipper. A muscle in his jaw jumped. His staff ached for attention. His eagerness, combined with the sensation of the ghost watching and touching him, readied him for a good, hard fuck. Hell, he could probably take on both Christie and Candy and still have enough jou-jou left for their voyeur, too.

And, as he admitted to only himself, she was the prime objective. He wanted to give it to her good and make her scream.

What's your name?

Bo.

He detected a hint of an Asian accent in the wispy words floating by his ear. The ether grew warm. She was gaining power, shifting into her human form instead of remaining a bundle of negative energy.

Why are you manifesting?

*The better question is—*who am I manifesting for?**

And?

You. A soft draft wafted past his ear, and a delicious static charge tingled over his skin. Goosebumps rose on his arms. *Tell them you want a blow job. Tell them now. Order Christie to take your cock deep into her mouth while you play with Candy's pussy.* Bo stroked his skin with a sigh and a feather light caress. *Make them perform for me. Please. I must feed.*

Shaw released his throbbing erection from its prison, and twin gasps sounded from the two mortals kneeling in front of him. He didn't give Christie an out. Instead, he drove his fingers into her hair and pulled her mouth to his dick. His breath caught in his throat as he waited for her to touch him. Anticipation forced a tear of pre-cum to leak from the tip of his penis, and he forced himself to exhale.

"Lick it."

She hesitated, and he glared at her.

What are you afraid of? Is it because I'm well hung? He tried to read her mind, but Bo's aura interfered with his telepathy. He tipped Christie's face up to his and stared into her sultry hazel eyes. It was as if she'd never seen a dick before. *What's wrong?*

"Do you want out?"

She shook her head. Her pink tongue peeked out from between her lips to lick the sensitive underside of his cock. Shaw grabbed Candy around the waist and pulled her against his side.

"Show her how to suck me off," he demanded. Bo's breath rushed against the side of his neck. Unbelievably turned on, he leveled his free hand on Candy's head and gently pushed her to swallow his cock.

She took the long length of his shaft in her warm mouth and closed her lips around it. Her warm, wet tongue slid down the sensitive underside drawing a groan from him. Up and down until she had his full length sliding in and out of her mouth. Every so often she'd pump him while sucking on the tip, then she'd take all of him once more.

Damn, she's good.

Christie sucked on his scrotum, and his cock jerked. Her long fingernails tickled the inside of his thigh. His balls tightened, and his cum inched up his erection.

I told you to play with her pussy. The exasperation in Bo's thoughts turned up the heat.

"Candy, stand up," Shaw said. "I want to fuck you with my fingers."

"Hell, yes." Candy pushed herself upright and propped one foot on the table before he could blink. She gripped a handful of Christie's hair and urged her friend to take over where she'd left off. "Show him you're a bad girl."

Christie worked her mouth over the head of his cock and then down his shaft. A groan rumbled from his chest. Shaw eased Candy's panties to the side and ran his fingers through her slick folds. He flicked his thumb across her clit and drove a finger into her core. Her moan and the way her head fell back fueled his desire. He jutted his hips and fucked

Christie's mouth, alternating the thrust of his erection with moving his finger in and out of Candy's pussy. He added another finger, and her feminine walls clenched around his plunging digits.

"I'm gonna come," Candy screamed.

Shaw wasn't far behind her. He held Christie to him and unloaded his salty spunk down her throat. She sucked him dry.

He smiled. "You *are* a bad girl."

"Thank you," she said with a smile. "Now can I get it good?"

Shaw had no doubt about that. Bo's panting breaths on his neck turned sultry—hot. His cock sprang to attention. He ripped his clothes from his body. Desire hung thick in the air when he laid Christie on the table, stripped off her panties, and spread her legs wide.

You've lost control of the play.

Do I look like I care? He ripped open the condom he'd grabbed from his wallet and slid it over his shaft. He swiped his cockhead up and down Christie's slick folds. An unseen hand smacked his ass cheek. He gathered both of Christie's wrists in one hand and sank into her.

"You're so wet," he said.

"Ah," Christie sighed. Her thigh muscles jumped against his hips. "Give it to me. Give it to me hard, Shaw."

He accommodated her in spades. Fucking Christie was pure bliss. Her tight pussy caressed his cock with every thrust. The way she arched her back when he slammed his hips home told him she was just about there.

Shaw watched her face and knew the moment she reached her climax. Her eyelids fluttered closed, and a long, drawn-out groan rushed from her lips. Deep, driving contractions ran down her pussy and brought on his next orgasm.

