



The Seekers

Two Erotic Stories in one book

*Into the
Light*

Sommer Marsden

The Seekers: Into the Light
by Sommer Marsden

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The Seekers: Into the Light

In case you're wondering what a girl with a name like Martee Hollywood does for a living, I'll fill you in. I'm a psychic medium.

You can stop laughing now.

I was born that way. Just like I was born with a double e at the end of my name instead of the standard y. It's the hand I was dealt, and I've chosen to play it. A girl's got to make a living (I use the term loosely) and it's best to use your natural talents. My talent happens to involve dead folks.

Let me take a moment to clarify. A medium is always a psychic, but a psychic isn't always a medium. Psychics operate mostly on their highly sensitized intuition and deal with past, present, and future. Most specialize in the future. A medium can have a heart-to-heart with a deceased individual. I'm both. I can tell if you'll marry your new beau and then have a chat with your dead Aunt Ida.

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Dedication

~ For David and Eileen. I know you are together, I know you are laughing, and I know you are proud. Love always. ~

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Things That Go Hump In The Night

My name is Martee Hollywood. My father wanted a boy. When I emerged, kicking, screaming, and pissed off as usual, he went with the name anyway. According to Pop, he compromised by giving me the "more feminine" double e at the end of my name.

My mother swears she tried to change his mind. She blames it on the pain medication.

The Hollywood was Holstein, once upon a time. Pop was a talent agent. Holstein just doesn't cut it when you're sweet-talking a club owner into using *Rita and Her Dancing Donkeys!* in their dinner theater. And so the Hollywood moniker was born, and it stuck. I was thirteen before I knew my real surname was Holstein. By then, it was too late. I was who I was. I still am.

In case you're wondering what a girl with a name like Martee Hollywood does for a living, I'll fill you in. I'm a psychic medium.

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with past, present, and future. Most specialize in the future. A medium can have a heart-to-heart with a deceased individual. I'm both. I can tell if you'll marry your new beau and then have a chat with your dead Aunt Ida.

My "gift" became evident when my first imaginary friend turned out to be the spirit of a little girl who'd lived in my family's house during the fifties. She'd been run down by a Studebaker driven by the middle-school principal. She told me he was drunk as a skunk and dozing off at the time he hit her. From what she says, he never felt the impact. Went on with his life while hers suddenly ended. So much for my "gift."

I spend my time working for the Seekers, a paranormal research team started by my best friend and former lover, Trip Ericson. We get distress calls more than you'd think, and they're not all about thumps in the attic. We run the gamut of the paranormal. Last week a woman called because the full moon is approaching, and she suspects her husband is a werewolf. I say she's off her meds, but hey—you just never know. That much I've learned.

I've actually fallen in love with my work. It gives me something to do. As of this writing, a personal life is just a pipe dream. Who can hump the handsome blind date with a ghost staring over her shoulder? Maybe you can, but, to be honest, it freaks me out.

* * * *

"The new owner called last night," Trip said.

We sat in the van and stared at the neglected Victorian monstrosity. The paint was a faded pink with sickening aqua gingerbread trim. Everything about the house looked crooked. The steps slanted to the left, the porch tilted to the right. I was getting vertigo just looking at it.

"Upset?" I asked. I took a sip of bitter, cold coffee and shivered. Even coffee can't stay hot in thirty-degree weather.

"Not really. Unsettled would be a better description."

"Ghosts do that. They unsettle us."

Make no mistake—there were ghosts in this house. More than one. I was too far away to tell how many, what genders, or what their stories were, but I knew they were there. I could feel them even as I sat at the crumbling curb out front. Ghosts tend to stick to their territory. I'd make contact the moment I crossed the threshold.

"Mikey coming?" I asked.

"He should be here any minute. He's bringing Missy and Liz with him."

"The whole gang," I noted.

"I thought you'd be happy." He ran a hand through his already disheveled black hair and lit a cigarette.

"I'm thrilled. I'll take all the help I can get."

Mikey is Trip's cousin and constant partner in crime. They are inseparable, and I'm almost certain they share one brain between the two of them. Missy is a romance writer by day, a ghost hunter when she gets the call. She claims it gives her plenty of romantic, tragic material to work with in her novels. She sells quite a few of them, too. Looking at her mousy exterior, it's hard to believe she writes some of the steamiest

novels I've read. The group was complete with Liz. Liz is our gal Friday. Hot coffee, cigarettes, new batteries, extension cords—you name it, she fetches it.

I put out a silent prayer to my companion angels to whisper in Liz's ear to bring me hot coffee. It probably wouldn't happen. That falls under the heading of personal gain, and that, in the spiritual world, is a no-no. Getting paid for what I do is pushing the boundaries, but acceptable as long as I'm fair and reasonable with the folks I work with.

My worst payment ever consisted of twenty dollars and a hand-knitted afghan. The woman who gave it to me needed me to release several confused yet harmless spirits in her house. I did the job and hugged her after she paid me. That afghan is damn warm, too.

"Here they come" Trip stubbed out his cigarette and zipped his jacket. "Looks like Lizzie brought fresh brew."

I mouthed a silent 'Thank you,' and heard a faint tinkling in my left ear. That's the angels signaling that I'm not alone. I'm hardly ever alone. I'm used to it now.

"Gang's all here!" Mikey hopped from foot to foot on the shattered concrete. "What're we looking at, Trip? Spill it fast, 'cause I'm freezing my balls off."

Liz gave him a stern look for his language and passed out scalding hot cups of coffee.

"Bless you, Liz. I was dying. I need a caffeine fix." I took a sip and burned my tongue. After a curse, I took another.

"Let it cool," Liz scolded. Always the mother hen. She does daycare on the side to supplement her meager Seekers' income.

"Screw it. I just need the jolt. Doesn't matter if I taste it."

"Listen up, ladies" Trip's breath feathered out in white plumes. "The current owner, Mr. David Richards, says he's heard women laughing. No women currently live with Mr. Richards. On more than one occasion he's also smelled pipe smoke. He's not a smoker. At night, when he sleeps, the furniture is rearranged to resembles the original owner's layout. He found a box of photos in the basement furnace room this week. Needless to say, he's unsettled. Not necessarily scared, but wary."

"That's not too bad," Mikey said. "No ectoplasm, flying furniture, or otherworldly booby traps this time. We're dealing with an afterlife Martha Stewart."

This earned him a giggle and blush from Missy. Missy wants to get in Mikey's pants so bad it's sick. The sad part is I'm an empath. I pick up on people's emotions. It's such a strong gift that if I'm not careful, I can mistake them for my own.

A surge of excitement blossomed in my belly and a quick zing of arousal shot through my groin. I was picking up on Missy's feelings.

I said a quick prayer and closed my eyes. Imagined myself surrounded by bright white light, and blocked her out. Once I got in the house I'd have to shut the defenses down. For the time being, it would keep me from dry-humping Mikey on Missy's behalf.

"You okay?" Trip asked. His bright blue eyes looked tired and glassy. The fatigue didn't stop them from being gorgeous.

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Picture perfect recollection flooded my brain. I saw in perfect detail our last steamy night together. Those blue eyes looking so serious as he thrust into me. For a moment, I felt his mouth on my nipple, his hands holding my hips firmly. The grand finale had taken place on the sturdy butcher block in my kitchen. I felt a flare of arousal all my own and pushed it away. Bright lights wouldn't fix this one. I owned these feelings.

"I'm fine. Just cold, tired, and ready to get moving."

He nodded. "Good. Let's go then. Everybody have what they need?"

The great part about being the psychic in the mix is that I don't have to lug equipment. I *am* the equipment.

Mikey gathered several duffel bags while Missy grabbed what looked like an oversized briefcase. Liz followed suit and wheeled two suitcases up the crooked front walk.

Trip settled his arm around my shoulder and gave me a squeeze. "You sure you're okay, darlin'?"

I allowed myself to relax against him for a moment, breathing deeply to steal a whiff of his own personal scent. I forced myself to back off and gave him a smile.

"I'm fine. Really. I think I just need some R-and-R."

"You were thinking about us, weren't you?" Trip always cuts to the chase. He's a no bullshit kind of guy. It's one of his most redeeming qualities.

"Nope." I didn't even convince myself.

"You broke up with me, Martee. I'm always here if you change your mind."

I didn't get to answer because Mr. Richards opened the door. As soon as it was open, the flood of information started. I sagged and felt grateful when Trip steadied me.

"A lot?" he muttered.

"Tons. All strong, too."

David Richards looked a little worse for wear as he silently ushered us into the house. His face was pale and drawn, denoting lack of sleep. His hazel eyes were bloodshot, and his short, dark hair stood on end.

"Sorry I'm such a mess," he said. "I just got up. I was awake till the wee hours listening to what sounded like an orgy. Couldn't see a damn thing, but I could hear every last giggle."

"You're not crazy," I said quietly as I absorbed his frantic energy. He was fearing for his sanity, and rightfully so. Most people aren't used to being privy to so much spiritual activity.

"And you are?" he asked, smiling just a bit.

"Sorry. Mr. Richards, this is Martee. She's the resident psychic. I'm Trip Ericson. We spoke on the phone."

Richards shook hands all around as Trip went on to introduce the rest of the group.

"So I'm not crazy?" he asked. His eyes told me my answer was important.

"Not at all. They're everywhere."

"Good. I feel better already. I have hot coffee if anyone's interested. It's all set up in the kitchen with a box of donuts. Do you need anything from me? Because I'm late for work already."

