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Sex Therapy: Spiritual Style

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by Shiela Stewart

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Another day, another dollar. It seemed that was all they were working for these days. Sure, they enjoyed their job, but like their marriage, it too was struggling. They were simply going through the motions these days in love and in work. And Gina was getting tired of both. Ten years ago she had married James in a beautiful ceremony that had been the talk of the town they had lived in for months. It was hard to top a fairy tale relationship and marriage. But recently, that fairy tale was becoming more of a nightmare. Did she still love James? That was something she'd been asking herself more and more these past few months. The answer had yet to come to her.

As for the job...she was working on that as well.

Six years ago she and James had started up their own paranormal investigation company. They'd sunk everything they had into the company, and more. It had boomed and had taken them all over the world investigating not only ghostly activity, but bizarre incidences as well. But in the mean time, it seemed that the job was the only thing keeping her and James together.

"What are we doing?"

Pulling the heavy box full of thermometers, thermo-scanners, camera's and Electromagnetic Field meters, James spoke casually, "Investigating a spirit."

Once upon a time he would have had a quick snappy comeback to her question. Now all she got was a dry comment. "I know that. I mean, what are *we* doing? Put the box down for a minute, James and talk to me."

"I can talk while I carry the equipment to the house, Gina."

She stopped him, her face firm. "Please."

With a heavy sigh, he set the box on the ground then gave her a very annoyed glare.

"This isn't working. Us, our marriage, and working together. Something has to stop."

He crossed his arms over his chest. "What are you saying, Gina?"

"I think we need to separate...for a while." That was not an easy thing to say, but it had to be said.

"What brought this on?"

"Don't pretend as if you're surprised by it. We both know we haven't been 'together' in some time. We're casual to each other, but we're not close, not like we used to be. We're just going through the motions and I'm not happy anymore."

"And you pick now to discuss this? Good move, Gina." Grabbing the box, he hoisted it up and moving past her, shot her a nasty look.

Closing her eyes, Gina drew in a deep breath before grabbing a box from the back of the truck. Okay, sure, she could have picked a better time to talk about their relationship, but did he have to be such a dick about it?

"Hey, Gina. Nice day today, huh? Perfect for paranormal activity."

She glanced up at the impending storm before responding to Steven. "I hadn't even noticed." Her mind had been elsewhere for the better part of the day.

Taking the box from her, Steven nudged her with his shoulder. "What's on your mind today?"

Where to start? Steven was a long time friend of both she and James. James had gone to school with Steven and it so happened that she and James had met through her dating Steven. It was a complicated bizarre friendship but they all got along. "I told James we need to separate."

Steven stopped short and turning to her, she saw the shock on his face. "What? Why?"

"Please, don't tell me you haven't noticed the strain between us these past few months."

"Well...maybe a little."

"More than a little. We hardly talk aside from business and even then it's direct and without feeling." She let out a long sigh, suddenly feeling the need to cry. "What went wrong?" Setting the box down, Steven took her in his arms and stroked her back. "Come over for a drink tomorrow and we'll have a long talk about it."

"Are the two of you planning on standing around all day or helping?" James remarked snidely as he grabbed the box Steven had set on the ground. Without even glancing at them, he marched to the house.

"See," Gina sniffled as she stepped out of his arms. "Normally, he would have joked about us cheating on him before slugging you in the arm and kissing my head. Now nothing." She was not going to cry now.

He's been a little...off lately. Let me talk with him and see if I can pry something out of him."

"Don't hold your breath. He doesn't talk much these days." "Think positive," he added with a tap of his thumb to her chin. She'd been trying to think positive, but...



Setting the second box down on the floor, James wiped his brow and looked around the house he was there to investigate. It was a typical bungalow style house, no upper floor, an unfinished basement that had a simple furnace, water heater and laundry facility. The main floor was just as average with a kitchen the size of a walk in closet, dining room not much bigger, living room large enough to hold a full sectional couch, TV stand and several plants which had bitten the dust. There were three bedrooms, one bathroom. And the owners had hired him to try to evict the non-paying entities that were terrorizing them.

Yet he couldn't give a damn.

Where had that enthusiasm gone that he'd had so many years ago? What happened to the excitement he felt when he first took on a new case? He wished he knew. Now, it seemed like a chore more than anything.