"Shit." Panting, he held himself upright on his stiff arms as he continued to ejaculate. He waited for his heart rate to return to normal before pulling out of her. "That was fantastic."

"Next time, *I* get to fuck you." Candy's words permeated the passionate haze fogging his mind.

He frowned. Who said there would be a next time? "Get dressed.

I'll walk you two downstairs."

"Thanks, Shaw, that was great," Christie said haltingly. Her chest heaved from exertion.

"You're welcome." *Now get the hell out of here.* Shaw helped her up. She moved to kiss him, and he tilted his face to the side. Her lips brushed his jaw.

He steered his gaze to the filmy creature manifesting in the corner.

Very soon, you and I are going to play.

He also planned to get the answers to the questions rolling through his head. Number one being, what the fuck was she?

* * * * *

Bo fanned herself with her hand. Her voyeurism had left her wet and wanting.

Yep, Shaw knew how to screw. Concerned he couldn't maintain his position as Dominant, she pushed the niggling worry aside. He'd figure it out. Eventually he'd see she needed a strong master. She required a man who could command her obedience with a snap of his fingers and demand ultimate domination.

She also understood her inclusion in their ménage had thrown him off center. That's the way it was with a Screaming Ghost and a Telepath. Her static negative charge interfered with his mental gift. Until he acclimated himself to her presence, he would suffer from psychic blackouts.

Sighing, she drank in a deep lungful of air. The musk of sex clung to it and turned her on. She couldn't wait for him to return.

Power thrummed through her system. The feeding had served its purpose, and she manifested sitting on the bench.

"Ah, to be flesh and bone again." She shifted her head, and the resounding crack of vertebrae aligning echoed in the empty room.

Fully recharged and amped for a hard pounding, she glanced down at her clothes. They were the same rags in which she'd been buried three hundred years ago. A thin band of rough wool hid her breasts, while

another one wrapped around her hips. By no shade of the word was she dressed for seduction, but she'd have to make the best of it.

It wasn't the first time she'd manifested to appear as she'd been at the moment of her death. Even with her shorn hair and that pathetic excuse for garb, she'd gotten it good. Most of her partners didn't have a clue she was the ultimate epitome of the undead.

She wasn't going to contemplate how she might appear if she'd dared to drink more essence. Raking her fingers through her uneven lengths of hair, she cringed when some of the strands caught on her broken fingernails. With a jerk, she pulled her hand away. The sight of the bruises circling her wrists brought home the truth of just how painful her death had been.

She shook off the memory of the cane smacking her back and the club cracking open her skull. *You can't change the past.*

She'd come to accept what she was and how she fed.

A small, wicked smile graced her lips. Hell, the trio that had just left had emotions to spare. Her throat tightened with the idea of feeding until her nearly insatiable appetite was satisfied, allowing her to change into the visage long dead—the concubine who at the height of her notoriety was lusted after by the emperor and half his court. It was their desire that had led her to become a ghost.

No!

"You're thinking very loudly," Shaw's voice broke through her musings.

"Am I?" She challenged the incredibly tall African American man with a hard gaze. Inspecting him from head to toe, she made room for him on the bench. Stunned by how handsome he was, she bit her lower lip and peeked at him through the veil of her lashes. Her fingers itched to caress his bald head and then undress him. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I need a shower." He mopped his face with his big hand. Exhaustion dulled his beautiful gold eyes. "God, I still can't wrap my brain around what just happened."

"You smell of Christie and Candy's perfume." She leaned in and sniffed his clothes. A spurt of jealousy flew through her.

He smiled. "Screw you."

She playfully smacked his shoulder and shook her head, and he started to laugh.

"You owe me. I played along with your little game so you could manifest." He picked up her hand and kissed her raw knuckles.

True.

"Do you know what I am?" The question flew out of her mouth before she could stop the words.

"Other than that you are a spirit, no. Either you have unfinished business in this world, or you chose not to move on." He let her hand fall from his grip, shifted his shoulders, and looked out the window. "Which is it?"

"Neither. I was buried instead of being cremated. My owner chose to...ditch my body in a haunting ground. I became a screaming ghost." She tilted her gaze to her wrists. The truth of her existence blasted through her. "I'm a soul stealer and a harbinger of death."

"At least you're honest."

A humorless chuckle wafted from her. "Yes, I am. Mainly because I have nothing to lose by telling it like it is. Nobody can kill me again."

"I want to get out of here. I really need a shower."

"Where do you want to go?"

"My place is across town."