"Just a few questions," Trip said. Mikey had already wandered off with his equipment bag, presumably to set up. Liz and Missy stood there looking antsy.

"Any rooms we should focus on? Any place where there's been repeated contact?"

In my mind's eye I saw an ornate, masculine bedroom. My guides also showed me a large room stuffed with sofas and wingback chairs. I saw a huge glass chandelier and a stone fireplace.

"The master suite and the sitting room," Richards said without hesitation. "I've had an encounter or two throughout the entire house but those two rooms are the most active. I've actually moved into the guest room. I try to avoid the master suite if I can."

"Did you buy all this furniture?" I blurted.

"No. It came with the house. The original owner died about ten years ago and his family inherited."

"And they sat on the house forever and let it be. Then they needed the money, so it was auctioned off—lock, stock, and barrel," I finished, receiving the information on my own.

"Yes." He looked startled and comforted at the same time. "I really have to go."

Trip grabbed his bag. "We'll call the cell phone number you provided if we have any more questions."

"Good." Davidson left without combing his hair.

"He's frazzled," I said, meeting Trip's eyes.

"I'd think he was nuts if he weren't."

"Let's get started." I moved toward the master staircase while taking in the richly upholstered, antique furniture that peppered the foyer. Probably worth a fortune.

Trip gently touched my arm. "I meant what I said out there, Martee. I know he saved you from answering, and that's fine. I am, however, not over you, even a little. Not by a long shot."

"We've got work to do," I said around the growing lump in my throat. I missed the solid feel of him. Missed his chin resting in my hair. I missed the feel of his lips. What I wanted to do was step into him and let him wrap me in his arms. Instead I moved up the staircase.

My first spirit met me at the top. Her long red hair hung in perfect ringlets. Her skin was the color of milk and peppered with little red freckles.

Lily. That was her name. She laughed a laugh only I could hear and grabbed the lacy bodice of her dress and flashed me. Her breasts were the size of teacups, perfect in every respect. Envious, really. I laughed despite myself.

"That's a hell of a welcome," I said.

"What?" Trip yelled from the first floor.

"Not talking to you," I answered.

"Sorry, babe. Forgot."

Lily pointed to the left and I followed her lead. The master suite was exactly as I'd seen it. A large, mahogany bed dominated the room. It was covered with a red brocade bedcover that probably weighed a ton. Matching curtains managed to stifle all but the bravest rays of sunlight. The room was large and very masculine in a bordello kind of way.

Lily hopped onto the bed and laid back as if she owned it. I knew she didn't, but she was very at home here.

She waved to get my attention and sent me a picture. Clear as day, I saw a man kneeling before her—his face buried in her sex, his hands gently, but firmly, forcing her legs wider. Lily's head was thrown back in pleasure, and her lips parted. Her pink kitten tongue roamed over swollen lips. The man inserted two fingers inside of her, and continued to lick and stroke with his tongue. Right before she came, Lily grabbed both tiny, brown nipples and twisted them almost violently. Her orgasm shook her body mercilessly as her lover rose from his knees and unzipped his pinstriped trousers.

I sank to the bed as the vision passed. I felt moisture invading my cotton panties. My hand moved to my crotch and settled on the zipper of my jeans. I placed it there to steady myself, to smother my arousal. The pressure only served to heighten it.

"You okay?"

I yelped in surprise as Trip walked in. He took in the scene. Me flushed, breathing hard, and holding myself.

"What the fuck?"

"Sex," I managed. "There's no malevolence here, but oodles of sex. I've only met one, but she just about brought me to my knees." I summoned a weak smile. I guess it's better to get turned on than have furniture hurled at you.

"Been that long since we were together?" he asked knowing damn well how long it had been.

"Long enough," I conceded. One month, twelve days, sixteen hours, I thought miserably.

"That's odd, because I just found Mikey feeling Missy's ass. Normally, I'd say 'Yee-haw' for him, but I know he does his best to ignore her advances. He doesn't want to lead her on."

"Feeling her ass might definitely give her the wrong impression." I laughed. "But chances are he can't help it. He's picking up the vibes. We all are—that's what you pay us for."

"You, most of all," he said, raising one eyebrow. "You feel more than any of us."

He sank to his knees in front of me and settled comfortably between my still-trembling thighs. He lightly ran his knuckles along the tops of my legs. I'd never noticed how big his hands are. How strong they look. How the black hair on his knuckles accents the whiteness of his skin.

"Can you do this?" he whispered. "You seem so exhausted lately. And sad, Martee. You seem so damn sad."

I was fucking sad. I was sick and tired, and so damn tired of being sick and tired. I wanted Trip back. I wanted normalcy. I wanted one day without ghosts and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night.

I leaned forward and kissed him. I savored each stroke of his tongue over mine. I tasted each lip by itself, then smothered them both with my need.

Trip's hands slid upward toward my own hand that still rested on my zipper. Each nerve sang out as his hands touched me. Each sent a message of suffocating desire to my cunt. I felt my legs start to tremble and jerk with anticipation. He pushed my hand aside and stroked me through the denim. I felt additional moisture flood my panties as his familiar

touch encouraged an awakening deep in my belly. A need so stark and honest it made my stomach hurt.

He kissed down my neck, raising a trail of goose bumps as he descended. His lips fluttered over my collarbone and traveled the shivering ridges of my shoulders. Through the fabric of my tee shirt he took my nipples in his mouth and sucked hard. I felt his teeth brush me, making the sensitive skin stand at attention. Warmth and wetness soaking through the cotton, adding to the sensitivity.

"I want you back," he whispered against me.

"It's the ghosts talking," I answered, but I pushed my clit against his hand, forcing more pressure on the swollen bud. I rose up to meet his touch, trying to turn gentle into forceful.

"It's not the damn ghosts! I told you that outside before we even entered the haunted mansion."

It was true, but I didn't want to believe it. I wanted to deny his feelings for me as I denied mine for him. Living with a psychic isn't easy. Loving one must be hell on earth.

"I don't care that you have all this ... supernatural shit in your life. I'm a ghost hunter, Martee—you think that bothers me?"

His hand rested in my lap, but it had become still and rigid.

"I'm sorry. It should never have gotten this far." I stood clumsily, forcing his hand off.

"You're going to kill me," he muttered and rose to his feet. He ran his hand through his hair and blew out a sigh. "Great. What the hell am I supposed to do with this?"

He gave me a sad half smile as he pointed to his obvious erection. My heart lightened just a little with the smile. The invisible hole in my chest didn't ache quite so bad.

"Sorry."

"One day, Martee," he said, and left the room.

Lily reappeared and shook her head sadly. She was disappointed in me. Not nearly as disappointed as I was.

"Why don't you talk to me?" I asked. "You know you can if you want."

She shrugged and shook her head. Finally, a quiet one. She pointed to the open door and I turned.

"She's shy is all," said the second spirit. "I'm Hyacinth." Unlike Lily, she had olive skin. A short black bob swung coyly around her heart-shaped face. Her eyes were such a rich shade of blue they were nearly purple.

"I'm sensing a theme here," I said. "She's Lily, you're Hyacinth. Where's Rose?"

"She's downstairs getting that beautiful young man to return the frumpy girl's affections."

I barked laughter, thinking of how happy Missy would be when we called it a day.

"So you're all flowers? How many are there?"

She counted on long, elegant fingers. "Me, Lily, Rose, Daisy, Dahlia, Petunia, and Sunflower. Seven."

"Sunflower?" I asked in disbelief.

"She came later than the rest of us. It was the sixties—what can I say?"

I smiled. I wasn't getting a shred of malice from these spirits. I was beginning to think I was dealing with a simple

matter of ownership. They owned this house, and they had no intentions of leaving it, dead or not.

"Where's the man of the house?" I asked. Might as well go to the source.

"Around here somewhere," she said with a grin. "He won't come out as easily as the rest of us, but you already knew that."

I nodded in agreement. So—him and seven women. Walter was a player.

"There's no *was* about it. He is the man of the house, and the master of us all. I have no idea what a player is but I assume it's a modern term for a man who greatly appreciates women."

She sent me a doozy of a mental picture that nearly had me back on the bed. For just a moment, I was in Hyacinth's body, teased to the very edge of orgasm by firm but talented strokes. My cunt flooded with juices as Walter (I presume) plunged into me. He filled me with each entry, tortured me with each withdrawal. Lips teased my breasts, leaving trails of excitement with each naughty lick. I grabbed his ass and pulled him deeper. I trapped him with my thighs and held him against my clit, grinding with urgency. The orgasm bolted through me as I cried out with pleasure.

My own cry brought me back. Back to Hyacinth and her mischievous grin. I glanced at Lily and was rewarded with another flash from her. This time her neatly trimmed pubic hair appeared. Her bright pink clit was swollen and obvious even from a distance.

"Thanks, Lily."

She just grinned.

"Wow," I said, addressing Hyacinth.

"We're very happy here. We don't plan on leaving anytime soon."

Great. Supernatural squatters.

"I understand." I no sooner spoke than the gang burst in, Trip in the lead, Liz bringing up the rear. Missy and Mikey, in between, looked quite cozy for a change.

"Jesus! What happened?" Trip's eyes were wild, his breathing fierce. They had come rushing in response to my loud cry.

His eyes skipped over me, lingered on my heaving chest and flushed cheeks. Our eyes met, and he grunted. I picked up the unspoken loud and clear: You can get off with phantoms but not with me...?

I dropped my eyes in embarrassment. I was adding insult to injury, but it was beyond my control. I couldn't tune them out if we ever wanted them to leave.