He began pulling his equipment out, getting ready to do another job that he didn't give a shit about. The family had vacated a few days ago, opting to stay with family while the investigation began on the spirit invading their home. James was glad they wouldn't be underfoot. Normally he preferred to have the owners, or complainants around while he investigated. They gave him input and helped him find the entity. But this time he just wanted to get in and get it done.

And the sooner the better.

"Whoa, small place."

James acknowledged Steven with a nod as he pulled out the cameras.

"Shouldn't be too hard to work it."

"Time will tell."

"Okay, what's up with you, man? I thought it was just me but Gina tells me differently."

"Is that what you two were doing outside, *discussing me*?" Standing, James zeroed in on Steven with a heated glare.

"Why do you say it like that?"

"Like what?" Why had he said anything at all? He should have just kept his mouth shut and gone about his work.

"With an ulterior connotation to it. She was upset—"

"And so you comforted her. Whatever. She wants to separate so if you want another shot at her, go for it." Steven stopped him, and though James was not in the mood to talk, he stopped what he was doing to give his friend the attention he seemed to need.

"She loves you. Why can't you see that?"

Lately, it seemed everything was a dark shade of grey. How was he supposed to see anything? "She doesn't love me anymore. She's not happy with me so why should I keep her back."

James went about pulling out the infrared cameras, the thermo guns and video recorders wishing he had told Steven he could do this one alone. He wished he'd told Gina the same thing.

"What's going on with you, man? You don't seem yourself lately. What's up?"

"I'm just tired. Can we get this done already." Leaving his friend standing in the living room, James headed to the kitchen with his Electromagnetic Field detector. There was a spike that told him he was within range of power lines. Something a trained professional paranormal investigator would recognize. He'd been doing this for so long he could almost do it with his eyes closed.

But where would the fun be in that?

The meter spiked again, only this time he recognized it as paranormal. Well, that and the voice he'd just heard. Or had he?

You think you can push me out? I'm here to stay, buddy.

Again, a spike. "I don't think it, pal. I know it."

"You know talking to yourself is the first sign of insanity."

Surprised by Steven's entrance, James jumped, which annoyed the hell out of him. He hated showing his jumpiness and after all these years of dealing with the afterlife, he shouldn't be jumpy. "I hear those white jackets are comfortable. Got a spike in here." Why didn't he tell his friend he'd just heard a ghost talk to him? Because maybe he was going insane. Something was wrong with him, even he knew that. He'd felt out of sorts lately, down, moody. Maybe his brain was finally snapping.

"Yeah? How big?" Steven asked, leaning over James' shoulder to look at the meter.

"Seven."

"Whoa, that's a strong one. I didn't get anything in the living room. Maybe this is the hotspot."

"We'll decide that after we check all the other rooms." As he turned, Gina came into the room. There wasn't even the slightest spark when he looked at her. Not like it once had been. Now, all he saw was a woman with an ordinary body, brown hair and a round face.

"What are we discussing?" she asked, her eyes meeting her husband's.

"James got a spike in here of seven."

"Get out!" She turned from Steven to James. "Did you feel any-thing?"

"Nothing. I'm going to check the bedrooms."

"I was just about to do that myself," Gina added with an obvious sigh in her voice.

"Fine, take the hand held digital video camera and see if you pick anything up. James take the basement." He left the room without so much as a smile for his wife. He just didn't have it in him.

He took the first bedroom to the left, which he deduced was the couple's bedroom. In the center against the back wall stood a queen sized bed adorned in ordinary brown covering. The walls were in a cream color and the curtains in the same dull brown. Wow, talk about boring.

"Well, isn't this a cheery room."

"To each their own, I suppose." Holding up the EMF, he walked around the room. "Got the camera ready?"

"Aimed and raring to go."

He felt a surge of heat shoot through him just as the meter detected a presence. "Are you getting this?"



Gina wasn't sure what James had just said. She heard his voice, saw his lips move but his voice was so muffled the words were unclear. The only thing catching her attention right now was the strong aroma of cologne and the powerful surge of energy spiking through her body.

"Gina."

The snapping of his fingers in her face came through loud and clear. "What?" She blinked, drew in a deep breath. Was it hot in here or was it just her?

"Are you picking anything up on the camera?"

"Oh," she laughed and held the camera up and scanned the room. Her mind suddenly seemed so foggy, so...preoccupied.

He wishes his hands were on your body.

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. Do you see anything?"

She gave her head a shake. "Nothing." She was sure she'd heard someone speak.