"Oh." They could always go to the mansion where the New Pack met, but she didn't feel welcome there. For the time being, it served as a roof over her head when she needed one. It was also where she stored her bottle. *Fuck. The time.* "What time is it?"

"Nearly midnight."

"Damn." *Just my luck.* According to the rules governing her kind, she had to be in her bottle before the witching hour. "I'll have to take a rain check on fucking tonight. Do you know the mansion on Cherry Hill Road? Eternity's Gate?"

He nodded.

She breathed a sigh of relief. "Good. Meet me there tomorrow night before eleven."

Belatedly, she realized she was taking control of the situation. That wouldn't fly with her true master, Duncan MacGreggor, the Cu Sith.

"I'm off tomorrow night, so no problem." Shaw's luxurious lips called out to her. She laid a gentle kiss on them. He lifted his head and cocked an eyebrow. "Is that your normal haunt?"

"Something like that. I'll see you then." She powered down, conserving her energy. She couldn't do anything about the throbbing in her crotch. "Don't be late. I turn into a pumpkin at one in the morning."

Actually, she turned into a mindless killing machine, but she didn't think admitting that would be a great prequel to hot sex.

He sent her a wink. "If nothing else, I'm punctual."

Chapter Two

"You're late."

Bo halted at the sound of her master's thick brogue. Not only did Duncan MacGreggor lord over the harbingers of death who roamed this part of the United States, but he had also been given her bottle when she had first petitioned for relocation to America. He was a force to reckon with and could command her at will.

"I was at the Prime Five."

A long sigh echoed off the antiques adorning the mansion's foyer. "I warned you, Bo. Shaw Ross Sorkin isn't the telepath for you."

"I'm drawn to him."

"You are attracted to any man, paranormal or human, who can satisfy your lust for energy."

True. Her pussy throbbed with wanton lust as she imagined Shaw's cock fucking Christie's mouth. Remembering whose presence she was in, she bowed her head to her master. Duncan could provide her with the essence she needed to manifest into the concubine she'd once been. That persona was preferable to the traitorous slave who'd betrayed her master with another man. A shiver shook through her.

"I need to get to my bottle."

"No." Duncan lifted his arm. In his grip was the bottle she called both her tomb and her home. "First, you're going to fuck me."

"I'm not in the mood." *Yes, I am.* Even if she hadn't been turned on by the experience with Shaw, her rejection of Duncan's insinuation meant

nadda. He controlled her every move. She couldn't even travel to Shaw's bar without his permission. If he wanted sex, he could take her whenever and wherever he decided.

"Bo, you don't want to fight me." He pulled the knot from his tie. The long length of silk slid across his neck and whipped through the air with a snap. "Or maybe you do."

"Not tonight." She licked her parched lips. "I am your servant—your slave. You've no reason to instigate a fight with me."

Ready to tell him that if he wanted her to spread her legs for him, it was his call, she waited as he walked forward. His aura reached out to her and forced her manifestation. Just like at the bar, she became the bruised, battered woman who'd been carted through the streets of Tokyo.

She turned her face away from him. "Please—no."

"Don't be embarrassed. Let me help you." He brushed his fingers down her cheek, and his voice became a low growl. "Bo, listen to me. Let me do this for you."

"Do what, Duncan?" His name whispered across her lips. The warmth of his body raked her brutalized skin. "This is a really bad idea."

"You want him."

"Yes."

"You need energy to manifest into your true self."

She closed her eyes tight. "Yes."

"I'm willing to donate my essence to aid your cause, but you must accept it." Duncan eased her face to his by applying gentle pressure to her chin. "If you really want to go through with this, you need my help."

Memories of Shaw failing as a Dom struck her.

He can't control me. She shook her head and pushed the thought away. *He's better than what he was tonight. I know he is.*

The tingling of Duncan reading her mind stroked across her, and she snapped her gaze to his. His frown told her she was on a short leash and might have lost any hope of screwing Shaw.

"Stop it," she screamed, trying to duck away. He was ready for the move and caught her arm in a vice-like grip. She met his eyes. "Let go."

"Drink from me." Duncan jerked her hand to his lips. "Take it."

She narrowed her eyes.

His face turned a pasty white, and the vibrancy in his green gaze dulled. Images of Duncan fucking her rolled through her mind's eye. His cock was in her ass, pounding her hard. He tweaked her nipples. He slapped her butt cheek hard and commanded her orgasm. She was at his mercy. Ecstasy blended with the healing power of the Cu Sith until she realized just how much essence she'd taken in.

"Enough," she finally managed to mutter. She jerked herself out of his arms. "That's enough."