"She's fine," Trip growled to the others. The rest gave me a questioning look as he stomped off noisily.

"Sorry. He's right, I am fine."

"You sure?" Mikey asked as he rubbed Missy's back absent-mindedly.

I couldn't help but smile at Missy. Her eyes were glazed and her face had a fevered appearance. She looked like a cat in heat. I asked Mickey's guides to watch over the situation. The last thing we needed was more hurt feelings among the group.

When they left I addressed my companion spirits. "Can we go find the others?"

"That's easy. They'll all be in the sitting room. It's our favorite room in the house."

Of course. The massive room with the huge sofas. I could see them there now. The remaining five women and the man himself.

"Let's go."

"We'll meet you there," she said, then disappeared. I turned, and my flasher had vanished as well.

I passed through the formal dining room on my way. I marveled at the stained glass over the large windows and the long dining table. It looked like it could seat at least twenty guests. The china cabinet held dishes that were most likely worth a bundle.

As I came through the archway, Mikey turned with one of his gadgets in his hand.

"We got cold spots coming out our asses, Martee. Looks like the..."

"Yeah, I'm on my way to the sitting room now. They're all in there waiting for me." I grabbed the mug of coffee he was holding and took a sip. "Thanks."

"I hate when she does that," he said to Liz.

"Take your coffee?"

"No, finishes my sentences."

The coffee was good, even if it didn't have enough sugar. I needed it because the temperature had dipped a good twenty degrees. The closer I got to the swinging door that marked the sitting room, the colder it got.

"I'm coming with you," Trip said, appearing from what looked like a pantry. It was as big as my first apartment.

"Why? You can't see anything."

"I don't care. I don't want you alone with them." His mouth was fixed in a near grimace. Trip looked mad enough to spit nails.

"You're jealous!"

"Damn skippy I'm jealous! I love you, and they're getting all the action."

I couldn't help but laugh. He had a point.

He loved me?

"That's right," he said, reading my mind. "You heard me. I love you, Martee."

I shook my head for two reasons. I wanted to shake off the encroaching tears, and I wanted to make my stand known. No way. Don't love me.

He grabbed my wrist before I could push through the door.

"They're waiting," I whispered.

"So am I."

He released me, and I forged ahead. I would not think about what he had said. I would not think about what had almost happened upstairs. I had to meet the master of the mansion. I was busy.

Walter McLaughlin was a tall, narrow man, handsome in a formal way. A thin moustache graced his upper lip and his chin sported a cleft. He wore his hair long but slicked back neatly. His clothes were perfectly tailored and his shoes were shined. The pipe he smoked burned fragrant cherry tobacco.

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Based on their outfits, I estimated the owner moved in and started his lifestyle in the mid thirties, with a new woman coming along every few years or so. Eventually age had taken each and every one. The only exception was Sunflower, who died after a horrible bout of influenza in the late seventies. I shook my head to clear the information so I could focus on my host.

His nod was gracious but not overly friendly.

Trip stood near the door, his eyes taking in the entire room but not seeing a thing.

"Are they here?"

"They are. All eight of them."

"I can feel them" He rubbed his arms to warm them. "It's frickin' freezing in here."

"It takes a lot of energy for them to appear like this," I whispered. "They have to get the juice from somewhere."

I took in the five women I had yet to meet. A long-legged blonde in a mauve dress—Daisy. A stunning, curvy woman with long chestnut hair and warm brown eyes—Rose. By the door, a slim nymph with hair the color of fresh wheat—Petunia. On a lovely chaise lounge, a breathtaking woman in a black evening gown. Her black hair was twisted up in a classic chignon, her lips painted the color of a fresh wound—Dahlia. Someone twirled past me, all gossamer skirts and fawn-colored hair down to her waist. Her eyes were as clear and blue as tropical waters—Sunflower.

"Howdy, y'all," I said with a stupid little titter. I was uncomfortable. I had never been in the presence of so many spirits presenting a united front. Usually this number meant a

tragedy had occurred and they were all trapped together like survivors of a catastrophe.

This group had chosen to stay together. Upon death, not a single one had chosen to leave. I had my work cut out for me.

Trip's arms snaked around my waist and pulled me back against him. I hadn't heard him move.

"What are you doing?" I murmured, not wanting to spook the gathering.

"You're shaking like crazy. I've never seen you do this. I'm worried about you. Now shut up and let me hold you."

He pulled me flush against him, and I was suddenly grateful for the contact and the warmth. I could feel his erection hadn't abated but I couldn't let it distract me. Somehow I had to convince this group to move on. I had to get them to understand that they could go and still keep all this. That they would be welcome and could continue to live the life they cherished.

Walter finally addressed me. "We're very content here. I want that to be clear. I knew you were coming but you're wasting your time. This is our home, and we intend to stay."

He stepped to the front of the group. It wasn't an aggressive move but a protective one.

"I understand how you feel."

"No you don't," he said with a reserved smile. "However, we do plan on helping you to understand."

Without warning, my head was flooded with memories, experiences, sensations. All of them sensual, all of them

intense. My muscles tensed with the overwhelming stimuli. My legs gave out from the intensity.

I was vaguely aware of Trip cradling me as my body became boneless and over-stimulated.

One instant, the crack of a paddle and the delicious sting of rising blood on my buttocks. The whisper of a slick tongue over my clit, accompanied by the simultaneous suckling of both nipples. A cock, hard and wide, entering me with a ferocity that bordered on violence, yet containing the sweet undertone of dominance. The feel of a penis so deep in my throat I could hardly breathe while phantom hands tangled in my hair and feminine lips gathered my clit into a blissfully hot mouth.

I heard myself moan, but the images continued their barrage. Physical, emotional, mental. The play and the serious, the domination and submission, the give and the take, the love and the jealousy.

They whispered around me, crowding in with hunger. They relived every moment, every kiss, whisper, and embrace as I writhed on the floor.

"Martee ... Martee!" Trips voice came from a deep well. A million miles away. From the lengths of a long, long tunnel. "Jesus!" That I heard clearer, a sharp intake of breath, a ragged cry.

They'd gotten to him too. I tried to warn him out of the room, but the messages and sensation were too much. It was a matter of riding it out.

They subsided a little. The flood turned into a stream of images, pleased cries, muffled sensations on my skin.

My heart beat in my crotch as my skin sang from the onslaught.

Hands gripped me firmly, and then smoothed over my hips. I jumped at their solidity. They were not phantom hands or long-remembered imprints of passion and arousal. They were Trip's hands, roving and exploring over my jeans. He sought blindly for the zipper, his eyes hooded and hungry.

"Trip, it's them," I protested.

"It's not them," he growled. "Don't you think I know the difference between them and me?"

The fingers found what they sought and popped it open. The zipper followed with a small metallic protest.

"They're carrying you away," I argued, but my body didn't flinch from his touch. Instead I rose up to meet him.

His hands pushed past the denim to meet cotton already moist from the bedroom. The whisper-thin material yielded to his force.

His finger entered me. I was already willing and wet, pulsing in the expectation of his gentle invasion.

"We have an audience, don't we?"

I glanced around and saw eight self-satisfied smiles. Eight sets of eyes drinking in our essence. We were *alive*.

"Yes," I gasped as a second finger joined the first. He applied just the right pressure, just the right motions. I tripped over the edge into an orgasm. Just like that, I was gone—riding a small wave of pleasure that teased my nipples taut and arrested the breath in my lungs.

"God."

"Do you care?" he asked, pushing at the waistband of my jeans. "Does it bother you that they're watching?"

"They always watch," I managed "Every time. If it's not this group, it's another. I can see them, so they feel like it's okay to see me. Whenever they like."

A tear escaped despite the pleasure. That was the sad truth of my life.

"I can help you," he said, lowering his head to my belly and resting there a moment. "I talked to someone. It can wait, though. For now I'm right here. I want to focus on us."

I pushed my hands into his hair and breathed in a moment of peace. Let them watch. It didn't matter.

Trip kissed over my hipbones and I shivered at the tenderness. His kisses grew more insistent as he descended. When he finally took my clit in his mouth I thought I would go over again. It had been too long without the feel of him. I had missed the humid caress of his breath on my cunt, his tongue probing my slit.

I became wet again. My wetness mingled with what he added. When he looked up at me, my heart seized just a little. The look was the purest thing I'd ever seen. Need.

He straddled me and stripped the tee shirt from my skin. The frigid air rushed over my breasts and the skin rose up in chill bumps. He swirled his hot tongue over my nipple. A soft cry escaped me.

Button-fly jeans—gone. Button-down shirt—gone.

The first stroke was surprising, and I yelped. I took the full length of him in one slick motion. My cunt, already hungry, became ravenous as it pulled and tightened. It quivered

around him as he drove into me. I could hear his breathing, a barely controlled rasp.

My skin seemed on fire. Euphoria fluttered my stomach as if I were riding a roller coaster. I heard whispered comments from the ghosts but ignored them.

"Deeper," I managed. "I want you deeper."

Trip pulled out, and I whimpered. He hooked one hand under me and flipped me onto my stomach. His fingers raked down my back, explored the puckered entrance of my ass. Urgent sounds flooded past my lips.

"Up on your knees," he growled. "Hurry."

I obeyed, not caring that we could be discovered by the others. The ones who were alive.

I stuck my ass high in the air and pushed back eagerly. All I could think of was having him in me. I held my breath, waiting. I could feel his energy behind me, feel it invading my own. He was stroking himself while running his fingers over each cheek with the lightest of touches. He was making me wait. I would never take this for granted again. It was lesson time.