He wants to feel your ripe hot skin against the palm of his hand. Feel the way your breasts come alive when he touches them.

"Stop fooling around, James."

He stopped, turned to her with an annoyed look on his face. "I'm not fooling around. What the hell is wrong with you?"

She cleared her throat. If he wasn't talking to her, then who was? "Sorry."

"There is definitely a spike here. Let's see what the other rooms are like."

He wants to taste your flesh, drink in its fluids as he slides his tongue along your —

"There is something here. We should look into it deeper."

"I want to, but I also want to see if the other rooms have a spike as well."

Eyeing the room, she left with her husband, feeling overheated and more than a little horny. They entered the bedroom across the hall with the heated sensation following her. "Is it really hot in this place?"

"Grab the thermometer and let's see what the temp is."

"Then you feel it too?"

"Yeah."

"I'll be right back." She left the room, blowing cold air over her face.



She's getting moist for you.

He'd never heard voices before. Never on the job or in his daily life. But he couldn't deny the coincidence as the voice echoed in his head registered on the EMF. Her body aches to be touched by you, to be pleased by you.

"Little do you know, buddy. She hasn't wanted me in a good long time."

"Here you go. There's a baseline temp of twenty degrees Celsius in the other room. It didn't change as I was walking through the hall."

Startled by her appearance, James cleared his throat and held up the EMF. "Got another spike. So far, the kitchen and two bedrooms are registering activity. Let's check the third bedroom."

She longs to feel you in her hands, to know as you grow to harden you grow because of her.

He left the room, feeling a tightness in his groin, something he hadn't felt in a long time.

"Temp in here is the same as the other room," Gina announced as she entered the third bedroom. "I'm not as hot in here as I was in the other room though. Maybe we should test the temp in the first room."

"There's a spike in this room as well. But you're right, we should check the temperature in the first bedroom." Leading the way, he entered the first bedroom and the heat seared into him.

"Major spike in temperature here. We have a hot spot."

She wasn't kidding. He was feeling it right to his toes. "See anything now on the camera?"

"Hang on. Here, take this."

He took the thermometer and as their hands touched her felt the heat engorge him.

"Oh...wow."

He took a deep breath. "What?"

"Did you just ... feel something?"

"Like what?" Like he didn't know.

Her body craves you, needs you to fill her. She wants you on top, pressing yourself to her, separating her as you thrust inside.

"I don't know. Like...a warm...sexual desire?"

So it wasn't just him. "I did. Interesting."

"Was anything like this mentioned in the file?"

"The couple said they felt things in the bedroom, weird things, scary things but nothing too specific." He hadn't really urged them to explain what they meant. Which wasn't like him and only added credence to his thoughts of something being wrong with him. He just didn't care like he once did.

"And you didn't ask?"

"No, I didn't ask." His remark was short and filled with a great deal of attitude. "What do you pick up on the camera?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?" Scooping the camera out of her hand, he held it up and scanned the room.

"Just what I said, nothing, but feel free to see that for yourself."

He was, and it pissed him off. "We got a tricky one."

"Hey," Steve poked his head in the room. "I just got a call from my mom. My dad was in a car accident and I need to get to the hospital."

"Oh my God! How is he?" Gina asked, putting a hand on his arm.

"Banged up but she's all by herself and scared. Can you spare me for a few hours?"

"Go. You know you don't have to ask that. Give her a hug for me and tell your dad to get better soon." The Mills family was like his family and visa versa for Steven towards the Edwards family. They'd grown up together and their families spent plenty of time together.

"If you need me, I'm just a call away."

"Wow. I hope it's not too serious," Gina added after Steven had left.

"Me too."

"That is the first time I've heard emotion in your voice in a long time."

It was the first time he'd felt emotion in a long time. "We have a job to do right now, so let's do it."

"And then it's gone," she sighed, plopping down on the bed.

She's ready for you. Take her now.

"I'm going to check out the basement, since Steve didn't mention any readings." He left his wife on the bed, his loins aching, his body hot. Was he a fool? Hell yeah. But what if he started something and couldn't follow through. It wasn't like he'd had many hard-on's lately.

You're a fool, man. Leaving a gorgeous woman primed and ready for you.

Gorgeous. Yeah, he supposed Gina was gorgeous. He just hadn't noticed it much lately. But there had been a time when he couldn't keep his hands off of her. They'd had sex day and night, never seeming to get enough of each other.