Panting, she scurried away from her master. He wearily removed the cork from her bottle. Their gazes met and locked. He pushed his way into her mind again. Into thoughts portraying Shaw's hands holding her down as he pounded into her. Her feminine walls contracted in an orgasm that curled her toes.

"Time for bed."

"Yes," she answered. Fully recharged, she exhaled slowly and turned back into a specter. "Goodnight."

"Sleep well, Bo. Pleasant dreams."

She knew exactly of whom she was going to dream—Shaw.

* * * * *

"Good evening, Mr. Ross Sorkin. Bo has told me all about you."

"Really? I hope it was all good." Shaw took in the tall man who had answered the door. Where the hell was Bo? He peeked at the grandfather clock situated to the side of the foyer as the chimes rang eleven bells. *Right on time*. His next mental question had him instinctively on the defensive. He took another good look at his host, the man who owned Eternity's Gate. *Are you laughing at me?* He couldn't be sure thanks to the man's tone. His smile was cynical, and his flashing green glare had Shaw on guard.

"On the contrary, I have several problems with what occurred last night." He opened the door further to allow Shaw to enter the gothic foyer. "I'm Duncan MacGreggor."

He offered Shaw his hand. Shaw merely stared at the scars marring

the back of it, and Duncan dropped it back to his side. "Bo is my minion, and I'll do whatever it takes to keep her from breaking the laws governing her kind."

"You know what she is?" *Duh, shit for brains. He just said as much.* Shaw felt underdressed standing next to the omnipresent man. Decked out in a custom-made suit, Duncan MacGreggor oozed control.

He met Shaw's eyes. "Join me in the study. I'll explain everything."

Shaw nodded and attempted to appear enthralled by the antique suits of armor placed strategically in alcoves built into the foyer. But his only real option was to follow Duncan down a dimly lit hallway to another dark, eerie room. Trying to reach into Duncan's mind, Shaw hit psychic block after psychic block. Sharp pain pierced his temples.

"Tsk. Tsk," MacGreggor said. With a nod of his head, he motioned for Shaw to sit in a wine-colored wingback chair on the opposite side of a monstrous mahogany desk. "I wouldn't recommend poking around inside my brain. You won't like what you find there."

Duncan took his time walking around the desk before approaching the credenza behind it. "I apologize for not stocking your preferred brand of vodka. I hope this will suffice."

"Where's Bo?"

"She's here. And before you ask a thoroughly stupid question, she's fine. Not even I can destroy a ghost." He handed Shaw a glass of clear liquid before taking the throne-like executive chair behind the desk. "She is an excellent example of a screaming ghost. Though she isn't the oldest of her kind, she's been a good girl so far. It's my duty to make sure she doesn't find her ass stuck in her bottle for the rest of eternity."

"She said something last night about being a screaming ghost, but we didn't have time to go into particulars."

"She's a soul-stealer."

Shaw sighed. "So she *is* an essence drinker."

"Yes, but screaming ghosts are notorious for their insatiable appetites. They can feed on hundreds of people a month and lust for more. There are times when the practice is allowed. War. Plague. Natural disasters. At all other times, they must show discretion. Compassion."

"Sounds like a tall order for a spectral being who can't find satisfaction."

"It is."

"What does this have to do with me or last night?"

"By the laws governing their kind, screaming ghosts must have a master. Bo has chosen you to be her partner until you die."

Shaw closed his eyes to the truth. "I lost control of the situation with Christie and Candy."

"Exactly. She suspects you couldn't find your proverbial footing because she was interfering with your psychic gift. I, on the other hand, cannot take the chance that you might lose control of her."

Ready to point out that he didn't sign up to be Bo's master or Dom or whatever, Shaw felt her presence before she materialized through the wall. His cock came to attention when she stepped into the room.

"Jesus Christ," he said. She was gorgeous in her royal red geisha outfit. The wide band around her waist was black with crimson embroidery.

She placed her palms together and bowed first to MacGreggor, and then to him. His heart swelled in his chest. Tightness choked the breath in his throat as she fell to her knees and lowered her head. She was an extreme submissive. He imagined lifting her up so she could suck him off. He would pull out the sticks holding her hair in that ornate hairdo, hold her skull in his hands, and fuck her mouth.

"I donated my essence to her so she could manifest into her true form," Duncan said, "rather than the mere shell of a woman she became when her master ordered her to be buried instead of burned."

"Thank you," Shaw managed to whisper. Pieces of the puzzle were beginning to fit together. Bo didn't have unfinished business on earth as was the case with some ghosts, and unlike others she knew her mortal life had ended. She was doomed to roam the earth because her soul hadn't been released in accordance with her religion. "She's a geisha?"

