



Ghost in the Graveyard
By Drew Zachary

When DB had told Madam Yanya that he was bored with all the domestic cases he'd been pulling lately and he needed a change, this wasn't exactly what he'd had in mind. Creeping through the cemetery at midnight on Halloween, looking for a ghost who supposedly became corporeal and terrorized the, well, undead, certainly was different.

It was a little nerve-wracking, too, though.

He glanced over at Jesse and wished he hadn't -- nothing made a cemetery creepier than it already was than seeing it *through* a ghostly apparition.

The old-fashioned torch he was holding, complete with wavering flame, didn't exactly help matters either. He'd have accused Yanya of putting them on, except she looked even more freaked out than he felt. And this had been *her* idea. He swore he could hear her bangles jingling together she was shaking so much

Something that might have been a half scream sounded off in the distance, and a slow wind made the torch flicker madly before it sputtered and went out completely.

Oh, just great.

Something touched DB's right arm and something else touched his left and he just about jumped out of his skin. He did scream like a banshee before he realized it was Yanya on his left and Jesse on his right, both clinging to him as if he was the big stud hero.

He guessed the girly scream had put an end to any chance of them still thinking that.

DB stopped walking, Yanya and Jesse stopping with him. None of them said anything as he brought the torch down and looked at it. The tip smoldered, the occasional spark escaping the oil-soaked wadding and leaping into the night to die on the clammy wind that seemed to still be blowing.

What were they going to do now?

Relight it, idiot. The little voice in his head had him rolling his eyes and digging into his pocket for his cigarettes and the lighter he'd stuck in the half-finished pack.

"You're going to have a cigarette *now*?" Jesse hissed at him.

He just looked at Jesse, flicked on the lighter and held it to the torch.

"Oh."

Grinning, DB put his attention back on lighting the stupid torch, which was being extremely recalcitrant. A cigarette wasn't a bad idea, actually, even if it did make Jesse bitch. In fact, maybe *because* it would make Jesse bitch. That at least would be more normal than creeping alongside gravestones on the blackest damn night DB could remember in forever.

There was no moon; the cemetery was at the edge of town and therefore not worthy of street-lights.

Why the fuck were they doing this tonight again?

Oh, yeah, supposedly this big bad, asshole of a ghost could become actually corporeal on Halloween night. He and Jesse kind of wanted the spirit's secret.

Badly.

Although they were getting pretty good at what they did have. DB smirked a little and brought a cigarette up to his mouth, feeling a whole lot less scared now. Just before he got the damn thing lit, another far off scream sounded followed by a low moany wailing sound that came from right behind them. DB dropped his lighter, and it hit the ground, going out. His cigarette dangled from his lips.

No longer smiling, he held the torch high and slowly -- very, very slowly -- turned around.

Three little mini-ghosts, complete with eyeholes cut out of their sheets stood behind them. One held out his pumpkin shaped bucket. "Trick or treat, Mister?"

DB's heart decided it was okay to keep beating after all. He shook his head. "I don't have any candy. And you kids shouldn't be in the cemetery. It's a bad place for little kids on Halloween. Bad things could happen to you."

"Hey! Are you one of them perverts?" A big guy -- a great big huge guy with enormous muscles stepped out of the shadows and one of the kids went running to him.

"Daddy! Daddy! He doesn't have any candy."

"I know." The big guy spat on the ground. "There's only one thing he's doing here with his... *lady*-friend."

DB rolled his eyes. "I'm looking for ghosts, actually. And really, the cemetery for trick or treating? Don't you think that's a little gruesome?"

"It's called atmosphere. Besides, there's an old lady at the gate handing out candy." The guy looked him and Madam Yanya up and down again, shook his head, spat on the ground one more time and turned, heading off tailed by his three little ghosts.

"As if I'd be messing with the likes of you," Yanya muttered. "No offense. You're just not my type."

Jesse snickered unhelpfully. "Well, he's totally my type. If that guy hadn't had kids with him I totally would have given him the scare of his life."

Yanya snickered that time. "Child, how would you have done that? Walked through him a few times and made him shiver? No one can see you."

"Sometimes I can do stuff," Jesse said defensively. "Tell her, DB."

DB chuckled, feeling a lot better about the whole cemetery at midnight on Halloween looking for a killer ghost thing.