Trip is a good teacher.

"Please," I sobbed.

With that one word he took me. Drove into me with a force that knocked me to my forearms. My hair brushed the floor and covered my eyes, effectively hiding the spectators from my view.

"I don't care about all the stuff you think I should," he rasped. "I don't care that they watch us. I don't care that you can pretty much read my mind. I don't fucking care, Martee."

This is what I care about. This right here. This, and all the stuff that goes along with it."

I pushed my fingers into the carpet, holding on for dear life. I slammed back against him and bucked my hips. Gently a finger was inserted into the restrictive opening of my ass. I did my best to relax as it slid home and added a new, darker feeling that invaded my cunt. I felt the friction of his cock meet the hardness of his finger and the two sensations hummed like electricity through my body. Two more strokes and I lost my tenuous grip. I spasmed, inside and out. Each muscle contracted, each muscle relaxed, so intense I bit my tongue. I pulled at him and worked him with each shudder. I deliberately clenched my cunt around him.

"Christ, Martee," he hissed. "That's cheating."

He came with a roar that was half anger, half victory.

"White light," he wheezed and fell atop of me.

"What?" I shifted under him until we were face-to-face and let my hands explore his back. I traced his ribs with a fingernail, and he quivered a little.

"I talked to that psychic, Margaret LeLane. She said the white light works for privacy with spirits too. You have to be firm but concentrate on blocking them out. You may have to practice a few times but it works. They can't be with you *always*, Martee."

"I've tried that. It didn't work."

"Try harder. I think it will work."

The temperature was still low and I started to shiver with cold.

"Clothes!" I moaned. "Give me my clothes."

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We got dressed quickly and I turned to our spectators.

"I know you think we don't understand your fear," I started, hurriedly stepping into my jeans. The temperature was dropping quickly. "I do. I understand your fear, and it's common. You can go over, *all of you*, and stay together.

"Judgment doesn't exist, despite what we are taught. I've talked to too many from the other side not to believe this as fact. The point is happiness. You can create the same life, the same house even, over there. All you have to do is follow the light. Find the light and cross over. It's okay."

"I don't believe you." Walter wasn't going to buy this with ease.

"I swear. If I'm lying, come back. There aren't barriers. You can cross back into this world as easily as I can walk through that door if that's your choice."

Lily was the first to show interest. She wrapped her arm around Walter's waist and looked at him imploringly. Despite the fact that Trip was oblivious to the scene, he wrapped his arms around my waist in a similar fashion.

Dahlia surprised me by being the next to step forward. She was coldly beautiful and daunting in a sleek, fashionable way. She joined Lily in the embrace.

Next came Rose, then Daisy, followed by Sunflower. Petunia embraced Hyacinth and pulled her forward to the group. They stood huddled together, scared but united.

"We're trusting you," Walter said with a sad smile. "I would hope for your honesty."

"And you have it," I assured him.

"Where is it then?"

I shrugged. "You'll find it," I said. "If you're open, it appears."

He gave me a brisk nod.

"We'll leave you," I said, acknowledging their need for privacy.

The door swung shut behind us. Before it fully closed, I could feel they were gone.

Trip took my hand and grinned wolfishly. "This was the best assignment ever!" he taunted.

"We're okay?" I had spent so long pushing him away, I feared he would do the same.

"Better than okay." He kissed me sweetly. His tongue tangled with mine, and I relished the heat that snaked down to my groin.

"Behave. We have to pass on the news."

"Guys, we lost all our readings," Mikey shouted as we re-entered the dining room. Then his eyes skipped to our entwined hands, and he laughed outright.

"That's because Martee helped them over," Trip said. "We're done. We can pack up the gear, and I'll call Mr. Richards on his cell phone."

Mikey was still grinning like an ass as he dismantled the equipment.

"What is it?" I yelled. He was annoying me and I was already exhausted.

"Nothing. Just noticing your T-shirt's on inside-out."

"Shit." I dropped my head with an embarrassed sigh.

"Forget about that. We've got to head out." Trip was listening intently to a missed message on his phone.

"What's the rush?" Mikey asked. I was glad to see him give Missy an affectionate smack on the ass as she passed by. She giggled like a schoolgirl and gave a little jump.

"That werewolf lady called again," Trip said, and then dialed David Richards.

I wondered briefly what the owner thought when he heard our collective groan.

We left the now-empty house and locked up. Snow was starting to fall, and I jogged in place while Trip unlocked the van.

"Is it true what you told them?" He cranked the heat to full blast.

"What?"

"All of it. No judgment, happiness. That they can come back if they want."

"It's what I've been told. I wanted them to have some peace. It was time to move on."

"So what was the real deal in that house?" He turned the van onto Summit Avenue and merged into the sparse traffic. "Was it like a never-ending orgy, or what?"

"No. It was a family. I know it sounds hard to believe. They loved each other," I sighed. "Every single one of them loved the other."

"The man was incredibly lucky or cursed, depending on your take on it."

"How so?" I noticed we were heading toward my apartment and I felt my heart sink a little.

"All those gorgeous women ... I assume they were gorgeous?"

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I nodded.

"All that sex. Good God, though, can you imagine dealing with seven women with PMS?" Then he cracked up at his own joke.

I slapped his thigh but grinned. Desire licked at my insides as I felt his muscles through his jeans. I was hoping for an encore, not a shuttle bus home. I fought the urge to reach in those jeans and take hold of him. I wanted to stroke him and make him pull over. I wanted anything but to go home.

He pulled into a liquor store parking lot and killed the engine. "I'll be right back. Sit tight."

I watched him go and let the sadness wash over me. It was my own damn fault. I'd pushed him away for so long he was used to it. He would take me home, drop me off, and go on with the night. I felt cold but not from the snow.

Trip put a paper bag in the back and climbed back into the van.

"You look beat, babe. Let's get you home."

I nodded but said nothing. I didn't trust my voice. I always feel a little sad, a little empty after completing a job. It's part of the territory. This line of work sucks the life out of you. Literally.

My apartment looked stark and lonely when we entered.

"You want me to wait here or help?" Trip asked.

"Help with what?" I couldn't help it, I let my anger rise up and consume me. "You've got your beer or whatever. You don't have to stay and *help* me with anything. Go home and get out of the snow. Go home and put your feet up and pat yourself on the fucking back for another job well done!"

A little sob escaped my throat, and I felt mortified. I was showing my weakness.

"You're infuriating," he said tightly.

"You're an ass!"

He pushed me roughly against the wall and pinned my wrists with one hand. I turned my head, struggling, but he crushed my mouth with his.

"You make me crazy." He punctuated his words by undoing my jeans and forcing them down.

His urgency flooded me with an eager wetness, and I braced myself as he drove into me. No foreplay or kindness—just hurried entry. Each thrust provoked a sweet, tender pain. Still slightly sore from earlier, I widened my stance to take him. His cock stretched me and filled me. He felt like warm marble, like soft suede. The force of his body trapped me against the unforgiving wall. He cupped my ass and lifted me higher so my toes barely touched the ground.

I pushed against him, accepting each inch of skin that touched mine. I wanted him to cover me and consume me. My mind was nothing but white light and the sound of my blood in my veins.

I came just as Trip fell against me, his breath ragged on my breasts, his face a mask of undecipherable emotion.

"I wanted to know if I could *help* you pack," he grunted. "That's champagne in the van, Martee. To celebrate. I've waited a long time for you to come to your senses."

His anger was fading, and he tenderly touched my brow, ran his finger across my eyelids. "They forecast a big snow tonight. More than a foot. I want you with me at my place.

You know—roaring fire, champagne, hot sex ... the whole damn cliché."

I clenched my thighs together to hold him in me. I wanted his cock nestled safely in my wetness until my feelings stabilized. I needed him close, and he couldn't be any closer.

He relaxed against me and licked salty sweat off my shoulder. I sighed as the tears fell.

"I'm not going to punish you. I want you. No games. And, after we do this a few hundred more times we're going to call that LeLane woman and get you settled. You'll have some privacy."

I wiped my eyes and took a deep breath. Finally I released him. I stood naked before him inside and out.

"I'll go pack."

"Pack a lot." He kissed me on the back of the neck and cupped my breasts. Each bud responded appreciatively. My cooling skin drank in his warmth.

"And once we've fucked each other senseless, we'll brush up on werewolves."

I started laughing. It started deep in my belly and echoed louder with each wave. It was good to laugh again. Even if I did have to chase werewolves in the moonlight.

It's a job. Somebody's got to do it.

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Dying For Love

"Wake up, Martee Hollywood, this is your life!"

I opened one eye and gave Trip a vicious glare. I was tired. Too tired for this annoying shit. I had to admit, though, he looked devastatingly sexy in his cut-off sweatpants. They sat low on his hips and exposed some of my favorite sweet spots. Taut, rippled abs and those wonderful hollows right along his hipbones that lead straight to the good stuff. He grinned at me, shirtless and sleep-rumpled. Yum.

"No. Don't close those bedroom eyes again. We have a case. Let's go. Up and at 'em. We have to pack. A six-hour drive awaits."

"Six hours?" I groaned. "Where are we going? Mars?"

"Glastonbury, Connecticut. A novice innkeeper wants her house cleared in time for her grand opening on Halloween."

"That's tomorrow," I grunted. I rolled over, stretched, and allowed myself to revel for an instant. I was wearing Trip's over-washed Austin Powers Shagalicious tee shirt, and it was as soft as butter against my skin.