"A concubine, to be precise," Duncan explained. "Bo was the emperor's favorite sex slave until a series of vicious rumors led to her execution."

"And you want me to order her around?" In Shaw's opinion, Duncan had lost his mind. "She's ten times more powerful than I am."

"If you don't master her, I will be forced to reject her petition."

"She'll do anything I say?" He took in the petite Asian woman. Her breasts were barely a handful, but her butt would fit his hands perfectly.

Duncan nodded.

Shaw blew out a breath. He was used to training women in the art of submission. "What's her safe word?"

"Bo doesn't need one. You can't inflict permanent damage on her."

"Good point." Shaw weighed his options. Damn, his cock ached to have her pussy drink him dry. He wanted to taste her juices and drive her to orgasm. Sex with a ghost was super erotic. "Are you going to watch?"

"No, I'm going to fuck her while *you* watch."

"The hell I will." Shaw clenched his fists around the arms of chair, his fingers biting into the supple leather.

A glimmer of respect gleamed in Duncan's grin. "You are welcome to join us. Bo requires a significant amount of energy to retain this form."

"Is that an excuse to have a threesome?" Shaw challenged.

Duncan crooked his finger at Bo. A chuckle escaped his lips. "Take it for what it's worth. Bo is highly experienced in the art of seduction. The only man she can't get off is in the grave."

"I can believe that." Shaw said.

Bo uncurled her body and walked to Duncan using tiny, mincing steps. Duncan placed his hand on her tit and fondled her through the stiff fabric of her kimono. Then he kissed her hard on the lips.

A groan rumbled from Shaw's chest, and a foreign emotion akin to jealousy flew through his system. His erection might not care that someone else was kissing her, but his ego did. Maybe even his heart was bothered by their passionate lip-lock.

"Come here, Bo," Shaw said. *Two can play your game, MacGreggor.*

Immediately, he pulled out the chopsticks holding her hair in place and freed the long black strands. He let them slide through his fingers before wrapping them around his fist. Jerking her to him, he tilted her face up to his. The kiss he gave her rocked his soul. His tongue plundered her

mouth and dueled with her own.

The feel of her tiny hands moving up his arms to his shoulders reminded him that he had to take control. Releasing her hair, he grabbed her wrists and held them behind her back. He broke the kiss and stared down at her for a pregnant pause. Breathing deeply of her exotic perfume he loosened his hold on her. "Suck my cock."

She went to work on his belt with her delicate fingers. Shaw couldn't take his gaze from her porcelain complexion or the way she deftly drew out his cock once she undid the button fly of his jeans. Unlike Christie, Bo took his cock in her mouth without prodding. Her talented tongue moved across Shaw's sensitive skin on each downward plunge, and she pumped him with her hand when she withdrew her mouth.

Duncan came up behind her, drove his hand into her hair, and pulled her to her feet. She continued to stroke Shaw's shaft. The minute Duncan freed his erection, she rubbed his cock with her other hand.

In Shaw's opinion, Bo was the most talented woman on the face of the planet. She knew just how to squeeze him to heighten his pleasure and when to add soothing strokes to keep him from coming. "Damn."

Bo turned her face to his. "I already am."

"I know." Shaw tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear. "Sorry."

"You won't be in a few minutes." She sucked in a deep breath and exhaled slowly. A puff of smoke wafted from her lips. "We have to hurry."

"We should undress. Her power is waning," Duncan told him. He snapped his fingers, and several other ghosts appeared out of the wall. "See to your mistress."

Even Shaw could sense the shift in Bo. Her body temperature had dropped several degrees, and her fair skin had taken on a grayish hue. His clothes hit the floor in record time. Duncan was right behind him. The servants took care of Bo's garb.

Duncan hurried to the credenza and collected an ornate, amber colored bottle. He set it on the edge of the desk within easy reach of Shaw. "You might need this."

Wrapping Bo in his embrace, Shaw lifted her up and entered her in

a single smooth stroke. "Damn, you're tight."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw another woman enter and begin to suck Duncan off. He returned his gaze to the woman of his fantasies.

She stared at him with almond shaped eyes. "Is that all you have, Shaw?" she asked. She caressed his bald head. "Ride me hard."

"I'm in control," Shaw reminded her.

"Fuck me."

Shaw sought out Duncan with his gaze. The Cu Sith shook his head. Shaw took that as a sign that he had to maintain control over the situation. "When I want to."

"You do. I can tell. Come on, Shaw. I feel your energy rising. Ride me hard."