"Jesse can do stuff." He waggled his eyebrows suggestively while he said it.

"So you two won't be banging down my door in the middle of the night anymore, demanding help in that area?" Yanya asked smugly.

Jesse blushed, which was kind of neat for a ghost. "I can do *some* stuff."

DB retrieved his lighter from the ground and lit his cigarette. He pocketed the lighter and took a much-needed puff. He took a few drags, blew some smoke rings, and felt much better. "All right, enough playing around, let's go find this evil ghost."

Jesse and Madam Yanya immediately drew close again, looking around warily.

Yanya pointed. "That way," she whispered. "They say he comes out of that big family crypt."

DB tried not to let the atmosphere and his clingy companions get to him again, but there was definitely something weird about the cemetery tonight. They were still a good twenty feet away from the spooky looking crypt -- everything looked spooky in the dark, especially a cemetery -- when it hit him what was off.

There were no ghosts.

None.

Not one.

Well, except for Jesse of course.

"Where is everybody?"

"Uh, sleeping?" Jesse suggested. "Trick or treating?"

"He means the ghosts," Yanya said, rolling her eyes. "They're gone, like I said. Nothing will make them stay tonight."

Jesse looked around. "Well. This sucks."

It did. And that creepy feeling had come back. It wasn't helped by the low moaning sound that had started back up. There were no ghosts, so why was there moaning? Actually, DB wasn't sure he wanted the answer to that. "Why are we here again?"

"So I don't wind up with another situation like Lockheart." Yanya gave him a flat look. "Right now there are about twenty ghosts in my place, yammering for me to deal with his guy. You're here to help so I leave *you* alone, and so Jesse can maybe learn how to be all solid when it matters most. Now. Can we just go look in that crypt thing, maybe?" She didn't move, however, apparently not ready to actually look.

DB closed his eyes and counted to ten while he puffed on his cigarette. Okay. He had his gun and he had Jesse, so he was ready to fight on the natural and supernatural planes.

Right?

Right.

"Let's go."

"I was afraid you'd say that." Jesse squared his shoulders though and they walked toward the crypt. "Are we just gonna ask this guy nicely to stop scaring the ghosts?"

"You think that would work?" It would be nice if it could be that easy. It would also be nice if that moaning stopped. It was making the hair on the back of his neck stand up.

Yanya wasn't liking it too much either. She pulled her shawls around her shoulders and looked around. "I wish that sound would stop. It's not the wind, though, is it?"

DB glanced up at the torch which was displaying nary a flicker. "I don't think there *is* any wind."

"Crap." Jesse moved closer, which resulted in some tingling down DB's side when Jesse brushed against him. "Can you tell where it's coming from?"

"My guess would be the big bad crypt we're heading for. You know, if it's trying to scare us off, that could be a good sign -- why bother trying to scare us if it's invulnerable?"

"Yay," Jesse whispered, not really sounding like he was celebrating. "I suppose you want me to go in there and check it out." His lack of enthusiasm was noticeable.

"Well, you can pop in and out quickly, so you're the best choice."

Jesse gave him a hard look. "Do I have to remind you that this guy is terrorizing *ghosts* with his sounds and stomping around?"

"True," Yanya added unhelpfully. "They all get wiggy when he ramps up and then comes out bellowing for his wife. She's not here and that makes him cranky."

"You know, if you'd given me this kind of information earlier, I could have done some research and we would have been better prepared." DB gave Yanya a glare before turning the same look on Jesse. "And don't be a wuss, just pop your head in and do some reconnaissance for me, okay? I'm not asking you to make out with the guy."

Jesse rolled his eyes. "Keep it up," he said, walking toward the crypt and away from DB. "But if he kills me deader, you lose your chance at getting lucky tonight."

"I really don't need to hear this," Yanya told them both.

"He's just yammering -- he won't follow through. For a dead guy, Jesse's horny a lot."

"I didn't need to hear *that*, either." Madam Yanya rolled her eyes, but stuck close to DB, clutching her shawls. "Okay, Jesse," she called. "We'll wait right here, honey."

"Gee, thanks." Jesse waved at them, or maybe flipped them the finger, and walked through the side wall of the crypt, vanishing from sight.

Yanya said, "I wonder how long--"

Jesse popped back out and slapped his hands over his eyes. "Oh *God*!"

