

The background of the book cover is a close-up, artistic photograph of a person's skin. It shows a large, rounded breast on the left and a smooth, curved leg on the right. The skin is a warm, golden-brown color. In the background, there are hints of leopard-print fabric and a shimmering, sequined material. The overall mood is sensual and intimate.

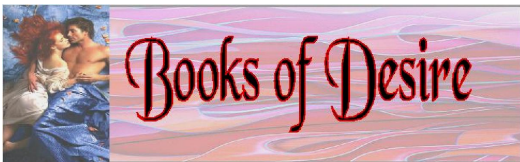
# Untraceable Pleasures

# Victoria Calaway

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by

**Victoria Calaway**



**United States of America**

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# *Untraceable Pleasures*

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## Chapter One

Whitney Latham sat in the real estate office conference room, waiting to sign the papers to buy her new house. She nervously fumbled with the cashier's check in her hand, still wondering exactly what was wrong with the house. She'd had it inspected for the second time just yesterday, and the man told her the same thing the first one had - it was in perfect condition. *So, why are they asking only half the value?* she wondered for the fifth time since seeing the house.

She had to admit it was a beautiful house, sitting at the end of a cul-de-sac, with a perfectly manicured lawn. The house had three bedrooms, three and a half baths, a large living room, dining room, kitchen with breakfast area, den with fireplace, laundry room, and a spacious garage. As far as the inspectors could see, everything worked perfectly. The house had been freshly painted inside and out, and new carpet and tile had been installed throughout.

The agent, the seller, and his attorney entered the room, interrupting her thoughts.

The real estate agent and the attorney put papers on the table, then took seats. They passed papers to the seller, showing him where to initial and sign, which he did, then the papers were passed to her.

“Hold up,” Whitney said, causing the others to look at her. “I want to know why this house is going so cheap. I’m not stupid. Something has to be wrong. Are the neighbors assholes, or something?”

“No, of course not,” the seller told her. “It’s a very nice neighborhood, no crime that I’m aware of, and they have a neighborhood watch going.”

“It has to be the house, then,” she insisted. “What’s wrong with it?”

The seller looked at her. “Nothing. It belonged to my uncle and aunt. They had no children, so they left it to me. I have no need for it, and I don’t want to rent it out. Tenants are too destructive, as I’ve come to learn, and in today’s economy, I reduced the price for a quick sale. They kept the house in pristine condition, as you have seen. All I had done to it was

the new paint, carpet, and tile. I thought that whoever bought it would appreciate that.”

Whitney nodded. “That’s true.” She looked at the papers and back at him. “Your aunt and uncle...did they say anything bad about the house? You know. it’s illegal to not disclose everything.”

“I’m aware of that, and no, they never said anything about the house in a negative way.”

“Did anyone die in it?” she blurted.

“Not that I know of. The house was built in 1987. My aunt and uncle bought it in 1990, if I remember correctly. They’d been in it since. My uncle passed away in a hospital two years ago, and my aunt died last year, also in the hospital.”

Looking at the papers again, then at the check in her hand, she thought it over once more. She would never find another house at that price, in that condition. She could afford the bills on her salary, for she had outlined a budget to be sure. She would even have money left over to put into her savings, in case an emergency should arise.

Pulling a corner of her bottom lip between her teeth, she picked up the pen and signed the papers. She then passed the check, and soon, she walked out with copies of the papers and the keys to the house. Now, to pack and move in.



Every evening after work, Whitney would take things she did not need over to her new house. She hung pictures on the walls, new blinds on the windows, put her winter clothes at the back of the closet, and unused blankets and linens in a cedar window seat compartment in the bedroom.

She re-used boxes and unpacked as soon as she got there. She hired movers to come for the heavy furniture at the end of the month, by which time, everything else had been moved in and unpacked.

The locks had been changed the day after she bought the house, not sure who had been given keys in the past, and she'd had the security system code changed.



The movers left, and Whitney put fresh linens on the bed, then she stripped for a soak in the whirlpool bath. Nude, she padded to the bathroom, and bent over to turn on the taps.

The next instant, Whitney felt something hard and cold enter her. She tried to jerk up, but her legs touched the side of the tub, and pressure on her head kept her from straightening.

“Stop! Let go!” she shrieked, trying to straighten. She had to put her hands on the ledge of the tub to prevent her head being shoved into it.

Long, slow, sensual thrusts moved in and out of her. “Oh, God,” Whitney moaned, still pinned in her bent over position, the sensations beginning to overcome anything else she felt. “Please, stop. Don’t do this!”

The thrusts quickened, seemingly touching every sensitive nerve inside her, putting pressure on her most sensitive spot.

Her body betrayed her mental state, as her pelvis began to undulate, meeting the thrusts into her. As she did so, the thrusts became harder and faster,

going so deep into her that she began to whimper and tremble.

Whitney felt something warm run down her leg. She had never experienced that before and didn't know what was happening to her.

As she continued to be impaled, Whitney felt her insides start to tighten, and the next moment, she emitted a hoarse, deep scream, a gush of fluids spewed from her, and as her legs buckled, she was released, and whatever had impaled her withdrew.

Whitney sank to the small rug beside the tub, and when she turned to see who had assaulted her, the room was empty. She broke down into tears.

When she could move, she managed to get over into the tub, wanting to wash away the ooze that came from her and ran down her legs. Her mind had gone too numb to think further of her safety.



Shakily, Whitney bathed, and when she finished, she wrapped herself in a towel, then went in search of a robe.

Knowing she had turned on the alarm, no one could have gotten out without setting it off. That meant whoever assaulted her must still be in the house. Suddenly realizing this, she reached for the phone and called the police.



Several officers came, and while two stayed with her and took her statement, the others searched every area of the house, including the attic space. They found nothing. Since there was no basement, and the house sat on a slab, there seemed nothing more they could do.

“Did you find any hidden compartments in the walls?” she asked, making them look at her as if she’d sprouted two heads.

“No, there’s nothing like that,” one officer assured her.

“We need to get you over to the hospital. We’ll need a rape kit.”

Whitney shook her head. “You don’t understand. I took a bath. Besides, whatever it was, didn’t do... it was hard and cold, like metal or something. It wasn’t a man’s... you know.”

The officer looked at her with surprise. “He used a foreign object?”

Whitney nodded. “I couldn’t see since I was attacked from behind, but I believe so.”

“Why did he stop?”

Her cheeks reddened. “I guess...I mean... I ended up...I...” She noticed he continued to watch her, which made her temper rise. “I had an orgasm! OK? Then he left me alone.”

The officer scratched his head, looking at her with disbelief. “You’re telling me that someone sexually assaulted you, and you *enjoyed* it?”

“Get out!” she screamed, starting to cry. “Get the hell out!”

He sensed her hysteria, and tried to calm her by apologizing and saying they would investigate it further.

Unable to handle anymore, Whitney ordered them all to leave, and in minutes, she was alone.

*The audacity of him!* she thought bitterly. She'd called them for help, and they'd done everything but! She knew not to call those stooges again!

Resigned to the fact that they would not find her attacker, if they even bothered to look, Whitney re-set the alarm, and went to bed.



Sometime during the night, Whitney awakened to the feel of hands on her breasts. She slapped at them, only to end up striking herself. She scrambled from the bed, and saw a shadow move in the semi-darkness.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "How are you getting in?"

The shadow moved to the wall, and Whitney found the lamp and switched it on.

The room glowed in the soft light, but no one was there. The bedroom door was still closed. Puzzled, Whitney hurriedly crossed the room and stepped into the hall.

Nothing.