"Not yet." He slipped her off his cock. "Kneel on the chair cushion. I'm going to fuck you from behind."

"Party pooper," she muttered. She stroked his chest and abdomen. "I can make you fuck me. I know all your dirty little secrets."

Seeing a devil-merry red light stroke across her irises, he shook his head. "Nice try, but do as I say." He tilted his head to the side when she stood her ground. "Fine, we'll do this the hard way."

"That's what I want. Hard. Pound me into oblivion."

"Shut up," Shaw ordered. "You will speak only when ordered to respond. If you don't do exactly what I say, I'll punish you."

She threw her head back and shrieked with laughter. Shaw's ears actually hurt from the peals. "You don't know how to punish me."

"No, but I know someone who does." He pushed her toward the chair he'd vacated less than five minutes ago. Other ghosts were trying to get into the action. He slapped Bo's ass cheek. "You like that, don't you?"

"You can't control me."

"I will dominate you." *I know all your dirty little secrets. Holy shit. She knows I like a little fight in my women.* He brushed her hair away from her back and curled a hand around her shoulder blade. "Tell me you like this." He plunged into her.

She screamed with pleasure and drew harsh claw marks down the leather upholstery with her fingernails.

He couldn't blame her for wanting a good fuck. Hell, he was of like mind. She was a slice of heaven. Her feminine walls hugged his cock. Once. Twice. Three times he pulled her back against him. Sweat broke out across his brow. He slapped her when she tried to take over. His cock was in *go* mode. His brain was moving slow. "You can't come until I say."

"Give it to me. Now."

"Hell, no. You'll do as I say." He gripped her hips hard and thrust. Over and over until she writhed against him on every deep plunge. "When I say, Bo."

"Damn you." She hissed at him. "I need to come."

"Not yet." *Tough*. He was so close to his own climax he didn't know if he could keep the gush inching up his erection at bay.

"Do it," Duncan said. "Take her now."

Trusting Duncan knew what the hell he was talking about, Shaw pummeled Bo. She took the punishing pace with ease. Her moans grew louder with each slap of his balls against her clit.

She came with an eardrum bursting scream. Shaw's climax shook him a thrust after the contractions rocketed down her pussy. His cum soaked her channel.

"You are mine," he said in between panting breaths.

"Until *your* death parts us," she muttered back.

Chapter Three

Bo grinned as Shaw strode toward her. In the three weeks since Duncan had awarded him custody of her bottle, Shaw had fallen into his role as her master. He was still trying to find his footing when it came to some of the sexual antics at the mansion, but he was getting there.

Then again, in the world of paranormals, sex wasn't taboo. It was primal and necessary to their existence.

"How was work?" she asked from the doorway.

"Not too bad. Did you rest well?" he questioned.

Well past the end of the witching hours, she'd risen from her bottle to wait for him. Personally, she was starting to hate Friday and Saturday nights when the bar stayed open longer. "I was a bit unsettled this evening. There's a pall in the air."

She manifested long enough to give him a hug before sliding back into her ghostly form. "I can't explain it. It's almost as if evil is encroaching on the mansion."

"Are you sure you aren't imagining things?"

"Yes." They'd both been through a lot since they'd gotten together, and she had waffled with the possibility that her instincts were out of whack. Still, she had to trust them. "Come to bed, you must be tired."

"Are you ordering me around?"

She sent him a wink. "Never, Master."

He was about to enter the mansion when he snapped his gaze to the driveway. "Get inside," he told her.

"What are you sensing?" She grabbed for his hand, but her fingers passed right through his body. "Tell me."

Mustering up the power to manifest, she edged back as he pushed her into the foyer. "What are you doing?" she asked when she returned to the porch.

"Christie followed me tonight."

"What?" Worried out of her skull, she stepped through Shaw. "You'd better explain what happened."

"Nothing happened."

"They wanted your body again."

He nodded. "Much to your amazement, sweetheart, I'm not a fuck machine. There's only so much mojo in me. I couldn't get it up tonight if my life depended on it."

Which it might. Bo knew how thwarted women acted. Most would say *to hell with the guy*, but Christie was a Dom in demeanor if not in lifestyle. "Go find Duncan. I'll handle Christie."

"No. Get out of my way."

"I'm not mortal, shit for brains. If she's come here looking for trouble, she'll find it. She can't hurt me permanently."

"What about the law? You gonna chance you'll lose your cool? Bo, listen to me." He spun her around. "She's pissed because she didn't get lucky. I'll handle it."