Instantly on the alert, DB grabbed the torch a little harder, and his other hand went for his gun. "What? What did you see?"

"Dude needs a little privacy." Jesse shuddered. "I really, really didn't need to see that. Or hear it. Man, the first thing we do is ask him to turn down the volume on his happy moments."

DB frowned, scratched his head. "He's jacking off?"

"A lot. And he's not pretty." Jesse shuddered again and stalked over to Yanya. "Seriously. That's what this is all about? Ghosts are fleeing 'cause he's a little loud with the self-love? I mean, sure he's ugly, but honestly--"

A horrible roar filled the air and someone stepped from the crypt. "Stacy!" he bawled. "Stacy, come back!" The sound was terrible, like cats fighting.

DB pursed his lips. "*Is* that what this is all about? Because I have to think maybe your ghosts are just jealous and mean. Maybe what they should be doing is looking for this Stacy." He figured she had to be dead, too. She'd probably left her husband, either for another ghost or for the whatever there was in the next life where the ghosts were supposed to go. Though an awful lot of them seemed to cling hard to this world. He supposed he couldn't really complain about that; after all, his lover was a ghost himself.

Yanya was looking critically at the lumbering ghost of a man, still wailing at the night sky. "He sure isn't lovely, is he? Lord, maybe Stacy had good reason to bail." She raised her voice. "Can you keep it down a bit, sir? We're trying to talk here."

Silence fell, the ghost apparently startled by the request.

"Thank you," Yanya said sweetly. She turned to DB. "Go ask him. Detect."

Right, like he was going to walk up to a horribly naked ghost and start asking shit. He could do that fine from here where at least darkness and the space between them made things a little fuzzy.

"Hey, man! What happened to Stacy? Where'd she go?"

"She, she went away," the ghost said, waving his hand in a vaguely westward direction. "She broke my heart and went away." He lifted his face and started howling again.

Jesse winced. "Don't make me come over there and slap you, man," he called. "Stop that. Be sensible and we'll see if we can get her back."

"Oh, great." Yanya whapped her hand through Jesse's arm. "What are you doing, making promises like that?"

"Why don't you just go after her?" DB didn't see any reason why they had to complicate things.

"Go after her?" It sounded like the idea hadn't even occurred to the guy before. "Like, follow along?"

"Uh... yeah." This guy wasn't the brightest bulb in the package, now was he?

"She might not like that. She didn't say I could." He'd stopped making that horrible noise, at least.

"Hey," Jesse called to him. "Did they bury you with clothes? You can put 'em on, you know. And before you saunter off after Stacy, we'd like to ask you if the rumors are true."

Yanya was giggling. And giggling.

"Rumors about Stacy?" Clearly too many thoughts were crowding around this guy's head. "Clothes?"

Jesse looked at DB. "Oh, boy."

DB shrugged back at Jesse. Frankly, he was ready to pack it in and go home. He'd been scared, accused of being a pervert, and now his eyes were being assaulted; it was time for all this to end and for him to get laid. "No, the rumors are about you."

"Me?" The guy blinked. "Hold on." He turned and lumbered back into his crypt.

Jesse looked at DB. "I'm not going to go peek again. No."

"Well, hopefully he's getting his clothes."

Sure enough, a moment or two later he came back, in a dreadful houndstooth suit. "What rumors?" he demanded. "If this is about that card game, I had nothing to do with it."

DB sighed. He was beginning to believe that they'd been led on a wild goose chase. This guy wasn't going to be able to tell them anything. "The rumors claim you can become corporeal on Halloween night. Is that true?"

"Solid you mean? Yeah, sure. So, you think I can just go after Stacy? Like, leave the graveyard?"

"Just a second." DB moved toward the ghost. "We'll help you with Stacy, if you help us with this solid thing. How do you manage it? How does it work?"

Could it be he and Jesse were about to catch a break?

Jesse moved forward, too. Even Yanya was edging closer.

"It's the spell."

"What spell?" They were close, DB could almost... well, feel it.

"The spell that Stacy did." He was looking at them like they were crazy. "The one that killed me? See? I'm dead, but I get a night a year to be solid again. She cursed me, she killed me, and she left. So, you think I can find her again?"

Jesse fell back with a groan. "Oh, for God's sake."

DB rolled his eyes. "Of course you can! She killed you -- you're supposed to haunt her. It's almost a rule."