"Exactly. Hence the rushing-around part. We're meeting the rest of the gang in an hour. Now let's go!" He delivered a hearty smack to my bare ass and I yelped.

"Oooh. I like the sound of that. We can spare a few minutes if you're so inclined." I stretched my leg and touched him with my bare toe. Trip grinned, climbed onto the bed, and started kissing me. His breath hummed along my skin, warm and tempting.

"Mmmm. I may need some incentive to get up and get moving so quickly." I laughed.

"I have incentive to burn, Babe."

Trip wrapped my hand around his cock to show me it was true. I stroked the smooth head with my finger, earning a gasp. I trailed my nails along its length and watched it quiver from the contact. I would like some incentive, I decided. But first, I would give him some.

I pulled my hair to the nape of my neck and held it there. Slowly, I took his erection into my mouth, sucking and pulling gently as I licked him.

"You're giving me incentive to call and cancel the gig," he breathed.

"Nonsense. We can do all this and then go." I wasn't sure if he understood me with my mouth full.

I trailed my tongue along the main vein, buried my face in his pubic hair, and inhaled. Heaven. I gently sucked his balls as he cradled my head. How I loved to get Trip worked up.

"Enough," he growled and flipped me. Exactly what I was hoping for. When Trip flips me, I know I'm in for a mind-numbing orgasm.

He brusquely gave my breasts attention, almost angrily suckling until I thought the pressure alone would push me over the edge. Rigid fingers spread my folds, plunged into my wet opening, and did marvelous things. He dipped for a delicious lap-and-lick around my clit, then pressed his tongue into my entrance. I bunched the bed covers in my fists just to keep from crying out.

"Push your ass up," he ordered, and I obeyed.

He leaned back from me and held me firmly by the hips, successfully pinning us cock to cunt. He moved within me forcefully, driving his girth into me, making me sweat. His face was half anger, half humor.

"I hate when you get me like this," he growled. "I feel like an animal."

Each word was punctuated by an aggressive thrust of his cock. Each thrust punctuated by a tiny spasm deep in my pussy. I was on the cusp of coming and I locked eyes with him. Mine sleepy, his arctic blue.

I broke his strong hold on me and pulled my knees back, linking my ankles behind his back and forcing him in further. Deeper.

"Jesus, Martee, that's not fai..." He threw his head back with a sharp intake of air and his intensity shot me straight into orgasm. Raw power and release. My hold over him was the best aphrodisiac of all. We slammed together, coming in unison. His body was taut with release. I relished the flood of warmth that traveled through me with each shudder of my cunt.

"Ready to go?" I giggled in his ear.

"You drive me nuts," he sighed, nuzzling the sweet spot behind my ear. "If I didn't love you so damn much, I'd fire you."

"No you wouldn't," I teased and gave him a shove. "I'm the best psychic medium you know."

His mouth encircled my nipple and sucked. Ooh.

"That you are. In fact, you're the only one I know." He released my nipple. "Now go get packed because we're running late." He gave me another sharp smack to the ass.

I grabbed my duffel and jumped out of reach. "On the trip up, we'll have to talk about this spanking thing. I think you may have a fetish."

He gave me wolfish grin. It looked perfectly natural on his dark, unshaven face. "Wouldn't that be sweet?"

"Hmmmph." I started randomly throwing clothes into my bag. The last two weeks had been heaven. Our group, the Seekers, hadn't taken a case so we could all get a little rest. When you investigate the paranormal for a living, sometimes you just need some R-and-R. Much like cops and firefighters, we see the weirdest shit.

The last two weeks had been good for me and Trip. We'd been able to focus on rebuilding our relationship, having the time to rediscover each other emotionally and physically.

Especially physically.

"Ready yet?" Trip called from the living room. "We're picking the rest up at the office."

"Coming, coming," I muttered and grabbed my duffel and my bag of tricks. Sage stick for cleansing, candles for contact, incense, some reference books, and some crystals. A day in the life of a girl who talks to dead folks. You just never know what you'll need.

We arrived at the red brick building that houses the Seekers. Our name is boldly printed on the door. However, the legend *Investigators in the Paranormal* requires a microscope to read. People get a little loony when it comes to

things not of this world. They usually fall into three categories—the ones who believe wholeheartedly, the ones who want you to prove it, and the ones who will throw bricks through your window.

We try to discourage the last group.

Our other three members were waiting on the pavement. Mikey was smoking and looking fidgety. Liz and Missy were bouncing to keep warm. We were late, and their faces let us know it.

Mikey is Trip's cousin and our equipment man. Missy is a romance writer by day, a ghost hunter when she gets the call. She claims to love the excitement and the material. At age ten, she had an experience with a neighborhood ghost and has been hooked ever since. The group is rounded out by Liz, our Girl Friday. If we need it, she can get it. She's also showing some interest in learning to be an investigator.

Currently, Missy and Mikey are knocking boots. Good for them. They'd hooked up on our last case, and were still going strong.

"Where the hell have you been?" Mikey barked. He tossed his equipment bags in the back of Trip's van. "We've been standing out here for twenty minutes."

Trip remained uncharacteristically silent.

"We got held up," I muttered, trying to suppress a smile. I gratefully accepted a lukewarm cup of coffee from Liz.

Mikey stared at me, then at Trip. "Yeah. Held up. Sure."

This earned a titter from mousy Missy, who was looking a little flushed herself. Had they *got held up* too?

"Let's stop squawking and get going," Trip said. "We'll all ride together, considering the price of gas these days. The van will hold everyone."

"Great," Mikey said. "Six hours of together time."

"Would you rather spend the two hundred or so in gas?" Trip asked.

"Let's go!" Mikey grumped and climbed into the van.

Missy rolled her eyes at me and smiled. "He's just not a morning person."

I felt a surge of heat and moisture in my crotch, and my thighs started to shake. This wasn't coming from me—it was coming from Missy. Lucky me, I'm an empath and can pick up on people's feeling. Emotional and physical. According to the vibes I was getting off Missy, Mikey was very much a morning person.

I took a deep breath, held it for a count of four, and blew it out roughly. I pictured myself surrounded by bright white light and mirrors. This exercise would help me deflect any unwanted feelings or impressions from my co-workers. Thank God. I was still recovering from my morning incentive with Trip, and I didn't need to pick up on Missy's encounters.

I shook off my case of the shivers and grinned. "Let's go. All aboard. To Connecticut!"

In the van, Trip was smoking, Liz was frowning, and Mikey was rubbing his eyes like he could pop them out of his head. A motley crew, to be sure.

"What's the deal?" I asked Trip. "Fill us in. What's the big rush?"

"The innkeeper, Margaret Sails, just bought the place a few weeks ago. Old farmhouse built some time in the 1800s. Her plan was to have her grand opening on Halloween."

"Which is tomorrow," Mikey remarked.

"Exactly. She wanted to have her first scheduled overnight guests then. She wants to have a dinner party for them and invite some of the locals. Margaret claims the closer she gets to the grand opening, the stranger the events in the house are becoming."

"For instance?" I asked. Trip flicked his cigarette out the window, so I lit my own. By the time we got to Connecticut, Liz would be having palpitations.

"She's been woken up the last few nights to the sound of a woman weeping. Right now, she's the only person on the premises."

"Living person." I laughed.

"Right. Also, there's one particular bedroom she says is very cold, and the furniture seems to move on its own."

"Has she seen it move?" I asked. "Because if she's seen it move, we're talking about a pretty bold spirit. Strong too."

He shook his head and a lock of nearly black hair covered one eye. I fought the urge to request a carnal pit stop.

"Nah. She goes in to decorate or clean, and the bed has been moved slightly or the curtains have been opened. She told me the rocking chair has moved position every night since she's been there. Also, there's a quilt on the seat of the rocker and she says she can see the impression of a person on it."

"So the ghost is crying and rocking?" Missy's voice held just a hint of romantic wistfulness. She adored a lovelorn ghost.

"Seems like it." Trip took the exit onto the Baltimore beltway.

"Any stories to go with the house? Local legend? Folklore?"

He grinned and grabbed my hand in his. It was enough to make my heart jump, and my pulse pick up tempo. How had I ever broken up with this man? For a second, I was blissfully thankful for our reunion.

"There's a tale of a local Indian girl falling in love with a white boy. The boy's name was Jeremiah Gentry. Needless to say, neither family was exactly thrilled with their relationship."

"They were going to get married?" Missy asked, dropping her head to Mikey's shoulder. Mikey grimaced, then smiled. He was such a softy.

"Apparently that was the plan. However..."

"I don't sense a good ending to this." I sighed. I'd have to prepare myself for an emotionally traumatized ghost. Deep breathing and meditation would come in handy for the six-hour trip. I'd need all the psychic juice I could get.

"Her father forbade her to go ahead with it. He informed Jeremiah's family of his disapproval. Of course, they were overjoyed, thinking the problem was solved." Trip paused and glanced my way.

"But it wasn't," I said. "Let me guess ... they secretly planned to go ahead with the wedding."

"White people and Indians didn't get married back then," Liz piped in.

I fought the urge to roll my eyes. Duh.

"No, they didn't," Trip said gently. "On the night they were supposed to run off together, somehow Jeremiah's brothers got wind of the plan. They had no intention of letting their baby brother run off and marry a savage."

My stomach seized into a knot of dread. People's capacity for cruelty always amazes me.

"They killed her."

Trip nodded, his eyes searching mine for a reaction. I shuddered and dropped his hand. I needed both of mine to chafe off the chill that had settled over me.

"What happened to Jeremiah?" Missy asked, ever the queen of tragic romance.