Seeing obstinacy in his gaze, she huffed. "I love you, you jerk."

"I love you, too. Now, git." He went to smack her backside but stopped short. "Go on. It'll be fine."

Resigned that he wasn't going to listen to her, Bo walked around him and through the door. *The hell I'm going to let that bitch near you.*

She floated through the interior walls to the far end of the mansion. Exiting through the far wall, she peered at the scene playing out in front of her. Christie stood outside her car with a gun. Shaw was trying to appease her but she appeared to be having none of it.

A tingle slid over Bo's skin. *This is not good.*

The other restless spirits residing in Eternity's Gate peeked their heads out of the brick-faced building.

"Tell the Cu Sith I need him," Bo shrieked as she raced for Shaw.

Out of her peripheral vision, she saw Duncan running across the front porch.

A peal of hysterical laughter came from Christie. "Damn you."

Bo never expected Duncan to throw her bottle to Shaw. The cork came out with a pop.

"Arghhh!" she shrieked. She came to a screeching halt. Shying back, she realized she'd been tricked. "No."

There was no way for her to fight the pull dragging her into what was, for all intents and purposes, her tomb.

"Why?" she asked as her ethereal form slid down the bottle's neck. Her spectral form filled the vessel, and Shaw returned the cork to its home. "Why are you doing this to me?"

The obvious answer was that Duncan had ordered Shaw to test her resolve. To see if she was indeed submissive to her new master.

And she'd failed miserably. She'd pay for disobeying Shaw's direct order to stay inside the mansion.

"Oh, fuck," she whispered. Swirling around, she tried to determine where Shaw was carrying her. He walked through the foyer and headed for the banquet room located at the rear of the house.

Her bottle hit the table top with a thud that reverberated through her home. For a second she considered lying to him, telling him she didn't have the energy to manifest.

"Get out here," Shaw commanded. He jerked out the stopper and dropped it next to her bottle. The ornate top rolled around in a half circle before coming to a rest near a silver candelabrum. "And don't try to pull any tricks on me. I know you're fully charged."

Screwed. I am royally screwed. Like a genie let loose from its bottle, she oozed out the top and became real. "Shaw, I'm sorry. I didn't think."

"That's the problem, Bo. I need you to listen to me, which requires you to engage your brain."

"What if she *had* been after you? What if she'd killed you?" For the first time in centuries, tears stung her eyes. "I couldn't bear it if you died."

"You will do as you are told. Is that clear?"

"I understand." She followed him with her gaze as he paced to and fro before the massive hearth. The crackling fire did nothing to dent the chilly pall filling the room. "I promise I'll be good."

He shook his head, disbelief mirrored in the glare he slashed across her face. "On your knees."

Anxious, she pasted what she hoped was an innocent expression on her face and dropped into the supplicant's position. Out of habit, she brought her hands together, palm to palm, and bowed her head in deference. The hard stone floor beneath her shins was cold, unforgiving.

He picked up a silk cord with heavy tassels on the ends.

"Don't do this." Horrified gasps huffed from her mouth when he wrapped the cord around her wrists and tied it in a tight knot. "Please, Shaw, I'll obey your every order. I vow I will, on the sanctity of my bottle."

"You will learn your place," he said, enunciating each word. He jerked off his sweater, then his shirt. Her heart ached. The first tremors of lust spread through her pussy as he undressed. Wetness clung to her feminine folds.

Shaw stroked his cock from base to tip, making her even more horny. *Take me. Let me suck you dry. I'll make you feel like a god.*

He masturbated outside her three-feet of personal space, and a scream inched up her throat. Hunger and lust gnawed at the pit of her belly.

"I can help you with that," she offered. She motioned toward his hand sliding smoothly up and down his erection.

"Shh," he answered.

Shakes of unrequited lust drew up her spine. *Shaw, please.*

Her need for him grew to endless bounds, but he ignored her. She didn't know what was worse—the energy crackling around him with him just out of reach, or the desire soaking her core. Licking her suddenly dry lips, she prayed he'd take her head in his hands and fuck her mouth.

He moved closer to her. A purposeful act that kept him less than an inch outside her zone.

She wriggled against the desire coursing through her veins. "I

thought you were too tired to play.”

“Bo, shh.”

Her scream grew in direct proportion to how much she wanted him. Her nipples hardened to painful, tight buds. *What part of fuck me don't you understand?* She knew his ejaculation was right there. That he was about to come. *Fuck me. Now.*

Her lips parted. The screaming ghost's calling card, the ear piercing shriek that said evil was close, banged at the back of her teeth. Agony spread down her throat. Her shriek wouldn't be denied. *I must have your essence. Give it to me.*

“Don't,” he demanded. “You want this?” He stroked his cock harder. “You want me to come in your mouth, to fuck your tight pussy? You have to deny the scream.”