Jesse snorted, and Yanya flapped her arm, making her bracelets jingle. "You heard him," she said in her deep voice. "Go haunt Stacy. Leave the poor ghosts here alone, so they'll leave me alone. And if you get a chance, tell that Stacy to stop by Madam Yanyas for all her magical needs. I have great herbs."

Now it was DB's turn to roll his eyes. "This is not an advertising opportunity!"

"It sure as hell is." Yanya gave him an indignant look. "I'm going home. Thank you for coming out; sorry it was a dud. See you when there's a crisis, I'm sure."

"That's it? Too bad, so sad, I'm outta here? You wasted my entire night, and that's all the thanks I get?" He harumphed and lit another cigarette. "I had things I could have been doing, you know."

"Like me." Jesse glared at the dude in the bad suit. "Why are you still here? It's Halloween, you can be solid. Go find Stacy and give her the haunting of her life. Oh, and swing by 328 Waterside and scare the crap out of the guy who poisoned me, too."

Yanya laughed, waved, and walked away. "Nice, child. Nice."

"Yeah, well." Jesse watched the ghost make his way through a couple of gravestones. "So. Wanna go play some chess?"

DB snorted. "It's too late for chess. We have an appointment tomorrow. Early. A real live customer at that -- you know, paying work? You remember that? Some of us need to eat." Not to mention pay for cigarettes.

He headed in the same general direction Yanya had taken -- they'd both left their cars on the side of the road by the gate to the cemetery -- trusting that Jesse would be following right along.

"Yeah, I guess." Jesse didn't sound thrilled at the prospect. "Pay is good. Keeping the office is good. I hear you." He sighed and grew quiet.

"You really this disappointed I don't want to play chess with you?"

"I'm really disappointed I won't be able to touch you."

"Hey, we'll manage. We always do, right?" Sure it would be great to have a solid lover, but he and Jesse did okay for themselves. Hell, sometimes he *could* touch Jesse, even if it was mostly just when they were in the throes.

"Yeah, we do." Jesse gave him a shy smile. "We do. It's always good, no matter what."

"There you go." And if he'd have liked to have made the rest of the walk holding Jesse's hand, well, he kept that to himself. They had what they had, and they made it work for them.

They made it back to the car without incident. It was almost disappointing. Halloween night, in a cemetery, with a supposed big bad ghost and all they'd managed was to scare themselves a little. The drive home was uneventful, Jesse riding with him, which he appreciated -- his ghostly lover could have just whisked himself away to DB's place with a thought.

DB pulled up into his parking spot. "Home sweet home."

"And it hasn't even been tossed by the cops in more than a week or two." Jesse grinned at him.

"Come on, I'll race you up."

"Only if I get a handicap. You have to two verses of 'I Put a Spell On You'. Go!" He got out of the car, hit the locking mechanism on his key ring and high-tailed it toward the front doors.

"Two?" Jesse yelled after him. "*Two?* You big cheater." He started singing, fast.

Laughing, DB got his key in the lobby door and got it open. He pounded up the stairs. Three flights at top speed were tough, and he was panting by the time he was trying to shove his house key into his door.

He didn't hear anything from inside the apartment until the door opened, and he tumbled through, and then the dying notes of the second verse came from the bedroom.

"Ha!" Jesse crowed. "Tie!"

"Damn." Huffing and puffing, he felt around in his coat pocket for his cigarettes. He found them, but couldn't come up with the lighter. Damn it, had he somehow left it at the cemetery? He'd liked that lighter, too. He went into the kitchen and found the matches in his junk drawer. Which he couldn't close all the way when he was done. He left it partway open, dropped his coat over the back of the couch and headed for the bedroom, blowing smoke-rings on the way.

"Seriously?" Jesse was undoing his shirt, standing at the end of the bed. "You ran up all those stairs, and now you're going to smoke at me? That's wrong in so many ways."

"I needed a cigarette after all that running." He held the butt between his lips and began stripping. "It's not like you can taste my mouth."

"Sadly, that's all too true." Jesse shrugged out of his shirt and undid his belt. "Can't taste anything, unless we get really lucky. I wonder if Stacy can do other spells."

"Hush. The spell that made her husband solid one night a year also made him dead. And I wouldn't want you any deader." Naked, DB put out his cigarette and crawled into bed, lying on his back so Jesse could "lie" on top of him.