"He never married. Died a bachelor. Killed in a hunting accident when he was forty. The gun discharged. He was gutshot."

Mikey cringed. "Nasty way to go. Especially back then."

"Wasn't an accident," I muttered. "He figured out a way to shoot himself."

Trip nodded. "I figured. That intuition or common sense?"

"A little of both."

"Wow, Martee ... I wonder what you'll be in for with this one?" Liz said from the very back seat.

"Could be vengeance, stuck on earth, refusing to cross over. Hell, there could even be two of 'em." Mikey shook his head.

"Thanks, Mike. Hadn't thought of that."

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by Sommer Marsden

It looked like we had a long night ahead of us. Especially me. Lucky me—I get to talk to the ghosts. All the other team members simply just have to look for cold spots and hold their little meters up to check readings. I get to interact. It's exhausting.

* * * *

Margaret Sails was as round as she was tall. Her bright red hair stuck up in little messy clumps as if she'd been running her hands through it in frustration. She wore bright pink lipstick and a sweater that matched.

"Yes?" She asked, wiping pudgy hands on her apron.

"We're the Seekers." Trip shook her hand. "I'm Trip Ericson. This is Martee. She's our psychic medium. She'll be getting to know your ghost. If you have one."

Margaret's overplucked eyebrows went up in surprise. Now that we were actually there, maybe she was a little surprised we actually existed.

"Oh, I have one," she said bluntly.

She was standing in the doorway blocking our exit. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Liz start to dance around a little. Trip spotted it too, and got back to introductions.

"This is Mikey, our equipment specialist. Missy's an investigator. Liz, back there, is an investigator in training."

Liz stopped bouncing for a moment, and her face lit up. Trip had just made her life.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Sails? Can I please use your restroom? We just had a really long ride," Liz nearly yelped.

"Oh, of course!" Margaret's hands flew up, horrified at her manners. "I'm so sorry. Come in, come in. It's getting dark out, and that wind is kicking up."

It was Connecticut, it was fall, and it was getting downright cold.

"I'll show you to your rooms."

Trip and I got the rocking chair room. Lucky us. Why wasn't I surprised?

After a dinner of amazing stuffed chicken, real mashed potatoes, and fresh green beans, we set up. Mikey ran about seven thousand miles of cable through the house, hooking up numerous computers. Missy searched for cold spots with the hand-held meter. Liz just wandered around with a tape recorder hoping to catch EVPs—Electronic voice phenomena.

Trip gave me a kiss and wrapped me in his arms. The house was dark, and I allowed myself to sink into him. "Call out if you need me," he whispered into my hair. "This house is big, so I'll be doing my own rooms, but I mean it. If you need me, shout out."

"Got it."

I could hear the others talking to one another as I wandered the large rooms. The farmhouse was gorgeous. Old fashioned and cozy. A beautiful place to vacation. If only this were a vacation.

I took the opportunity in the quiet and solitude to consult my guides. They confirmed my suspicions. After three hours of wandering and hanging out in empty rooms, I gave a whistle. Once the whistle is heard, we all meet in the designated area. We all came together in the dining room.

Mrs. Sails had gone off to a local hotel for the night. It was two o'clock in the morning, and we were all pooped.

"Anything?" I asked the group.

Missy shrugged. "Couple cold spots. Nothing to write home about. Nothing significant."

"Nothing that couldn't be chalked up to a drafty old farmhouse." Trip laughed.

"Nothing on the computers. Of course, I've got over twenty angles going, so I'll have to review the footage."

Mikey rubbed his eyes and gave a yawn worthy of a grizzly bear. "But that's for tomorrow. I'm done for tonight. Stick a fork in me."

"I'll have to listen to the tapes in the morning, too," Liz said. She gave a yawn to rival Mikey's and smiled. "I'm beat."

"How 'bout you?" Trip asked, running his hand up my arm. The gentle gesture sent a shiver through me.

"Nothing. She's here. I know that much. It was confirmed too. She's just not coming out to play. Avoiding me is more like it."

"Hmmm. Don't remember that happening much," he said.

"Very rarely," I said, stifling my own yawn. "Usually when a ghost realizes I can see them, it turns into an afterlife Ed Sullivan show. They all start popping up to get attention and show me their talents. This one doesn't like the fact that I can interact with her. She's running away from me."

"Bedtime, then." Trip said. "Everybody get some sleep. We'll meet in the kitchen at seven to start again."

Groans sounded in the dark, and Mikey gave a laugh. "Gee, thanks for the whole five hours sleep, boss."

Trip glanced at the luminescent face of his watch. "Four and a half, if you keep shooting your mouth off."

Now that our hunting was over, we flipped a few lights on and made our way to bed.

"Maybe she'll sneak up on us in the middle of the night," Trip joked.

"I'll tell her to come back later." I put my favorite flannel pajamas on—hot pink and dotted with different desserts. Chocolates, pies, cheesecakes, cookies.

Trip shucked his jeans and his T-shirt and crawled into bed in his boxers. "Mmmm, chocolate, my favorite." He gently nipped at a bonbon strategically placed on my left breast.

"Yum."

Nibble on the neck. Pop a button. Nibble on the collarbone. Pop a button. Trip has a way of getting me naked so smoothly I don't realize it's happening. It's his greatest talent.

"Are you kidding? It's after two," I groaned. "Aren't you exhausted?"

"Yes," he answered to my naked right breast, and rewarded it with a lingering kiss.

My brain was saying, "No," but my nether regions were saying, "Yes, yes, yes!"

He planted baby kisses between each rib and slowly made his way lower, taking his good old sweet time and driving me bonkers. There was no anger or frenzy like this morning. Now it was all slow and sweet and steamy.

He traced the line of each hipbone with slightly parted lips. His lips are soft and full and not in the least girly. He lapped at my fine down of pubic hair and parted my folds with his

nose. His tongue took its place and stroked me with wet warmth.

I arched my back and shifted my weight. Unable to keep from squirming, I plunged my hands into his hair. I pushed his face forward and rose up to meet him. Greedy girl.

Each stroke of his tongue left moisture and inspired more from within me. I felt slick and slippery. Ready for him to slide into me and make me scream.

He explored each crevice and ridge of my sex as his tongue grew hotter and wetter. Or was that me?

My arms and legs began to feel light and numb. My face grew cold and goose flesh marched up my skin and prickled along my scalp. Something was changing and shifting, but I couldn't speak up and tell Trip. I was reduced to the sensation of his skin on mine, his tongue probing my cunt, his breath warming the sensitive skin. My mouth refused to open.

Back in my mind where my hormones weren't doing the thinking, I realized what was happening. Kimi—her name came to me in a flash—was taking me back. She was putting memories in my head and hijacking the physical feelings of my body. Her memories and sensations were mingling with my own. Not replacing them, but adding to them and intensifying each quiver tenfold.

I tried forcing my sluggish eyes open. They'd been closed during Trip's sensual assault on my pussy. Now I opened them with great difficulty.

The room slid off kilter and turned fuzzy, like a double exposure. I could see the old and new superimposed on each other. Trip's hair was no longer nearly black but light—the

color of sand at the shore. His back broadened, his frame grew a bit sturdier. My legs pushed closer to his head, urging him to continue to suck me. My thighs darkened to a nut brown, my legs lengthened, tapering to fragile ankles. A beautiful beaded anklet was tied above my left foot.

I was Kimi. I was looking at what Kimi had lost. What she still yearned for.

Trip lifted his head and retraced his tracks. He kissed his way up to my throat and settled his head in the hollow below my chin. Below the golden blond man with kind, brown eyes, I could see my Trip. Still dark and sexy and smiling with sleepy glee.

"I love you, Martee," he sighed. My inner ear, my psychic ear, heard Kimi's name whispered as well.

I was in two times at once. Feeling, smelling, and hearing everything from both. It wasn't chaotic—just eerie, like a movie jumping on its reel.

Trip gently pushed my thighs open and I let them fall languidly. I was open to him and curious as to how this would play out. The sensuality of this time and that time were working together to make me feel lazy and sexy and ready. I wasn't scared. Just wary.

He entered me slowly, each subtle shift forward spreading me open. Forced me wider. I felt each inch of his cock slide along my fragile, aroused skin. Each nerve sang out as his rigid flesh strummed it. I moaned and I heard a mimic from Kimi in my mind. She was reliving her time, witnessing mine.

Solidly in me, Trip paused—not thrusting, just rotating his hips in small circles to set all my juices flowing. My pussy

hummed in time with his rhythm. I felt myself open and flex, then contract and get slicker. I rolled slowly toward an orgasm that could not be kept a secret in this large, echoing house.

I tried to say "Fuck me," but my mouth was still paralyzed. Only the most primal sounds were escaping. Moans and sighs and grunts.

I forced my hips upward, displaying my intentions. Trip took the cue and began to thrust into me, deliciously slow and maliciously deliberate. He took his time and sampled little tastes of my nipples, my shoulders, my earlobe, his tongue leaving burning invisible trails.

Breath crushed my lungs. Too much air, too much pleasure. My orgasm unfolded like a delicate origami. Each stroke touched off a sensation, each sensation triggered a shudder. My cunt sucked at him greedily, taking in each pulse and quiver of his cock until I felt a rolling release that started at the crown of my head and flowed to each finger, each toe. I went limp, and inhaled deeply. My climax was still working him with each echoing pulse of my flesh. He grew momentarily harder, went rigid against me, and let out a whoosh as my orgasm triggered his.