You don't know what you are asking.

“Tell me, ‘I am your slave. I will obey your orders—period.’” Shaw edged closer to where she knelt, the positive energy of his aura crackling against her negative energy. “Say it, Bo.”

“I am...your...slave.” She gulped against the knot of desire and rage choking her. “I will obey your orders.”

“You'd better mean it,” he said, taking the step separating them. He grasped her skull in one large palm and guided his shaft into her mouth. “Take it.”

Her breath hitched in her chest. She took all of him and let him set the pace. Caressing his thighs with her bound hands, she worked her way up the springy hairs and firm, skin-covered muscles until she wrapped her fingers around his cock. She pumped him with her hands and mouth until he held her still. His hot spunk coursed down her throat.

Her punishment wasn't over. No sooner had he shot his load than he lifted her onto the table top.

“Spread your legs.” He laid a sharp slap to her thigh when she didn't immediately comply with his demand. “Touch yourself.”

“Stop it.” Aching for release, Bo squirmed when he stepped outside her zone. “I've learned my lesson.”

He shook his head. “I want to watch you.” He pushed a vibrator

toward her. "Don't drain the batteries."

Half-starved for him, she managed to grasp the tool. It whirled to life beneath her fingers once she twisted the cap.

"Insert it into your pussy."

"Fuck," she said. The air hissed from between her clenched teeth. She slid the humming faux cock across her slick folds, then into her soaked channel. Her back arched as its vibrations shook her pussy. "Please. Please. *Please.*"

"Pump it."

Closing her eyes to the delirium of her orgasm, she did as she was told. "Please."

"Please—what?"

"Please, Master."

"Not yet." He pulled the slip knot free to release her hands but immediately removed himself from her zone. "Who is your Master?"

"You are."

"Who will do what I say, when I say it?"

"I will."

"Say it, Bo."

"Master."

He re-entered her zone, held the vibrator deep inside her pussy, and positioned his cock against her anus. "I heard from a little birdie that you like this."

"Hard. Give it to me hard." She wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders. *Now. Do it. I have to have you.*

"Uh-uh. You need to learn patience."

Inch by incredible inch, already slick with her feminine juices, he invaded her dark hole. Her thigh muscles shook as she took the full length of him into her ass. The initial spurt of pain was forgotten when he started to thrust. Her walls quaked for release. She knew she'd never find her orgasm if he kept up his lethargic pace. "I need you to pound me."

She slid down the worn, smooth surface of the table until only the tilt of her hips sat on the edge and gasped when he thrust harder. Her body knew what it needed—him. "Yes. Yes. *Yes.*"

He drove into her over and over. The vibrator filled her pussy. His cock plunged in and out of her ass in deep strokes.

"I'm nearly there." *So close.* Her tits swayed as he pounded into her. The first twinges of her orgasm were right there. "Fuck me."

"Scream for me."

She did. A loud, long scream of ecstasy echoed through the room. Instinctively, her aura swirled around his, absorbing his energy, satisfying her need for the moment. His hot cum filled her. He continued to pump into her until he collapsed on top of her.

"That was fabulous."

"Are we clear about the rules?" he asked between rasping breaths.

"Crystal," she muttered. In the back of her mind, she thanked Buddha for giving her Shaw. He would control her for the remainder of his life.

He met her eyes. "I love you, Bo."

Basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking, she drank in the scent of his cologne and held him tight. His essence swirled around her, seeping into her skin. He lay a kiss on her brow.

Euphoric, she said, "I love you too, Shaw."

Author Bio

In Belladonna's formative years, her mother, an author, told her, 'an imagination is a terrible thing to waste.' She wanted Belladonna to write, but instead she became a professional portrait photographer.

Drawing inspiration from the candid moments occurring during her daytime job, Belladonna decided that every human being has a story to tell. She now writes paranormal, historical, fanta-historical, and multi-cultural contemporary romance with emphasis on real life cultural divides—and she wants to write science fiction. First, though, she'll have to photograph a real live alien.

When not working on her next story, she's out with friends or killing time with her family, but her camera is never far from her side and the next story is never far from her thoughts.

You can learn more about Belladonna and her work on her website at www.belladonnabordeaux.com, on Facebook by looking up Belladonna Bordeaux, and by reading her blog at <http://bellabeenbad.blogspot.com>.