Deciding that whoever this was, came only to get his jollies, and had no intention of hurting her. If he had been, he'd have left her dead last night. Of that much she was sure. *Not to mention he made me cum all over myself*, she thought, realizing her ex-husband had certainly never made her feel the way that had. With that thought, she went back into her room, closed and locked the door, and went back to bed.



Whitney awakened again, the feel of something cool between her legs. She always slept nude, but she had covered with the sheet. The sheet now lay at her feet, and her legs were spread apart.

She felt coolness against her, almost cold, and then her clit was touched and massaged. Whitney gasped at the sensations, and she automatically brought her legs up and wide. She couldn't see anything, could only feel, and it felt gloriously good.

Her legs quivered as the bud was touched and stroked, then it felt sucked. Whitney gasped and arched her hips. Unable to control the passion that soared through her, Whitney cried out as an orgasm washed over her. The next moment, she was mounted, but she couldn't see anyone. She felt when she was entered, the thrusts as wonderfully sensuous as in the bathroom.

As burning passion coursed through her, Whitney couldn't think, couldn't stop herself, and soon, her body was convulsed in an orgasm that had her crying out, writhing, and breathless.

## Chapter Two

Whitney over-slept and arrived late at work on Monday morning. She felt hung over, tired, and her body ached. She had no idea who the person was that came to her in the night, but he'd awakened her twice more during Saturday night, and three times on Sunday night. It wore her out.

"You look...I'm not sure how to describe it," her friend and co-worker, Carolyn, told her later in the afternoon..

"Terrible?" Whitney suggested.

"Well, yeah. Sorry, Whit, but you do look like you didn't sleep a wink."

"What would you say if you moved into a house, and someone attacked you?"

Carolyn's eyes went wide. "You're serious? You were..." She left the sentence unfinished.



"I'm not sure what you'd call it," she admitted. She described what happened over the weekend, beginning in the bathroom, then throughout the last two nights, without giving graphic details.

"Damn!" Carolyn managed, her tone incredulous. "What did the police say? Have there been other incidences like that in the area?"

"Those clowns?" Whitney laughed bitterly. "You must be kidding! It was like having the *Keystone Cops* in my house. I'm surprised they weren't running into each other, knocking each other down. He *has* to be in the house somewhere. After the way they treated me, I didn't dare call them back."

"I want to come to your house," Carolyn teased, her grin full of mischief.

"Yeah, you do that, then explain to your husband why you're worn out."

She laughed. "Might be fun!"

Whitney lifted a finely arched brow. "Go on, laugh if you want. I'm telling you, he doesn't let up until you have an orgasm, and even then, he comes back! The thing is, you can't see him. He runs off so fast, you'd

think he was a track runner, and then he returns when it's dark. Go ahead, try it. Just don't get naked. That's when he gets you!"

Carolyn couldn't help laughing, although she felt for her friend's dilemma. She sobered, and said, "I'm glad you aren't hurt. It could have been a lot worse."

"I know." Tears stung her eyes. "One of the cops made me feel dirtier than I already felt."

"I'm sorry," Carolyn said gently. "They can be asses, treating you like you were asking for it. Did they discover how he got in?"

Whitney shook her head,. "The alarm system was on, and there were no broken windows. I turned the alarm off when they arrived. He had to be in the house. He came back *after* they left."

"Did they search everywhere?"

"They said they did, even the attic, and when I asked if there were any hidden compartments in the walls, you'd have thought I was an alien with two heads or something."

"Want me to come over and help you search the place?"

Whitney's eyes gleamed. "You'd do that? I'm almost scared to do it by myself. There's safety in numbers, I guess."

"Sure, I'll help. I'll follow you home from work. You have flashlights?"

Whitney nodded. "I keep several in case of power outages."

"Good. Have you figured out what he's using?"

"No. Just something hard and cold...and big."

Carolyn's brows shot up. "How big?"

"Not too big, but big enough!" Her face flamed. "Let's just say...if it had been any bigger, I don't think I could have taken it."

"Damn!" She licked her lips. "I think you need company for the night!"

Whitney shook her head. "You're fruity."

"Yeah, but I'm fun!" She laughed, then looked at her watch. "Time to get out of here. :I'll follow you."



For hours, they searched the house, top to bottom and end to end. They crawled every inch of the attic, felt every wall, and even the floor in case there was a trap door. They found nothing out of the ordinary.

Whitney sat in the middle of her bedroom floor, having just searched under the bed. “I don’t get it. Not a trace of anything.”

“There’s nothing in here, either,” Carolyn stated, coming from the closet. “I checked every inch of the walls in there, including the ceiling. Maybe he left after he got what he wanted?”

She propped her elbows on her knees, then her chin in her hands. “I checked all the windows, too. They have double locks, and they’re all latched. Surely he’s not doing this for *my* benefit? What’s *he* getting out of it?”

Carolyn sat on the edge of the bed. “I have no idea, unless that’s how he gets his. Making a woman have multiple orgasms is no easy feat.”

Whitney shivered. “It sure didn’t seem difficult for him.” She sighed heavily. “Nobody’s ever had me

going wild like that. You wouldn't think something cold could feel so damn good."

"Damn!" She shook her head. "'I'm going to tell my husband, and see if he has any ideas. He's a private investigator, remember, so he might be able to help better than the police."

"Police," she repeated with sarcasm. "Just because I had an orgasm, he accused me of enjoying it. That's like going swimming and almost drowning, and then they drag you out of the water and tell you not to enjoy breathing again. I hadn't been touched since three years before my divorce, so naturally, when he was so damn gentle and sensuous, I couldn't help it. Even if he did hold my head so I couldn't straighten up, he didn't hurt me. The same thing when he woke me up. Gentle and sensuous."

"Damn!" Carolyn put her hand to her crotch. "I need some of him! I'm sure not getting enough at home."

"You would here," Whitney retorted. "More than enough."

“Speaking of home,” she said, looking at her watch, “I hate to leave you with the nympho, but I have to get home and make dinner.”

“All right.” Whitney got to her feet. “Thank you for coming over. I appreciate it. If it happens again, now that we know he’s not in the house, I might need your husband’s help.”

“Sure thing. I’m going to tell him what happened to you. Maybe he can do some snooping around and find out if anyone else around here has had the same problem.”

They walked to the front door together. “I hope no one else has, but at the same time, I can hope someone has seen him prowling around, or if they have had the same thing happen, maybe they got a glimpse of him. It’s very unnerving, to say the least. You feel extremely violated.”

Carolyn nodded as she reached for the door handle. “I’m sure. If you need to talk about it, you know where to find me. Call any time.”

Whitney hugged her. “Thank you. See you tomorrow.”

Once Carolyn left, Whitney closed and double locked the door, then set the alarm. She didn't want to think she'd been sold the house because of some pervert prowling around, but that was exactly what she thought. *No telling what the poor old lady suffered before she died.*

Perhaps she should call another home security company, she thought, wondering if the guy who installed the code would dare to abuse his job and be the one coming back. Thinking that could be highly possible, she would take care of that first thing tomorrow when she got to work.

With that decision made, she went to the kitchen and made a quick salad, sat down with it to watch a little television, feeling a tiny bit better that Carolyn had helped her search the house and couldn't find anyone, nor a secret way in and out.



After a hot shower, Whitney padded toward the bed, a towel in her hand to dry her hair, and another

around her body. Nervously, she decided to check the closet, then the windows. She locked her bedroom door before removing the towel from her body.

As she reached to turn down the sheet, she was pushed forward, hard enough to make her fall face down on the mattress. The next instant, she was impaled by the same cold, hard shaft as before. She tried to reach behind her to touch whoever kept doing this to her, but discovered she couldn't reach him

"Stop! Get off me! Let me go!" Arms flailing, she tried to get up, but she was pinned to the bed. She couldn't even lift her head.