Trip held me against him. "Wow. Talk about supernatural."

"Well ... Um..."

"What?" He smoothed my hair and kissed my forehead.

"It *was* kind of ... supernatural, like you said." Now that my mouth was working, I was having trouble finding the words.

"What do you mean?"

So I explained the best I could. It's kind of hard to explain how things work for me. Even to Trip.

"So we just had a foursome, sort of?"

"Kind of. Not really. It's hard to..."

"Never mind. Forget it. Let's get some sleep. We'll worry about our slutty ways in the morning."

I had to laugh. Trip can make light of just about anything. When you deal in the unknown, a sick sense of humor is key.

I felt myself drifting off just as he began to snore. I thought of Kimi and Jeremiah. Of love stolen from young lovers. Of marriage vows that never were, and ghosts that cry and rock over a lover long dead.

* * * *

I opened my eyes to see the final slow rock of what I now thought of as Kimi's chair. She had been here. Watching me sleep.

I was alone for now. I looked at the clock and sat up. It was past seven thirty. Trip had let me sleep. I pulled on a pair of his boxers and made my way down to the living room. Coffee. The smell led me to the others.

"There she is," Mikey said. "The queen of the psychics. Even gets special sleeping privileges."

"My, aren't you in a good mood?" I said, sipping from the mug Liz handed me. "Could you retract your claws long enough for me to soak up some caffeine?"

"He's just grumpy because I had him up late," Missy said. Her words were bold but a flush crept up her cheeks. Her pale blue eyes dipped with embarrassment.

"You go, girl." I met Trip's eyes and smiled. We hadn't been the only ones burning the midnight oil. "Not to intrude, but did anything strange happen when you were ... um..."

"What kind of strange?" Missy asked, looking mortified.

Trip covered a laugh by coughing. What were Missy and Mikey up to behind closed doors?

"Martee means supernatural strange, that's all."

A look of relief passed over Missy's face and she giggled. "No supernatural strange."

"Beyond that, we don't need to know," Liz interjected. She was looking just a tad pissed. Maybe we needed to take on a sixth member. Someone tall, dark, and available. Just to level the playing field.

"So what's the plan today?" I watched Trip think it over as he paced. He looked exhausted, unkempt, and frazzled. Beyond sexy.

"I think we need to come clean about last night with the rest." He nodded toward our group. "Then we need to come up with a game plan to put her to rest."

"Come clean?" Liz stared at me warily. She's on the shy side and our admission would, at the very least, make her uncomfortable.

"We were having sex last night," I said quickly, "and I got a little visit mid-encounter. Anyway, it was Kimi. That's her name. She was showing me an experience with Jeremiah and it was very intense. They loved each other very much."

Trip's eyes found mine, and he looked at me hard enough to see through me. I still have problems with The L-Word. He doesn't. If Kimi brought the message through me at that

particular time, then she identified with what Trip and I felt for each other. I knew this logically, but saying it was different.

"Wow, that's so romantic!" Missy flopped into a huge dining chair, her face lit with a romantic euphoria.

"Yes. It is very romantic, Missy," I grumped, "but that's hardly the point. She's staying here and reliving her love affair with Jeremiah over and over again. On the flip side, though, she must be aware he's dead. She definitely knows *she's* dead. Why else would she rock in that chair and cry? She's missing him."

"Why not just cross over and find his ass?" Mikey asked. He lit a cigarette, breaking Margaret Sail's no-smoking rule.

"I'm not sure." I shrugged. "She could be afraid. She might not want to let go. She may just want to stay here where she feels safe. With what she knows. She might believe their love will be forbidden on the other side as well." I bit into a stale donut and sighed. "I just need her to talk to me."

"Right. Any thoughts?" Trip was eyeing Mikey's cigarette with longing.

"We'll go outside and have a smoke, and I'll think it over." I grabbed my coffee cup and topped it off. "Just let me get dressed."

The porch of the farmhouse was gorgeous. It wrapped around the entire house and overlooked a large chunk of property. The leaves blazed in all their glory—rich shades of red and orange and yellow. Margaret had lined large and small pumpkins along the front and interspersed them with

bails of hay and Indian corn. The effect was pure New England Halloween. Something from *Martha Stewart Living*.

I crushed my cigarette out on my boot, afraid of igniting the hay. "I think I have to sit in that room and force contact. She wants to talk to me now." I sighed and allowed Trip to pull me close and wrap his arms around me. "Maybe, once I can get her to open up, I can convince her to go. I can't even imagine how many opportunities she's had to cross over."

"I don't like when they hijack you like that, Babe. It sucks. I'm always scared..."

I stayed quiet and waited. He stroked my back and warmed my frozen body.

"I'm just always afraid that, one of these times, I won't get you back. You won't be you any more."

To be honest I'd had the same fear once or twice. So, I told Trip what I tell myself: "I'm protected and surrounded, always. I'm guided and watched over. No ghost is a match for guides, deceased loved ones, and about four billion angels. That includes the Archangels, by the way," I boasted good-naturedly.

"Yeah, yeah. It's just ... I can't see your help. I believe you that they're around you. I'd just like to really know it. I'm not a psychic, Martee. If I can't see it, I have a hard time accepting it."

I kissed him on each sleepy eyelid and smiled. "And you call yourself a ghost hunter? I guess you'll just have to trust me on this one."

In the bedroom, I sat in Kimi's seat and started to rock. *I'm ready whenever you are*, I called out in my mind. *You*

don't have to be afraid of me. I can help you get back what you lost.

She came on a breath. One moment not there, the next taking all the energy in the room. The temperature dropped a good twenty degrees. My body went cold, and my mind kind of stuttered. She wasn't just drawing energy from her surroundings—she was siphoning it out of me too. I'd experienced it before, but still wasn't used to it. If anything, it's unsettling to feel your life force wane in an instant.

"It's about time." I laughed aloud. "And can you leave me a little juice to run on? You're killing me here."

I received a graceful nod in reply, and she settled in front of me like a feather. She was spectacularly beautiful. Long, lean, and graceful. Beautiful skin and a curtain of hair the color of coal. Her eyes were large and soulful. And haunted.

"How did they kill you?" She'd taken so much energy I was reverting to speaking out loud. I didn't have the power to project my thoughts clearly.

Her lips remained pressed together—not a talker. But I was suddenly barraged with a sea of chaotic images. A heavy burlap sack was forced over my head, and I could feel its abrasive texture. Immediately my heart sped, and my breath froze in my lungs. I was brutally forced forward over rocky, uneven ground I couldn't see. I stumbled, fell, tore open the flesh of my knees, and was righted with a lot of force. Then I was flying into open air. Nothing to grab, no contact with earth. A fast, yet torturously long trip over the edge—and then sudden impact, a flash of pain, and nothingness. For hours. Then the realization that the world was still around me

but I was no longer of it. That I could see my lover and speak to him, but he could not hear or answer me.

I wondered briefly how many times a day she "died."
Relived that horror. Played it like a movie loop.

She had witnessed his pain, his grief, his rage. She had seen that he suspected the brothers, but they claimed tragedy. She had witnessed his world spiraling out of control and the secret glee of her attackers, but could do nothing to make herself known. She was too weak and too young of a spirit to come through.

I had enough time to suck in a breath, and then the next wave of pictures hit me. My head throbbed as painfully as an open wound, and I rode out the dizziness that invaded.

The first brother, Justin—the name came—fell off his horse and was trampled. The horse had been spooked. Kimi had done the spooking. The second oldest, Judd, fell from a ladder doing roof repairs for his father. The ladder had tipped. The force had been Kimi. The stronger she grew, the faster she struck out. The final brother—the eldest, James—was impaled by a weather vane. The storm that caused the tragedy was not nearly as strong as most storms in these parts, but Kimi had given it some help.

"You got them all." I was filled with a mixture of horror and a sense of justice. They had deserved it, each of them, but it hadn't fixed a damn thing.

She nodded, and then sent me the impressions of Jeremiah's death. My chest swelled with an ache that was overwhelming. An invisible raw, empty wound pulled at my breast. To see him take his own life had tortured her soul

further. Made her more desperate. Now he was gone from her, or so she thought. He was not here for her to sit by, watch, or touch gently. Not here. He was there and she couldn't go.

"But you can go," I muttered. "You could have gone a million times by now."

She ignored me, and hit me with round four. I closed my eyes and braced myself. My head felt like it would split open, and I could feel my rapid pulse in my temples. I wasn't prepared for the gush of erotic images that came.

Strong, loving hands snaked up my thighs, parted me, and invaded me. An eager mouth explored each inch of my flesh, paying particular detail to the most sensitive places. Heating the flesh behind my ears with breath, the back of my neck with warm kisses. A shiver passed through me that had nothing to do with how cold I was.

I felt Jeremiah's thickness slide into me. Felt blissful friction over each inch of the slippery slope he climbed. I heard the murmurs, the sighs, and the tender words. There was so much more than sex. So much love and friendship. My eyes grew moist, and my breath hitched in my lungs. The hands were everywhere, savoring and touching each part of me. Relishing each instant of contact as we moved together in the perfect rhythm of soul mates. A forceful erotic pulse started deep inside of me, rushing me toward a staggering climax.

"Stop!" I yelled, startling myself at the force of my voice.

I was trembling and wet between the legs. Residue of psychic orgasm pulsed through me, and I wiped my leaking eyes.

"I understand," I said, gaining control.

I did understand. It was so very close to what I experienced every time I laid down and took Trip into my body. Her images were more intense because they were tainted with years and years of yearning and pain.