Now was another story. When was the last time they'd had sex? "I need to know something, James."

Startled by his wife's voice, he spun around, nearly hitting his head on the doorjamb as he stepped down to the basement.

"Are you having an affair?"

"What?" he laughed which only made Gina frown more. "No, I'm not having an affair."

"Then what is it? Do you not find me attractive anymore?"

"This isn't the time or place for this discussion." He took the stairs down, watching his meter carefully. So far there were no spikes other than the ones indicating power lines nearby.

"Maybe this is the perfect time. What the—"

He turned just as she stumbled down the second last step and right into his arms.

Can you feel her breasts against your chest? Don't they feel right, tempting?

His arms wrapped around her body, he felt her heavy breathing as her breasts pressed against his chest. Her eyes were blue...he'd forgotten that. And she smelled like sin.

You want her. Now have her.

"I miss you, James."

Releasing her, he turned his back and began walking about the basement. Toys were scattered about the floor. Kid's bikes, building blocks, race cars left as they had played with them the last time they'd been here. And if he didn't manage to get rid of the entity, they wouldn't be playing here again.

"I don't believe you're not having an affair. Do I know her? Is she better than me? Oh now that's a stupid question. You wouldn't be fucking her if she wasn't. God, I'm such a fool. How long?"

Apparently, they were having this discussion now whether he liked it or not. "I'm not having an affair, Gina."

"Then why don't you want me? Why don't you look at me like you used to?"

"I don't know. I just...just don't know." He set the camera and EMF detector on the tiny kids table then ran a hand through his hair. "I just don't...feel anything lately."

She set the thermometer beside the camera and EMF then looked up at him. "Is it me?"

"No, I think it's me. I don't know. I'm just not...happy I guess."

"I've noticed. What can I do to make you feel better?"

Tell her. Let her make you feel again.

"I wish I knew. God, Gina." He swiped a hand through his hair as he wandered the basement. "When did everything become so...boring. So mundane?"

"We've been working non-stop for months. When was the last time we had a vacation? Maybe we both just need to get away for a while." She wants to get away with you so you can torment her with your hands and tongue. Why don't you give her a taste of that now. Let her touch you, feel you, get you hard. Remember how her hands feel on you, how they stroke with such precision.

He remembered. "Maybe we do." Turning back to her, he saw the woman he'd fallen in love with so many years ago. She was beautiful, and he missed her so. "I do love you, Gina. I never stopped."

She went to him now, her eyes glistening with happy tears. "Oh, James. I love you too."

He took her in his arms, holding her tight against him and sunk into the lips he hadn't realized how much he'd missed until now. Her taste was familiar yet new, refreshing. Soft satin lips caressing his and making him want what he hadn't in a very long time. And he wanted more. His hand skimmed up along her sides coming to rest just under the swell of her breasts. He slid his tongue out, caressing her bottom lip before dipping it into the warmth of her mouth. Using only his thumbs, he grazed her breasts and instantly felt the reaction from her.

"Here?"

"Why not?"

"It's not our home," she panted against his mouth as his thumbs teased her to erection.

"Do you want some excitement in our lives, Gina?" His hands slid down then trailing under her shirt to cup her cotton covered breasts in his palms.

Her head tipped back and she moaned. "Yes...but this is work."

He undid the clasp in the front freeing her breasts from their prison. "We've never done it at work before, with spirits watching us. It's kind of a turn on." He nibbled on her ear taking great satisfaction in hearing her quick intake of breath.

"What if ... what if Steven shows up?"

"What if he does? Do you want me, Gina?" He grazed his teeth over her chin and felt her chest heave.

"Yes, James. Yes."

He walked her to the wall, pressing her back to the cool cement. His mouth urgently devoured hers while his hand, needy, went in search for that familiar satin. Releasing the snap and zipper on her jeans, he dipped his hand inside to toy with her. He found her hot and ready.

"God, yes..." she panted, spreading her legs to allow him to feel more of her.

"Touch me, Gina."

With urgent hands, she yanked at his jeans until she had them open. His hard-on bounced free to land in the palm of her hand. The instant she curled her fingers around him, he felt the heat scorch him. She stroked him, first, slowly, then quickening in several strokes before slowing again. She knew just what he liked.

And he knew what she liked as well.