The thrusts in and out of her were long and sensuous again, almost a gyration as he thrust in and out of her. Then she felt something hard and cold enter her rectum, making her cry out.

"Please, stop doing this to me!" she pleaded, again trying to get up.

The movements in and out of her rectum matched the thrusts into her hot, wet heat, and Whitney whimpered as sensations coursed through her to



make her blood heat. Wetness flooded her, and she could hear the sounds it made as he smacked into her.

The thrusts became harder and faster, and if he went any deeper, she felt sure she would faint. He rode her hard and fast, and Whitney gripped the sheets as she felt that peak building in her again.

"I'm going to cum," she whimpered. "'If you're going to do this to me, at least cum inside me!"

There came no answer, just harder thrusting, and whatever had been inserted in her rectum was withdrawn. She then felt her clit being stroked, causing her to lift her hips and spread her legs wider.

Whitney began to quiver, and as she felt the tremendous building deep in her, she pressed her face to the mattress. When her body exploded, she screamed as her body jerked and exploded. She felt a spew of fluid that ran down both legs, and then her legs gave way. Only the upper half of her body lay on the bed, her feet touching the floor, as her orgasm started to subside, leaving her weak and dizzy. She felt the shaft withdraw, but she was too weak to do

anything as her knees gave away. She knew he had not spewed his sperm into her, for when he withdrew, he was still hard, although no longer cold. It felt like a cock, she thought, but because it was cold when it entered her, she felt certain it wasn't a real one.

Sliding partly off the bed to rest more on her knees, she broke down into hard sobs. She hated it that her body responded against her will. If she made another report to the police, they wouldn't believe her.

She picked up the phone by the bed, and dialed Carolyn's number.

## Chapter Three

While waiting for Carolyn and Rob to arrive, Whitney cleaned herself up with a washcloth, put on underwear, a nightshirt, and pulled on a lightweight terry-cloth robe.

Just as she turned off the alarm, her doorbell sounded. She flung the door open, and sagged with relief to see Carolyn and Rob.

"He did...did it again," she sobbed. "You have to believe me. I'm not making this up."

"Shh," Carolyn soothed, putting her arms around Whitney. "I believe you. Why wouldn't I?"

"I...I don't know. It sounds kooky, I know." She sniffed and wiped her tears. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to go bonkers on you."

"It's all right," Rob told her, brushing past them to enter the house. "Stay here. If you see anybody

other than me, press the panic button on your alarm system.”

Whitney nodded, and the two of them watched him as he went farther into the house.

Almost an hour later, Rob returned, putting a gun into a shoulder holster under his jacket. “There’s nobody here, Whitney. I don’t know what to tell you. There are no signs of a break-in, no signs of a struggle in your room other than the sheet rumped, the other bedrooms are empty, and I saw nothing in the attic. There’s absolutely no trace of anything.”

Whitney covered her face with her hands and shook her head, then looked at them. “I don’t know what’s going on, but I was as wide awake as I am right now. I’d just taken a shower.”

“Let me do some checking around. I’ll see what I can find out from the neighbors, do some research on the area. Can you deal with it until I find out something?”

“I’m not physically hurt,” Whitney stated. “It’s just unnerving to be screwed into a mindless blob by

someone you don't know that's using some kind of object. It feels like a real one, but it can't be."

"I wouldn't think something cold would be real," he agreed. "Do you have someone you could stay with? I mean, we would offer you a room, but our son is in from college for the week."

Whitney shook her head. "No, I understand. That's all right. I wouldn't want to impose, anyway." She chewed a corner of her lip for a moment, then asked Rob, "Could the security system installer have anything to do with this?"

"He *could*, but it's highly unlikely. They'd be risking going to prison. Besides, the company would investigate his background before they hired him."

"No record only means he hasn't been caught yet," Carolyn retorted.

Rob sighed heavily. "I'll check into it."

"Thank you," Whitney told him sincerely. "I'll try to hold it together until he's caught."

"Have you gotten a look at him yet?"

She shook her head. "All I saw was a shadow, one time. The room was fairly dark, just the street light

shining in from a couple of houses down, so it wasn't bright enough to see. All I can tell you is that he's very tall, and he had on some kind of hat. He seemed to have long hair, but that's all I can tell you."

Rob took notes. "That's better than nothing. I'll keep an eye open for any tall men with long hair around the area. Anything else you can remember?"

"No." She thought for a moment. "Sorry. I'm not much help."

"Maybe you should sleep with a lamp on," he suggested.

"That's a good idea," Carolyn agreed. "That way if he shows up, you can get a good look at him."

"I wasn't thinking of getting a look at him," Rob stated. "I was thinking more of keeping him away. Getting a look at him might be too dangerous. He wouldn't want that."

"Leave no witnesses," Whitney stated, her tone low.

"Exactly," Rob agreed. "Keep several lights on here and there. The one over the sink in the kitchen, a bathroom light with the door open, or get night

lights, turn on porch lights, or a lamp in the living room. Lights do deter break-ins.”

“How’s he getting in?” she questioned.

“I don’t know, but I *will* find out.”

Whitney nodded. “Thank you.”

They both gave Whitney a hug, and Rob promised to get started first thing in the morning.

Trying to keep up a brave front, Whitney forced a small smile, and told them goodnight. Once they headed to their car, she closed and locked the door, and set the alarm, even though it seemed to do no good. She left lights on as Rob suggested, and went back to bed.



Leaving lights on *didn't* help matters, Whitney soon discovered, for she found herself on her stomach, being invaded once again, by a hard shaft, just as cold as before. By the time she awakened, she was so enraptured by the passion that she couldn't do

anything other than accept what was being done to her.

A long time later, after several orgasms, he finally withdrew, and Whitney slept from sheer exhaustion.



When she arrived at the office the next morning, Carolyn sat at her desk, waiting to hear if anything else happened.

“Oh, he’s not stopping,” Whitney assured her.

“He was there again after we left?” Her tone was incredulous. “He’s got balls!”

“You could say that,” she quipped. “Even with the lights on, he wasn’t afraid of being there. He held me down on my stomach.”

“So you still didn’t get a good look at him.”

“No,” she stated, even though it hadn’t really been a question.

Carolyn picked up the phone. “I’m calling Rob. He needs to know.”



Whitney sat at her own desk, put her purse away, and turned on the computer. She pulled over a stack of papers and started her data entry.

When Carolyn hung up the phone a few minutes later, she turned to Whitney. “Rob thinks it’s a neighbor, or someone who knows a way in without setting off the alarm. It has to be someone who knows the house extremely well.”

“I changed the locks, all the windows are locked, and I had the security code changed. We have checked every inch of the house, just like the police did, so what else is there to do?”

Carolyn shrugged. “I have no idea. I think we should leave this to Rob.”

Whitney agreed. Sighing heavily, she went back to work.



That evening, when Whitney arrived at home, Rob sat in his car at the curb in front of her house. He got out and met her at the front step.

“I talked to the neighbors. Just told them there had been a break-in. I asked a lot of questions, but got no answers. Nobody seems to have seen anything, and no one else had any incidences. Looks like this guy is targeting your house for some reason. Has anyone been following you?”

“I didn’t think about that,” Whitney admitted. “I haven’t noticed.”

Rob turned and scanned the street, but saw nothing suspicious. “Perhaps you need to be more aware from now on.” He looked at her again. “No one I talked to looked like the man you described, and when I asked if they knew anyone like that, they each said no.”

She unlocked the door, turned off the alarm, and invited him inside. “What do we do now?”

“I’ll keep checking around. It might be a good idea to put up a few surveillance cameras around the perimeter of the house to see how he’s getting in, and get some photos we can use to track him down.”