"Where are you? Your body, I mean?"

She pointed out the bedroom window, and then was gone. I didn't even see her go.

The door flew open and Trip came rushing in, followed by Mikey. His face was a mask of white fear.

"What happened?" Before I could answer, he dropped to his knees and gathered me into his arms. His heart was beating so forcefully that it masked the beat of my own. He was scared.

"I'm fine. Calm down. I just had to exercise a little control." I pushed him back gently, smoothed his hair, and kissed him. "It's okay. I promise. I know what to do."

He pushed out a huge breath and slumped. "Great. Next time you figure out what to do, could you let me know without giving me a heart attack?"

I barely had the energy to laugh, but I did. "I promise to give that a try."

* * * *

The five of us tramped through the same rocky, uneven ground in my vision. The woods surrounding the house were

dense and silent. No bird sounds, no squirrels, nothing to indicate presence of life.

Mikey smacked his cell phone and muttered a curse. "I can barely get reception out here. Why am I calling Margaret?" He took out a cigarette, and Liz smacked it out of his hand.

"You trying to start a fire? There's about a bazillion dead leaves on the ground, idiot!"

He turned nearly purple, but held his tongue. She had a point.

I held Trip's hand and soaked in the contact. I was still weak and exhausted but, after a Coke and a few aspirins, was up for the trek.

"I need to know if Jeremiah's buried on the grounds. A lot of times they had private cemeteries on the larger farms."

Mikey nodded and then plugged his ear. "Yes! Hello?" He waved us ahead while he tried to get Margaret to the phone.

"It's up ahead?" Trip asked, his eyes searching the thick stand of trees for a break.

"I think it's just past these trees. She showed me the whole thing." I shivered. "It was awful. Horrible. I still can't believe what some people are capable of. And for what reason? Because they were in love!" I could feel myself tensing and pushed the anger back.

"Different times, Babe. It isn't right but, sadly, it was common. I don't get it either but we were raised to be PC."

"PC, my ass," I spat. "We were raised to be human."

Trip shrugged and pulled me against him. "Let's find her and get this over with. It's Halloween. I'm ready to go home

and hide under the covers with you and tell you campfire tales. Then I can comfort you with my manly ways."

I grinned. I was ready for home, too.

Mikey came running up panting, "Margaret says it's on the east side of the house. All you can see from the house is a grove of trees, but she said it's on the other side."

We reached the edge of the field and picked our way carefully through the brush. The dead leaves crunched under our feet, and twigs snapped as loud as gunshots. A branch smacked me across the face and drew blood.

"Shit!" I wiped my face and tried to calm down.

"It's up here," Liz called. "I can see where the land drops off."

The drop-off was steep and led to a shallow river peppered with rocks and boulders. I recognized the spot immediately.

"That's the spot, but where's the body?" Missy asked.

I closed my eyes, cleared my mind, and got my answer. "We need to climb down. It should be right under that oak."

"Who buried her?" Liz sighed.

"Jeremiah did. Alone. He buried her under this tree because they had picnicked here once."

"Sad. So sad." Missy was the first to start picking her way down the incline. If we stayed to the less steep side, we would make it down without injuries.

It occurred to me that we looked like a funeral procession. Because we were.

It took a few hours, but when we were sure we had all of her, I laid her bones in a beautiful pillowcase. I had found it in Margaret's linen closet and couldn't even guess what it might

cost. It was buttery soft and trimmed with lace—perfect for transporting her remains.

"Let's go" I groaned. I was starting to waver, my energy completely depleted. I caught Trip studying my face, and forced a smile.

We trudged up the steep hill back toward the house. Mikey's phone kept bleeping with annoying persistence.

"It's Margaret," he said. "Third call in an hour. She's dying to know if we'll be done in time for her big shindig tonight. Persistent little woman."

"If this works out the way I hope it will, we shouldn't be much longer." I cradled Kimi's remains in my arms and tried not to think about what I was holding. Holding bones was bad enough, but holding the bones of a murder victim was even worse.

"I'll call her when we're done," he said. "I can always blame it on bad reception."

We were a sad-looking group as we finally staggered into the family cemetery. There they were, six stained and weathered tombstones, crooked as bad teeth. The whole family. I stopped at each one and studied the names. I felt a pulse of rage as I stood before the stones of the murderous brothers but moved on. Finally, I stood before Jeremiah Gentry's grave and spoke aloud.

"We have her here, Jeremiah. We're finally going to let you be together. On this side and on your side." I knew intuitively that Kimi was nearby listening. She wasn't showing herself, but was very aware of the proceedings. Her presence

registered with the fine hairs along the back of my neck and arms.

I turned to the team. "Ready to break a couple dozen laws?"

My question was met with nervous laughter and sad smiles. We were. It was time.

Trip dug into the hard earth with his collapsible spade. "This is going to take until next Halloween," he grunted. "This ground is like cinder block."

Liz took off back toward the house and returned quickly with a sturdy shovel. "Give this a try," she said, blushing. "I saw it last night when we were poking around."

"You're the best Girl Friday ever," I said.

After what seemed like forever, Trip hit wood. It was spongy and rotten, but still in one piece after all these years. "I'll let you do the honors," he said with a grin.

Now that we were nearing the end, I felt a fresh burst of energy. I dropped into the now open grave and gently pried back some wood where Trip's shovel had broken through. "Here we go," I said to myself. "Let's get you two back together."

Without letting myself think, I gently placed each bone from the pillowcase into the plain wooden coffin. Each one made a gentle clunk as it fell home. When I was finally done, I closed my eyes and sent Kimi my message.

The pain is gone now. The evil done to you is gone. Jeremiah is gone. Now you must go. If you go, you can be with him. No one can keep you apart on the other side. I make you this promise, Kimi. It's time to go home to him.

After a quick prayer and a blessing, I grabbed Trip's offered hand. He hoisted me out and pulled me into a tight embrace. Mikey set to work filling the hole and made a quick job of it with some help from Liz and Missy.

"Think it worked?" Trip asked, his face wary but hopeful. "I thought that resting of the bones business was myth."

All eyes were on me. The team was eager to be done with the case and know that it had ended well. Hopeful the right thing had been done for Kimi. I took a deep breath and stayed very still. With a quick nod and a silent prayer of thanks, I started toward the house.

"When someone peacefully passes over, I don't think they really care where the body is. In this case, I think it's more ceremonial. We're giving her what she was denied—letting them be together on this side. And, thankfully, I think it worked. I think we're done here."

On the edge of the trees, I turned for one last look at Jeremiah's grave. The one he now shared with Kimi. They appeared like a hologram, and I smiled. Oblivious to us, or their surroundings, they were locked in the kind of an embrace you would expect after countless years of separation.

Trip was staring, slack jawed, at the site.

"What?" I asked, but I already knew the answer.

"Did you see that?" he stammered. "Or am I running on not enough sleep and too much Martee?"

"I saw it." I laughed. "Welcome to my world."

"Shit. I need something to ... what do you call it? Ground me! I need something to ground me."

Success had me feeling playful. The rest of the team had disappeared through the grove of trees. I reached out and took hold of Trip firmly, hitting below the belt. "I think I can ground you." I heard the huskiness in my own voice. I suddenly needed to be as close to him as possible.

"You're screwing with me, right? Messing with my addled brain?" Despite his words, his face lit up with expectation.

"Not at all. Sometimes you need an expert to help in these situations." I sank to my knees and pulled down his zipper. In the quiet of the country, it was clearly audible.

I took his cock in my mouth, and it jumped to meet my tongue. Eager and ready, the skin was smooth as silk. He smelled like laundry detergent, outdoors, and man. I licked slowly, savoring each second of contact. Joyous at the intimacy we were allowed. The closeness we couldn't be denied.

I paused to kiss gently the insides of his thighs, his hipbones, the fine line of hair below his belly button. Allowing my hands to continue the rhythm my mouth had started.

"Dear God, you have to ground me more often," he said softly, gently playing his hand through my hair. He traced the outline of my jaw and swept his fingertips across my closed eyelids. His touch was so light it felt like butterflies on my skin.

I didn't answer, but murmured sweet sounds of contentment as I sucked slowly on his cock. The salty taste of the beginning of his end played across my tongue. I speeded up slightly, relaxing my throat and watching his face. The deeper I took him the more beautiful he looked. When he

came, I drank him in. My eyes absorbed each flicker and twitch that floated across his face. He's mine in more ways than one. That brought me a smile.

After I made him presentable again, I kissed him. I took his arm and we started back. "What are you grinning about?" he asked. The house was finally in sight, and I could see the others loading equipment into the van. Mikey was on the cell phone. Most likely telling Margaret all was clear.

"Just happy, I guess. Happy for them. Happy for us. Happy that the only ghosts Margaret will be able to offer her guests tonight will be those of legend and lore."

"All that time she wasted here." He shook his head. "And what those boys did to her. All that pain and violence. Even though it all worked out, it's hard to believe. She died because of love."

I took his hand and told him the truth: "In the end, it all comes down to love."

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The Seekers: Into the Light
by Sommer Marsden

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About the Author

Sommer Marsden lives in Maryland with her family and her red wiener dog. When she's not writing smut, she can be found walking the fat dog, watching movies, hanging out with her kids, baking, reading, emailing, or in the downward dog position (that would be yoga). She has been published extensively in print anthologies and online. She loves to hear from readers and writers and can be contacted at hot4sommer@yahoo.com. She invites you to visit smutgirl.blogspot.com/ and www.freewebs.com/sommermarsden for updates, blogs, and

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