"Being deader would be a pretty neat trick, though." Jesse finished undressing and shrugged. "No advantage to it that I can see. I guess we'll just work with what we have." He walked around the bed and looked down at DB. "Close your eyes."

DB took one last look at his naked lover and then closed his eyes.

"For some reason, it's easier to do this if you're not watching." There was no movement of the mattress, no pressure on DB's body, but Jesse was definitely on top of him. He had no weight, but from ankle to shoulder DB began to tingle. "Hang on a minute, let me--" The tingles shifted, finally settling on DB's thighs and around his cock; Jesse was straddling him. "Okay?"

His hands rose automatically, looking for Jesse's hips before falling back to the bed. "Yeah. Yeah. It's good."

"Shh." Jesse's hand made the tingles move all up and down his shaft, then around his balls. "Just feel, this time. Once, just for you."

"That's not fair to you."

"You don't think I like this?" Jesse was laying down a line of tingles, from the root of DB's cock to the tip. He sounded amused. "I'll get mine. Trust me."

"Kay. Do." It was amazing how quickly Jesse could get him down to single syllables.

Laughing, Jesse set to work, his hands seeming to be everywhere. Of course, it was hard to tell what was hands and what was other body parts, since they all felt roughly the same. Still, it was pretty clear that there was a hand on DB's balls and just behind them, and another around his dick. So it had to be a mouth on his chest.

Moaning, DB moved into the touches. They felt so good. He'd forget and reach out, trying to touch Jesse back.

"That's it," Jesse whispered to him. "Feel it. Get lost in it. God, you're hard. Such a fantastic cock." Tingles spread over DB as Jesse settled on top of him.

"Fuck, I want you." DB humped up as if he was pushing into Jesse's body.

"Uh-huh." Jesse was as breathless as a ghost could be, his voice strained. "By my birthday. Sex on your desk. The kitchen table. Something like that. Oh, man."

"Gonna come," DB said softly, the tingles moving inside him now, pleasure shooting along his spine and settling in his balls.

"God, yes. Feel me? Close." Jesse was down to short words and sentence fragments.

"Feel you." He nodded. He did. He felt Jesse all around him, hot and tight for a moment and he cried out. He bucked into that heat over and over. At just that moment it felt so real.

"Oh, *God*," Jesse yelled. "Yes!" Moving back, rocking wildly, Jesse caught DB's rhythm and thrust with him, squeezing hard.

It felt amazing, better than it ever had. He reached out and grabbed Jesse's hip, his hand actually wrapping around warm, wonderful flesh. Happiness, joy, pleasure -- they all washed over him as he shot.

Jesse made a couple of inarticulate noises, and his mouth covered DB's in a hard, deep kiss. His ass grew impossibly tight as he came, and there was time for one happy sigh and a long moan before Jesse pulled away.

DB kept his eyes closed, holding onto the illusion that his lover was real, was solid for as long as he could.

"You know," Jesse said slowly, casually. "We might want to rethink the fucking on the table thing for my birthday. You're an animal. I better do the fucking."

DB let his eyes open and smiled up at Jesse, floating there. "You can get your cock to become solid then you can fuck me through the table. Uh. Not literally."

"I'll do my very best," Jesse promised. "Seriously, you should have that thing registered as a lethal weapon. I don't think I can walk now." He leered and winked. "Not too shabby, huh? We're getting there."

"Yeah." He smiled. "I got to touch you, fuck you."

"And I got to taste your mouth." Jesse settled down on the mattress next to him. "Now all we need is to solve crimes, eat pizza, and perfect this corporeal thing so we can do it again. No problem." He was smiling right back at DB, looking satisfied and sleepy. "Better than trick or treating."

"Oh, I don't know -- that feeling you while we made out today? That was a pretty good trick." He grinned. "And an even better treat."

"Hopefully we can do it more often than just once a year." Jesse brushed his fingers over DB's lips. "Happy Halloween."

DB tried to nip at them. "Yeah, Happy Halloween."

"Ow, stop that!" Jesse laughed and then looked at his fingers in surprise. "Well, well. Another treat."

"Cool!" He grinned and reached out to stroke over Jesse's cheek. He could feel bare warmth there. "Yeah. Trick or treat, lover. Trick or treat."

End

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Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press, Inc.: Sips electronic edition / October 2009

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680