They went to the kitchen, and Whitney pulled two cans of soda from the refrigerator, handing one to

Rob. They sat on stools at the island counter and popped the soda tops.

"I can't afford that, Rob." She sighed heavily. "Maybe I need a guard dog or something."

"That might be worth considering." He took a long swallow of the soda. "Don't worry about the cost for cameras. I have those, and it doesn't take long to set them up."

"Thank you." A lump rose in her throat. "I'm not getting much sleep. I'm exhausted. He does it two or three times a night. It's making me crazy." Tears burned her eyes.

Rob reached over and squeezed her hand. "We'll get to the bottom of it. I promise."

Whitney nodded. "I hope I can stay sane long enough."

"You will." He gave her a reassuring smile. "I'll go get the equipment. I'll bring Carolyn back with me. She can keep you company while I get it set up."

"Thank you." She walked with him to the front door. "You two can have dinner with me. It's the least I can do.:

Rob smiled. "Sounds great. See you in a bit."



Assuming it wouldn't take long for them to return, Whitney decided on pasta with a rich, meaty sauce, garlic bread, and a salad. She made fresh iced tea, and she sliced up fresh strawberries that she could top with whipped cream.

She looked at her watch, and decided she had enough time to get out of her work clothes before they arrived. She ran up the stairs, grabbed some comfortable slacks and a pull-over blouse, then hurriedly changed before the pervert could grab her and finish stripping her. Rushing, she left her shoes off, but kept on her socks, then raced from the room.

The doorbell sounded as she reached the end of the hall. Relieved to have company, she raced to the door.

Carolyn greeted her with a smile and a box. "This is the recorder for the cameras. Rob is setting up the cameras at all four corners of the house, then he'll

come in and set this up.” She walked into the living room when Whitney stepped back and opened the door wider. “Something smells good!”

“Spaghetti,” Whitney said. “Hope you’re hungry.”

“Starved! Need some help?” She set the box on a chair, then followed Whitney toward the kitchen.

“Everything is ready. I need to set the table and put ice in glasses. I made sweet tea.”

“I’ll help.”

Whitney handed Carolyn glasses, and while she filled them from the ice maker in the freezer, Whitney put out the place settings, then poured noodles and sauce into bowls.

Carolyn put the icy glasses on the table, poured tea into them, then put hot garlic bread on a plate.

“There’s salad in the fridge, and several kinds of dressing. Just grab whatever you like,” Whitney said, putting a stack of paper napkins on the table.

“Okay.” She went to the refrigerator, located the bowl of salad on the bottom shelf, and bent over to get it. The next moment, she jerked upright. “Hey!

What the hell..." She turned to see Whitney on the far side of the room.

Whitney looked at her. "What?"

"Something touched my ass! That's what!" Her eyes were wide. "Are you playing tricks?"

"It wasn't me! I've been right here." She lifted her hand to show she held flatware. "Besides, I don't go for women's asses."

"Well, duh! I know that! I thought you might be playing around because of what's been going on."

"Believe me, I'm not playing around. This crap is nothing to joke about. He's screwing my brains out."

"Damn! I should be so lucky."

Whitney tried not to laugh. "Tell you what. You come sleep in my bed this weekend, and I'll get a motel room. You won't be able to walk come Monday!"

Carolyn laughed. "I'd have a smile on my face that sandblasting couldn't take off."

## Chapter Four

Whitney laughed in spite of the situation, picturing an image of Carolyn walking into the office, hair all mussed, bags under her eyes and walking funny.

“You know, if you don’t have at least two orgasms each time, he doesn’t stop until you do.”

“Damn!” Her eyes went wide. She quickly turned, grabbed the bowl of salad and took it to the table. She sat down and gave Whitney her undivided attention. “Tell me about this *thing* he uses.”

She leaned against the counter. “It feels like a real one, except it’s cold. I haven’t figured that out.”

“Could be one of those stainless steel dildos. I’ve seen them in the toy store.”

“You go *there*?”

“Of course. We have fun!” She laughed at Whitney’s expression. “Rob says he has fun watching me squirm.”

“Oh, geez! I didn’t need to know that!”

They both laughed, then Carolyn asked, “Why won’t he let you see him, if your pleasure is all he’s after?”

Whitney shrugged. “I don’t know. Maybe he loves the mystery of it? I’ve been trying to figure that out myself. I’m also wondering why he’s not using his own...well, instead of the cold one, why not his own? You know what I mean?”

“Could be some guy that wants his jollies, but is afraid he’ll get some disease. After all, he’s coming after you and doesn’t even bother to ask your name, so he wouldn’t know you’re clean. Maybe when he’s done, he’s playing *Butcher Shop on Fire*.”

“*Butcher Shop on Fire*?”

“Yeah, he grabs his meat and beats it.”

Whitney’s mouth flew open in shock. “Oh, my God! I can’t believe you said that!” She burst into laughter. “Can you imagine that? Getting me off, then running somewhere to wank his whacker?”

Carolyn, too, burst into a fit of laughter. “I guess we should laugh. It’s better than crying!”



“You got that right,” Whitney quipped. “Just seems strange that I want to know what he looks like, and I want to ask him questions.”

“Have you?” When Whitney looked puzzled, she added, “Asked him questions.”

“No. I’ve pleaded with him to stop, but he never does. He holds me down and keeps on, but he never hurts me in any way. He just makes it feel so damn good, I can’t help reacting. When it’s over, I feel bad for it. Like, I shouldn’t have orgasms. I end up in tears.”

They heard the front door open and close, and a few seconds later, Rob appeared. “All set up outside.”

“I think we should eat before you set the rest up,” Carolyn suggested. “It’s getting cold.”

“Show me where to wash up,” he said, causing Whitney to move from her position at the counter.

She showed him to the half bath, gave him a bottle of liquid soap and a small towel, and then returned to the kitchen.



Whitney and Carolyn sat on the sofa, after having cleaned up the kitchen, and watched Rob set up recorders for the cameras. He explained they were wireless transmissions, and once he had them plugged in, he showed her how to view them right on her TV screen.

“Whatever method he’s using to get in, we’ll see it on one of these tapes.”

“What about when it gets dark?” Whitney asked.

“You have street lights. That’s enough to get something at the sides and front of the house, but leave the back light on. You might want to install some motion sensor lights on each corner of the house. I’ll install them for you, if you can get them.”

“I can do that, I’m sure. I’ll go tomorrow after work and get someone to help me check it out.”

“Once you have those, we can get a very good picture because the cameras I put up are very high quality.”

“Good,” Whitney replied, sighing with relief. “Maybe we’ll know something soon.”

“Hopefully by tomorrow,” Carolyn said with optimism.

“Just one thing,” Rob stated seriously. “When he’s caught, and you press charges, don’t admit to the cops that you had climaxes. They won’t believe a thing you say, if you do.”

“Yeah, I know.” She lowered her head. “I made that mistake already.”

“Just don’t do it again,” Carolyn warned. “It’s not your fault your body reacts to what he does.”

She looked at her two friends. “I know. He’s never rough, never painful, but it’s unnerving. I guess I can’t explain it very well. I shouldn’t be reacting the way I do. You know?”

“I think you’d be a frigid fish if you didn’t,” Rob stated gently. “Isn’t it better to let him do what he wants, than to fight him and end up dead?”

Whitney seemed to think about it for a moment, then she nodded. “I guess you’re right. Maybe that’s what I don’t understand; why he hasn’t hurt me.”

Tears burned her eyes. “Something else I don’t understand is why the police wouldn’t help. They were pretty mean.”

“They’re always looking for the worst in people, no matter what. Now, if you’d been beat up and bruised, they’d have been more likely to believe you,” Rob said. “When they found no trace evidence, they probably assumed you either made it up for attention, or you were dreaming.”