The tip of his index finger teased her clit, circling it in just the way she liked. But when he felt her climax nearing, he pulled his hand away.

"James!"

"I want all of you." Grabbing the hem of her shirt, he pulled it over her head then cupped each breast in the palm of his hands. The instant his mouth touched the tip she gasped, arching her back. He teased each one with his tongue as he slowly slid her pants down her hips.

Touch her. Make her wet. Make her squirm.

"Did you hear that?"

"Ssshhh, just enjoy." He grazed his tongue along her belly then lifting one leg, sunk into the heat.

"Oh, God!

Drink her up. Lap up the nectar that was created for you.

"James, do you hear someone talking?" she panted, gyrating her hips as his mouth lapped her up.

"Yes." Then he sunk back into her nectar. The idea that they were being watched, even if it wasn't a living human being, was a turn on.

"Maybe...maybe we... stop. Oh God! Yes, yes."

She climaxed and he drank her in feeling the surge of erotic energy spiking inside of him.

"You're turn." She pulled him up, kissing his mouth before sinking down to her knees.

He looked down at her as she took him in her mouth. He was sure his eyes had crossed when she took him in all the way. "Sweet God! I'd forgotten what a cleaver mouth you have." And it was currently driving him wild. Her mouth slid up, her tongue swirled over the tip before her mouth engulfed him. With each stroke he felt himself nearing his climax. Then she clamped onto his balls and his body let go.

"Sweet fuck, Gina!" Was all he managed as she drank him down. Yet amazingly enough, he was far from done and as she rose to meet his lips, he saw she wanted more as well.

"Take me," she demanded, hooking one leg around his waist and sliding over him.

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More than happy to oblige he gripped her hips and plunged. He felt her twitching around him, clamping on and sucking him in. He pumped her like he'd never pumped her before. She wrapped her legs around his waist and rode him like a wild woman. He felt her gush seconds before she cried out with her release. Signaling his own, he poured himself into her with several hard deep thrusts.

"More," she demanded, bouncing on him, biting his ear, flicking the lobe with her tongue.

His legs weak, he carried her to the sofa and sitting down, kept her on his lap. She gyrated over him, her breasts hypnotizing him as she bounced up and down. Unable to resist, he took one in his mouth while his hands clamped onto her butt. She rode him with wild abandonment and much to his surprise, they both climaxed again.

She collapsed against him, breathing heavily. "I have no energy left but I can't seem to get enough."

He felt the exact same way. "It's been a while," he laughed and laying her on the sofa, rested above her. "I love you."

She cupped his face in her palms, smiling. "I love you, too."

"I don't want to separate."

"Me either."

You are one, again.

"We should probably do our job," Gina panted, moving her hips up and down.

"Probably." Yet he couldn't find the will to pull out of her.

Together always, as one.

"What is he saying?" Gina panted, her nails sliding along her husband's back. "What does he mean?"

"I don't know, but we'll deal with him when we're done." He couldn't help himself. It was as if his hips were no longer under his control. His body was tired but his sexual need was more intense.

You will never be done.

"What did he mean...Oh!"

James felt her gush over him, her body contracting and sucking him in drawing out his own climax. He pushed inside and let himself go. As the orgasm continued, pulsating in erotic rhythm he felt as if they were floating. Looking up, he saw the face before him. "Jesus!"

"What?" She looked up and her face froze. "Oh my God!" You are mine now!

Their screams filled the air then slowly began to fade.

Calmness came about the house, but it was far from finished.

Biography

Raised on a rural farm in Saskatchewan, Shiela Stewart relied on her vivid imagination to fill her days. Never did she realize that her need to tell a story would someday lead to becoming a published romance author. In the fall of two thousand and six, Shiela published her very first book and hasn't stopped since.

When not writing, Shiela spends time with the love of her life, William and their three children. She has a strong affection for animals which is evident in the five cats, one dog, three turtles and ten fish she owns. Some of her passions aside from writing are drawing and painting and proudly displays her artwork in murals in her home.

Her favorite time of day is sunset and loves to stargaze.

Other Books by Shiela Stewart

Discovery in Passion: Passion Series Book 1 Escape in Passion: Passion Series Book 2 Mercy in Passion: Passion Series Book 3 Seducing the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 1 Desiring the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 2 Embracing the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 3 Charming the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 4 Tempting the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 5 Penetrating the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 6 Consuming the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 7 Surviving the Darkness: Darkness Series Book 8