“It wasn’t a dream, and I wouldn’t make something like that up.” She sniffed and wiped away tears before they spilled down her cheeks.

“We know that,” Carolyn assured her. “That’s why we’re here.”

She gave Carolyn a hug of gratitude. “Thank you.”



That night, Whitney lay awake in her bed, the cool air from the air conditioning vent blew across her nude body. She’d decided to try to get a look at the man, if it were possible. Closing and locking the

bedroom door seemed a moot point, so she left it open. Leaving lights on had only caused him to somehow get her turned over, preventing her from seeing, therefore, she turned lights off throughout the house. The only light filtered in from the street lights, barely illuminating the room..

Brazenly, Whitney bent one knee and let her leg fall to the side, practically inviting him to take her. As she thought about it, the way he felt inside her, the way he brought her to a screaming, mind-blowing orgasm, she grew wet and heat coursed through her.

Her hands went to her breasts, and she stroked her nipples until they were hard peaks. "I want you," she whispered into the room, wondering if he had already gotten into the house.

Whitney waited, but tiredness overcame her, and she dozed off.

Sometime later, she awakened with a start, not sure why. No one touched her, yet she could feel his presence in the room. She looked around without lifting her head, and she saw him standing at the foot of the bed. Tall, very wide shoulders, he stood there,

seemingly looking at her. He removed the wide brimmed hat, using both hands, and Whitney could see that his hair hung past his shoulders. Because of the low illumination, she couldn't see what color his hair was, nor could she see his face, but she knew it was the same man.

Her breathing quickened in anticipation of his touch, and she wanted to say something to him. Afraid he'd run, she said nothing, only watched him.

He moved toward her, yet she couldn't feel his weight added to the bed. She felt cool hands touch her legs, pushing them apart, and she willingly let him. His head bent, and Whitney had a sharp intake of breath when his cool mouth came in contact with her most sensitive area. She felt cool fingers spread her open, and then she felt him lick her clit. Slow and deliberate, he massaged her with his tongue, and Whitney could no longer think rationally.

He continued to lick her until Whitney thought she would go insane. He ran his cool, long tongue deeply into her, then moved it to lick every inch of her that he could reach.

Whitney's legs trembled. "Oh, yes," she said on a ragged whisper. "It feels so good!"

After another moment, when Whitney started to tremble and writhe, he moved his tongue and began to lick her clit again, this time, harder and faster.

Whitney moaned, and her body trembled. "I'm going to cum," she managed, her voice shaky.

She then felt her clit sucked into his mouth, and his tongue pressed against the bud of her clit, licking feverishly.

"Oh, God!" she cried out. "I'm cumming!"

Her body jerked with her orgasm, and she felt the spurt of her juices as her insides convulsed.

Trying to catch her breath, she went limp and collapsed on the bed. Before she could recover, her legs were lifted, and she felt the cool, hard shaft enter her.

She opened her eyes, and saw that it was him, not some artificial toy as she'd thought. She couldn't think to try to figure out why he was so cool. All she could do was feel, and as he moved in and out of her, in long, deep, sensuous strokes, Whitney became

lost. Moaning and whimpering with building passion, Whitney couldn't seem to get enough.

"Please," she pleaded. "Harder."

His thrusts quickened, and he began to slam into her, rocking her body with every thrust. Whitney emitted soft cries with each thrust, and lust swirled in her brain.

Her head thrashed and her body shook. "Please," she pleaded. "Cum inside me."

His thrusts became so hard that Whitney felt as if he would split her. Like a piston in a revved up engine, he slammed into her over and over.

Driving her over the edge, Whitney screamed, ripped at the sheets, and her body jerked as an orgasm seized her. Juices flooded forth, running down to soak the bed.

Whitney felt him withdraw from her. "Wait," she pleaded softly. "Please don't go. Stay with me. I don't want to be alone anymore. I need you to hold me, not do this and leave me."

He looked at her for a long moment, then moved to stand beside the bed.



“Who are you?” she whispered.

Without answering, he bent over her, and pressed his cool lips to hers. Whitney reached up with one hand and discovered that even his long hair was cool.

His lips were soft and caressing, and Whitney sighed with contentment. He continued to kiss her softly, until finally, Whitney drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter Six

“Did he show up again?” Carolyn asked, as soon as Whitney entered the office.

“Did he ever!” she answered with a smile. “He kissed me last night.”

“So you got a look at him?”

“The room was dark, but I could tell the shape of his face, and he has really long hair. It’s the first time he kissed me.”

“I wonder if he’s on the tapes?”

Whitney looked at her seriously. “I don’t know. I slept like a log and almost didn’t hear the alarm. I finally got some decent sleep, after he did what he did, of course. I didn’t have time to check the tapes.”

“Rob can do it this evening,” Carolyn stated. She rubbed her hands together and smiled. “I can’t wait to see what this lover looks like!”

"I definitely want to know. From what I can tell, he might be one of those ruggedly handsome men."

"What does his voice sound like?"

"I don't know," Whitney answered truthfully. "He's never made a sound."

"Not even when he...you know...climaxed?"

Her cheeks burned. "He's never done that."

Carolyn's eyes went wide. "Damn! He stopped when you had yours? Just stopped?"

"Pretty much, yeah. He made sure I did twice, and when I fell back after the last one, he pulled out. That's when I talked to him, but he never said a thing. He leaned over and kissed me, kept kissing me until I fell asleep."

"Did you touch him?"

"Just his hair. It was so long and soft, I couldn't resist."

"So you don't know if he was still hard?"

Whitney smiled sheepishly. "He was when he withdrew."

"That makes no sense. A man wants to get his. Why isn't he trying to do that?"

Whitney studied her puzzled expression and shrugged her shoulders. "I have no idea. I only know that after the second climax I have, he leaves for a bit. Usually he comes back twice more, but last night, he didn't. I slept like a baby, too."

"Wow!" Carolyn's eyes grew wide. "He needs to give Rob a few pointers!"

They both laughed and decided to get to work before they got into trouble for yakking about sex. At lunch, however, the conversation picked up once again.

"You know, I can't figure out why his body is cool," Whitney stated, as she ate her salad.

"That's right! You did say that." Carolyn looked at her seriously. "It doesn't warm up?"

"Some," she admitted, "but not until he's touching me. I think he warms from my body heat."

"That's very odd."

They grew quiet as they thought about the things Whitney had said.

Finally, Whitney said, "I hope the tapes show how he's getting in, if nothing else."

“You want to stop him?” Carolyn looked surprised. “I thought you were beginning to look forward to it.”

“I was last night,” she admitted, although reluctantly. “I just want to meet him, get to know him, have him treat me like... I don’t know.”

“Like a girlfriend?”

“Yeah.” She sighed heavily. “I guess he doesn’t see me as worthy of that. I think he’s just playing with my emotions...my body at least...maybe playing a game to see how much I can take before I snap.”

“That’s a horrible thought,” Carolyn said, then took the last bite of her salad and bread stick.

“I agree, but what he may not realize is that I’m a grown woman, not some eighteen or twenty year-old that he can scare to death. I admit that it was a horrible feeling at first, feeling violated, and worst of all, responding to him the way I did. Now...” she sighed, “I want to know him. I love the way he makes me feel. His kisses last night were tender and sweet, not demanding or harsh, and he was so passionate, I couldn’t think.”

“Damn!” Carolyn gave her a narrowed look. “Are you falling for this guy, Whit? It sure sounds like it.”

Whitney shrugged. “I don’t know. I only know that when he’s caught, all I want to know are things about him, and why he chose me. I don’t think I want him in jail.”

“Whit, he could do this to someone else. He might even *be* doing this to another after he leaves your bed. Did you think of that? What’s to stop him?”

“No, I didn’t think of that.” Whitney looked sad. “I guess he could be.”

“If he’s not satisfying himself with you, he has to be somewhere, somehow.”

Tears stung her eyes. “I guess you’re right.” She took a drink of her iced tea in hopes of washing down the lump that rose in her throat. Then she said, “Maybe that’s why my ex cheated on me. I wasn’t enough for him, either.”

“Oh, Whit, don’t say that!”

“Think about it, Carolyn. If this guy doesn’t want to tell me about himself, doesn’t want to get to know me, then all he thinks I’m worth is playing a mind game

with. Certainly not worth loving or caring about. Do you know how that makes me feel?"

"I can imagine," Carolyn told her sympathetically. "Because of that, we need to catch him. He has no right to make you feel that way, no right to invade your home, no right to invade your body, and he needs to be caught."

"Yeah," she agreed, her tone soft. "Let's get back to the office."



Carolyn called Rob to let him know the guy had returned to Whitney during the night. He agreed to meet them at Whitney's house after they got off work to view the tapes.

Whitney watched the clock between data entry tasks and answering phone calls that Carolyn didn't get to first. When five o'clock came, she didn't think she could clock out fast enough. Carolyn was right behind her as they hurried to the parking lot.



Whitney and Carolyn sat on the sofa, nervously huddled together as Rob sat on the floor, rewinding tapes.

With the split screen, he was able to run all four tapes at the same time. Because he wasn't sure how long it would take to see the man, he did a fast forward, intending to slow it once he saw movement.

After an hour, Rob paused the tapes upon Whitney's request, so that they could make a quick dinner. Garden salads, with grilled chicken chunks, smothered in dressing and served with crackers and iced tea made the meal, and when they were all comfortable on the sofa again to eat, Rob started the tapes once more.

They watched until the tapes ran out, and Rob looked at Whitney. "He's not on any of them."

"He was here. I can prove it. I have to change my sheets. It left a stain. I touched his hair. It was soft,



like an infant's." Tears burned her eyes. "*He was here.*"

"Then he still is," Rob stated, and quickly rose. Handing his empty plate and glass to Carolyn, he took off down the hall toward the bedrooms.

"Oh, my God," Carolyn breathed. "He's been here all along. He's watching and listening to everything you do."

"Oh, hell no!" Whitney jumped up, grabbed plates and glasses, then hurried to the kitchen, where she dumped everything into the sink. She turned on the taps full force, then ran her hands into her hair.

"Are you okay?" Carolyn asked, following her.

"No wonder he knew when I was vulnerable. He knew when to catch me off guard. Bent over at the tub, at the bed, asleep. He discovered I sleep naked." She almost broke down, but she held it in check. She squirted detergent into the water, and when suds formed, she turned off the taps. Staying busy helped her to think. Finally, she said, "You're right. He's playing a mind game." Tearfully, she washed the dishes.

Not knowing what to say to make things better, Carolyn moved over to the sink, where she rinsed as Whitney handed the washed dishes to her, then she placed them in a drainer to dry.



Rob came into the kitchen more than an hour later, and sat at the table with Whitney and Carolyn. “I’m stumped, but I did find this.” He held up a long strand of hair. “It’s not your color.”

Whitney took it and examined it closely. “It’s red.” She looked at him. “Where was it?”

“On your bed near the pillow. You must have caught it on your fingers.” He looked at her. “You’re right. There is a stain on the bed.”

Whitney nodded and gave the hair back to him.

Rob put it in a small, plastic bag with a zip closure and tucked it into his pocket. “I took some swabs from the bed. It might have some DNA we can trace.”

Again, she nodded, unable to speak, not knowing what to say, anyway.

“You shouldn’t stay here, Whit,” Carolyn said gently. “You’d have to sleep on the sofa, but you’re welcome to come spend the night.”

Before she could answer, Rob told her, “I know a contractor who owes me a favor. I want to get him over here to measure every room, every wall, and every inch of this house. If there’s a hidden space, he’ll find it.”

Whitney nodded, feeling numb.

“He might not be able to get here until the weekend,” Rob added.

Whitney looked at him. “He’s not hurting me.”

“Whit, he’s turning you into a wreck,” Carolyn said, noting her pale features.

“I want to move one of the cameras inside,” Rob told them. “I want to know how he’s getting into your bedroom. If you’re going to stay here, then I want video footage to take to the police if something happens.”

“He wears a wide brimmed hat,” she said, fidgeting with a fingernail. “Did I tell you that? I saw him take it off before he touched me. It’s rounded on the top.”

“No, you didn’t mention that before,” Rob told her, taking a small notebook and a pen from his shirt pocket. “What else?” He made notes.

“Wide shoulders. Very wide. A small waist, very tall. Almost to the ceiling.”

“You said he kissed you,” Carolyn said. “Did you notice facial hair?”

Whitney touched her lips and chin. “Yes, but not much. Only enough to gently graze. Not rough. It was soft.”

“What about a scent?” Rob asked. “Aftershave or cologne?”

She shook her head. “Not that I remember. I only remember him being cool.”

“Cool?”

Whitney nodded. “As if he’d been in a cold room before he came to me. Even his tongue was cool.”

“I’ll have the vent system checked, too.” Rob became absorbed in thought as he wrote in his notebook.

## Chapter Seven

Whitney sat in the middle of her bed, the sheet pulled across her lap, but her breasts were exposed. She knew he was there. She didn't know when he'd entered the room or how, but she saw his shadow as he silently moved around the room. It appeared that he looked at her things. She couldn't hear him, could only see his shadowy figure, and she could sense his imposing presence. She knew he was aware she was wide awake.

He touched things on her dresser, she noticed, seeing his hand reach out.

"I wish you'd talk to me," she said gently. "Tell me why you do what you do."

He turned and looked at her, but remained silent.

"You make me feel wonderful sometimes. I've never had anyone make love to me the way you do, or make me feel the things you do. I've also never

had anyone walk out on me afterwards, either. When you do that, I feel used and abandoned. I want to know why you keep coming back if you don't care how I feel."

He moved to the bed, but still said nothing. He touched her hair, feathery touches across her cheek, then he sat near her, facing her. He removed his hat, and she couldn't tell what he did with it, but when he touched her again, it was not in his hands.

"I want more than this with you," she told him, tears burning her eyes. "Can't you understand that?"

Whitney felt his cool touch, saw him nod once, and then she felt his cool arms surround her. His cool lips came down on hers, and for the first time, Whitney was able to touch him, to put her arms around him, smoothing her hands across his cool skin.

She felt his tongue touch her lips, and she opened her mouth to his, allowing his cool tongue to invade and tease. She moaned softly, and as she lay back against the pillows, he went with her, his hands roaming her body.

For most of the night, he made love to her, taking her over the edge more than a few times, then he finally held her as she drifted into an exhausted sleep.

The next morning, Whitney found herself alone again, and this time, she broke down into hard sobs. Nothing she did or said made him want to stay, made him talk to her, or made him care about her feelings.

She composed herself, took a hot shower, and then got dressed for work.



It was late in the afternoon before Carolyn mentioned the mysterious lover, sensing Whitney didn't want to talk about it, but curiosity got the best of her.

"I take it he was there again last night?"

Whitney looked at her. "Yeah. I guess we have a porn flick on the video."

"Oh?" Her eyes went wide. "You watched it already?"

“No.” Whitney lowered her head. “I couldn’t.” Tears stung her eyes. “He doesn’t care about my feelings. He won’t even speak to me. Last night was a bit different, though.”

“What do you mean? How?”

“I was awake when he came in. I still didn’t see how he got in.” She told her about his movements around her room and the things she’d said. “None of it mattered.” She sniffed and wiped her tears. “We made love, and he let me...well, we performed oral on each other, and then he moved so that he could penetrate me. We were at it for hours. He stayed with me...until I fell asleep anyway. Then he was gone again.”

“Damn,” Carolyn said softly.

“Yeah,” Whitney stated. “I’m thinking of putting the house up for sale and moving.”

“You just bought it, and you love that house.”

“Yeah, and I probably won’t find another like it that I can afford, but I’d have peace of mind.” She sniffed again, and grabbed a tissue. “I told him I wanted more than just sex. All he did was nod. He never



uttered a word. That told me plenty. What's that song say? You say it all without saying anything? That certainly fits well."

"Maybe Rob can pull a decent photo off the video," Carolyn suggested with hope in her tone. "It's worth a try, and if he can get something decent, he can have it run for a match in the criminal system. He has connections to do that."

Whitney nodded. "If you want to watch a porn flick."

She lifted a shoulder in a half shrug. "I'm sure he's seen his fair share of things. He's had to take incriminating photos of cheating spouses before, so believe me, it's nothing new for him."

"Maybe not, but it is for me. How embarrassing!"

"I don't think I'd want to be the star, either."

"Will he have to show it to the police?"

"Only if you want to prosecute."

Whitney shook her head. "All that tape will show is two consenting adults in the throws of passion. One talking, one not. It certainly won't show any resistance on my part."

“Damn,” Carolyn stated. “That might be worth watching after all!”

“Oh, hush!”



Rob sat on the steps at Whitney’s house when she pulled into the drive, followed by Carolyn.

They went into the living room, and Whitney turned to them. “It’s not something I want anyone else to see or know about. I want to know who he is and how he’s getting in. Maybe once he’s caught, he’ll explain why he’s doing this.”

“Don’t count on it,” Rob told her. “Most never give a reason. Sometimes they may not really know why.”

Not knowing what more to say, she sat on the sofa and waited for Rob to rewind the tape. Carolyn sat beside her.

In minutes, Rob had the video playing, showing Whitney’s shadowy form sitting in the middle of the bed. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, they saw the silhouette of a man in the room.

“Wait a minute,” Rob said, and re-wound the video. “How did he get in?”

“I don’t know,” Carolyn and Whitney said at the same time.

“I couldn’t tell. He wasn’t there one second, then was the next,” Carolyn stated.

“I didn’t even hear him come into the room,” Whitney added.

They all watched again, more carefully this time, and still could not tell how he got into the room.

“There has to be a glitch in the tape,” Rob stated, continuing to watch.

They heard Whitney speak, just as she’d told them, but instead of no reply from the man as she’d said, they heard him answer her.

“I can’t make you hear me,” came a deep voice that startled them all. “I may never get to explain.”

“He didn’t say that last night!” Whitney exclaimed, moving to sit on the edge of the sofa. “He didn’t say anything!”

The tape continued to play, and Whitney’s voice came through again. “*You make me feel wonderful*

*sometimes. I've never had anyone make love to me the way you do, or make me feel the things you do. I've also never had anyone walk out on me afterwards, either. When you do that, I feel used and abandoned. I want to know why you don't care how I feel."*

Then his deep voice came again. "I care more than you will ever know." The video showed him moving to the bed, sitting to face her, removing his hat, then touching her. "I'm under a curse. I can't explain it, because you can't hear me. Only when certain conditions of the curse are met, will it all come to light."

Whitney stared at the screen with wide, disbelieving eyes.

Once again, Whitney spoke on the video. *"I want more than this with you. Can't you understand that?"*

They saw him nod, as Whitney had last night, then he said, "You deserve more, and I want to give it to you, but I don't know how with the way I am." The video showed him putting his arms around Whitney, and he continued, "I want to love you every day, every

night, for always. I want to know everything about you, and tell you all I can about me. Until I can, all I can do is show you.” It was then that he kissed her.

“He didn’t say all those things!” Whitney stated emphatically. “How did you get it on there?” Her hands went to her cheeks.

“I’m not sure,” Rob admitted. “You heard it, though, just like we did. He did talk to you.”

“I couldn’t hear him!”

“He said you couldn’t,” Carolyn stated. “Remember? He said it’s some kind of curse.”

“Then how is it on the tape?”

Carolyn shrugged, and they looked at Rob, who seemed as puzzled as they were. “I know it’s been proven that audio equipment can pick up sounds the human ear can’t.”

“As deep as that voice is, I’d have to be deaf to miss it!”

“I agree,” Carolyn put in.

“Maybe I should call someone I know who specializes in audio. It’s worth a shot to see what he thinks.” He switched off the tape.

"I'm confused," Whitney admitted. "The things he said..."

"Sounds like he's in love with you, Whit," Carolyn said.

Not knowing what to say, Whitney only shook her head.

"I'll put in another tape and take this one with me. Tomorrow, I'll get someone to tell me what they think."

## Chapter Eight

The night went the same for Whitney, although she said nothing. She didn't have the heart to try. Since it was Saturday, she slept late, making up for lost sleep during the week.

The phone woke her. She groggily answered.

"Rob said he has something he wants to talk to you about. We're on our way over," came Carolyn's voice. "Get your happy, worn out ass up."

She chuckled. "Okay. See you in a few." She replaced the receiver, glanced at the clock to notice it was after one in the afternoon, and she shook her head as she forced herself to get up and go shower.



Half an hour later, she was showered, dressed in shorts, a T-shirt and sneakers, and had coffee going

in the coffee maker. She pulled Danish from the freezer and warmed them in the microwave, spreading soft margarine on top.

Just as she set them on the table, the doorbell rang. She hurried to answer it, anxious to hear what Rob had to say. Perhaps he'd found out something.

"Come into the kitchen," she invited. "I have coffee and Danish."

"Sounds good!" Rob said, allowing Carolyn to go in ahead of him.

They sat at the table and helped themselves as Whitney poured coffee and brought cream and sugar.

She took a seat at the table, helped herself to a Danish, and looked at them. "What did you want to talk to me about?"

They looked at each other, then at her. "The guy I took the tape to," Rob said, "is an expert in the field of communicating with...apparitions."

Whitney froze with her fork halfway to her mouth. "Say what?" Her eyes went wide and her brows arched. She put her fork and bite of Danish back on her plate.



“Apparitions,” he repeated.

Whitney started laughing and couldn’t stop. “You’re telling me, I’ve been doing the dirty with a ghost?” She held her stomach as she laughed even harder.

“Thank about it, Whit,” Carolyn told her, no sign of amusement on her face. “The man’s cold, he doesn’t warm up, he just appears out of nowhere, and you’ve only seen his shadowy figure in the dark. You said it yourself that when the lights are on, you never see him because he gets you from behind. As soon as you turn, he’s vanished. You heard him on the video, yet you said you didn’t hear those things in your bedroom when it happened. What else can he be?”

“Ghosts can’t make you feel the things I felt!” she snapped, quickly sobering from her fit of laughter.. “He touched me! I touched him!”

“The guy I took the tape to wants to come set up some sophisticated audio equipment and have you communicate with this...being. Maybe he can help you find out what this curse is that he mentioned, maybe break the curse so he can rest in peace.”

Whitney looked at him. “You’re serious? You believe this guy?”

“I’ve seen him produce some really whacky audios from ghostly sightings. I don’t think he’d make that stuff up. He’ll do it for nothing. When he saw the tape, he was intrigued with the quality of the audio and video to be on a regular video camera. He saw him appear out of nowhere the way we did, and he couldn’t believe it, either. He’s never seen one so vividly.”

“When does he want to do this?”

“Tonight,” Rob answered. “He’ll set up the equipment, and he’ll record whatever sounds are emitted from your room. He’ll play them back for you so you can hear what the guy is trying to tell you.”

Carolyn watched the two of them, her eyes going from one to the other, as she ate her Danish in silence and drank her coffee.

“If that’s the only way I can communicate with him, tell him to come on. I don’t want anymore videos. Just the audio.” She hoped she could control herself

and not scream out in passion, knowing someone was listening in.

“I’ll tell him.”

“Were you able to get any photos from it?”

“A few, but they aren’t very good because of the lighting,” he admitted.

“I want copies, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course. I’ll bring them when I come back.”



A few hours later, Rob returned, accompanied by a man Whitney had seen on television, renowned for his work at tracking spirits.

Rob gave her dark photos that really told her nothing she didn’t already know. “I can’t do this,” she said. “I don’t want this on TV.”

“It won’t be. We’re only doing an audio,” he assured her. “To put it on TV, we’d have to get a release, and I’m not asking for one. This is for my own personal experience, and to help you find out what’s going on.”

Whitney nodded. "Okay. Let's do it."

He and Rob carried a small box to her bedroom, and Whitney went to the kitchen for some soup and a grilled ham and cheese sandwich, washed down with a cold soda. By the time she finished and cleaned up her few dishes, she heard them in the living room.

When she entered, a small table and two folding chairs had been set up in the middle of the room. The two men sat in the chairs, both with earphones on. The man she'd seen on TV adjusted some knobs on a piece of equipment that she didn't recognize.

"It might be awhile," Whitney told them. "I never see him until late in the night."

"That's okay," Rob told her. "Do as you normally do."

Wordlessly, she sat on the sofa, picked up a book she had started some weeks ago but didn't finish. She read for a couple of hours, then got up. She left the light on for the men, but turned all the others off and went to her bedroom. She closed and locked the door.



The feel of the sheet sliding down her body stirred her from her sleep, and she turned to her back.

“Hi,” she greeted sleepily. She didn’t get upset when no reply came. “I know there’s a problem with me hearing you,” she explained, “but someone found a way. Tell me about this curse you say you’re under. If I can help, I will. Tell me what I need to do. Since I can’t hear you, give me some kind of sign that you’re done speaking. First, though, please tell me your name.”

She saw his shadow move, then he sat on the bed as he did the night before. Although she couldn’t hear him, she felt sure he spoke.

After a few minutes, he gently kissed her to let her know he’d finished speaking. He released her lips, only to touch them again, to allow his lips to move against hers.

Sure he said something, she said, “Whatever it takes to break this for you, I will do. You’ve shown

me love and affection unlike any I've ever known, and more than anyone ever has. I want you to find your peace."

He then took her into his arms and held her for a long moment, then he kissed her, gently forcing her back until she lay beneath him. She parted her legs and wrapped them around his as he entered her.

It was a long time before Whitney slept, wrapped in his arms, pressed close to his cool body. She suddenly realized that she didn't care if he was an apparition, or even a figment of her imagination. She loved him. Soul deep, and when she found a way to break the curse for him, letting him go would be the hardest thing she'd ever have to do.



Sometime later, Whitney awakened alone. She sat up, looking around the room and listening. Seeing and hearing nothing, she got up, pulled on a pair of panties, and a large T-shirt that hung to her knees. She left the bedroom and went to the living room.

Still sitting at the table, earphones on, were the two men. When they saw her, they took the earphones off and looked at her.

“Did you get anything?” she asked. “He’s not here now.”

“We got plenty,” Rob informed her. “Come listen.” He rose from the chair and allowed her to take his place, and handed her the earphones.

The other man put his earphones back on, and rewound the tape. “Here’s what we got when you first spoke to him. You’d been there about an hour.”

She listened to her own voice with its sleepy, “*Hi*,” and then she heard his voice, deep and strong.

“Hi. I missed you.”

Whitney smiled, then she heard her own voice again. When she finished speaking on the tape, she listened intently to what he had to say.

“My name is Brian. Years ago, I was put under a curse that I would roam the Earth as a spirit until I could find a woman who would love me for no particular reason. During which time, I would suffer the inability to have release from sexual pleasures.

The reason being is that I failed miserably to care about anything but myself. I was taking and not giving, and I had to learn the hard way how to give as well as take. When I found you, I found the pleasures of giving. You were so responsive, unlike any other woman I'd ever touched. Then, I fell in love with you, and I couldn't stay away. I didn't mean to hurt you, and I never wanted to see you cry. It hurt *me*. All I could do was keep showing you how much you mean to me."

Tears filled Whitney's eyes. She knew it was at that time he kissed her to let her know he'd stopped speaking, then she heard his voice again.

"I love you, Whitney. I always will."

She put her fingers to her lips to stop them from trembling. Tears tumbled from her eyes. *He knows my name!*

She heard the last of her conversation, then came his.

"It's not peace I need. It's my life back. Once I have that, and you, I will have peace."



As she listened, knowing that was when he'd laid her back on the bed and entered her, she heard him say her name.

Whitney pulled off the earphones and wept, covering her face with her hands.

"Now you know," Rob stated, putting a hand on her shoulder.

She nodded, sniffed, and wiped her face with her finger tips. "He didn't tell me what to do to break the curse."

The man beside her put an arm about her shoulders. "Follow your heart. Somehow the answers are always there."

She nodded and stood. "Thank you both for all your help."

"Do you want me to leave this for the rest of the night?" he asked.

"No, but thank you. I've had enough watching and listening in." Her cheeks flamed.

She sat on the sofa and waited for them to get the equipment from her room, then they packed up the things on the table. Taking everything with them,

they were soon gone. She locked the door, set the alarm, and went back to bed.

Restless, she tossed and turned, wondering how to bring Brian back. He usually came in his own way and time.

Shoving the sheet off her, she sat up. "Brian, I don't know if you can see or hear me, but I need to tell you something."

Whitney waited and watched, hoping he would come to her, but after what seemed too long, she curled up on her side and wept into her pillow.

After she'd cried what she felt was a river, she felt a cool hand touch her bare hip. She bolted upright and flung her arms about his cool body.

"I heard all the things you'd said earlier," she told him. "You said you loved me, Brian." She felt his arms go about her. "I know the terms of the curse, but that doesn't tell me how to undo what was done. I love you, Brian. You've shown me nothing but unselfish love, and I gave myself to you the same way. I don't know how to help you with release, but I tried. I want to keep trying. I want to be the one you

want and need for all rime. I want to get to know you, to let what we've found grow and bond. I never want you to leave me."

His hands touched her head, tilted it back, and his lips claimed her. Soft, *warm* lips. Strong, warm hands caressed her body, and the body pressed to hers warmed. Unbelieving, she ran her hands over his body.

"I love you, Whitney," he said, his lips moving against hers.

Surprised, she jumped back and looked at him. "I can hear you!" Her hands went to his cheeks. "You're not cold anymore!" She ran her hands over him again to be sure. Moving quickly, she turned on the bedside lamp, then turned back to him. "I can see you," she breathed, putting her hands to his face.

She looked into his dark brown eyes, ran her hands through his long red hair, then touched the short mustache and beard.

Brian smiled. "Hi."

Whitney beamed. "Hi."

He captured her lips with his, pushed her back to the bed, and made love to her until she screamed with orgasms that made lights flash in her head. He thrust into her a final time, and erupted into her, spewing his own hot sperm deep into her.

Whitney marveled at the feel of him, the heat that coursed through her, and the feel of his eruption deep inside her.

Breathless, they held each other the rest of the night, and awakened Sunday morning to start all over again.

Had it not been for modern technology, Whitney wouldn't have been able to trace the love he'd shown.